

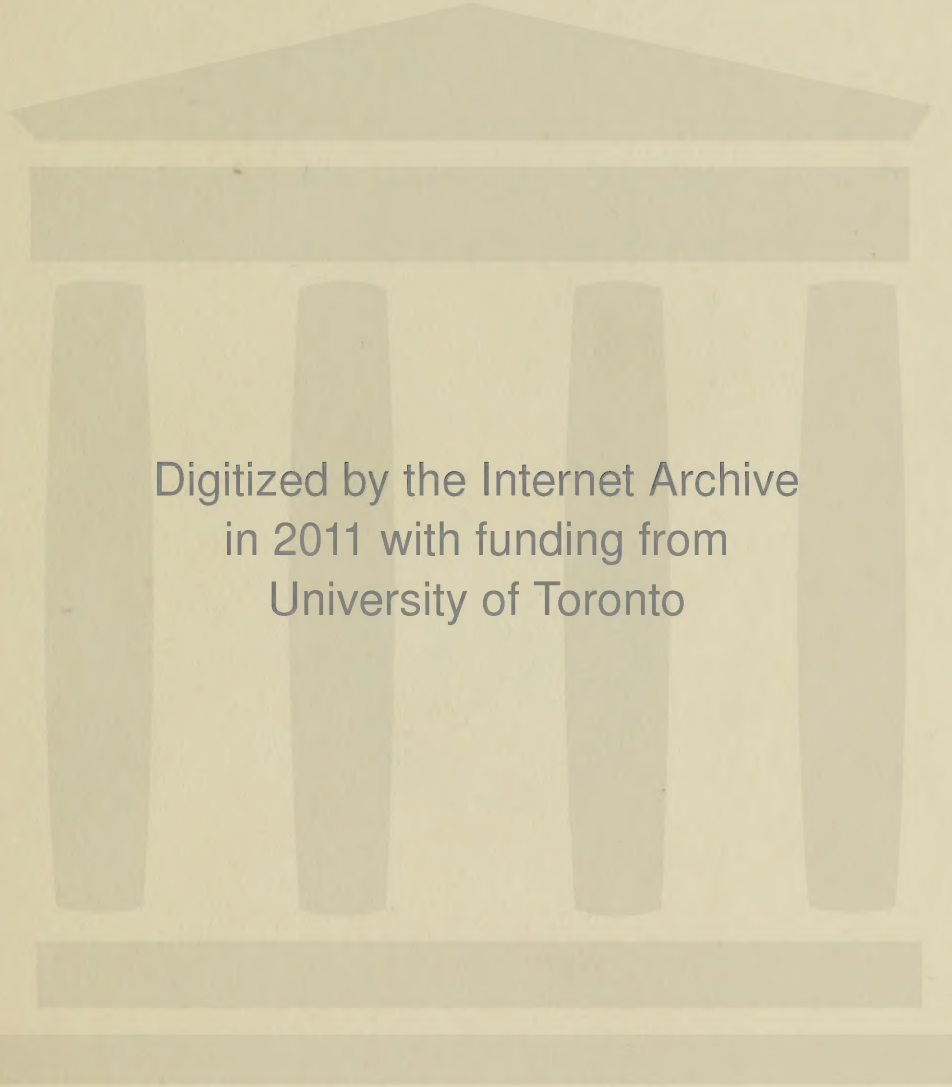


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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

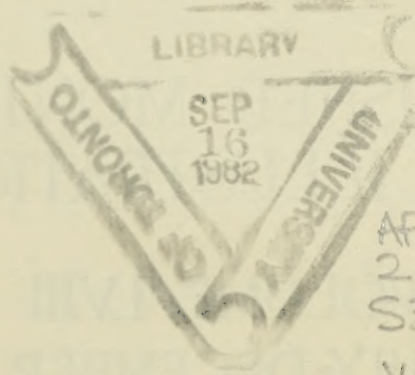
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME LVIII  
JULY-DECEMBER



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK  
CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED LONDON





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*Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Arthur E. Becher.*

John Hancock (seated).  
Charles Thompson, clerk.

Roger Sherman. Benjamin Franklin.  
Charles Carroll of Carrollton.  
Thomas Jefferson.

# THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

[The first of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII

JULY, 1915

NO. 1



Maurice and Henri Farman "pusher" seaplane.

## THE AEROPLANE IN WARFARE

BY CHARLES LINCOLN FREESTON

Founder Member of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain and Ireland

**T**HE development of aviation as a science has long been watched with varying degrees of interest by every civilized nation, but its application to military purposes is a matter of more or less secret history. Few people, for example, know why, when the outlook was threatening to the last degree, Germany and France did not actually come to blows at the time of the Morocco crisis. It so happened that the French military manœuvres had just taken place, and the aeroplanes with which France had by that time provided herself in large numbers performed such amazing feats, and foreshadowed so drastic a revolution in warfare, as to petrify with astonishment all the foreign attachés who were present on the field. Just when every one was expecting war to be declared at any moment, the German representatives hastened to Berlin and pointed out that, as Germany's own aeroplane equipment was at that time all but a negligible quantity, it would be utterly

hopeless for her to enter upon a war against France with any prospect of success. When one sees what has been done in the present war by the aviators of both sides alike it is easy to understand the correctness of Germany's decision in the Morocco period, for so remarkable a preponderance as then existed on the French side would have gone far toward outweighing the German superiority in numbers where its ordinary army was concerned. Instead of declaring war, Germany set to work to develop her "fourth arm," with the result that when she took the field against France in 1914 she had a colossal array of aeroplanes and trained pilots to control them.

It was a single event, too, which speeded up the British War Office—reputedly the most conservative of human institutions. Aviation had been developing with rapid strides in Great Britain for a good number of years, and the government had been even moved to devote a grant for the production of aeroplanes on military lines. The money provided,

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however, fell very far short of the requirements of the case, in view of the immense progress already achieved in France, and the speed with which Germany was endeavoring to set her house in order. Nevertheless, the British Government

the advocates of progress to point out that if a British aviator could fly thus easily and speedily into German territory, a visitation from a German aviator, or German aviators, was equally feasible. More convincingly than ever was it shown



The British Royal Flying Corps in camp.  
From a photograph taken during the war.

and the War Office continued to regard the question as an insular matter pure and simple, in spite of the reiterated protests of the leaders of British aviation, who knew what was being accomplished elsewhere. Obviously some striking lesson, of instantaneous value, was needed to convince the government of the error of its ways, but it was left for a small committee of practical patriots to provide the lever which should burst open the coffers of the reluctant treasury. The intrepid Gustav Hamel was engaged to attempt a long-distance flight from England across the Channel, and thence over foreign soil. After an initial failure which, so far as I am aware, has not been recorded previously, he made a triumphant journey right over into Germany, reached Düsseldorf (two hundred and thirty miles) in three hours and ten minutes, and finished twenty miles farther on in Cologne. It was open to

that Great Britain was no longer an island so far as concerned immunity from distant attack. The War Office woke up, the government voted the money, and the training of military and also naval aviators proceeded apace.

As a practical result, British military aviation had undoubtedly attained a greater degree of organization before the war broke out than at one time appeared possible, or indeed than was realized by the British public. Like every other department, of course, its personnel and equipment were not based upon a scale in any sense commensurate with the magnitude of the gigantic war with which the nation was suddenly confronted, but nevertheless were ready and complete enough to astound, by their effective work, every man who was not already aware of their inspiring capabilities. At the very outset of the campaign they saved the Brit-



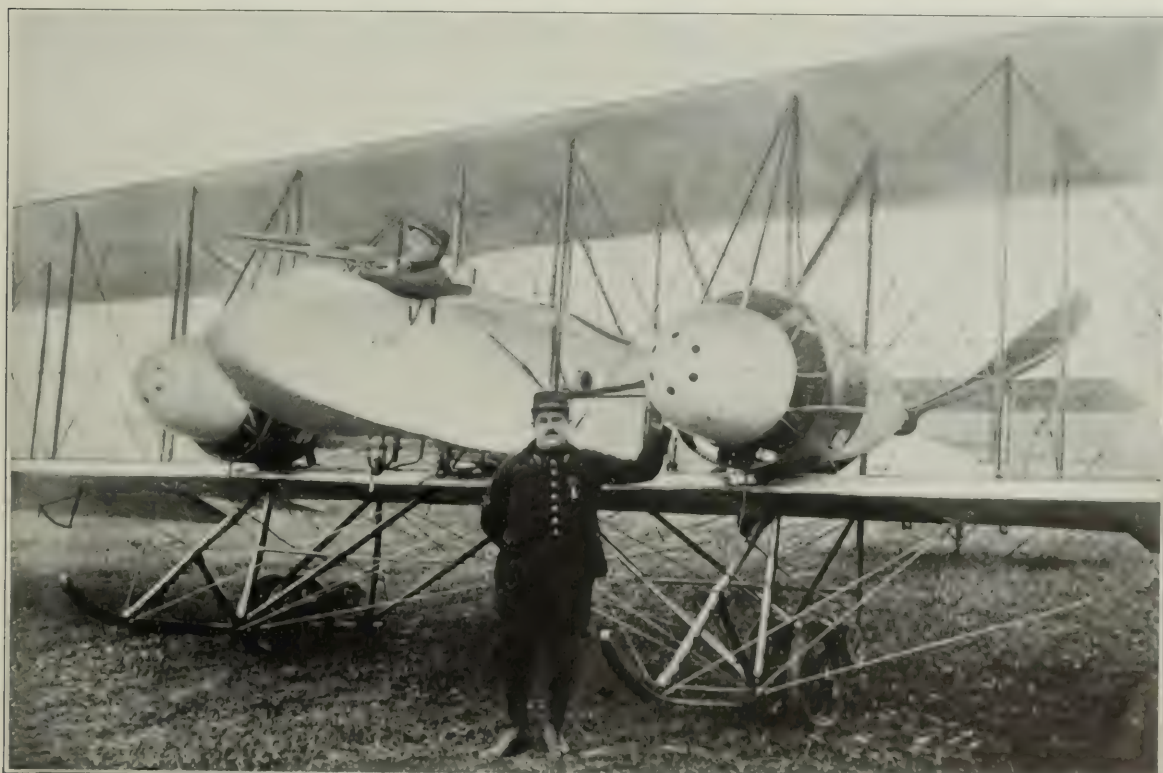
Australian pilot, Captain Watt (in front seat) of the French Military Aeronautical Service.

Since the war began Captain Watt has been decorated by General Joffre with the Legion of Honor.

ish Expeditionary Force from extinction, for, if his aviators had not warned him in time, General Sir John French would not have known of the oncoming of immense German hordes charged with the Kaiser's express command to wipe out the "contemptible little army." As every one knows, the memorable retreat from Mons was strenuous enough as it was,

and ranks as one of the greatest of military achievements; but in his historic despatch Sir John French could not conceal his satisfaction with the services which his gallant flying men had rendered, while General Joffre awarded the British Flying Corps the decoration of the Legion of Honor forthwith.

As the British aviators began, so they



French armored aeroplane mounted with a rapid-fire gun.



continued, and the history of their achievements is one long record of deeds of gallantry and daring. Fired by these exploits large numbers of young men passed through the schools and were enrolled as pilots, while the manufacture of aeroplanes was pushed forward in every available factory. The efficiency of the flying

in twelve minutes! Another aviator left Farnborough, in Hampshire, with a stiff gale behind, flew down to the coast, crossed the Channel, and sped across France to Sir John French's headquarters in an hour and a half, and it is computed that the machine at times must have attained a speed of one hundred and fifty



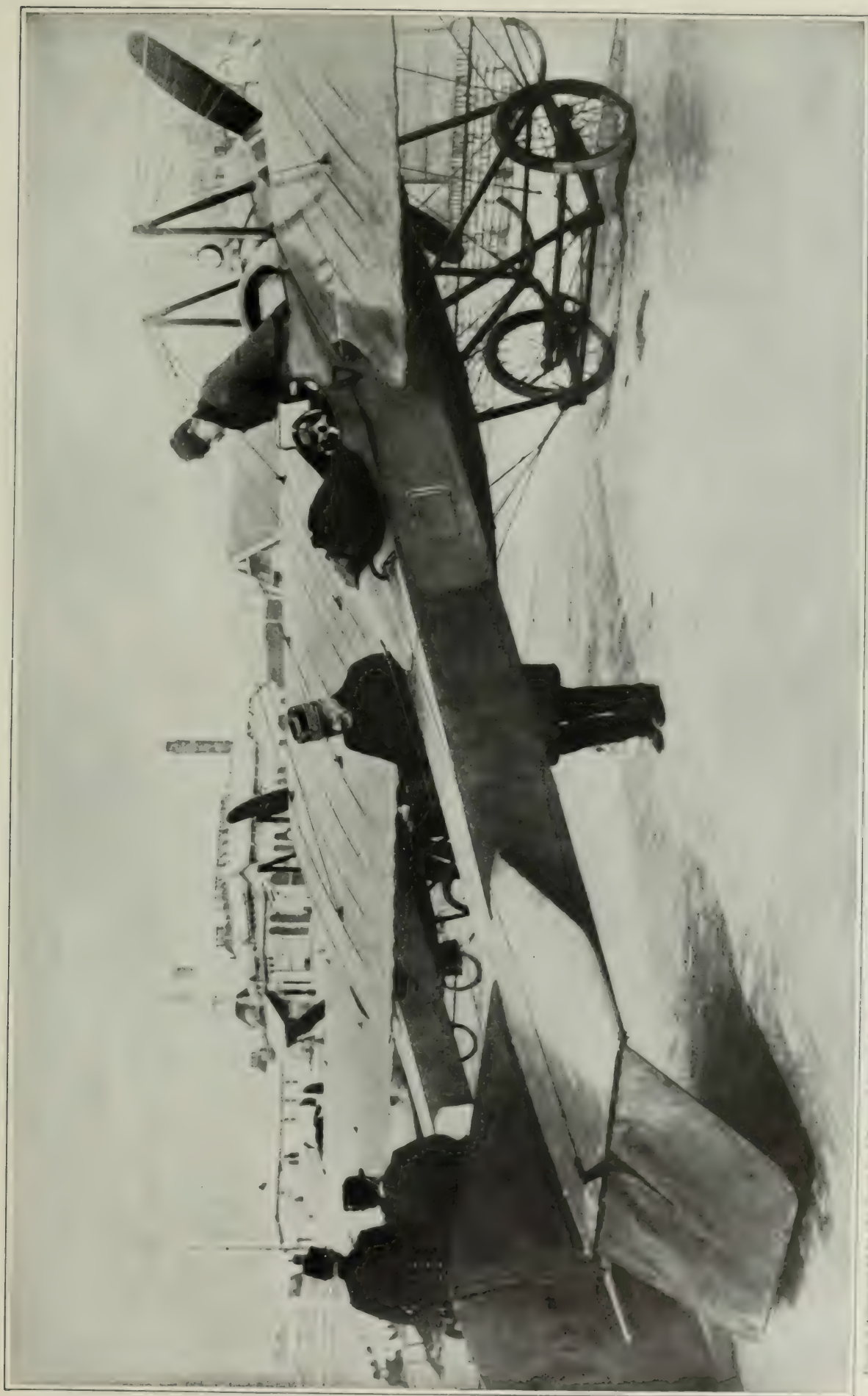
A French Deperdussin monoplane equipped with a Benet-Mercier machine gun.

contingents at the front has not only been increased accordingly from month to month, but the outstanding feature of the aerial warfare has unquestionably been centred in its scientific no less than its military value. Whether voluntarily or under orders, flights have been made, and with conspicuous success, of a kind which had never before been attempted. In wind force nothing short of a hurricane has prevented the aviators from carrying out their duties, while the machines themselves have proved capable of things which only enthusiasts would have ventured to predict; indeed, reconnaissances in ninety-mile-an-hour gales have been officially recorded. The art of flying by night, too, has received an extraordinary stimulus.

As an illustration, in passing, of the advances made from the technical point of view, since the war actually began, I may mention two unrecorded feats which were performed only a few days before I write. A friend of my own crossed the English Channel, from Folkestone to Boulogne,

miles an hour. As to the first-named feat, the fact may be recalled that M. Blériot, in his epic flight across the Channel, took thirty-five minutes, while, as regards the second, it is sufficient to point out that Lord Kitchener at the War Office and the commander-in-chief at the front could communicate by aeroplane, if need be, with a celerity that is only rivalled by the telephone itself.

To General Joffre, no doubt, the capabilities of the aeroplane came less as a surprise than to Sir John French, and this may account for the fact that the services of French aviators have received infrequent mention in the despatches. It was not, in fact, until March of this year that it was stated that, from the beginning of the war up to the end of January, the French flying squadrons had carried out about 10,000 reconnaissances, corresponding to more than 18,000 hours of flight. According to official estimate, the actual distances which these flights involved amounted to no less than 1,800,000 kilometres, or forty-five times the circumfer-



*Photograph by the staff and General Press Agency, Ltd., London.*

*A French general inspecting French aeroplanes.*



ence of the world. These figures show strikingly enough the efficiency of the aeroplane as a military adjunct, without drawing any invidious and wholly unnecessary comparisons as to the records of the airmen of other nations; but to the French *communiqué* was added a statement as to "grievous losses, which are comparable to and often more severe than those of other arms so far as the number of killed, wounded, and missing is concerned."

The explanation of this sentence is not one which is ever likely to be published in official documents, nor has it up to the present been manifested elsewhere. Nothing has been more remarkable, so far as concerns the British aviation corps of both sections, than the astonishingly small degree of failure, either as regards men or machines. The number of deaths, either from accidents connected with flight as such, or from the enemy's artillery, has certainly not exceeded three per cent. Not for a moment, however, could it be said that the flying men of the British forces have been coddled and those of the French ordered to take extreme risks; the most dangerous ventures, indeed, in the shape of organized raids, have been

carried out by the Royal Naval Air Service.

The plain truth of the matter is that, relying upon their superiority in equipment as compared with the air departments of other nations, the French had allowed their military aviators to grow slack, and at the time when the war broke out they were by no means in a state of high efficiency. The government machines were neither of the latest nor best, nor were the men who handled them the most expert the country could produce, either as pilots or mechanics, while trained observers were at an utter discount. The losses referred to in the statement above quoted, there is reason to believe, were for the most part sustained in the earlier months of the war, and matters assumed a different aspect when reorganization was effected, although meanwhile the French army had to borrow from the Royal Flying Corps of General French. But not only were new and better machines eventually forthcoming, but the services of well-known civilian pilots were enlisted, and experts such as Verrier and Louis Noel were summoned from the English aviation grounds, where they were giving exhibition flights. France has never



From a photograph copyright by Japan Press Agency.

A British gun-carrying biplane, showing the armored seats.

lacked skilled and daring aviators in plenty; all that was wrong was that aviation had been mismanaged on its military side. Even the French losses, how-

yond doubt that, to a large extent, an aviator may be said to bear a charmed life even when over the enemy's fire. Time and time again machines have descended



Commander Samson, R. N., commanding a wing of the Royal Naval Air Service, seated in a Maurice Farman biplane.

ever, have been fewer than might have been expected as compared with popular ideas of the dangerous nature of aviators' work, and on the law of averages most people would have calculated upon a higher percentage of disaster even if the same number of flights had taken place under peace conditions.

Two main factors, indeed, have to be borne in mind when considering the extraordinary efficiency and comparative immunity from loss of the aviation squadrons of the Allied armies. The first was known before the war began. Aviation may be said to have entered the realm of practical science when it was discovered that, notwithstanding the fact that an aeroplane is heavier than air and working against gravity by the power of its engine, the pilot is nevertheless not solely dependent upon the latter for the preservation of his own life. A headlong and fatal flight to earth was assumed to be inevitable when the engine failed; but when it was shown in due course that an aeroplane could glide down in spirals and alight without disaster, if only the pilot could choose a safe landing-place, the problem of flight assumed an entirely new phase.

As for the second factor, which only the war has taught us, it has been shown be-

with their planes honeycombed with bullets, and it has been shown that to bring an airman down by gun-fire or rifle-fire it is necessary either to kill or wound the man himself or to damage an integral part of the machine to a degree that makes it uncontrollable. Rifle-fire has proved ineffective, save by sheer luck, but anti-aircraft guns are a more serious matter. They can fire almost straight up in the air to a distance of about seven thousand yards, and the Germans place their guns in groups, so that when an aviator is sighted he has not to fear a single weapon only, but enters upon a zone of fire. This fact notwithstanding, he escapes oftener than not by a quick change of course, coupled with a rapid ascent, and the opportunities of effective marksmanship are generally inferior to the pilot's chances of escape. What he fears, indeed, even more than the prospect of being actually hit is the disturbing effect of shell-fire on the stability of his machine, and there is no gainsaying the fact that aviators generally, from this cause, experience many anxious moments. As a matter of general practise, however, it has been found that reconnaissance work is fairly safe at anything above six thousand feet. Inasmuch as rays of light diverge from the





A short "pusher" seaplane equipped with a one-and-a-half-pounder gun.

human eye, a machine that is travelling at any considerable altitude appears to be absolutely stationary, and its speed cannot be gauged, while at a height anything near the full range of the guns it is, of course, invisible.

It is almost superfluous to say that no official details have been vouchsafed as to the composition of the Royal Flying Corps or the Royal Naval Air Service of the British Expeditionary Force. As an illustration of the tardiness with which information filters through from the front, I may mention that it was not until the war had been in progress for seven months, or, in other words, a month after the article on "The Motor in Warfare" appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, that any material reference was made by the official

"Eye-witness" at the front to the question of mechanical transport, by which time, however, he was pleased to inform the world that this was "a petrol war." I may state here, however, that the number of machines employed by both wings of the British forces was about two hundred in all in March last, since when, however, the government orders have been rapidly maturing from week to week. No one type is paramount. Though the government factory, of course, favors the "BE2" biplanes of its own design, the output is not particularly large. Official plans were supplied to motor-car factories and others, but rapidity of production was hampered by the fact that numerous alterations of design were made from headquarters.



From a photograph by Bain News Service.

British-built Curtiss flying boat, at Brighton, England.

Meanwhile, the various aeroplane manufacturers themselves have been working on government orders for their own machines, and have produced these at a much more expeditious rate than the official factory itself. As a result, the types are no less varied than they were at the outbreak

meeting ever held in England, amid general laughter. The Avro of to-day, with an eighty-horse-power Gnome motor, can do 84 miles an hour, with a slowest speed of 30, and can land at 20, while it has laid to its credit the most remarkable achievement of the war. When the Admiralty



French scouting aeroplane.

The aviator is seated under the wings, so that they do not interfere with his vision or the dropping of bombs.

of the war, when everything that was available at the moment was requisitioned. The monoplane is out of favor because it is neither so speedy nor so stable as the biplane, but it has nevertheless figured at the front because of the exigencies of the occasion. The preponderance of the biplane is, nevertheless, emphatic, although in great diversity of pattern. While it may be said that the capabilities of the distinctive types were well known to aviators before the fateful August 3d of last year, sundry reputations have been materially enhanced. The Avro biplanes, for example, have proved remarkably efficient, and are a striking example of the rewards of persistent endeavors on the part of their inventor, Mr. A. V. Roe. Many years ago I saw him vainly striving to rise from the earth on a little triplane, fitted with a nine-horse-power motor, at the first aviation

aircraft raid on Friedrichshafen took place, the machines by which this feat was accomplished were three Avros which had never before made a single flight. Constructed in the north of England, they were packed straightway in crates and sent to Belfort, on the French side of the Swiss frontier. There they were unpacked and assembled, and were mounted forthwith by the gallant trio—Squadron-Commander Briggs, Lieutenant Babington, and Lieutenant Sippe. Briggs, it will be remembered, was wounded in the head and taken prisoner, but the other two returned and landed within 250 yards of the spot from which they started, having flown about 240 miles in wintry weather, and mostly over enemy territory.

In point of speed, however, the chief honors have been gained by machines of the "baby," or "tabloid," scout type

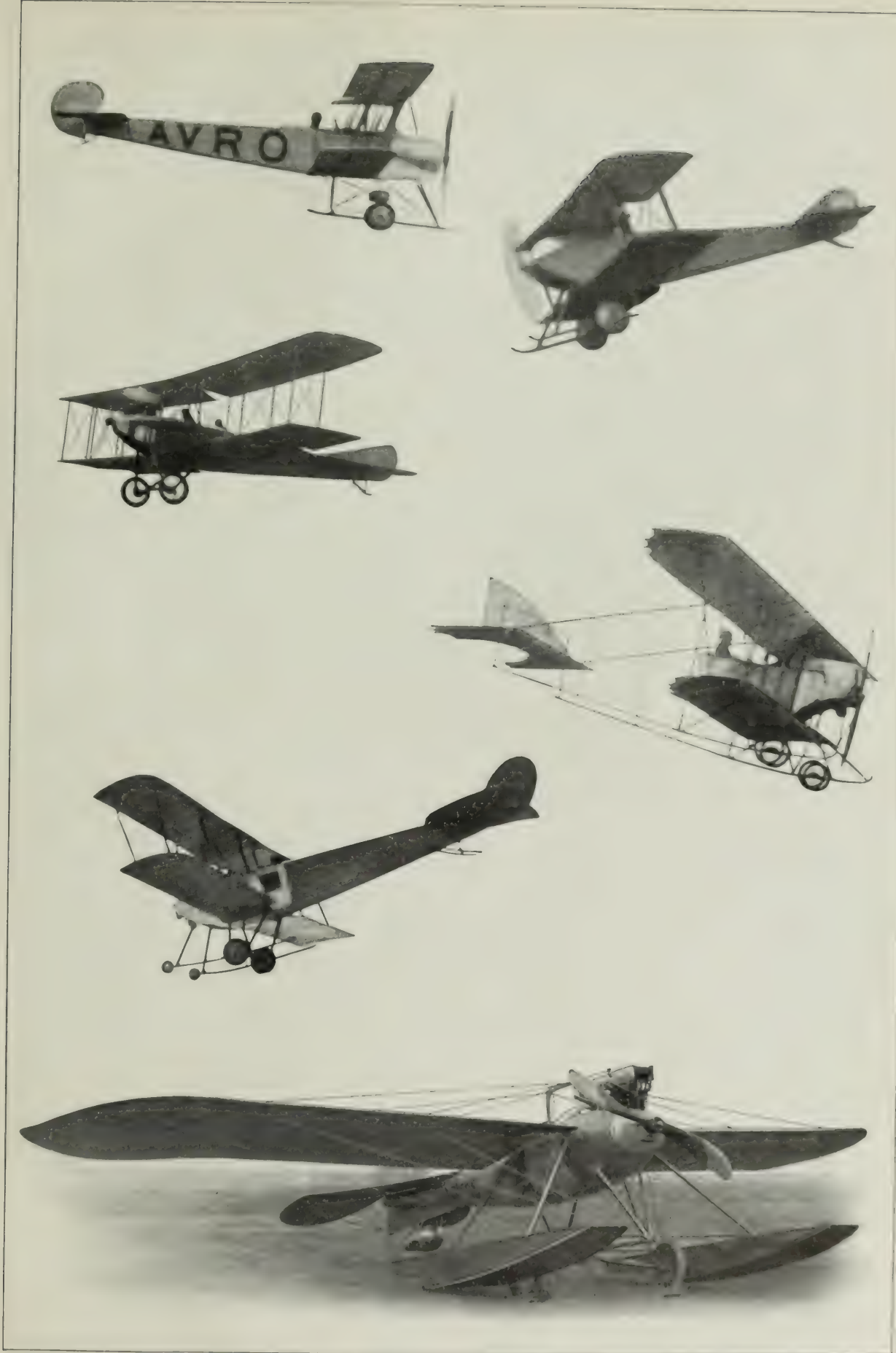




TYPES OF

French army monoplane mounted with Hotchkiss quick-firing gun.  
 Etich monoplane.  
 "BE2" with seventy-horse-power Renault Motor.  
 Bristol scout, tabloid type.  
 English army seaplane.

"BE2" biplane.  
 Sopwith two-seater.



MILITARY AEROPLANES.

AVRO.  
German Albatros biplane.  
Sopwith biplane.

German Albatros—Taube seaplane.

Sopwith "tabloid" biplane.  
Caudron biplane.



They are biplanes with very small planes, and are equal to a speed of 90 to 100 miles an hour, and a slow speed of 40; they require, however, a particularly skilful type of pilot. The Bristol, Short, "BE2," Sopwith, Avro, De Havilland, Blackburn, and Handasyde may be mentioned as British aeroplanes which have done chief service

sin, Caudron, Henri and Maurice Farman, with a new type of the latter, and the Morane "parasol," all being biplanes with the exception of the last-named. The Caudron can rise three thousand metres in ten minutes but is not overspeedy in a straight flight. The new Voisin is a large and powerful machine, fitted with a two-



The Lewis machine gun.

This gun is largely used in aircraft and is so light it can be used as a hand weapon. It was invented by Colonel Lewis, of the United States army, was perfected in Belgium, and is now built in England.

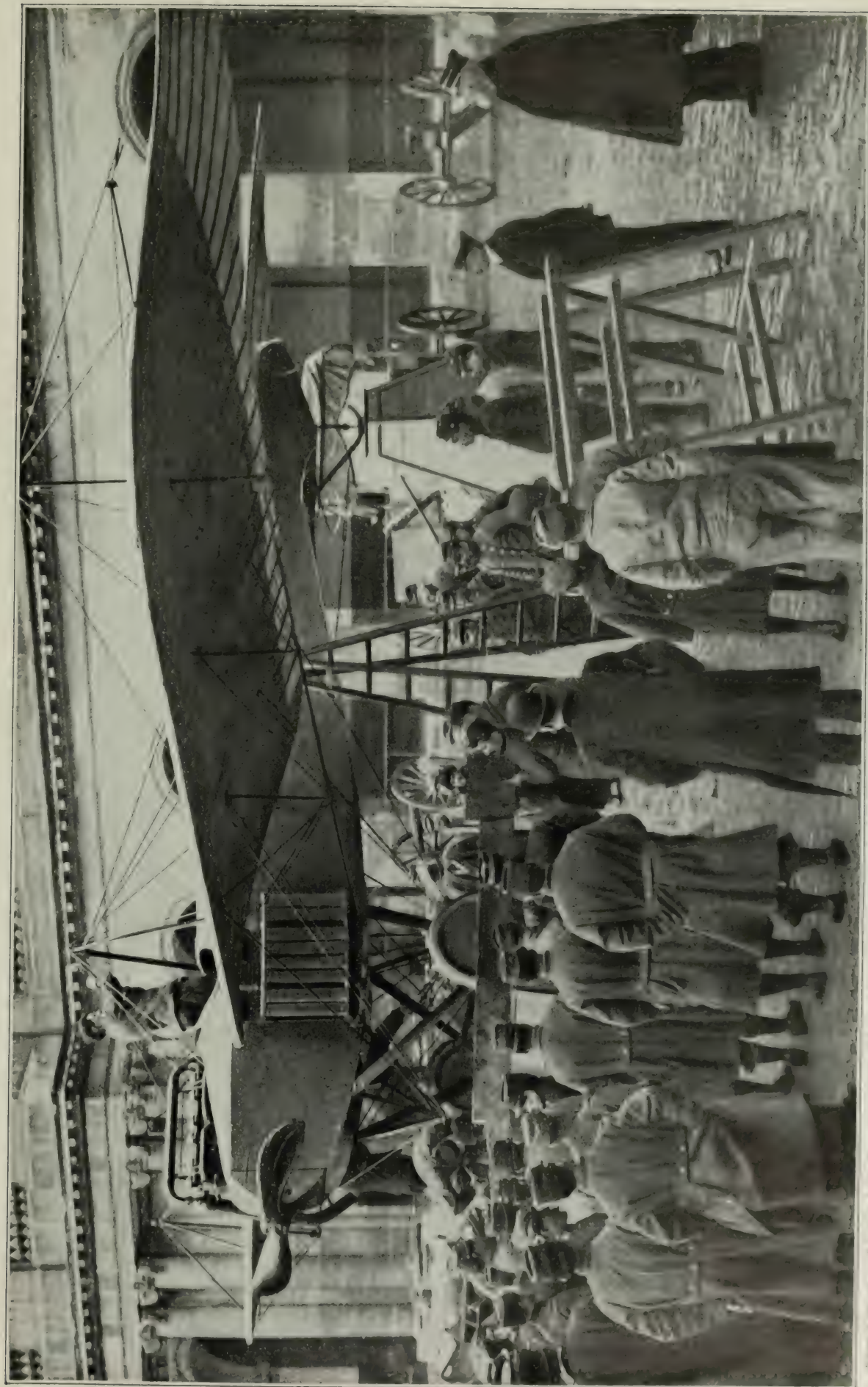
at the front, while there are, of course, a number of machines of French pattern which have long been manufactured under license in British factories. The engines themselves also, with the exception of the Green, are all of foreign type, though manufactured in England. The famous rotary Gnome motor is largely employed, but the Renault, with eight inclined cylinders, and the Austro-Daimler are also used to a considerable extent, and ever since the war began have been manufactured in leading British motor-car factories, such as the Daimler, Rolls-Royce, and Arrol-Johnston.

In France a curious situation arose at the outset, inasmuch as certain types of aeroplanes were deemed unsuitable for military purposes, and their manufacturers were confronted with the prospect of either closing down their business or producing machines to government order from the designs of their own rivals; the Blériot factory among others had to set to work upon the making of biplanes. The most prominent types in use are the Voi-

sin, Caudron, Henri and Maurice Farman, with a new type of the latter, and the Morane "parasol," all being biplanes with the exception of the last-named. The Caudron can rise three thousand metres in ten minutes but is not overspeedy in a straight flight. The new Voisin is a large and powerful machine, fitted with a two-

hundred-horse-power motor, and is built of steel; it can not only carry a machine gun, but a good number of bombs as well, while its landing-power has been improved as compared with its prototypes. As for the Germans, they had taken the lesson of the Morocco incident so seriously to heart that they entered the theatre of war with an aeroplane equipment which was far in excess of that of any other country; indeed, it is believed that the German aeroplanes were quite 1,500 in number, with between 600 and 700 pilots. They were of various types, chief among which was the Taube, in several varieties, both monoplane and biplane, together with the Albatros, also in both forms, and the Aviatik, D. F. W., and L. V. G. biplanes. The motors employed were the Mercédès and the Benz. The first-named engine, by the way, is the best thing yet produced for its purpose in the aviation world, where reliability and duration of flight are concerned. In the earlier months the Taube machines were the most prominent, not only by their number





*From a photograph by Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd., London.*

French soldiers in the courtyard of the Invalides, Paris, erecting a Taube aer-plane captured from the Germans.



but by their distinctive shape. As a matter of fact, however, though they resembled and were named as "doves," the Austrian inventor, Etrich, whose designs the Germans unblushingly annexed, did not take his idea of the wing formation

just received, Herr Etrich had passed over Calais!

Eventually large numbers of the Taube machines were eliminated from the field by accident or attacks in mid-air. The German pilots have proved far inferior in initiative and skill to those of the Allies, and were evidently trained too much on military lines pure and simple. Even their theatrical displays over Paris came to naught, and were regarded as an interesting diversion by the inhabitants of the gay city, who used to crowd the bridges whenever the "doves" were signalled or expected. On one occasion an enterprising person brought out a large number of chairs and hired them to spectators at so much per head, but on that particular morning no hostile aircraft appeared, and the unlucky speculator was thrown into the Seine by his indignant patrons. The most useful thing that the German aviators have ever done was the saving of Von Kluck's army from annihilation, as they were able to inform him of the unsuspected presence of General Foch's army in the neighborhood of Amiens and also of large forces behind Paris. Without this forewarning Von Kluck's army would certainly have been cut to pieces, but thanks to the aeroplanes he was able to extricate himself just in time. The Austrians, too, would not have been able to



*From a photograph by the Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd., London.*

French army aviator starting on a reconnoitring trip over the German lines in northern France.

from a bird, but from the leaf of the zanolia-tree. The impression, nevertheless, created even by the original Etrich monoplanes when in flight was essentially that of a giant bird. I have never seen anything more beautiful, in fact, than an Etrich which flew over my head on a London golf-course during a short visit which the inventor himself paid to England. And thereby hangs a tale. Herr Etrich drove in a taxicab to the flying-ground at Hendon, in order to pick up his machine and fly home. He forgot, however, to discharge the cabman, and after waiting five hours the latter proceeded to make inquiries as to his fare. He was met with the reply that, according to a telegram

hold Przemysl for five months but for the fact that their aeroplanes located the Russian guns wherever they were laid.

The work of the aviators at the front has been a curious admixture of purely routine operations and feats of supreme personal danger. The primary duty, of course, of a military aviator is that of effective reconnaissance. It may take the form of watching for the advance of hostile troops, directing artillery fire, or the locating of the enemy's concealed batteries when they have got to work. But what is sauce for the goose is proverbially sauce for the gander, inasmuch as the enemy is always endeavoring to achieve like purposes, and a highly important feature of

the aviator's services is that of warding off the reconnaissances of his opponents. Now, one of the things of which the Royal Flying Corps has especially good reason to be proud is the undoubted way, as testified by Sir John French himself at a very early stage of the proceedings, in which it established an ascendancy in this respect over the German aircraft. Aviators with whom I have conversed many months later have convinced me that this feature has been maintained throughout. The value of the German equipment has been largely neutralized by the fact that whenever a British pilot sees an enemy machine he goes for it without a moment's hesitation, and in the resultant aerial duels the Germans have lost so many machines and men that now they generally decline to put up a fight, and retire from the scene as hastily as possible, in which process they are undoubtedly helped by the great power of their machines.

The methods of repelling an aerial attack are various, and depend, of course, on the types of machine engaged. It is commonly supposed that one pilot invariably attempts to rise above the other and shoot or drop bombs from above; but the British aviators have lately adopted another method with success, if the hostile aircraft is a biplane, by getting in front of it from below, and thus obtaining a fair

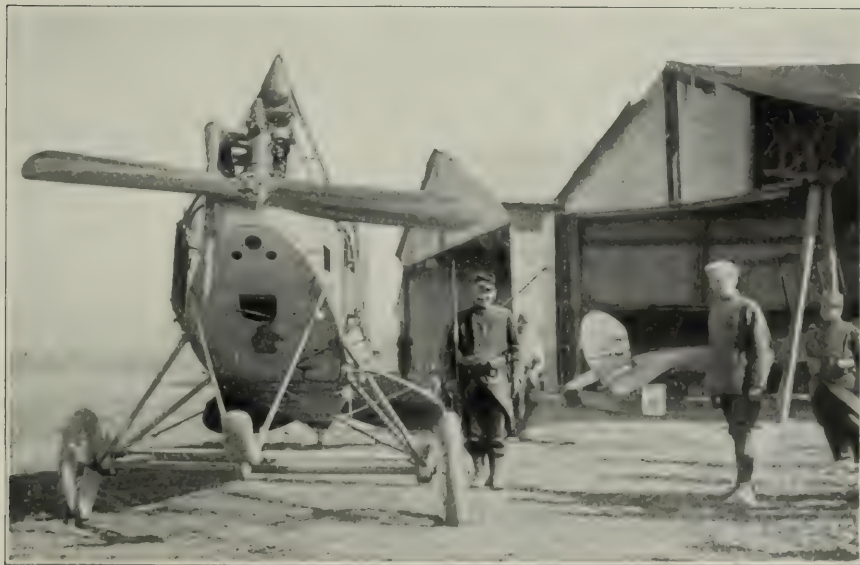
gaged, and also of their armament. A pilot may be alone, or the machine may be a two-seater with an observer armed with



French armored monoplane with a Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun.

a rifle. The position of the observers, moreover, is also dependent on the type of machine. On the larger English and

French biplanes he is placed right in front, while on the German biplanes, which have heavy engines, he is a good way behind the pilot, and incidentally in a much more desirable position in every way. The carrying of machine guns and the armor-ing of aeroplane bodies is the exception rather than the rule, but the seats themselves are high and bullet-proof more often than not.



A German L. V. G. biplane (wings off), captured by the Royal Flying Corps and guarded by French sentries.

mark at the pilot himself. The circumstances vary, however, in every case according to the nature of the machines en-

While reconnaissance work, as has been mentioned, is the main duty of the aeroplane in war, his power of offensive oper-



ations is by no means to be despised, and almost daily sorties are made from the Allies' lines in order to drop bombs on batteries, powder magazines, ammunition trains, railway junctions, aeroplane parks, submarines, etc., and often to invaluable effect. So far as the British forces are

Volumes might be written, if all the facts were known, as to the innumerable thrilling adventures and narrow escapes which have been incidental to this aerial warfare throughout. A certain number have found their way into the world's press, and others one hears of privately,



A British aeroplane camp.

concerned, this has been done in routine fashion by the Royal Flying Corps, but wherever a great distance is involved the work has been performed by the Royal Naval Air Service, whose daring exploits have been the most dramatic events of the whole war. Not only have they achieved the most important practical results, but their moral effect has been tremendous, and Teutonic complacency must have received a series of very severe shocks by the magnificent raids on Düsseldorf, Cuxhaven, Friedrichshafen, Hoboken, and other places. The combined raid, moreover, of English and French machines, to the number of forty, on the Belgian littoral must have provided one of the most imposing spectacles of the war; at the same time, it may be pointed out that artistic imagination, as displayed in the illustrated papers at the time, was hopelessly at fault in showing the forty machines rising into the air *ensemble* like a flock of birds, for the simple reason that they were despatched one by one, at five-minute intervals.

but it is safe to say that many will never be recorded. In the second category may be mentioned the remarkable experience of an English aviator named Mapplebeck. A fragment of a shell entered his right hip, struck a five-franc piece in his pocket, and the splinters of each ploughed across his body to his left hip. By all the laws of surgery he ought to have bled to death. He retained consciousness, however, until he alighted, and was then, after temporary attention, despatched to a base hospital, where the surgeons found that though an artery had actually been pierced it had been automatically plugged by a severed muscle. Verrier, the French expert, also effected a descent under extraordinary conditions. One leg was completely paralyzed by the enemy's fire, while the observer on board was even more seriously wounded, and Verrier had to guide his machine earthwards not only when all but disabled himself, but with the whole weight of his passenger leaning on the control levers.



In the way of sensational falls two may be mentioned as specially noteworthy. One of the best-known British aviators, Mr. B. C. Hucks, was flying against a sixty-mile-an-hour gale, at a height of six thousand feet above the German lines, but in spite of his slow speed trusted to his altitude to save himself from artillery fire. A shell found its mark, however, and passed between Hucks and his observer. It opened up a big hole in the fabric, and carried away a main strut, two ribs, and the petrol pipes. These facts notwithstanding, however, he managed to alight with safety. Flight-Commander C. Grahame-White, during the naval air raid on the Belgian coast, ran into a fierce snowstorm, which overweighted his planes, disturbed the balance of his machine, and literally hurled him into the sea from a height of seven thousand feet. After being thirty-five minutes in the water he was picked up by a French mine-sweeper, which was then shelled for an hour and a half by German guns. Truly a lively experience.

Very remarkable, too, are the instances which go to show the way in which pilots have escaped disaster under other conditions than that of disablement, but none the less abnormal. One member of the Royal Flying Corps, for example, was rendered almost completely dazed by shell-fire at close quarters, and lost command of his machine. For some little time it gyrated about in all manner of ways, and finally "looped the loop," but before the point of actual disaster was reached he regained possession of his faculties and alighted with the machine under control. A naval airman when flying seaward entered a thick white cloud and wholly lost his sense of direction. He only realized that he was upside down on finding that things were falling out of his pockets. Then his belt broke, and he had to hang on by his knees and elbows. At length he emerged from the cloud and saw the sea apparently over his head, but was able to right his machine and continue his flight.

Baron de Neufville flew for three hours above the German lines near Arras, at a height of nine thousand feet and in a temperature of thirty degrees below freezing-point. Even the anti-aircraft guns, as he remarked, did not serve to warm him! A young English aviator, the bullet-holes in

whose planes bear testimony to his repeated exposure to fire, had one narrow escape with an amusing ending. Mistaken for a German airman, he was fired at by the French and forced to descend through the puncturing of his petrol-tank. When the mistake was discovered, of course, profuse apologies were forthcoming, and he was presented by the mayor of the district with a bouquet! Talking of bullet-holes, by the way, I may mention that the record is held by a British aviator who, escaping from a hail of shrapnel, counted ninety separate punctures in his planes.

It is not to be supposed that the flying man misses any opportunity of poking fun at the enemy. A French aviator flew over Antwerp and dropped leaflets to enliven the inhabitants. The Germans, of course, opened fire, and thought they had winged him, but to their chagrin he "looped the loop" several times in obvious derision, then sailed away. Hoodwinking the Germans under much more dangerous conditions has been practised several times with consummate daring. Verrier, for example, found himself over a German camp, and immediately became the object of a furious fire. He "banked" right over and dropped like a wounded bird, but when at close quarters he suddenly righted the machine, distributed half a dozen bombs in the middle of the camp, and in the resultant confusion effected his escape. As a matter of fact, however, it is absolutely necessary for the British naval aviators, at all events, to do something of this kind, for they are under Admiralty instructions to descend to three hundred feet in order to make sure of their mark. To fly in an aeroplane at all, under peace conditions, is usually supposed to be fairly indicative of courage, and vastly more so to pass over the enemy's lines; but surely the sublimity of human bravery is reached in cases like that of the Friedrichshafen raid, when, according to the Germans' own admission, the English trio descended to within ninety feet and into the heart of the enemy's fire, in order to effect, as they did, the wrecking of the Zeppelin sheds.

Among other individual deeds may be mentioned that of a French armored aeroplane which attacked single-handed three armored Taubes near Amiens, and suc-



ceeded in driving them off. Another French machine with a gunner on board brought down a Taube and two Aviatiks in one and the same flight. Pégoud, the original "looper," has been decorated for many achievements, among which was the dropping of nine bombs on a German ammunition depot, the terrific explosion which followed nearly upsetting his machine. He had three bombs left, however, and with these he scattered a company of soldiers. On another occasion he rose to a great height, then dropped within fifty feet of a captive airship, which he demolished with his final bomb, but again with serious risk to himself. An English airman, endeavoring to locate a battery, stuck to his task while one hundred and fifty rounds were fired at him, but when the smoke had cleared away he was able to signal the position, and give the range to the British artillery, who promptly put in effective work on the German guns. One could multiply examples almost indefinitely of individual daring, or of the extreme utility of the aeroplane in attack or defense; but space will only allow the mention of one striking example under the latter heading. The German army was advancing secretly by night, when suddenly the search-light of a British aeroplane revealed the presence of the Prussian Guard at a distance of barely one hundred and thirty yards *behind* the British lines, and the intended surprise was converted after heavy fighting into an utter rout.

While the war has, for the most part, merely brought into effective and world-wide prominence the capabilities of machines with which students of aeronautics were already familiar, it has evolved one new departure in connection with the use of the hydro-aeroplane, or seaplane, as it is termed by the British Admiralty. Isolated experiments, of course, had been made as to the launching of seaplanes from a battleship's deck, but the attack on the Dardanelles produced an unheralded novelty in the shape of a vessel devoted solely to the carrying of aircraft. This was the *Ark Royal*. Originally designed as a cargo steamer, she had the front half cut entirely away, leaving a long and wide level platform. The aeroplanes employed were stowed in the hold, and being either of the scout type, with only twenty feet spread, or the Short, with

folding planes, they could be hoisted without previous dismantling, and once on deck could take to immediate flight. The appearance of the *Ark Royal*, in its semi-truncated form, is decidedly novel. Of course, there are many other seaplanes of a larger type which could not be disposed of in this way; one of the largest is the Curtiss "flying boat," and the British Admiralty has not only several examples of this well-known American machine, but it has also been adopted by other countries.

The attack on the Dardanelles, by the way, also presented a fresh feature for the consideration of pilots, from the fact that the forts were bombarded by battleships from varying distances. The object of the seaplanes, of course, was to signal to the gunners, but, as the battleships were firing projectiles with differing parabolas, it was naturally extremely difficult for the air pilots to determine the highest point of the arc in each case and so keep out of danger. In the end they had to adopt the plan of getting behind or to the south of the forts themselves. It must be added that, while the vast range of the *Queen Elizabeth's* guns is regarded as being the new factor which made possible the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts, even the modern gun would have been useless without the aeroplane to direct its fire upon invisible marks.

In a word, without the aeroplane in its numerous forms, the war would have been waged on utterly different lines at almost every point. Either the trench warfare would have been indefinitely prolonged, or there would have been an ever-recurrent number of surprise attacks, with alternate successes and defeats, and a ceaseless shifting of the balance of advantage; and when so many millions of troops were engaged, over fronts of unprecedented lengths, Heaven alone knows how the commanders-in-chief would have controlled their forces or directed their tactics. In any future war no country will take the field without regarding its "fourth arm" as its most precious and indispensable factor. The monoplane will probably have disappeared, and huge biplanes will be employed, of great speed, enormous lifting-power, surprising strength, and efficiency in every part, and, in short, an all-round capacity for attack and defense which will all but eliminate the element of chance, and transfer no small portion of the fighting to the region of the air.



# AERIAL WARFARE AND INTERNATIONAL LAW

By A. de Lapradelle

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AS soon as an invention is made war appropriates it. The first air-ship, the *Montgolfière*, was floated in 1783. Eleven years later, at the battle of Fleurus, the captive balloon was used by the French for observing the enemy's position, and in 1812 the Russians at Moscow sent up a sort of balloon loaded with explosives. Thus the two military functions of the aeronaut, reconnoitring and bombarding, were promptly developed. War began to grow wings—short at first: for in 1899, at the first peace conference at The Hague, even the most unyielding of the nations in the matter of their military rights agreed to clip the wings of war. They declared that dropping projectiles from balloons was forbidden. But when the powers held their second peace session at The Hague, in 1907, the science of aeronautics had made such progress that the Platonic sacrifice of 1899, if renewed, would have become a real sacrifice. While Belgium was proposing to continue the agreement of 1899, at least until a third conference should meet, the dirigible *Patrie* was making its first flights, and another type of flying-machine, the aeroplane, was just about to appear. The conquest of the air was no longer a chimerical dream. Consequently, the cause of peace having made less progress since Kant than the science of aeronautics since Montgolfier, war prepared to scale the heavens.

Twenty-nine out of forty-four powers still agree to the articles of the first Hague conference prohibiting the dropping of bombs from balloons. The other powers, among them Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Japan, Italy, Russia, refuse to be bound. "Do not the two elements of earth and water furnish a theatre large enough for war without seizing the third?" cries Lord Reay. Before attempting to limit war on land and sea should we not

exclude it entirely from the air—the realm which heretofore has been free from its curse? Undoubtedly, such a course would be highly desirable. But, since this scourge of humanity, called war, dogs man's footsteps, it is perfectly natural that it should follow him into the sky. Are the aerial bombs more cruel than the sleeping mines, or more destructive than the furtive torpedoes? Are they not rather the weapon *par excellence* of the weaker power, since at small expense they can be thrown from an aeroplane costing \$5,000 to destroy a dreadnought costing \$15,000,000? And has not the weaker power often the juster cause? To allow the air-craft to reconnoitre (as every one of the powers at The Hague did), and at the same time to prohibit it from dropping bombs, would be illogical. For to reconnoitre is to observe, and to observe is to injure the enemy, and to injure the enemy is to expose one's self to the enemy's fire. Can one expose one's self to fire, logically, without firing one's self? We deplore the fact that men are so slow in moral growth, in spite of their rapid progress in material things, that they are ready for the conquest of the air long before they have conquered peace. But man is man. And the curse of war, so long as it follows him on land and sea, will follow him also into the vast regions of the air.

The powers which refused in 1907 to renew the prohibition of aerial bombardment intended thereby to reserve to themselves the right to destroy the ships of war of the enemy on the sea and the troops, in camp or in action, the arsenals, the storehouses, etc., of the enemy on land, without giving due warning. They did not claim and could not claim the right to pass beyond the limits prescribed for the nations by the laws of terrestrial and maritime warfare.

The merchant ship which cannot be lawfully torpedoed by a submarine until



the crew has been removed to a place of safety, cannot lawfully be destroyed by surface-craft or air-craft, hydroplane or aeroplane, without the same precautions having been taken. In defended cities, inland or on the coast, churches, hospitals, museums, schools must be spared as far as possible; and undefended seaports can be the object of a bombardment by ships of war only as a measure of constraint to provide food or, with the authority of the local powers, to destroy magazines and depots of arms and munitions (by the terms of the two conventions of the Hague conference of 1907, on terrestrial warfare and naval bombardment). Now, these cities cannot in any case be bombarded by aerial forces in conjunction with naval or terrestrial forces, unless under the same conditions under which the naval or terrestrial artillery with which it seeks to co-operate acts.

In other words, the aerial squadron carrying bombs, which appears above Paris, London, or any other city, inland or on the coast, defended or undefended, must, if co-operating with an attacking army or fleet, proceed according to the laws governing the action of that army or fleet. That is undoubtedly what the powers meant when they inserted in the Hague regulations concerning terrestrial warfare, in 1907 (though not in the convention on naval bombardment), the apparently gratuitous warning that the rules of terrestrial bombardment applied to bombardment "from any source whatever."

When hostile air-craft appear above a city, even a defended or fortified city, which no army is besieging or attacking, or above a seaport when no fleet is near: when, in a word, the aerial attack is made, not in conjunction with terrestrial or naval forces, but isolated and independent of both, is bombardment allowed?

In such a case one would be tempted to extend the rules of terrestrial or naval bombardment to aerial bombardment: that is to say, to permit the attack on the defended city under the double condition of previous warning and the immunity of such establishments as hospitals, churches, schools, and museums; or, following the naval rules, to allow the bombardment of undefended cities for the destruction of certain stores or magazines or for the sake of the requisition of food supplies.

But how can we conceive an aerial bombardment for the purpose of provisioning aeroplanes or dirigibles? Such air-ships could hardly take away a heavy load, and they would consume almost as much fuel and food as they could take away, and would then incur a very great risk. And how could they, flying over undefended cities, negotiate, as by law they must, with the local authorities for the destruction of military establishments? Granted that it were legally justified, the extension of rules of maritime war to aerial war would be extremely difficult in the present or immediately imaginable status of aeronautic science. But the extension of the right of bombardment to undefended cities, granted in naval war, is not possible in law, because the bombardment, by air-ships, of cities, even defended, is not allowed when the air-ships do not co-operate with land or sea forces.

The bombardment of a fortified place has only one purpose: to force the place to surrender. Consequently the person who is not in a position to receive a surrender has no right to attack. Now, one must admit that the dirigible or the aeroplane which flies over a city which is not being attacked by any land or marine forces has no way of bringing the city to open its gates. To whom shall the city open, then? To a besieging army? There is none. To the air-craft which threatens it in an audacious raid? The craft cannot come down without being captured. It may be true that the city contains magazines and troops. If the city is not fortified the local authorities can be summoned to destroy them without a demand for surrender. If the city is fortified the only summons that can be addressed to it is the surrender—a summons which the aeroplane is manifestly unable to enforce. No force that is not strong enough to exercise an efficient mastery has the right to issue a summons.

But it is not only the spirit of the Hague regulations, it is their very letter even, that is opposed to the present tendencies of aerial warfare, directed in isolated instances, at long distances, and rather against the citizen population (placed by the Hague decrees beyond the reach of war) than against the so-called military establishments of the fortified or the non-fortified places. These raids, which ought



always by law to have been preceded by warnings, but which have not so been, belong to a new kind of warfare, hardly dreamed of in the past, but now raging—the warfare of terror. In this kind of warfare, aerial raids, which Wells awhile ago imagined passing over New York in their destructive flight, are one of the favorite arms. This warfare of terror, in which the peaceful civilian population is threatened, is disqualified from the very start. It can justify itself only by the striking success of its measures. Judged even solely by its own standards it is condemned. The gamin of Paris, welcoming the “five o’clock Taube” in the first days

of September, with his mocking irony, gave final judgment. A war which kills children, only extorting from its innocent little victims the brave cry of Denise Cartier, “I am glad to suffer for my country!”—a war of terror which does not terrorize the inhabitants of the cities but only encourages their resistance, their energy, their bravery, gayly mocking in France, cold in Belgium, phlegmatic in England—a war of terror whose sole effect is to offer little girls the occasion for sublime sentences—such a war, with its infernal judgment that “success justifies every measure,” stands self-condemned!

## THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

“Liberty’s a glorious feast.”—*Burns*.

### XXVII



ON the 13th of June Sir Gerald Malloring, returning home to dinner from the House of Commons, found on his hall table the following paper enclosed in a letter from his agent:

“We, the undersigned laborers on Sir Gerald Malloring’s estate, beg respectfully to inform him that we consider it unjust that any laborer should be evicted from his cottage for any reason connected with private life, or social or political convictions. And we respectfully demand that, before a laborer receives notice to quit for any such reason, the case shall be submitted to all his fellow laborers on the estate; and that in future he shall only receive such notice if a majority of his fellow laborers record their votes in favor of the notice being given. In the event of this demand being refused, we regretfully decline to take any part in the approaching hay harvest on Sir Gerald Malloring’s estate.”

Then followed ninety-three signatures, or signs of the cross with names printed after them.

The letter which enclosed this document mentioned that the hay was already ripe for cutting; that everything had been done to induce the men to withdraw the demand, without success, and that the farmers were very much upset. The thing had been sprung on them, the agent having no notion that anything of the sort was on foot. It had been very secretly, very cleverly, managed; and, in the agent’s opinion, was due to Mr. Freeland’s family. He awaited Sir Gerald’s instructions. Working double tides, the farmers and their families might perhaps save a quarter of the hay.

Malloring read this letter twice, and the enclosure three times, and crammed them deep down into his pocket.

It was pre-eminently one of those moments which bring out the qualities of Norman blood. And the first thing he did was to look at the barometer. It was going slowly down. After a month of first-class weather it would not do that without some sinister intention. An old glass, he believed in it implicitly. He tapped, and it sank further. He stood there frowning. Should he consult his wife? General friendliness said: Yes! A Norman instinct of chivalry, a perhaps



deeper Norman instinct, that, when it came to the point, women were too violent, said, No! He went up-stairs three at a time, and came down two. And all through dinner he sat thinking it over, and talking as if nothing had happened; so that he hardly spoke. Three-quarters of the hay at stake, if it rained soon! A big loss to the farmers, a further reduction in rents already far too low. Should he grin and bear it, and by doing nothing show these fellows that he could afford to despise their cowardly device? For it *was* cowardly to let his grass get ripe and play it this low trick! But if he left things unfought this time, they would try it on again with the corn—not that there was much of that on the estate of a man who only believed in corn as a policy.

Should he make the farmers sack the lot and get in other labor? But where? Agricultural laborers were born, not made. That was always the trouble. Should he simply suspend wages till they withdrew their preposterous demand? That might do—but he would still lose the hay. The hay! After all, anybody, pretty well, could make hay; it was the least skilled of all farm work, so long as the farmers were there to drive the machines and direct. Why not act vigorously? And his jaws set so suddenly on a piece of salmon that he bit his tongue. The action served to harden a growing purpose. So do small events influence great! Suspend those fellows' wages, get down strike-breakers, save the hay! And if there were a row—well, let there be a row! The constabulary would have to act. It was characteristic of his really Norman spirit that the notion of agreeing to the demand, or even considering whether it were just, never once came into his mind. He was one of those, comprising nowadays nearly all his class, together with their press, who habitually referred to his country as a democratic power, a champion of democracy—but did not at present suspect the meaning of the word; nor, to say truth, was it likely they ever would. Nothing, however, made him more miserable than indecision. And now that he was on the point of deciding, and the decision promised vigorous consequences, he felt almost elated. Closing his jaws once more too firmly, this time on lamb, he bit his tongue again. It was impossible to con-

less what he had done, for two of his children were there, expected to eat with that well-bred detachment which precludes such happenings; and he rose from dinner with his mind made up. Instead of going back to the House of Commons, he went straight to a strike-breaking agency. No grass should grow under the feet of his decision! Thence he sought the one post-office still open, despatched a long telegram to his agent, another to the chief constable of Worcestershire; and, feeling he had done all he could for the moment, returned to the 'House,' where they were debating the rural housing question. He sat there, paying only moderate attention to a subject on which he was acknowledged an authority. To-morrow, in all probability, the papers would have got hold of the affair! How he loathed people poking their noses into his concerns! And suddenly he was assailed, very deep down, by a feeling with which in his firmness he had not reckoned—a sort of remorse that he was going to let a lot of loafing blackguards down onto his land, to toss about his grass, and swill their beastly beer above it. And all the real love he had for his fields and coverts, all the fastidiousness of an English gentleman, and, to do him justice, the qualms of a conscience telling him that he owed better things than this to those born on his estate, assaulted him in force. He sat back in his seat, driving his long legs hard against the pew in front. His thick, wavy, still brown hair was beautifully parted above the square brow that frowned over deep-set eyes and a perfectly straight nose. Now and again he bit into a side of his straw-colored moustache, or raised a hand and twisted the other side. Without doubt one of the handsomest and perhaps the most Norman-looking man in the whole 'House.' There was a feeling among those round him that he was thinking deeply. And so he was. But he had decided, and he was not a man who went back on his decisions.

Morning brought even worse sensations. Those ruffians that he had ordered down—the farmers would never consent to put them up! They would have to camp. Camp on his land! It was then that for two seconds the thought flashed through him: Ought I to have considered whether I could agree to that demand? Gone in another flash. If there was one thing a



man could not tolerate, it was dictation! Out of the question! But perhaps he had been a little hasty about strike-breakers. Was there not still time to save the situation from that, if he caught the first train? The personal touch was everything. If he put it to the men on the spot, with these strike-breakers up his sleeve, surely they must listen! After all, they were his own people. And suddenly he was overcome with amazement that they should have taken such a step. What had got into them? Spiritless enough, as a rule, in all conscience; the sort of fellows who hadn't steam even to join the miniature rifle-range that he had given them! And visions of them, as he was accustomed to pass them in the lanes, slouching along with their straw bags, their hoes, and their shamefaced greetings, passed before him. Yes! It was all that fellow Freeland's family! The men had been put up to it—put up to it! The very wording of their demand showed that! Very bitterly he thought of the unneighborly conduct of that woman and her cubs. It was impossible to keep it from his wife! And so he told her. Rather to his surprise, she had no scruples about the strike-breakers. Of course, the hay must be saved! And the laborers be taught a lesson! All the unpleasantness he and she had gone through over Tryst and that Gaunt girl must not go for nothing! It must never be said or thought that the Freeland woman and her children had scored over them! If the lesson were once driven home, they would have no further trouble.

He admired her firmness, though with a certain impatience. Women never quite looked ahead; never quite realized all the consequences of anything. And he thought: 'By George! I'd no idea she was so hard! But, then, she always felt more strongly about Tryst and that Gaunt girl than I did.'

In the hall the glass was still going down. He caught the 9.15, wiring to his agent to meet him at the station, and to the impresario of the strike-breakers to hold up their departure until he telegraphed. The three-mile drive up from the station, fully half of which was through his own land, put him in possession of all the agent had to tell: Nasty spirit abroad—men dumb as fishes—the

farmers, puzzled and angry, had begun cutting as best they could. Not a man had budged. He had seen young Mr. and Miss Freeland going about. The thing had been worked very cleverly. He had suspected nothing—utterly unlike the laborers as he knew them. They had no real grievance, either! Yes, they were going on with all their other work—milk-ing, horses, and that; it was only the hay they wouldn't touch. Their demand was certainly a very funny one—very funny—had never heard of anything like it. Amounted almost to security of tenure. The Tryst affair no doubt had done it! Malloring cut him short:

"Till they've withdrawn this demand, Simmons, I can't discuss that or anything."

The agent coughed behind his hand.

Naturally! Only perhaps there might be a way of wording it that would satisfy them. Never do to really let them have such decisions in their hands, of course!

They were just passing Tod's. The cottage wore its usual air of embowered peace. And for the life of him Malloring could not restrain a gesture of annoyance.

On reaching home he sent gardeners and grooms in all directions with word that he would be glad to meet the men at four o'clock at the home farm. Much thought, and interviews with several of the farmers—who all but one, a shaky fellow at best—were for giving the laborers a sharp lesson, occupied the interval. Though he had refused to admit the notion that the men could be chicaned, as his agent had implied, he certainly did wonder a little whether a certain measure of security might not in some way be guaranteed, which would still leave him and the farmers a free hand. But the more he meditated on the whole episode, the more he perceived how intimately it interfered with his fundamental policy—of knowing what was good for his people better than they knew themselves.

As four o'clock approached, he walked down to the home farm. The sky was lightly overcast, and a rather chill, draughty, rustling wind had risen. Resolved to handle the men with the personal touch, he had discouraged his agent and the farmers from coming to the conference, and passed the gate with the braced-up feeling of one who goes to an



encounter. In that very spick-and-span farmyard ducks were swimming leisurely on the greenish pond, white pigeons strutting and preening on the eaves of the barn, and his keen eye noted that some tiles were out of order up there. Four o'clock! Ah, here was a fellow coming! And instinctively he crisped his hands that were buried in his pockets, and ran over to himself his opening words. Then, with a sensation of disgust, he saw that the advancing laborer was that incorrigible 'land lawyer' Gaunt. The short, square man with the ruffled head and the little bright-gray eyes saluted, uttered an "Afternoon, Sir Gerald!" in his teasing voice, and stood still. His face wore the jeering twinkle that had disconcerted so many political meetings. Two lean fellows, rather alike, with lined faces and bitten, drooped moustaches, were the next to come through the yard gate. They halted behind Gaunt, touching their forelocks, shuffling a little, and looking sidelong at each other. And Malloring waited. Five past four! Ten past! Then he said:

"D'you mind telling the others that I'm here?"

Gaunt answered:

"If so be as you was waitin' for the meetin', I fancy as 'ow you've got it, Sir Gerald!"

A wave of anger surged up in Malloring, dyeing his face brick-red. So! He had come all that way with the best intentions—to be treated like this; to meet this 'land lawyer,' who, he could see, was only here to sharpen his tongue, and those two scarecrow-looking chaps, who had come to testify, no doubt, to his discomfiture. And he said sharply:

"So that's the best you can do to meet me, is it?"

Gaunt answered imperturbably:

"I think it is, Sir Gerald."

"Then you've mistaken your man."

"I don't think so, Sir Gerald."

Without another look Malloring passed the three by, and walked back to the house. In the hall was the agent, whose face clearly showed that he had foreseen this defeat. Malloring did not wait for him to speak.

"Make arrangements. The strike-breakers will be down by noon to-morrow. I shall go through with it now, Simmons, if I have to clear the whole lot out. You'd

better go in and see that they're ready to send police if there's any nonsense. I'll be down again in a day or two." And, without waiting for reply, he passed into his study. There, while the car was being got ready, he stood in the window, very sore; thinking of what he had meant to do; thinking of his good intentions; thinking of what was coming to the country, when a man could not even get his laborers to come and hear what he had to say. And a sense of injustice, of anger, of bewilderment, harrowed his very soul.

## XXVIII

FOR the first two days of this new 'kick-up,' that 'fellow Freeland's' family undoubtedly tasted the sweets of successful mutiny. The fellow himself alone shook his head. He, like Nedda, had known nothing, and there was to him something unnatural and rather awful in this conduct toward dumb crops.

From the moment he heard of it he hardly spoke, and a perpetual little frown creased a brow usually so serene. In the early morning of the day after Malloring went back to town, he crossed the road to a field where the farmer, aided by his family and one of Malloring's gardeners, was already carrying the hay; and, taking up a pitchfork, without a word to anybody, he joined in the work. The action was deeper revelation of his feeling than any expostulation, and the young people watched it rather aghast.

"It's nothing," Derek said at last; "Father never has understood, and never will, that you can't get things without fighting. He cares more for trees and bees and birds than he does for human beings."

"That doesn't explain why he goes over to the enemy, when it's only a lot of grass."

Kirsteen answered:

"He hasn't gone over to the enemy, Sheila. You don't understand your father; to neglect the land is sacrilege to him. It feeds us—he would say—we live on it; we've no business to forget that but for the land we should all be dead."

"That's beautiful," said Nedda quickly; "and true."

Sheila answered angrily:

"It may be true in France with their



bread and wine. People don't live off the land here; they hardly eat anything they grow themselves. One can't feel like that when we're all brought up on mongrel food. Besides, it's simply sentimental, when there are real wrongs to fight about."

"Your father is not sentimental, Sheila. It's too deep with him for that, and too unconscious. He simply feels so unhappy about the waste of that hay that he can't keep his hands off it."

Derek broke in: "Mother's right. And it doesn't matter, except that we've got to see that the men don't follow his example. They've a funny feeling about him."

Kirsteen shook her head.

"You needn't be afraid. He's always been too strange to them!"

"Well, I'm going to stiffen their backs. Coming, Sheila?" And they went.

Left, as she seemed always to be in these days of open mutiny, Nedda said sadly:

"What is coming, Aunt Kirsteen?"

Her aunt was standing in the porch, looking straight before her; a trail of clematis had drooped over her fine black hair down on to the blue of her linen dress. She answered, without turning:

"Have you ever seen, on jubilee nights, bonfire to bonfire, from hill to hill, to the end of the land? This is the first lighted."

Nedda felt something clutch her heart. What was that figure in blue? Priestess? Prophetess? And for a moment the girl felt herself swept into the vision those dark glowing eyes were seeing; some violent, exalted, inexorable, flaming vision. Then something within her revolted, as though one had tried to hypnotize her into seeing what was not true; as though she had been forced for the moment to look, not at what was really there, but at what those eyes saw projected from the soul behind them. And she said quietly:

"I don't believe, Aunt Kirsteen. I don't really believe. I think it must go out."

Kirsteen turned.

"You are like your father," she said—"a doubter."

Nedda shook her head.

"I can't persuade myself to see what isn't there. I never can, Aunt Kirsteen."

Without reply, save a quiver of her brows, Kirsteen went back into the house. And Nedda stayed on the pebbled path before the cottage, unhappy, searching

her own soul. Did she fail to see because she was afraid to see, because she was too dull to see; or because, as she had said, there was really nothing there—no flames to leap from hill to hill, no lift, no tearing in the sky that hung over the land. And she thought: 'London—all those big towns, their smoke, the things they make, the things we want them to make, that we shall always want them to make. Aren't they there? For every laborer who's a slave Dad says there are five town workers who are just as much slaves! And all those Bigwigs with their great houses, and their talk, and their interest in keeping things where they are! Aren't they there? I don't—I can't believe anything much can happen, or be changed. Oh! I shall never see visions, and dream dreams!' And from her heart she sighed.

In the meantime Derek and Sheila were going their round on bicycles, to stiffen the backs of the laborers. They had hunted lately, always in a couple, desiring no complications, having decided that it was less likely to provoke definite assault and opposition from the farmers. To their mother was assigned all correspondence; to themselves the verbal exhortations, the personal touch. It was past noon, and they were already returning, when they came on the char-à-bancs containing the head of the strike-breaking column. The two vehicles were drawn up opposite the gate leading to Marrow Farm, and the agent was detaching the four men destined to that locality, with their camping-gear. By the open gate the farmer stood eying his new material askance. Dejected enough creatures they looked—poor devils picked up at ten pound the dozen, who, by the mingled apathy and sheepish amusement on their faces, might never have seen a pitchfork, or smelt a field of clover, in their lives.

The two young Freelands rode slowly past; the boy's face scornfully drawn back into itself; the girl's flaming scarlet.

"Don't take notice," Derek said; "we'll soon stop that."

And they had gone another mile before he added:

"We've got to make our round again; that's all."

The words of Mr. Pogram, 'You have influence, young man,' were just. There was about Derek the sort of quality that



belongs to the good regimental officer; men followed and asked themselves why the devil they had, afterward. And if it be said that no worse leader than a fiery young fool can be desired for any movement, it may also be said that without youth and fire and folly there is usually no movement at all.

- Late in the afternoon they returned home, dead beat. That evening the farmers and their wives milked the cows, tended the horses, did everything that must be done, not without curses. And next morning the men, with Gaunt and a big, dark fellow, called Tulley, for spokesmen, again proffered their demand. The agent took counsel with Malloring by wire. His answer, "Concede nothing," was communicated to the men in the afternoon, and received by Gaunt with the remark: "I thart we should be hearin' that. Please to thank Sir Gerald. The men concedes their gratitood. . . ."

That night it began to rain. Nedda, waking, could hear the heavy drops pattering on the sweetbrier and clematis thatching her open window. The scent of rain-cooled leaves came in drifts, and it seemed a shame to sleep. She got up; put on her dressing-gown, and went to thrust her nose into that bath of dripping sweetness. Dark as the clouds had made the night, there was still the faint light of a moon somewhere behind. The leaves of the fruit-trees joined in the long, gentle hissing, and now and again rustled and sighed sharply; a cock somewhere, as by accident, let off a single crow. There were no stars. All was dark and soft as velvet. And Nedda thought: 'The world is dressed in living creatures! Trees, flowers, grass, insects, ourselves—woven together—the world is dressed in life! I understand Uncle Tod's feeling! If only it would rain till they have to send these strike-breakers back because there's no hay worth fighting about!' Suddenly her heart beat fast. The wicket gate had clicked. There was something darker than the darkness coming along the path! Scared, but with all protective instinct roused, she leaned out, straining to see. A faint grating sound from underneath came up to her. A window being opened! And she flew to her door. She neither barred it, however, nor cried out, for in that second it had flashed across her: 'Suppose it's he!

Gone out to do something desperate, as Tryst did!' If it were, he would come up-stairs and pass her door, going to his room. She opened it an inch, holding her breath. At first, nothing! Was it fancy? Or was some one noiselessly rifling the room down-stairs? But surely no one would steal of Uncle Tod, who, everybody knew, had nothing valuable. Then came a sound as of bootless feet pressing the stairs stealthily! And the thought darted through her, 'If it isn't he, what shall I do?' And then—'What shall I do—if it is!'

Desperately she opened the door, clasp- ing her hands on the place whence her heart had slipped down to her bare feet. But she knew it was he before she heard him whisper: "Nedda!" and, clutching him by the sleeve, drew him in and closed the door. He was wet through, dripping; so wet that the mere brushing against him made her skin feel moist through its thin coverings.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing? Oh, Derek!"

There was just light enough to see his face, his teeth, the whites of his eyes.

"Cutting their tent-ropes in the rain. Hooroosh!"

It was such a relief that she just let out a little gasping "Oh!" and leaned her forehead against his coat. Then she felt his wet arms round her, his wet body pressed to hers, and in a second he was dancing with her a sort of silent, ecstatic war-dance. Suddenly he stopped, went down on his knees, pressing his face to her waist, and whispering: "What a brute, what a brute! Making her wet! Poor little Nedda!"

Nedda bent over him; her hair covered his wet head, her hands trembled on his shoulders. Her heart felt as if it would melt right out of her; she longed so to warm and dry him with herself. And, in turn, his wet arms clutched her close, his wet hands could not keep still on her. Then he drew back, and whispering: "Oh, Nedda! Nedda!" fled out like a dark ghost. Oblivious that she was damp from head to foot, Nedda stood swaying, her eyes closed and her lips just open; then, putting out her arms, she drew them suddenly in and clasped herself. . . .

When she came down to breakfast the next morning, he had gone out already,



and Uncle Tod, too; her aunt was writing at the bureau. Sheila greeted her gruffly, and almost at once went out. Nedda swallowed coffee, ate her egg, and bread and honey, with a heavy heart. A newspaper lay open on the table; she read it idly till these words caught her eye:

"The revolt which has paralyzed the hay harvest on Sir Gerald Malloring's Worcestershire estate, and led to the introduction of strike-breakers, shows no sign of abatement. A very wanton spirit of mischief seems to be abroad in this neighborhood. No reason can be ascertained for the arson committed a short time back, nor for this further outbreak of discontent. The economic condition of the laborers on this estate is admittedly rather above than below the average."

And at once she thought: "Mischief!" What a shame! Were people, then, to know nothing of the real cause of the revolt—nothing of the Tryst eviction, the threatened eviction of the Gaunts? Were they not to know that it was on principle, and to protest against that sort of petty tyranny to the laborers all over the country, that this rebellion had been started? For liberty! only simple liberty not to be treated as though they had no minds or souls of their own—wasn't the public to know that? If they were allowed to think that it was all wanton mischief—that Derek was just a mischief-maker—it would be dreadful! Some one must write and make this known? Her father? Dad might think it too personal—his own relations! Mr. Cuthcott! Ah! into whose household Wilmet Gaunt had gone. Mr. Cuthcott who had told her that he was always at her service! Why not? And the thought that she might really do something at last to help made her tingle all over. If she borrowed Sheila's bicycle she could catch the nine-o'clock train to London, see him herself, make him do something, perhaps even bring him back with her! She examined her purse. Yes, she had money. She would say nothing, here, because, of course, he might refuse! At the back of her mind was the idea that, if a real newspaper took the part of the laborers, Derek's position would no longer be so dangerous; he would be, as it were, legally recognized, and that, in itself, would make him more careful and responsible. Whence she got this belief in the

legalizing power of the press it is difficult to say, unless that, reading newspapers but seldom, she still took them at their own valuation, and thought that when they said: "We shall do this," or "We must do that," they really were speaking for the country, and that forty-five millions of people were deliberately going to do something, whereas, in truth, as was known to those older than Nedda, they were speaking, and not too conclusively at that, for single anonymous gentlemen in a hurry who were not going to do anything. She knew that the press had power, great power—for she was always hearing that—and it had not occurred to her as yet to examine the composition of that power so as to discover that, while the press certainly had monopoly of articulate expression, and that same 'spirit of body' which made police constables swear by one another, it yet contained within its ring fence the sane and advisable futility of a perfectly balanced contradiction; so that its only functions, practically speaking, were the dissemination of news, seventenths of which would have been happier in obscurity; and—"irritation of the Dutch!" Not, of course, that the press realized this; nor was it probable that any one would tell it, for it had power—great power.

She caught her train—glowing outwardly from the speed of her ride, and inwardly from the heat of adventure and the thought that at last she was being of some use.

The only other occupants in her third-class compartment were a friendly looking man, who might have been a sailor or other wanderer on leave, and his thin, dried-up, black-clothed cottage woman of an old mother. They sat opposite each other. The son looked at his mother with beaming eyes, and she remarked: "An' I says to him, says I, I says, 'What?' I says; so 'e says to me, he says, 'Yes,' he says; 'that's what I say,' he says." And Nedda thought: "What an old dear! And the son looks nice too; I do like simple people."

They got out at the first stop and she journeyed on alone. Taking a taxicab from Paddington, she drove toward Gray's Inn. But now that she was getting close she felt very nervous. How expect a busy man like Mr. Cuthcott to



spare time to come down all that way? It would be something, though, if she could get him even to understand what was really happening, and why; so that he could contradict that man in the other paper. It must be wonderful to be writing, daily, what thousands and thousands of people read! Yes! It must be a very sacred-feeling life! To be able to say things in that particularly authoritative way which must take such a lot of people in—that is, make such a lot of people think in the same way! It must give a man a terrible sense of responsibility, make him feel that he simply must be noble, even if he naturally wasn't. Yes! it must be a wonderful profession, and only fit for the highest! In addition to Mr. Cuthcott, she knew as yet but three young journalists, and those all weekly.

At her timid ring the door was opened by a broad-cheeked girl, enticingly compact in apron and black frock, whose bright color, thick lips, and rogue eyes came of anything but London. It flashed across Nedda that this must be the girl for whose sake she had faced Mr. Cuthcott at the luncheon-table! And she said: "Are you Wilmet Gaunt?"

The girl smiled till her eyes almost disappeared, and answered: "Yes, miss."

"I'm Nedda Freeland, Miss Sheila's cousin. I've just come from Joyfields. How are you getting on?"

"Fine, thank you, miss. Plenty of life here."

Nedda thought: 'That's what Derek said of her. Bursting with life! And so she is.' And she gazed doubtfully at the girl, whose prim black dress and apron seemed scarcely able to contain her.

"Is Mr. Cuthcott in?"

"No, miss; he'll be down at the paper. Two hundred and five Floodgate Street."

'Oh!' thought Nedda with dismay; 'I shall never venture there!' And glancing once more at the girl, whose rogue slits of eyes, deep sunk between cheekbones and brow, seemed to be quizzing her and saying: 'You and Mr. Derek—oh! I know!' she went sadly away. And first she thought she would go home to Hampstead, then that she would go back to the station, then: 'After all, why shouldn't I go and try? They can't eat me. I will!'

She reached her destination at the luncheon-hour, so that the offices of the

great evening journal were somewhat deserted. Producing her card, she was passed from hand to hand till she rested in a small bleak apartment where a young woman was typing fast. She longed to ask her how she liked it, but did not dare. The whole atmosphere seemed to her charged with a strenuous solemnity, as though everything said, 'We have power—great power.' And she waited, sitting by the window which faced the street. On the buildings opposite she could read the name of another great evening journal. Why, it was the one which had contained the paragraph she had read at breakfast! She had bought a copy of it at the station. Its temperament, she knew, was precisely opposite to that of Mr. Cuthcott's paper. Over in that building, no doubt, there would be the same strenuously loaded atmosphere, so that if they opened the windows on both sides little puffs of power would meet in mid-air, above the heads of the passers-by, as might the broadsides of old three-deckers, above the green, green sea.

And for the first time an inkling of the great comic equipoise in Floodgate Street and human affairs stole on Nedda's consciousness. They puffed and puffed, and only made smoke in the middle! That must be why Dad always called them: 'Those fellows!' She had scarcely, however, finished beginning to think these thoughts when a handbell sounded sharply in some adjoining room, and the young woman nearly fell into her typewriter. She readjusted her balance, rose, and, going to the door, passed out in haste. Through the open doorway Nedda could see a large and pleasant room, whose walls seemed covered with prints of men standing in attitudes such that she was almost sure they were statesmen; and, at a table in the centre, the back of Mr. Cuthcott in a twiddly chair, surrounded by sheets of paper reposing on the floor, shining like autumn leaves on a pool of water. She heard his voice, smothery, hurried, but still pleasant, say: "Take these, Miss Mayne, take these! Begin on them, begin! Confound it! What's the time?" And the young woman's voice: "Half past one, Mr. Cuthcott!" And a noise from Mr. Cuthcott's throat that sounded like an adjuration to the Deity not to pass over something. Then the young woman



dipped and began gathering those leaves of paper, and over her comely back Nedda had a clear view of Mr. Cuthcott hunching one brown shoulder as though warding something off, and of one of his thin hands ploughing up and throwing back his brown hair on one side, and heard the sound of his furiously scratching pen. And her heart pattered; it was so clear that he was 'giving them one' and had no time for her. And involuntarily she looked at the window beyond him to see if there were any puffs of smoke issuing therefrom. But they were closed. She saw the young woman rise and come back toward her, putting the sheets of paper in order; and, as the door was closing, from the twiddly chair a noise that sounded like: "Brr-grr! Cuss their silly souls!" When the young woman was once more at the typewriter she rose and said: "Have you given him my card yet?"

The young woman looked at her surprised, as if she had broken some rule of etiquette, and said: "No."

"Then don't, please. I can see that he's too busy. I won't wait."

The young woman abstractedly placed a sheet of paper in her typewriter.

"Very well," she said. "Good morning!"

And before Nedda reached the door she heard the click-click of the machine, reducing Mr. Cuthcott to legibility.

"I was stupid to come," she thought. "He must be terribly overworked. Poor man! He does say lovely things!" And, crestfallen, she went along the passages, and once more out into Floodgate Street. She walked along it frowning, till a man who was selling newspapers said as she passed: "Mind ye don't smile, lydy!"

Seeing that he was selling Mr. Cuthcott's paper, she felt for a coin to buy one, and, while searching, scrutinized the news-vender's figure, almost entirely hidden by the words:

## GREAT HOUSING SCHEME

### HOPE FOR THE MILLION!

on a buff-colored board; while above it, his face, that had not quite blood enough to be scorbutic, was wrapped in the expression of those philosophers to whom a hope would be fatal. He was, in fact, just what he looked—a street stoic. And

a dim perception of the great social truth: "The smell of half a loaf is not better than no bread!" flickered in Nedda's brain as she passed on. Was that what Derek was doing with the laborers—giving them half the smell of a liberty that was not there? And a sudden craving for her father came over her. He—he only, was any good, because he, only, loved her enough to feel how distracted and unhappy she was feeling, how afraid of what was coming. So, making for a tube station, she took train to Hampstead. . . .

It was past two, and Felix, on the point of his constitutional. He had left Becket the day after Nedda's rather startling removal to Joyfields, and since then had done his level best to put the whole Tryst affair, with all its somewhat sinister relevance to her life and his own, out of his mind as something beyond control. He had but imperfectly succeeded.

Flora, herself not too present-minded, had in these days occasion to speak to him about the absent-minded way in which he fulfilled even the most domestic duties, and Alan was always saying to him, "Buck up, Dad!" With Nedda's absorption into the little Joyfields whirlpool, the sun shone but dimly for Felix. And a somewhat febrile attention to 'The Last of the Laborers' had not brought it up to his expectations. He fluttered under his buff waistcoat when he saw her coming in at the gate. She must want something of him! For to this pitch of resignation, as to his little daughter's love for him, had he come! And if she wanted something of him, things would be going wrong again down there! Nor did the warmth of her embrace, and her: "Oh! Dad, it is nice to see you!" remove that instinctive conviction, though delicacy, born of love, forbade him to ask her what she wanted. Talking of the sky and other matters, thinking how pretty she was looking, he waited for the new, inevitable proof that youth was first, and a mere father only second fiddle now. A note from Stanley had already informed him of the strike. The news had been something of a relief. Strikes, at all events, were respectable and legitimate means of protest, and to hear that one was in progress had not forced him out of his laborious attempt to believe the whole affair only a mole-hill. He had not, however, heard of the



strike-breakers, nor had he seen any newspaper mention of the matter; and when she had shown him the paragraph, recounted her visit to Mr. Cuthcott, and how she had wanted to take him back with her to see for himself—he waited a moment, then said almost timidly: “Should I be of any use, my dear?” She flushed and squeezed his hand in silence; and he knew he would.

When he had packed a handbag and left a note for Flora, he rejoined her in the hall. In the dim light there he had to look twice to be sure that she had tears in her eyes, by which he realized there was nothing in his feelings of which she was not conscious. Yes! she knew his grief, at being dispossessed, his effort to hide it—knew it as well as he, and was as sorry. That was something!

It was past seven when they reached their destination, and, taking the station ‘fly,’ drove slowly up to Joyfields, under a showery sky.

## XXIX

LIFE is like a road, along which all happenings come, to people now advancing to meet them, now standing in the roadside doorway, now sitting within.

When Felix and Nedda reached Tod’s cottage, the three little Trysts, whose activity could never be quite called play were all the living creatures about the house.

“Where is Mrs. Freeland, Biddy?”

“We don’t know; a man came, and she went.”

“And Miss Sheila?”

“She went out in the mornin’. And Mr. Freeland’s gone.”

Susie added: “The dog’s gone, too.”

“Then help me to get some tea.”

“Yes.”

With the assistance of the mother-child, and the hindrance of Susie and Billy, Nedda made and laid tea, with an anxious heart. The absence of her aunt, who so seldom went outside the cottage, fields, and orchard, disturbed her; and, while Felix refreshed himself, she fluttered several times on varying pretexts to the wicket gate.

At her third visit, from the direction of the church, she saw figures coming on the road—dark figures carrying something, followed by others walking alongside. What sun there had been had quite given

in to heavy clouds; the light was dull, the elm-trees dark; and not till they were within two hundred yards could Nedda make out that these were figures of policemen. Then, alongside that which they were carrying, she saw her aunt’s blue dress. *What* were they carrying like that? She dashed down the steps, and stopped. No! If it were *he* they would bring him in! She rushed back again, distracted. She could see now a form stretched on a hurdle. It *was* he!

“Dad! Quick!”

Felix came, startled at that cry, to find his little daughter on the path wringing her hands and flying back to the wicket gate. They were close now. She saw them turn the hurdle and begin mounting the steps, those behind raising their arms so that it should be level. Derek lay on his back, with head and forehead swathed in wet blue linen, torn from his mother’s skirt; and the rest of his face very white. He lay quite still, his clothes covered with mud. Terrified, she plucked at Kirsteen’s sleeve.

“What is it?”

“Concussion!” The still force of that blue-clothed figure, so calm beside her, gave her strength to say quietly:

“Put him in my room, Aunt Kirsteen; there’s most air there!” And she flew up-stairs, flinging wide her door, making the bed ready, snatching her night things from the pillow; pouring out cold water, sprinkling the air with eau de cologne. Then she stood still. Perhaps they would not bring him there? Yes, they were coming up. They brought him in, and laid him on the bed. She heard one say: “Doctor’ll be here directly, ma’am. Let him lie quiet.” Then she and his mother were alone beside him.

“Undo his boots,” said Kirsteen.

Nedda’s fingers trembled, and she hated them for trembling so, while she drew off those muddy boots. Then her aunt said softly: “Hold him up, dear, while I get his things off.”

And, with a strange rapture that she was allowed to hold him thus, she supported him against her breast till he was freed and lying back inert. Then, and only then, she whispered:

“How long before he——?”

Kirsteen shook her head; and, slipping her arm round the girl, murmured: “Courage, Nedda!”



The girl felt fear and love rush up desperately to overwhelm her. She choked them back, and said quite quietly: "I will. I promise. Only let me help nurse him!"

Kirsteen nodded. And they sat down to wait.

That quarter of an hour was the longest of her life. To see him thus, living, yet not living, with the spirit driven from him by a cruel blow, perhaps never to come back! Curious, how things still got themselves noticed when all her faculties were centred in gazing at his face. She knew that it was raining again; heard the swish and drip, and smelled the cool wet perfume through the scent of the eau de cologne that she had spilled. She noted her aunt's arm, as it hovered, wetting the bandage; the veins and rounded whiteness from under the loose blue sleeve slipped up to the elbow. One of his feet lay close to her at the bed's edge; she stole her hand beneath the sheet. That foot felt very cold, and she grasped it tight. If only she could pass life into him through her hot hand. She heard the ticking of her little travelling-clock, and was conscious of flies wheeling close up beneath the white ceiling, of how one by one they darted at each other, making swift zigzags in the air. And something in her she had not yet known came welling up, softening her eyes, her face, even the very pose of her young body—the hidden passion of a motherliness, that yearned so to 'kiss the place,' to make him well, to nurse and tend, restore and comfort, him. And with all her might she watched the movements of those rounded arms under the blue sleeves—how firm and exact they were, how soft and quiet and swift, bathing the dark head! Then from beneath the bandage she caught sight suddenly of his eyes. And her heart turned sick. Oh, they were not quite closed! As if he hadn't life enough to close them! She bit into her lip to stop a cry. It was so terrible to see them without light. Why did not that doctor come? Over and over and over again within her the prayer turned: Let him live! Oh, let him live!

The blackbirds out in the orchard were tuning up for evening. It seemed almost dreadful they should be able to sing like that. All the world was going on just the same! If he died, the world would have

no more light for her than there was now in his poor eyes—and yet it would go on the same! How was that possible? It was not possible, because she would die too! She saw her aunt turn her head like a startled animal; some one was coming up the stairs! It was the doctor, wiping his wet face—a young man in gaiters. How young—dreadfully young! No; there was a little gray at the sides of his hair! What would he say? And Nedda sat with hands tightly clenched in her lap, motionless as a young crouching sphinx. An interminable testing, and questioning, and answer! Never smoked—never drank—never been ill! The blow—ah, here! Just here! Concussion—yes! Then long staring into the eyes, the eyelids lifted between thumb and finger. And at last (how could he talk so loud! Yet it was a comfort too—he would not talk like that if Derek were going to die!)—Hair cut shorter—ice—watch him like a lynx! This and that, if he came to. Nothing else to be done. And then those blessed words:

"But don't worry too much. I think it'll be all right." She could not help a little sigh escaping her clenched teeth.

The doctor was looking at her. His eyes were nice.

"Sister?"

"Cousin."

"Ah! Well, I'll get back now, and send you out some ice, at once."

More talk outside the door. Nedda, alone with her lover, crouched forward on her knees, and put her lips to his. They were not so cold as his foot, and the first real hope and comfort came to her. Watch him like a lynx—wouldn't she? But how had it all happened? And where was Sheila? and Uncle Tod?

Her aunt had come back and was stroking her shoulder. There had been fighting in the barn at Marrow Farm. They had arrested Sheila. Derek had jumped down to rescue her and struck his head against a grindstone. Her uncle had gone with Sheila. They would watch, turn and turn about. Nedda must go now and eat something, and get ready to take the watch from eight to midnight.

Following her resolve to make no fuss, the girl went out. The police had gone. The mother-child was putting her little folk to bed; and in the kitchen Felix was arranging the wherewithal to eat. He



made her sit down and kept handing things; watching like a cat to see that she put them in her mouth, in the way from which only Flora had suffered hitherto; he seemed so anxious and unhappy, and so awfully sweet, that Nedda forced herself to swallow what she thought would never go down a dry and choky throat. He kept coming up and touching her shoulder or forehead. Once he said:

"It's all right, you know, my pet; concussion often takes two days."

Two days with his eyes like that! The consolation was not so vivid as Felix might have wished; but she quite understood that he was doing his best to give it. She suddenly remembered that he had no room to sleep in. He must use Derek's. No! That, it appeared, was to be for her when she came off duty. Felix was going to have an all-night sitting in the kitchen. He had been looking forward to an all-night sitting for many years, and now he had got his chance. It was a magnificent opportunity—"without your mother, my dear, to insist on my sleeping." And staring at his smile, Nedda thought: 'He's like Granny—he comes out under difficulties. If only I did!'

The ice arrived by motor-cycle just before her watch began. It was some comfort to have that definite thing to see to. How timorous and humble are thoughts in a sick-room, above all when the sick are stretched behind the muffle of unconsciousness, withdrawn from the watcher by half-death! And yet, for him or her who loves, there is at least the sense of being alone with the loved one, of doing all that can be done; and in some strange way of twining hearts with the exiled spirit. To Nedda, sitting at his feet, and hardly ever turning eyes away from his still face, it sometimes seemed that the flown spirit was there beside her. And she saw into his soul in those hours of watching, as one looking into a stream sees the leopard-like dapple of its sand and dark-strewn floor, just reached by sunlight. She saw all his pride, courage, and impatience, his reserve, and strange unwilling tenderness, as she had never seen them. And a queer dreadful feeling moved her that in some previous existence she had looked at that face dead on a field of battle, frowning up at the stars. That

was absurd—there were no previous existences! Or was it prevision of what would come some day?

When, at half past nine, the light began to fail, she lighted two candles in tall, thin, iron candlesticks beside her. They burned without flicker, those spires of yellow flame, slowly conquering the dying twilight, till in their soft radiance the room was full of warm dusky shadows, the night outside ever a deeper black. Two or three times his mother came, looked at him, asked her if she should stay, and, receiving a little silent shake of the head, went away again. At eleven o'clock, when once more she changed the ice-cap, his eyes had still no lustre, and for a moment her courage failed her utterly. It seemed to her that he could never win back, that death possessed the room already, possessed those candle-flames, the ticking of the clock, the dark, dripping night, possessed her heart. Could he be gone before she had been his! Gone! Where? She sank down on her knees, covering her eyes. What good to watch, if he were never coming back! A long time—it seemed hours—passed thus, with the feeling growing deeper in her that no good would come while she was watching. And behind the barrier of her hands she tried desperately to rally courage. If things were—they were! One must look them in the face! She took her hands away. His eyes! Was it light in them? Was it? They were seeing—surely they saw. And his lips made the tiniest movement. In that turmoil of exaltation she never knew how she managed to continue kneeling there, with her hands on his. But all her soul shone down to him out of her eyes, and drew and drew at his spirit struggling back from the depths of him. For many minutes that struggle lasted; then he smiled. It was the feeblest smile that ever was on lips, but it made the tears pour down Nedda's cheeks and trickle off onto his hands. Then, with a stoicism that she could not believe in, so hopelessly unreal it seemed, so utterly the negation of the tumult within her, she settled back again at his feet to watch and not excite him. And still his lips smiled that faint smile, and his opened eyes grew dark and darker with meaning.

So at midnight Kirsteen found them.



# THE WATER-HOLE

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON



SOME men are like the twang of a bow-string. Hardy was like that—short, lithe, sunburned, vivid. Into the lives of Jarrick, Hill, and myself, old classmates of his, he came and went in the fashion of one of those queer winds that on a sultry day in summer blow unexpectedly up a city street out of nowhere. His comings excited us; his goings left us refreshed and a little vaguely discontented. So many people are gray. Hardy gave one a shock of color, as do the deserts and the mountains he inhabited. It was not particularly what he said—he didn't talk much—it was his appearance, his direct, a trifle fierce, gestures, the sense of mysterious lands that pervaded him. One never knew when he was coming to New York and one never knew how long he was going to stay; he just appeared, was very busy with mining companies for a while, sat about clubs in the late afternoon, and then, one day, he was gone.

Sometimes he came twice in a year; oftener, not for two or three years at a stretch. When he did come we gave him a dinner—that is, Jarrick, Hill, and myself. And it was rather an occasion. We would procure a table in the gayest restaurant we could find, near, but not too near, the music—Hill it was who first suggested this as a dramatic bit of incongruity between Hardy and the frequenters of Broadway—and the most exotic food obtainable, for a good part of his time Hardy, we knew, lived upon camp fare. Then we would try to make him tell about his experiences. Usually he wouldn't. Impersonally, he was entertaining about South Africa, about the Caucasus, about Alaska, Mexico, anywhere you care to think; but concretely he might have been an illustrated lecture for all he mentioned himself. He was passionately fond of abstract argument. "Y' see," he would

explain, "I don't get half as much of this sort of thing as I want. Of course, one does run across remarkable people—now, I met a cow-puncher once who knew Keats by heart—but as a rule I deal only with material things, mines and prospects and assays and that sort of thing." Poor chap! I wonder if he thought that we, with our brokering and our writing and our lawyering, dealt much with ideas! I remember one night when we sat up until three discussing the philosophy of prohibition over three bottles of port. I wonder how many other men have done the same thing!

But five years ago—no, it was six—Hardy really told us a real story about himself. Necessarily the occasion is memorable in our recollections. We had dined at Lamb's, and the place was practically empty, for it was long after the theatre hour—only a drowsy waiter here and there, and away over in one corner a young couple who, I suppose, imagined themselves in love. Fancy being in love at Lamb's! We had been discussing, of all things in the world, bravery and conscience and cowardice and original sin, and that sort of business, and there was no question about it that Hardy was enjoying himself hugely. He was leaning upon the table, a coffee-cup between his relaxed brown hands, listening with an eagerness highly complimentary to the banal remarks we had to make upon the subject. "This is talk!" he ejaculated once with a laugh.

Hill, against the combined attack of Jarrick and myself, was maintaining the argument. "There is no such thing as instinctive bravery," he affirmed, for the fifth time at least, "amongst intelligent men. Every one of us is naturally a coward. Of course we are. The more imagination we've got the more we can realize how pleasant life is, after all, and how rotten the adjuncts of sudden death. It's



reason that does the trick—reason and tradition. Do you know of any one who is brave when he is alone—except, that is, when it is a case of self-preservation? No! Of course not. Did you ever hear of any one choosing to go along a dangerous road or to ford a dangerous river unless he had to—that is, any one of our class, any man of education or imagination? It's the greater fear of being thought afraid that makes us brave. Take a lawyer in a shipwreck—take myself! Don't you suppose he's frightened? Naturally he is, horribly frightened. It's his reason, his mind, that after a while gets the better of his poor pipe-stem legs and makes them keep pace with the sea-legs about them."

"It's condition," said Jarrick doggedly—"condition entirely. All has to do with your liver and digestion. I know; I fox-hunt, and when I was younger—yes, leave my waist alone!—I rode jumping races. When you're fit there isn't a horse alive that bothers you, or a fence, for that matter, or a bit of water."

"Ever try standing on a ship's deck, in the dark, knowing you're going to drown in about twenty minutes?" asked Hill.

Hardy leaned forward to strike a match for his cigarette. "I don't agree with you," he said.

"Well, but—" began Hill.

"Neither of you."

"Oh, of course, you're outside the argument. You lead an adventurous life. You keep in condition for danger. It isn't fair."

"No." Hardy lit his cigarette and inhaled a puff thoughtfully. "You don't understand. All you have to say does have some bearing upon things, but, when you get down to brass tacks, it's instinct—at the last gasp, it's instinct. You can't get away from it. Look at the difference between a thoroughbred and a cold-blooded horse! There you are! That's true. It's the fashion now to discount instinct, I know; well—but you can't get away from it. I've thought about the thing—a lot. Men are brave against their better reason, against their conscience. It's a mixed-up thing. It's confusing and—and sort of damnable," he concluded lamely.

"Sort of damnable!" ejaculated Hill wonderingly.

"Yes, damnable."

I experienced inspiration. "You've got a concrete instance back of that," I ventured.

Hardy removed his gaze from the ceiling. "Er—" he stammered. "Why, yes—yes. That's true."

"You'd better tell it," suggested Hill; "otherwise your argument is not very conclusive."

Hardy fumbled with the spoon of his empty coffee-cup. It was a curious gesture on the part of a man whose franknesses were as clean-cut as his silences. "Well—" he began. "I don't know. Perhaps. I did know a man, though, who saved another man's life when he didn't want to, when there was every excuse for him not to, when he had it all reasoned out that it was wrong, the very wrongest possible thing to do; and he saved him because he couldn't help it, saved him at the risk of his own life, too."

"He did!" murmured Hill incredulously.

"Go on!" I urged. I was aware that we were on the edge of a revelation.

Hardy looked down at the spoon in his hand, then up and into my eyes.

"It's such a queer place to tell it"—he smiled deprecatingly—"here, in this restaurant. It ought to be about a camp-fire, or something like that. Here it seems out of place, like the smell of bacon or sweating mules. Do you know Los Pinos? Well, you wouldn't. It was just a few shacks and a Mexican gambling-house when I saw it. Maybe it isn't there any more, at all. You know—those places! People build them and then go away, and in a year there isn't a thing, just desert again and shifting sand and maybe the little original old ranch by the one spring." He swept the tablecloth with this hand, as if sweeping something into oblivion, and his eyes sought again the spoon. "It's queer, that business. Men and women go out to lonely places and build houses, and for a while everything goes on in miniature, just as it does here—daily bread and hating and laughing—and then something happens, the gold gives out or the fields won't pay, and in no time nature is back again.



It's a big fight. You lose track of it in crowded places." He raised his head and settled his arms comfortably on the table.

"I wasn't there for any particular purpose. I was on a holiday. I'd been on a big job up in Colorado and was rather done up, and, as there were some prospects in New Mexico I wanted to see, I hit south, drifting through Santa Fé and Silver City, until I found myself way down on the southern edge of Arizona. It was still hot down there—hot as blazes—it was about the first of September—and the rattlesnakes and the scorpions were still as active as crickets. I knew a chap that had a cattle outfit near the Mexican border, so I dropped in on him one day and stayed two weeks. You see, he was lonely. Had a passion for theatres and hadn't seen a play for five years. My second-hand gossip was rather a godsend. But finally I got tired of talking about Mary Mannering, and decided to start north again. He bade me good-by on a little hill near his place. 'See here!' he said suddenly, looking toward the west. 'If you go a trifle out of your way you'll strike Los Pinos, and I wish you would. It's a little bit of a dump of the United Copper Company's, no good, I'm thinking, but the fellow in charge is a friend of mine. He's got his wife there. They're nice people—or used to be. I haven't seen them for ten years. They say he drinks a little—well, we all do. Maybe you could write me how she—I mean, how he is getting on?' And he turned red. I saw how the land lay, and as a favor to him I said I would.

"It was eighty miles away, and I drifted in there one night on top of a tired cow-horse just at sundown. You know how purple—violet, really—those desert evenings are. There was violet stretching away as far as I could see, from the faint violet at my stirrups to the deep, almost black violet of the horizon. Way off to the north I could make out the shadow of some big hills that had been ahead of me all day. The town, what there was of it, lay in a little gully. Along its single street there were a few lights shining like small yellow flowers. I asked my way of a Mexican, and he showed me up to where the Whitneys—that name will do as well as any—lived, in a decent enough sort of

bungalow, it would seem, above the gully. He left me there, and I went forward and rapped at the door. Light shone from between the cracks of a near-by shutter, and I could hear voices inside—a man's voice mostly, hoarse and high-pitched. Then a Chinaman opened the door for me and I had a look inside, into a big living-room beyond. It was civilized all right enough, pleasantly so to a man stepping out of two days of desert and Mexican adobes. At a glance I saw the rugs on the polished floor, and the Navajo blankets about, and a big table in the centre with a shaded lamp and magazines in rows; but the man in riding-clothes standing before the empty fireplace wasn't civilized at all, at least not at that moment. I couldn't see the woman, only the top of her head above the back of a big chair, but as I came in I heard her say, 'Hush!—Jim!—please!' and I noticed that what I could see of her hair was of that fine true gold you so seldom find. The man stopped in the middle of a sentence and swayed on his feet, then he looked over at me and came toward me with a sort of bulldog, inquiring look. He was a big, red-faced, blond chap, about forty, I should say, who might once have been handsome. He wasn't now, and it didn't add to his beauty that he was quite obviously fairly drunk. 'Well?' he said, and blocked my way.

"'I'm a friend of Henry Martin's,' I answered. 'I've got a letter for you.' I was beginning to get pretty angry.

"'Henry Martin?' He laughed unsteadily. 'You'd better give it to my wife over there. She's his friend. I hardly know him.' I don't know when I'd seen a man I disliked as much at first sight.

"There was a rustle from the other side of the room, and Mrs. Whitney came toward us. I avoided her unattractive husband and took her hand, and I understood at once whatever civilizing influences there were about the bungalow we were in. Did you ever do that—ever step out of nowhere, in a wild sort of country, and meet suddenly a man or a woman who might have come straight from a pleasant, well-bred room filled with books and flowers and quiet, nice people? It's a sensation that never loses



its freshness. Mrs. Whitney was like that. I wouldn't have called her beautiful; she was better; you knew she was good and clean-cut and a thoroughbred the minute you saw her. She was lovely, too; don't misunderstand me, but you had more important things to think about when you were talking to her. Just at the moment I was wondering how any one who so evidently had been crying could all at once greet a stranger with so cordial a smile. But she was all that—all nerve; I don't think I ever met a woman quite like her—so fine, you understand."

Hardy paused. "Have any of you chaps got a cigarette?" he asked; and I noticed that his hand, usually the steadiest hand imaginable, trembled ever so slightly. "Well," he began again, "there you are! I had tumbled into about as rotten a little, pitiful a little tragedy as you can imagine, there in a God-forsaken desert of Arizona, with not a soul about but a Chinaman, a couple of Scotch stationary engineers, an Irish foreman, two or three young mining men, and a score of Mexicans. Of course, my first impulse was to get out the next morning, to cut it—it was none of my business—although I determined to drop a line to Henry Martin; but I didn't go. I had a talk with Mrs. Whitney that night, after her attractive husband had taken himself off to bed, and somehow I couldn't leave just then. You know how it is, you drop into a place where nothing in the world seems likely to happen, and all of a sudden you realize that something *is* going to happen, and for the life of you you can't go away. That situation up on top of the hill couldn't last forever, could it? So I stayed on. I hunted out the big Irish foreman and shared his cabin. The Whitneys asked me to visit them, but I didn't exactly feel like doing so. The Irishman was a fine specimen of his race, ten years out from Dublin, and everywhere else since that time; generous, irascible, given to great fits of gayety and equally unexpected fits of gloom. He would sit in the evenings, a short pipe in his mouth, and stare up at the Whitney bungalow on the hill above.

"That Jim Whitney's a divvle," he confided to me once. 'Wan o' these days I'll hit him over th' head with a pick and be hung for murther. Now, what in hell

d'ye suppose a nice girl like that sticks by him for? If it weren't for her I'd 'a' reported him long ago. The scut!' And I remember that he spat gloomily.

"But I got to know the answer to that question sooner than I had expected. You see, I went up to the Whitneys' often, in the afternoon, or for dinner, or in the evening, and I talked to Mrs. Whitney a great deal; although sometimes I just sat and smoked and listened to her play the piano. She played beautifully. It was a treat to a man who hadn't heard music for two years. There was a little thing of Grieg's—a spring song, or something of the sort—and you've no idea how quaint and sad and appealing it was, and incongruous, with all its freshness and murmuring about waterfalls and pine-trees, there, in those hot, breathless Arizona nights. Mrs. Whitney didn't talk much; she wasn't what you'd call a particularly communicative woman, but bit by bit I pieced together something continuous. It seems that she had run away with Whitney ten years before—Oh, yes! Henry Martin! That had been a schoolgirl affair. Nothing serious, you understand. But the Whitney matter had been different. She was greatly in love with him. And the family had disapproved. Some rich, stuffy Boston people, I gathered. But she had made up her mind and taken matters in her own hands. That was her way—a clean-cut sort of person—like a gold-and-white arrow; and now she was going to stick by her choice no matter what happened; owed it to Whitney. There was the quirk in her brain; we all have a quirk somewhere, and that was hers. She felt that she had ruined his career; he had been a brilliant young engineer, but her family had kicked up the devil of a row, and, as they were powerful enough and nasty enough, had more or less hounded him out of the East. Of course, personally, I never thought he showed any of the essentials of brilliancy, but that's neither here nor there; she did, and she was satisfied that she owed him all she had. I suppose, too, there was some trace of a Puritan conscience back of it, some inherent feeling about divorce; and there was pride as well, a desire not to let that disgusting family of hers know into what ways her idol had fallen. Any-



"He bade me good-by on a little hill near his place."—Page 35.

way, she was adamant—oh, yes, I made no bones about it, I up and asked her one night why she didn't get rid of the hound. So there she was, that white-and-gold woman, with her love of music, and her love of books, and her love of fine things, and her gentleness, and that sort of fiery, suppressed Northern blood, shut up on top of an Arizona dump with a beast that got drunk every night and twice a day on Sunday. It was worse even than that. One night—we were sitting out on the veranda—her scarf slipped, and I saw a scar on her arm, near her shoulder." Hardy stopped abruptly and began to roll a little pellet of bread between his thumb and his forefinger; then his tense expression faded and he sat back in his chair.

"Let me have another cigarette," he said to Jarrick. "No. Wait a minute! I'll order some."

He called a waiter and gave his instructions. "You see," he continued, "when you run across as few nice women as I do that sort of thing is more than ordinarily disturbing. And then I suppose it was the setting, and her loneliness, and everything. Anyway, I stayed on. I got to be a little bit ashamed of myself. I was afraid that Mrs. Whitney would think me prompted by mere curiosity or a desire to meddle, so after a while I gave out that I was prospecting that part of Arizona, and in the mornings I would take a horse

and ride out into the desert. I loved it, too; it was so big and spacious and silent and hot. One day I met Whitney on the edge of town. He was sober, as he always was when he had to be; he was a masterful brute, in his way. He stopped me and asked if I had found anything, and when I laughed he didn't laugh back. 'There's gold here,' he said. 'Lots of gold. Did you ever hear the story of the Ten Strike Mine? Well, it's over there.' He swept with his arm the line of distant hills to the north. 'The crazy Dutchman that found it staggered into Almuda, ten miles down the valley, just before he died; and his pockets were bulging with samples—pure gold, almost. Yes, by thunder! And that's the last they ever heard of it. Lots of men have tried—lots of men. Some day I'll go myself, surer than shooting.' And he let his hands drop to his sides and stared silently toward the north, a queer, dreamy anger in his eyes. I've seen lots of mining men, lots of prospectors, in my time, and it didn't take me long to size up that look of his. 'Aha, my friend!' I said to myself. 'So you've got another vice, have you! It isn't only rum that's got a hold on you!' And I turned my horse into the town.

"But our conversation seemed to have stirred to the surface something in Whitney's brain that had been at work there a long time, for after that he would never



let me alone about his Ten Strike Mine and the mountains that hid it. 'Over there!' he would say, and point to the north. From the porch of his bungalow the sleeping hills were plainly visible above the shimmering desert. He would chew on the end of a cigar and consider. 'It isn't very far, you know. Two days—maybe three. All we need's water. No water there—at least, none found. All those fellows who've prospected are fools. I'm an expert; so are you. I tell you, Hardy, let's do it! A couple of little old pack-mules! Eh? How about it? Next week? I can get off. God, I'd like money!' And he would subside into a sullen silence. At first I laughed at him; but I can tell you that sort of thing gets on your nerves sooner or later and either makes you bolt it or else go. At the end of two weeks I actually found myself considering the fool thing seriously. Of course, I didn't want to discover a lost gold-mine, that is, unless I just happened to stumble over it; I wanted to keep away from such things; they're bad; they get into a man's blood like drugs; but I've always had a hankering for a new country, and those hills, shining in the heat, were compelling—very compelling. Besides, I reflected, a trip like that might help to straighten Whitney up a little. I hadn't much hope, to be sure, but drowning men clutch at straws. It's curious what sophistry you use to convince yourself, isn't it? And then—something happened that for two weeks occupied all my mind."

Hardy paused, considered for a moment the glowing end of his cigarette, and finally looked up gravely; there was a slight hesitation, almost an embarrassment, in his manner. "I don't exactly know how to put it," he began. "I don't want you chaps to imagine anything wrong; it was all very nebulous and indefinite, you understand—Mrs. Whitney was a wonderful woman. I wouldn't mention the matter at all if it wasn't necessary for the point of my story; in fact, it is the point of my story. But there was a man there—one of the young engineers—and quite suddenly I discovered that he was in love with Mrs. Whitney, and I think—I never could be quite sure, but I think she was in love with him. It must have been one of those sudden things, a

storm out of a clear sky, deluging two people before they were aware. I imagine it was brought to the surface by the chap's illness. He had been out riding on the desert and had got off to look at something, and a rattlesnake had struck him—a big, dust-dirty thing—on the wrist, and, very faint, he had galloped back to the Whitneys'. And what do you suppose she had done—Mrs. Whitney, that is? Flung herself down on him and sucked the wound! Yes, without a moment's hesitation, her gold hair all about his hand and her white dress in the dirt. Of course, it was a foolish thing to do, and not in the least the right way to treat a wound, but she had risked her life to do it; a slight cut on her lip—you understand; a tiny, ragged place. Afterward, she had cut the wound crosswise, so, and had put on a ligature, and then had got the man into the house some way and nursed him until he was quite himself again. I dare say he had been in love with her a long while without knowing it, but that clinched matters. Those things come overpoweringly and take a man, down in places like that—semitropical and lonely and lawless, with long, empty days and moonlit nights. Perhaps he told Mrs. Whitney; he never got very far, I am sure. She was a wonderful woman—but she loved him, I think. You can tell those things, you know; a gesture, an unavoidable look, a silence.

"Anyway, I saw what had happened and I was sorry, and for a fortnight I hung around, loath to go, but hating myself all the while for not doing so. And every day Whitney would come at me with his insane scheme. 'Over there! It isn't very far. Two days—maybe three. How about it? Eh?' and then that tense sweep of the arm to the north. I don't know what it was, weariness, disgust, irritation of the whole sorry plan of things, but finally, and to my own astonishment, I found myself consenting, and within two days Whitney had his crazy pack outfit ready, and on the morning of the third day we set out. Mrs. Whitney had said nothing when we unfolded our intentions to her, nor did she say anything when we departed, but stood on the porch of the bungalow, her hand up to her throat, and watched us out of sight. I wondered what she was thinking about. The Voo-

doos—that was the name of the mountains we were heading for—had killed a good many men in their time.”

I’ve reached the point where I’ve imagined horrors, heard voices, you understand, and seen great, bearded men mouthing



“There was a rustle from the other side of the room, and Mrs. Whitney came toward us.”—Page 35.

Hardy took a long and thoughtful sip from the glass in front of him before he began again. “I’ve knocked about a good deal in my life,” he said; “I’ve been lost—once in the jungle; I’ve starved; at me—a man’s pretty far gone when that happens to him—but that trip across the desert was the worst I’ve ever taken. By day it was all right, just swaying in your saddle, half asleep a good part of the



time, the smell of warm dust in your nose, the three pack-mules plodding along behind; but the nights!—I tell you, I've sat about camp-fires up the Congo and watched big, oily black men eat their food, and I once saw a native village sacked, but I'd rather be tied for life to a West Coast nigger than to a man like Whitney. It isn't good for two people to be alone in a place like that and for one to hate the other as I hated him. God knows why I didn't kill him; I'd have to get up and leave the fire and go out into the night, and, mind you, I'd be shuddering like a man with the ague under that warm, soft air. And he never for a minute suspected it. His mind was scarred with drink as if a worm had bored its slow way in and out of it. I can see him now, cross-legged, beyond the flames, big, unshaven, heavy-jowled, dirty, what he thought dripping from his mouth like the bacon drippings he was too lazy to wipe away. I won't tell you what he talked about; you know, the old thing; but not the way even the most wrong-minded of ordinary men talks; there was a sodden, triumphant devilry in him that was appalling. He cursed the country for its lack of opportunity of a certain kind; he was like a hound held in leash, gloating over what he would do when he got back to the kennels of civilization again. And all the while, at the back of my mind, was a picture of that white-and-gold woman of his, way back toward the south, waiting his return because she owed him her life for the brilliant career she had ruined. It made you sometimes almost want to laugh—insanely. I used to lie awake at night and pray whatever there was to kill him, and do it quickly. I would have turned back, but I felt that every day I could keep him away from Los Pinos was a day gained for Mrs. Whitney. He was a dangerous maniac, too. The first day he behaved himself fairly well, but the second, after supper, when we had cleaned up, he began to fumble through the packs, and finally produced a bottle of brandy.

"Fine camping stuff!" he announced. "Lots of results for very little weight. Have some?"

"Are you going to drink that?" I asked.

"Oh, go to the devil!" he snapped.

'I've been out as much as you have.' I didn't argue with him further; I hoped if he drank enough the sun would get him. But the third night he upset the water-kegs, two of them. He had been carrying on some sort of weird celebration by himself, and finally staggered out into the desert, singing at the top of his lungs, and the first thing I knew he was down among the kegs, rolling over and over, and kicking right and left. The one that was open was gone; another he kicked the plug out of, but I managed to save about a quarter of its contents. The next morning I spoke to him about it. He blinked his red eyes and chuckled.

"Poor sort of stuff, anyway," he said.

"Yes," I agreed; "but without it you would blow out like a candle in a dust storm." After that we didn't speak to each other except when it was necessary.

"We were in the foot-hills of the Voodooos by now, and the next day we got into the mountains themselves—great, bare ragged peaks, black and red and dirty yellow, like the cooled-off slake of a furnace. Every now and then a dry gully came down from nowheres; and the only human thing one could see was occasionally, on the sides of one of these, a shivering, miserable, half-dead piñon—nothing but that, and the steel-blue sky overhead, and the desert behind us, shimmering like a lake of salt. It was hot—good Lord! The horn of your saddle burned your hand. That night we camped in a canyon, and the next day went still higher up, following the course of a rutted stream that probably ran water once in a year. Whitney wanted to turn east, and it was all a toss-up to me; the place looked unlikely enough, anyway, although you never can tell. I had settled into the monotony of the trip by now and didn't much care how long we stayed out. One day was like another—hot little swirls of dust, sweat of mules, and great black cliffs; and the nights came and went like the passing of a sponge over a fevered face. On the sixth day the tragedy happened. It was toward dusk, and one of the mules, the one that carried the water, fell over a cliff.

"He wasn't hurt; just lay on his back and smiled crossly; but the kegs and the bags were smashed to bits. I like mules,



*Drawn by W. Herbert Duntton.*

"I'd have to get up and leave the fire and go out into the night."—Page 40.



but I wanted to kill that one. It was quiet down there in the canyon—quiet and hot. I looked at Whitney and he looked at me, and I had the sudden, unpleasant realization that he was a coward, added to his other qualifications. Yes, a coward! I saw it in his blurred eyes and the quivering of his bloated lips—stark dumb funk. That was bad. I'm afraid I lost my nerve, too; I make no excuses; fear is infectious. At all events, we tore down out of that place as if death was after us, the mules clattering and flapping in the rear. After a time I rode more slowly, but in the morning we were nearly down at the desert again; and there it lay before us, shimmering like a lake of salt—three days back to water.

"The next two days were rather a blur, as if a man were walking on a red-hot mirror that tipped up and down and tried to take his legs from under him. There was a water-hole a little to the east of the way we had come, and toward that I tried to head. One of the mules gave out, and staggered and groaned, and tried to get up again. I remember hearing him squeal, once; it was horrible. He lay there, a little black speck on the desert. Whitney and I didn't speak to each other at all, but I thought of those two kegs of water he had upset. Have you ever been thirsty—mortally thirsty, until you feel your tongue black in your mouth? It's queer what it does to you. Do you remember that little place—Zorn's—at college? We used to sit there sometimes on spring afternoons. It was cool and cavern-like, and through the open door one could see the breeze in the maple-trees. Well, I thought about that all the time; it grew to be an obsession, a mirage. I could smell the moss-like smell of bock beer; I even remembered conversations we had had. You fellows were as real to me as you are real to-night. It's strange, and then, when you come to, uncanny; you feel the sweat on you turn cold.

"We had ridden on in that way I don't know how long, snatching a couple of feverish hours of sleep in the night, Whitney groaning and mumbling horribly, when suddenly my horse gave a little snicker—low, the way they do when you give them grain—and I felt his tired body straighten up ever so little. 'Maybe,' I

thought, and I looked up. But I didn't much care; I just wanted to crawl into some cool place and forget all about it and die. It was late in the afternoon. My shadow was lengthening. Too late, really, for much mirage; but I no longer put great stock in green vegetation and matters of that kind; I had seen too much of it in the last two days fade away into nothing—nothing but blistering, damned sand. And so I wouldn't believe the cool reeds and the sparkling water until I had dipped down through a little swale and was actually fighting my horse back from the brink. I knew enough to do that, mind you, and to fight back the two mules so that they drank just a little at a time—a little at a time; and all the while I had to wait, with my tongue like sand in my mouth. Over the edge of my horse's neck I could see the water just below; it looked as cool as rain. I was always a little proud of that—that holding back; it made up, in a way, for the funk of two nights earlier. When the mules and my horse were through I dismounted and, lying flat, bathed my hands, and then, a tiny sip at a time, began to drink. That was hard. When I stood up the heat seemed to have gone, and the breeze was moist and sweet with the smell of evening. I think I sang a little and waved my hands above my head, and, at all events, I remember I lay on my back and rolled a cigarette; and quite suddenly and without the slightest reason there were tears in my eyes. Then I began to wonder what had become of Whitney; I hadn't thought of him before. I got to my feet, and just as I did so I saw him come over the little rise of sand, swaying in his saddle, and trying, the fool, to make his horse run. He looked like a great scarecrow blown out from some Indian maize-field into the desert. His clothes were torn and his mask of a face was seamed and black from dust and sweat; he saw the water and let out one queer, hoarse screech and kicked at his horse with wabbling legs.

"'Look out!' I cried, and stepped in his way. I had seen this sort of thing before and knew what to expect; but he rode me down as if I hadn't been there. His horse tried to avoid me, and the next moment the sack of grain on its back was on the sands, creeping like a great, monstrous,



*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton*

"It was hot—good Lord! The horn of your saddle burned your hand."—Page 40



four-legged thing toward the water. 'Stay where you are,' I said, 'and I'll bring you some.' But he only crawled the faster. quite mad, there was no doubt about that, but, just the way a dying man achieves some of his old desire to will, there was



"I kept saying, very steady and quiet: 'Don't shoot, Whitney! D'you hear!'"—Page 45.

I grabbed his shoulder. 'You fool!' I said. 'You'll kill yourself!'

"'Damn you!' he blubbered. 'Damn you!' And before I knew it, and with all the strength, I imagine, left in him, he was on his feet and I was looking down the barrel of his gun. It looked very round and big and black, too. Beyond it his eyes were regarding me; they were

definite purpose in them. 'You get out of my way,' he said, and began very slowly to circle me. You could hardly hear his words, his lips were so blistered and swollen.

"And now this is the point of what I am telling you." Hardy fumbled again for a match and relit his cigarette. "There we were, we two, in that desert light,

about ten feet from the water, he with his gun pointing directly at my heart—and his hand wasn't trembling as much as you would imagine, either—and he was circling me step by step, and I was standing still. I suppose the whole affair took two minutes, maybe three, but in that time—and my brain was still blurred to other impressions—I saw the thing as clearly as I see it now, as clearly as I saw that great, swollen beast of a face. Here was the chance I had longed for, the hope I had lain awake at night and prayed for; between the man and death I alone stood; and I had every reason, every instinct of decency and common sense, to make me step aside. The man was a devil; he was killing the finest woman I had ever met; his presence poisoned the air he walked in; he was an active agent of evil, there was no doubt of that. I hated him as I had never hated anything else in my life, and at the moment I was sure that God wanted him to die. I knew then that to save him would be criminal; I think so still. And I saw other considerations as well; saw them as clearly as I see you sitting here. I saw the man who loved Mrs. Whitney, and I saw Mrs. Whitney herself, and in my keeping, I knew, was all her chance for happiness, the one hope that the future would make up to her for some of the horror of the past. It would have been an easy thing to do; the most ordinary caution was on my side. Whitney was far larger than I, and, even in his weakened condition—I was weak myself—stronger, and he had a gun that in a flash of light could blow me into eternity. And what would happen then? Why, when he got back to Los Pinos they would hang him; they would be only too glad of the chance; and his wife?—she would die; I knew it—just go out like a flame from the unbearableness of it all. And there wasn't one chance in a thousand that he wouldn't kill me if I made a single step toward him. I had only to let him go and in a few minutes he would be dead—as dead as his poor brute of a horse would be within the hour. I felt already the cool relief that would be mine when the black shadow of him was gone. I would ride into town and think no more of it than if I had watched a tarantula die. You see, I had it all reasoned out as clearly as

could be; there was morality and common sense, the welfare of other people, the man's own good, really, and yet—well, I didn't do it."

"Didn't?" It was Jarrick who put the question a little breathlessly.

"No. I stepped toward him—so! One step, then another, very slowly, hardly a foot at a time, and all the while I watched the infernal circle of that gun, expecting it every minute to spit fire. I didn't want to go; I went against my will. I was scared, too, mortally scared; my legs were like lead—I had to think every time I lifted a foot—and in a queer, crazy way I seemed to feel two people, a man and a woman, holding me back, plucking at my sleeves. But I went. All the time I kept saying, very steady and quiet: 'Don't shoot, Whitney! D'you hear! Don't shoot or I'll kill you!' Wasn't it silly? Kill him! Why, he had me dead ten times before I got to him. But I suppose some trace of sanity was knocking at his drink-sodden brain, for he didn't shoot—just watched me, his red eyes blinking. So! One step at a time—nearer and nearer—I could feel the sweat on my forehead—and then I jumped. I had him by the legs, and we went down in a heap. He shot then; they always do! But I had him tied up with the rags of his own shirt in a trice. Then I brought him water in my hat and let him drink it, drop by drop. After a while he came to altogether. But he never thanked me; he wasn't that kind of a brute. I got him into town the morning of the second day and turned him over to his wife. So you see"—Hardy hesitated and looked at the circle of our faces with an odd, appealing look—"it *is* queer, isn't it? All mixed up. One doesn't know." He sank back in his chair and began to scratch, absent-mindedly, at a holder with a match.

The after-theatre crowd was beginning to come in; the sound of laughter and talk grew steadily higher; far off an orchestra wailed inarticulately.

"What became of them?" I asked.

Hardy looked up as if startled. "The Whitneys? Oh—she died—Martin wrote me. Down there, within a year. One would know it would happen. Like a flame, I suppose—suddenly."



"And the man—the fellow who was in love with her?"

Hardy stirred wearily. "I haven't heard," he said. "I suppose he is still alive."

He leaned over to complete the striking of his match, and for an instant his arm touched a glass; it trembled and hung in

the balance, and he shot out a sinewy hand to stop it, and as he did so the sleeve of his dinner jacket caught. On the brown flesh of his forearm I saw a queer, ragged white cross—the scar a snake bite leaves when it is cicatrized. I meant to avoid his eyes, but somehow I caught them instead. They were veiled and hurt.

## THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN GERMANY

By Frederic C. Howe

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York



WITH all of the books that have been written on the subject, Germany still mystifies us. She defies Anglo-Saxon analysis. She differs from other countries in the most unexpected ways, and challenges most of our theories of politics. We find difficulty in understanding the psychology of the people, their attitude toward the war, the Kaiser, and the ruling classes. There are many other paradoxes that elude the Anglo-Saxon, and especially the American, mind. Governed by an almost feudal aristocracy, with a detachment and contempt for all other classes, Germany has worked out the most elaborate programme of social legislation and state socialism of any country in the world. Admittedly a people with but little aptitude for politics in the common acceptance of the term, the states and cities have perfected their administration, and carried government ownership beyond the programmes of any except the extreme socialists of other countries. Oppressed by the antisocialist laws of Bismarck, there has grown up the most highly organized revolutionary type of socialism in Europe, with a total vote of over 4,000,000 electors. Up to 1870 almost exclusively an agricultural nation, Germany has developed her resources, diversified her industries, expanded her trade and commerce, and pushed herself to the front rank as an industrial power, in the face of the almost complete occupation of the markets of the world by other countries.

These are but suggestive of the many political and social riddles which Germany presents. These are some of the anomalies which challenge the teachings of history and our currently accepted theories of politics.

What is the explanation of the German people? What lies back of the prowess of the nation not only in war but in the arts of peace as well? By what means has a peasant country been able to project its life into industry, commerce, and finance, and extend its conquests into every corner of the earth? How has an autocratic state, the most autocratic in western Europe, been induced to think in the terms of the peasant and artisan, and to provide social insurance and education, state socialism and protection, for the weaker members of the state, far beyond any programme yet developed by any of the democratic nations of the world? What is the social psychology of the German people that apparently denies the materialistic interpretation of politics enunciated by socialists and largely confirmed by the contemporary experiences of other countries?

A people cannot be analyzed in a few paragraphs, and cannot be understood by an outsider even with the most sympathetic of intentions. It is difficult to understand one's own country—the changes in sentiment and conviction, the swift abandonment of one position, tenaciously held, for another. The political and social currents of America elude us. And the social psychology of Germany is particularly baffling. It confuses even the



tens of thousands of students, artists, and travellers who during the last generation have gone to Germany for an education, for the cultural things and the leisure life which Germany offers.

Possibly the most important influence in the making of modern Germany and in moulding the mind of the nation is the persistence down to very recent times of the feudal idea of the state, with the eighteenth-century relation of classes. The German people, especially the Prussians, still think in terms of an earlier age; they accept the divine right of kings and the only less divine right of the feudal aristocracy to rule. And they accept this with but little intellectual protest. Up to a generation ago there were but two classes in Germany: the feudal estate-owners and the peasants working upon the soil, whose relations had not materially changed in centuries. For feudal land-tenure still persists in Prussia, and feudal land-tenure is the economic mould of Germany. It is this that is responsible for the caste, for the division into classes; it is this that explains the social cleavage and the acceptance of authority. It is this, too, that explains the paternalism of Prussia, just as it is the wide distribution of the land under peasant proprietorship that explains the *Gemütlichkeit* of South Germany.

Feudal land-tenure has projected the traditions of an earlier age down to the present day. It is responsible for the autocratic power of the King of Prussia, who remains a great landlord, the first among other great landlords. His possessions have been in the Hohenzollern family for centuries. The Mark of Brandenburg, extended by force of arms into the kingdom of Prussia and later under Bismarck into the empire, is an expansion of the feudal state. The constitution of 1871 is a legal crystallization of eighteenth-century conditions, as is the earlier constitution of Prussia. While suggesting parliamentary forms, in reality they but legalize, through the limitations upon the suffrage, the unjust distribution of seats, and the ascendancy of the feudal class, the control of the old aristocracy in the life of the nation.

And this old feudal class is the ruling class. It fills all the higher offices of the

state. From it come the chancellors and ministers of the empire. It officers the army and navy. It makes public opinion and controls legislation. The feudal class *is* society. But this class is *not* Germany. It has little interest in or sympathy for the Germany which many Americans know and love. And we cannot understand Germany without understanding this duality. The confusion we feel, the mental conflict of so many people, is traceable to the fact that there are two Germanys: the Germany of politics, militarism, and aggression, and the Germany of culture, sweetness, efficiency, and life. Official, feudal Germany is separate and apart from the real Germany. The voice of the class which rules is not the voice of the people. It does not represent the worker, the peasant, the merchant, or even the great majority of the property-owning classes.

It is the persistence of an earlier organization of society that explains the sense of dependence on the part of the people, and the respect and veneration for authority which affects all classes. No other nation has so completely subordinated the individual to the state; nowhere does such unchallenged authority attach to so large an official class, and nowhere does the official command such unquestioned obedience.

There are two explanations for this persistence of the mediæval idea of the state—an anachronism in the twentieth century. In the first place, the French revolution did not penetrate into Prussia as it did into Italy, Belgium, South Germany, and even Scandinavia. Prussia was sparsely settled. There were few cities, and the system of feudal land-ownership was too nearly universal for the revolutionary forces to find a footing. Nor did the later revolutionary movements of the nineteenth century penetrate into that part of Germany that lies to the east of Berlin, into East Prussia, Posen, and Pomerania. And when the constitution of Prussia was formed the liberal forces were too weak to make their influence felt. The constitution then adopted was merely a recasting in legal form of the old feudal order. There was no provision for direct universal suffrage or even an approach to it; for a responsible ministry, or for real



constitutional forms. Later, when Prussia became the dominating state in Germany, she impressed her feudal will and control by the feudal classes upon the imperial constitution. Manhood suffrage, it is true, was provided in elections to the Reichstag, but this is only a semblance of popular power. The King became the Kaiser and, along with the Bundesrat, or Senate, the final repository of authority. There is no suggestion of popular control over the government, and popular opinion does not influence the ruling classes. Even in the Prussian cities the great majority of the people have but little voice. Politically, Germany is but little changed from what it was a century ago, and the explanation is to be found in the fact that the traditions of the people and the constitution of the state repose the government in the hands of the feudal land-owners, who remain almost as powerful as they were in an earlier age.

A second explanation of the persistence of the feudal state and the eighteenth-century relation of classes is found in the fact that the industrial revolution did not reach Germany until very recently. The factory system with a large industrial urban population dates back to the Franco-Prussian War. It was almost a century old in Great Britain before it appeared in Germany. In the former country it had built great cities and created a powerful financial class, which insisted on political and social recognition, and through its influence on legislation and public opinion it put an end to much of the personal and political subjection of earlier times. The new commercial aristocracy broadened the suffrage as early as 1832. It abolished the rotten borough system, which still prevails in Prussia. It repealed all limitations on admission to the Commons, and in 1910 it took away the veto from the House of Lords. Freedom of conscience, of speech, and of the press were guaranteed, and these are of the very essence of popular government. The ministry was made responsible, not to the King, but to Parliament and the party in power. Far more important, the commercial classes became rich and powerful a generation before they appeared in Prussia. The members entered Parliament. They married into the old aristocracy. And one by one

they took away the privileges of the old feudal class.

Through the growth of industry England became predominantly an industrial and trading nation, until to-day four-fifths of her people live in cities. And through manhood suffrage industry became articulate in legislation. It broke down the old feudal concepts of the state and changed the psychology of Great Britain. A new aristocracy was elevated alongside of the old landed aristocracy, and in securing political equality for itself it secured equality for the nation as well.

In Germany, on the other hand, the old régime was crystallized into constitutional form long before the commercial classes had risen to prominence in the empire. The commercial aristocracy is of recent appearance; it has never been admitted to the old aristocracy, and under the constitutions of Prussia and the empire it has but little voice in the affairs of the nation.

The second influence in the moulding of modern Germany is the complete ascendancy of two powerful individuals who have dominated the life of the nation for over fifty years. These individuals are Prince Bismarck and William II. And these two men were consistent in their ambitions and alike in their traditions. They had the same vision of the paternal state. And both reflected the ideals of an earlier age. Bismarck came from the ruling classes, the aristocracy. He loved Prussia and his king. And he loved only less the Junker class from which he came. He was trained to statecraft, and just as Stein and Hardenberg were intrusted with power following the humiliation of Prussia by Napoleon, so Bismarck was given almost sovereign authority by William I in the years prior to the Franco-Prussian War, as well as in the period of construction which followed it, when the results of military conquest and the French milliards were made the basis of a political, industrial, and social programme that has been carried on since Bismarck's retirement by Emperor William II.

These two men have guided the destinies of Germany. They framed constructive legislation and directed the state in the same general direction. Both were possessed of boundless imagination as to the ultimate destiny of the German



people. They were not seriously distracted by political controversy. They ruled by party coalitions when that was possible; and when it was not, they ruled without parliamentary sanction. Their control over Prussia was absolute, and through Prussia their control of the empire was almost equally so. They chose their own associates, and they chose them from their own class. And they fashioned Germany to their liking, not only for military purposes but for industrial and commercial aggression as well. The legislation which they promoted, even the social legislation for the protection of the working classes, was in harmony with the early traditions of Prussia. The laws they insisted on involved no violent break with the past. Rather they were a continuation of the paternalism, of the feudalism, of the ascendancy of the state over the individual, to which Germany had been long accustomed.

A third influence in the making of Germany is education—an education which begins with the cradle, that is compulsory, and is open even to the poorest, who are able to make their way through the secondary schools, the academies, technical colleges, and the university, if they have the ambition and the ability to do so. Nowhere, not even in America, is university training so universal as in Germany; and nowhere are there fewer obstacles to educational equality. Moreover, education is a matter of the most serious official concern by statesmen and experts. It is adjusted to every activity, to every industry, and every scientific need. And it is a public rather than a private function. The appropriations for this purpose are generous. The standards of elementary education are prescribed by law, to which all communities must conform. Elementary education is compulsory. Above the minimum requirements prescribed by the state, local authorities may go so far as they choose, and the greatest diversity exists in the development of higher education not only between the universities, which are found in almost every state of the empire, but among the municipalities as well. Cities maintain a great variety of high schools and academies, in which provision is made for all kinds of mechanical, vocational, and

artistic study. There are gymnasia for classical training, for science, for the fine arts. In addition, the larger cities maintain colleges of commerce and technology, through which thousands of students are trained for industry, commerce, and state activities. There are twenty-one universities, with 66,000 students, giving higher post-graduate degrees in philosophy, law, and medicine, and a dozen technical colleges, with 17,000 students pursuing similar advanced courses in engineering and science. Provision is made for training in statecraft and administration. Düsseldorf has a college of city administration and Berlin a college of town-planning, while Frankfurt has recently opened a municipal university planned on an ambitious scale. There are numerous technical colleges and laboratories for mining, architecture, forestry, and agriculture, and hundreds of industrial and vocational high schools. And these educational institutions are all closely identified with the state. Their professors and scientists cooperate with the civil and military authorities, while the civil servant is everywhere trained to meet the needs of administration and statecraft. Education, in fact, is a prerequisite of admission to the higher positions in the civil service, while the universities and technical schools are consciously allied with the administration of the empire.

Education in Germany, from the primary school to the higher endowments for scientific research, is an adjunct of the state, not an isolated, detached thing. And it is consciously organized to promote efficiency. A large part of Germany's industrial achievement is traceable back to the system of education, just as her international trade is traceable to the commercial colleges, in which thousands of men are trained for the conquest of the trade of the world. Official and industrial Germany is a product of the trained administrator. And this has had a profound influence on the development of the past generation. It has made Germany a land of experts.

All of these influences have reacted upon one another. Obedience is a product of feudal tradition, as is the universal ambition for state service which affects all classes. Education gave the Kaiser



and the civil service a body of highly trained men, devoted to the Fatherland, and condemned by the pressure of competition to a calling chosen early in life. Education supplied industry with scientific assistants and millions of trained hands and brains, prepared from childhood for a definite calling. A respect for authority, coupled with a constitution that legalizes autocratic power, made it possible for the Kaiser to carry through a colossal internal programme, even against the temporary wishes of the nation. There was no responsible ministry to check his will and no popular party to be satisfied, while the press and discussion were under the strictest surveillance. Intelligent leadership, an overcrowded scientific class, a wonderful system of trade education, and a people trained by generations of respect for authority combined in the making of a nation, on the unpromising individualistic foundation of a score of jealous kingdoms, principalities, and free cities, that in a generation's time has become one of the most powerful nations of the modern world.

All of these influences combined to make the mind of modern Germany what it is, to create a psychology quite different from that of two generations ago, quite different from that of any other nation in Europe. Still other influences contributed in the same general direction. The traditions of a patriarchal feudal state made it easy for Bismarck to carry through his programme of state socialism. The universities and public opinion accepted without protest the taking over the railways, the development of canals and waterways, and the acquisition of mines and other industrial properties. State socialism fell in with the traditions of the state, with the will of the governing classes, as well as the opinions of the academic world. For had not the state owned great landed possessions and forest preserves for centuries and operated them at a profit? Legislation in the interest of the working classes, the old age, sickness, and accident insurance schemes, were all part of the traditions of an earlier age and found a sanction in similar activities promoted by the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. New Germany accepted state socialism just as it accepted interference by the state with

the lives and property of the individual. It was in harmony with the traditions of the people.

And state socialism has reacted on the people. It has not only increased their dependence; it has created affection for the state as well. One explanation of the devotion of the German people to the Fatherland is the devotion of the Fatherland to the people. This is a most important factor in the psychology of modern Germany, a factor that has been generally overlooked. We in America find this difficult to comprehend. For with us the state performs but few services for the citizens. Our political philosophy permits every one to do pretty much as he pleases. Neither the nation, the States, nor the cities engage in many positive, helpful activities. Germany has the other point of view. The common good is a matter of constant concern, and the state is the greatest of all agencies of service. More than 3,000,000 persons are in civil service. This is one person out of every twenty. And state positions are highly prized. They carry dignity, social position, permanent tenure, and a pension on retirement. These employees and those dependent on them believe in the Fatherland and all that it stands for. It is their whole life to an extent that is difficult for us to understand. In addition, and this is very important, the state looks after the individual in countless ways. It serves him all the time. The service is of a paternal sort, it is true, but it is satisfactory to the German people. And this in turn creates a reciprocal love on the part of the people for the state. In addition they have a sense of common ownership in the railroads, the telegraph, the mines, forests, and the agricultural estates. There are insurance funds which provide against accident, sickness, and invalidity, as well as the old-age pensions. If a citizen lives in a city, as 49 per cent of the people do, he is a joint owner of the street railways and gas, water, and electric-lighting plants, as well as numerous other activities which touch his life in many ways. He is educated in the public schools; the teacher, the health officer, and even the relief committees come to him as aids to his ambition and his well-being. Even the taxes are adjusted so as to fall most heavily upon

those best able to bear them. For the bulk of the revenues of the cities, and a large part of the revenues of the state, come through the income tax, a tax that is paid directly and that is consciously felt by the payer. The payment of direct taxes in turn creates an interest in the state and its many activities. And nowhere in the world do people pay taxes with more willingness than in Germany.

The devotion of the German people in the present struggle is far more than a feudal tradition. It is not alone inspired by coercion or veneration for authority. Rather it is largely a product of the action and reaction of the state upon the

daily lives of the people. The state may not be dedicated to a good cause, and it may be mistaken in its conception of the value of German kultur to the world. But the people have been so indissolubly merged into the state, so identified with it by tradition, education, and the common ownership of so many things, that there has been created a social psychology that is unique in the history of the modern world; a social psychology, too, that is so different from anything with which we are familiar that it is difficult, if not impossible, for us to comprehend the conflicting meanings which Germany presents to the world.

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## HILLS

By Arthur Guiterman

I NEVER loved your plains!—  
Your gentle valleys,  
Your drowsy country lanes  
And pleachèd alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail  
That scorns the hollow.—  
Up, up the ragged shale  
Where few will follow,

Up, over wooded crest  
And mossy boulder  
With strong thigh, heaving chest,  
And swinging shoulder,

So let me hold my way,  
By nothing halted,  
Until, at close of day,  
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—  
Dear hills that know me!  
And then, how fair will seem  
The lands below me,

How pure, at vesper-time,  
The far bells chiming!  
God, give me hills to climb,  
And strength for climbing!



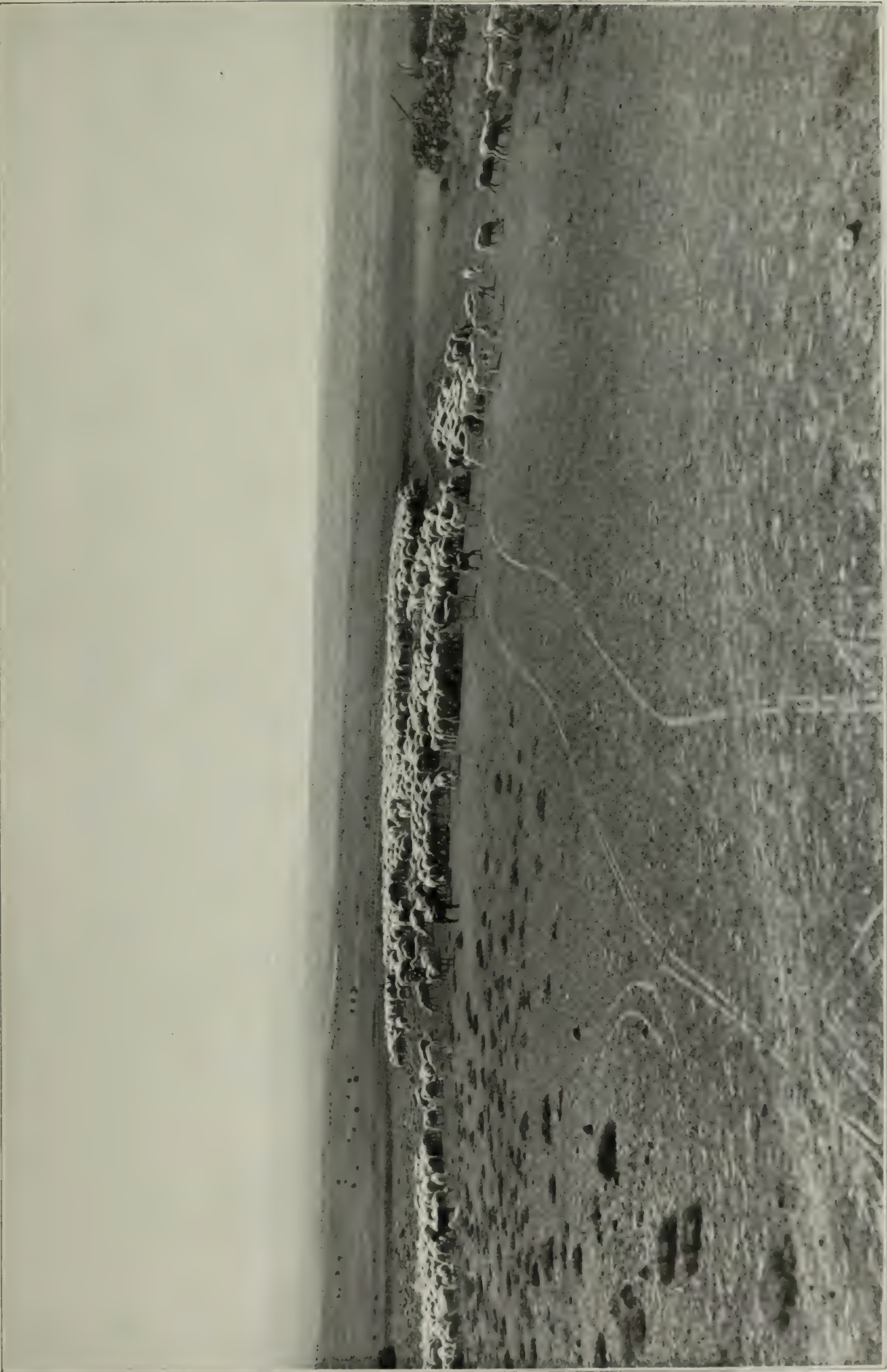
SIXTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY  
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF  
TAKEN ALONG  
THE PACIFIC COAST  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
FROM SAN DIEGO TO SEATTLE

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A PARK IN LOS ANGELES — CORONADO  
BEACH — SANTA BARBARA — COAST NEAR  
MONTEREY — SAN FRANCISCO — PORT-  
LAND — THE BIG TREES — COLUMBIA  
RIVER — MOUNT RAINIER — MOUNT HOOD

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The pictures here published for the first time have been seen only in Mr. Elmendorf's lectures, and are reproduced from glass positives made by Mr. Elmendorf especially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.



Sheep on the desert plains near Laguna, New Mexico.

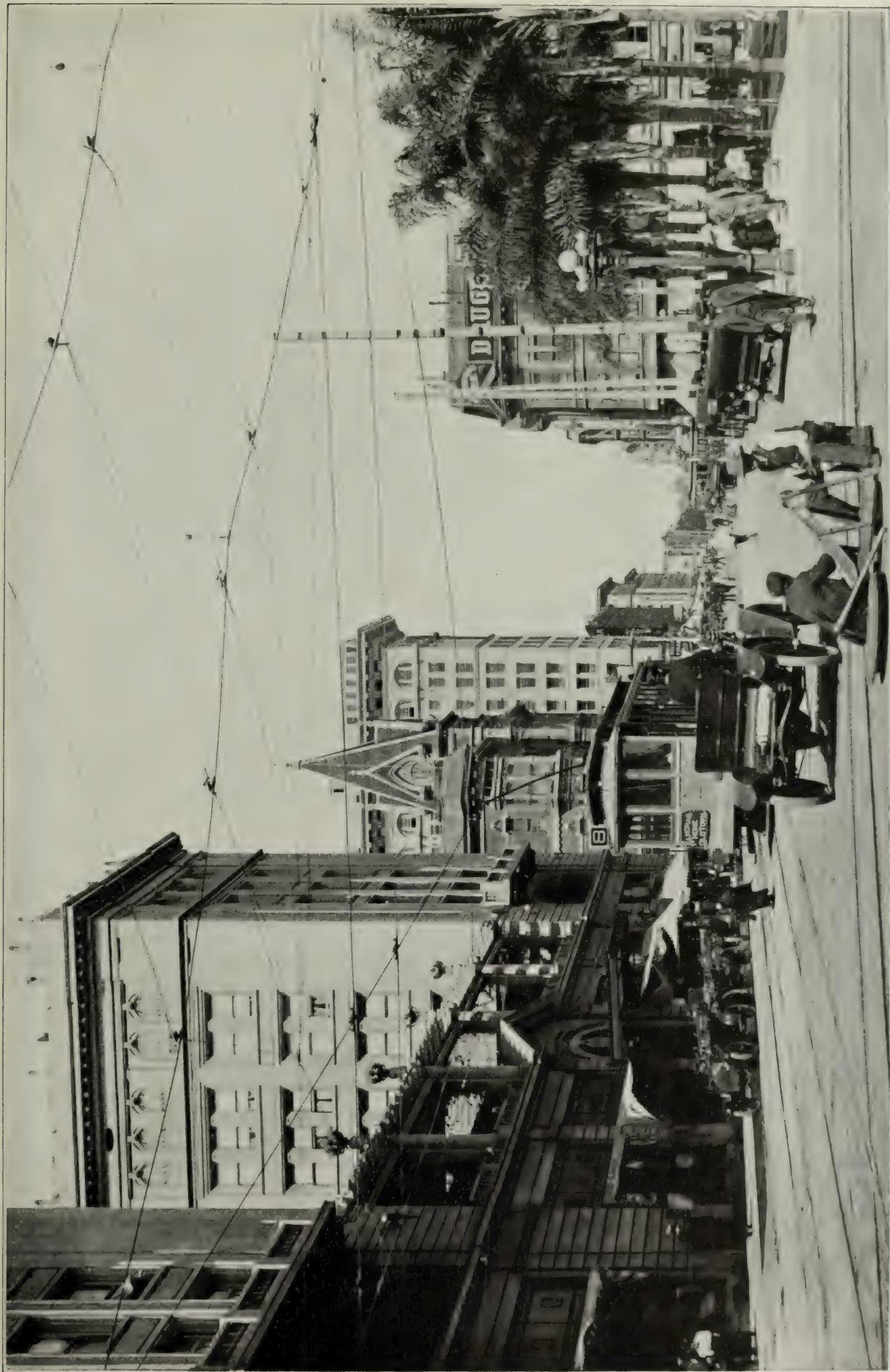
Many of the Indians of this pueblo are graduates of government institutions and have become farmers and raisers of sheep. The arid condition of the plains compels the Indians to winter many miles in search of "green pastures."





A desert valley near Redlands, California.  
This illustrates the marvellous reclamation of the valleys and plains of Southern California by irrigation, transforming desert wastes into valuable orchards of citrus fruits.

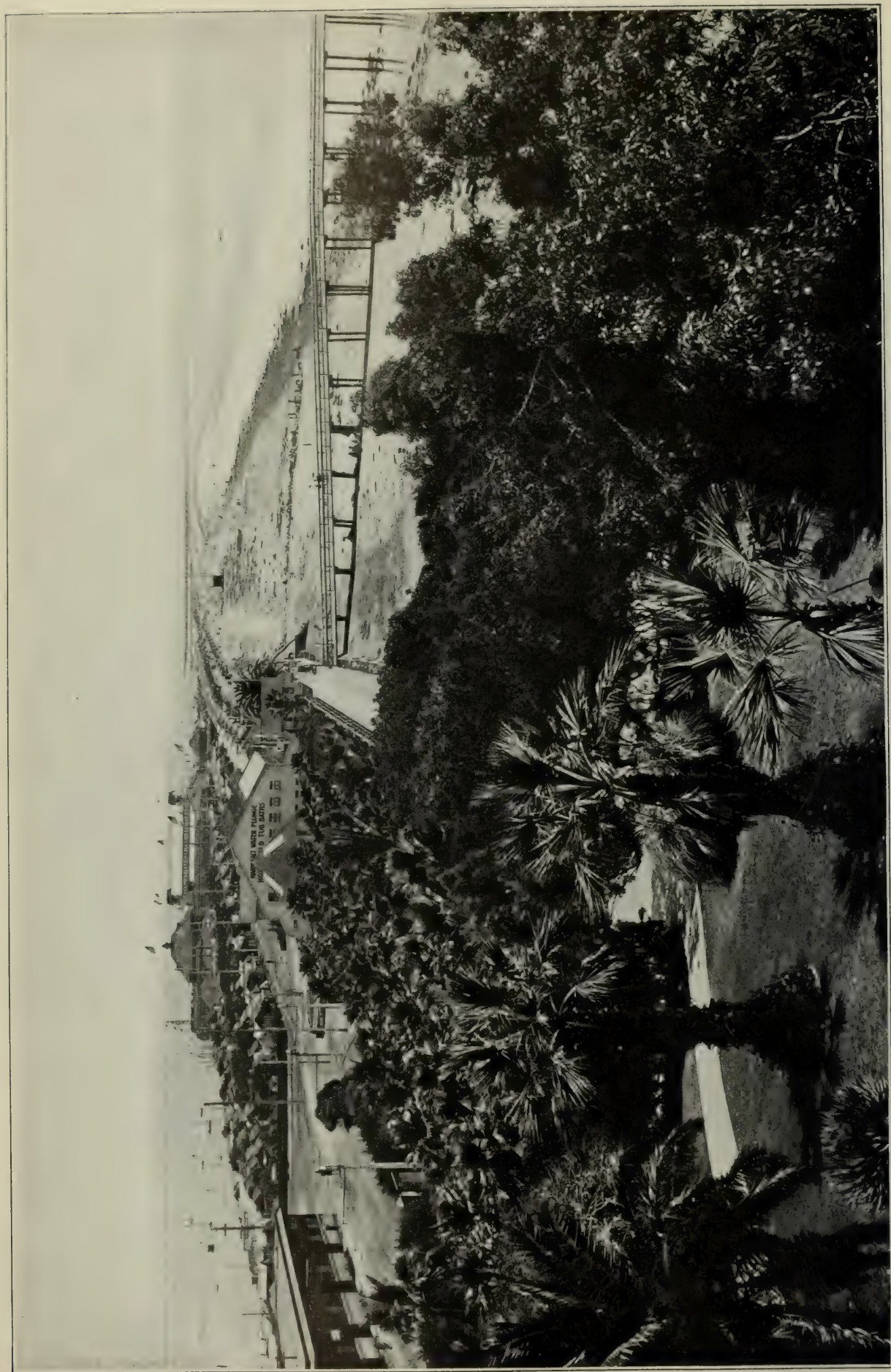




"D" Street, San Diego, California.

San Diego, California. Example of what a little energy and "push" will do for a forlorn little town, now become a flourishing, busy city, with fine, well-kept streets and a growing population of well-redding citizens noted for their generous, hospitable courtesy toward visitors.

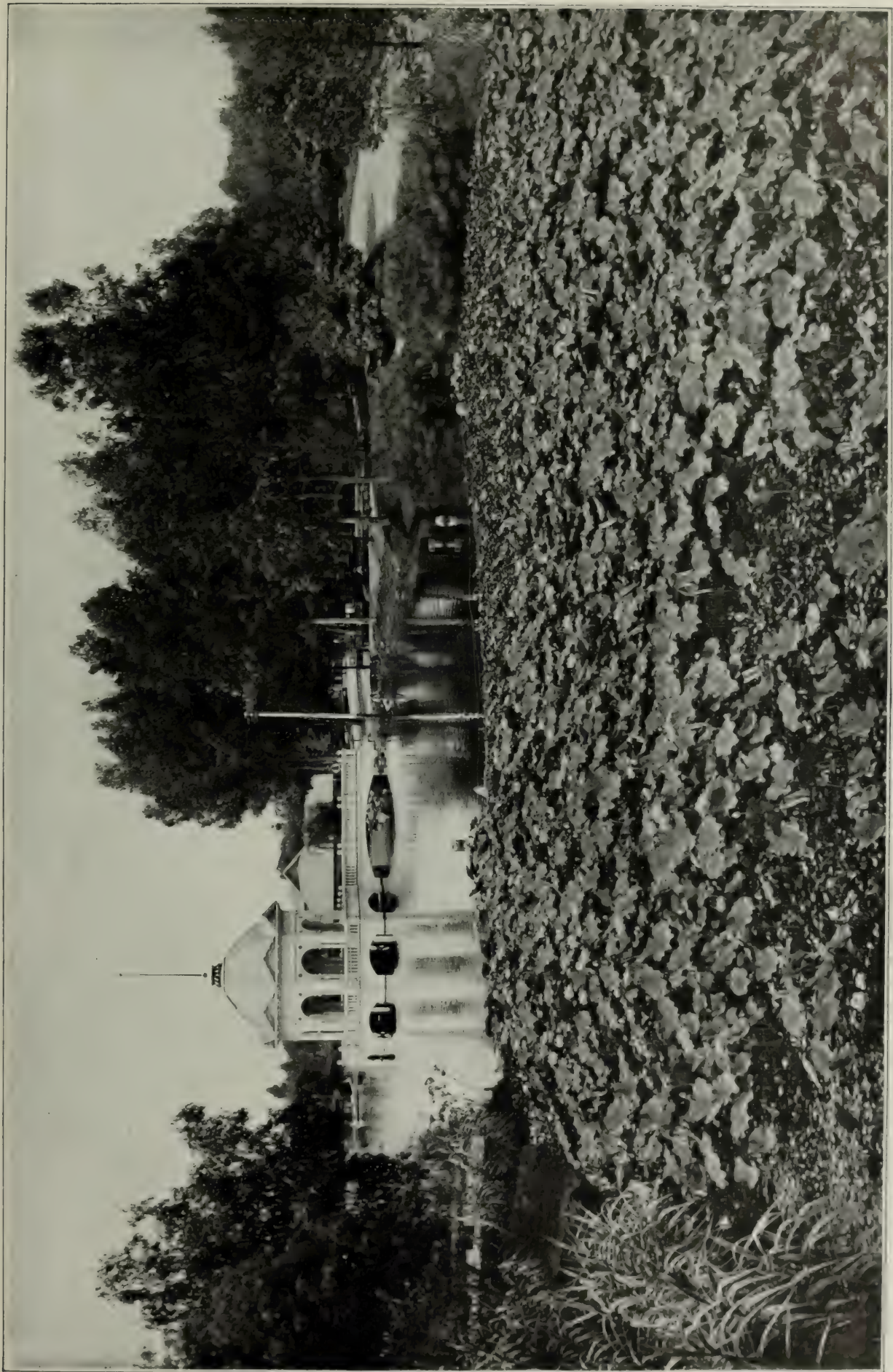




The Tent City, Coronado Beach, near San Diego, California.

Consisting of about a thousand tents fitted with hot and cold water and electric light and furnished like hotel rooms. This "city," with its enclosed bathing tanks and many amusements, especially for children, is an ideal seaside resort.





Wild hyacinths and lotus flowers, Los Angeles, California.

Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California, is noted for its fine streets and palatial residences, but especially for its numerous parks filled with semi-tropical plants, which make the city one of the most beautiful in America.





The porch of the Spanish Mission, Santa Barbara, California.

This fine old mission was founded in 1786 by Padre Junipero Serra, a Spanish missionary to Mexico, who, with sixteen brethren, founded many missions and instructed the natives in the arts of civilization and formed the first settlements in California.



The Pacific coast near Monterey, California.

Near El Estero, rocky coast. Padre Junipero Serra made his headquarters, and to-day there are still traces of his remarkable mission work. Monterey was the capital of California, and doubly so for its capturing by the Americans in 1842.

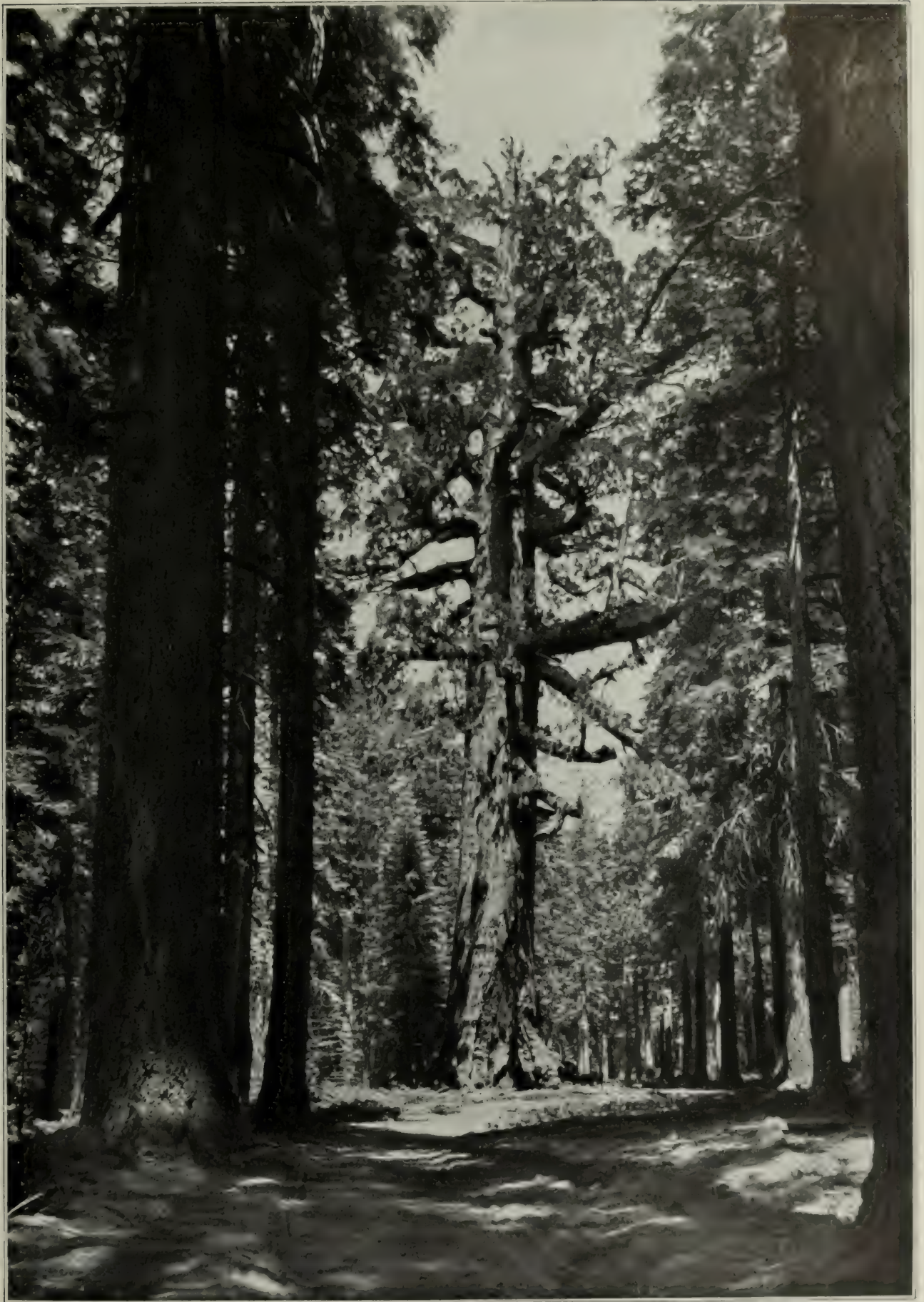




The Three Brothers, Yosemite Valley, California.

These three rocks, the highest of which is called Eagle Peak, rising four thousand feet above the floor of the valley, are among the striking features of the granite walls which enclose this isolated valley.

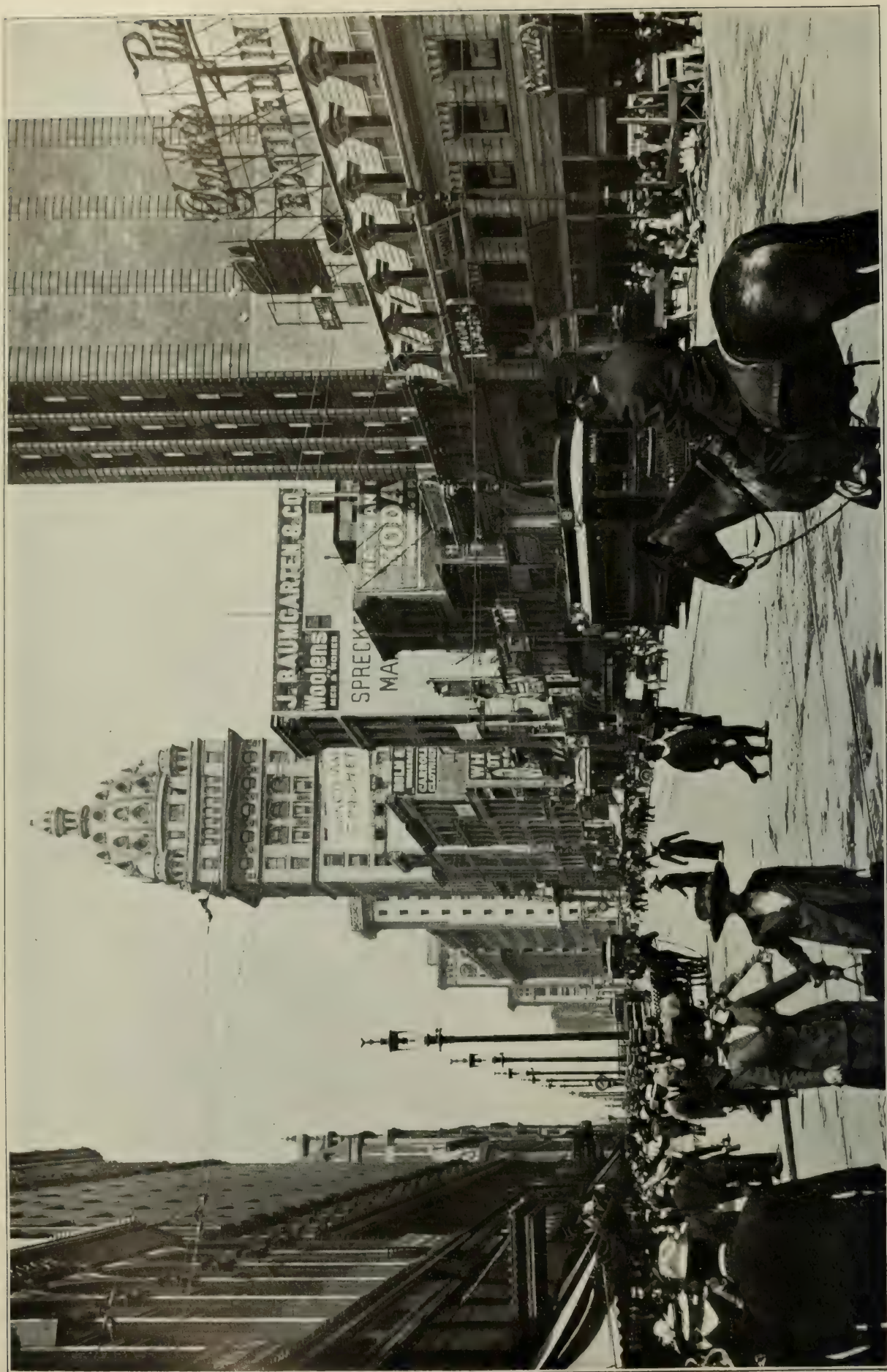




The Grizzly Giant, Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, California.

This *Sequoia Gigantea* is the largest tree in this grove, with a circumference of ninety-four feet; its main limb, two hundred feet from the ground, is over six feet in diameter. It is probably the oldest living thing in the world.

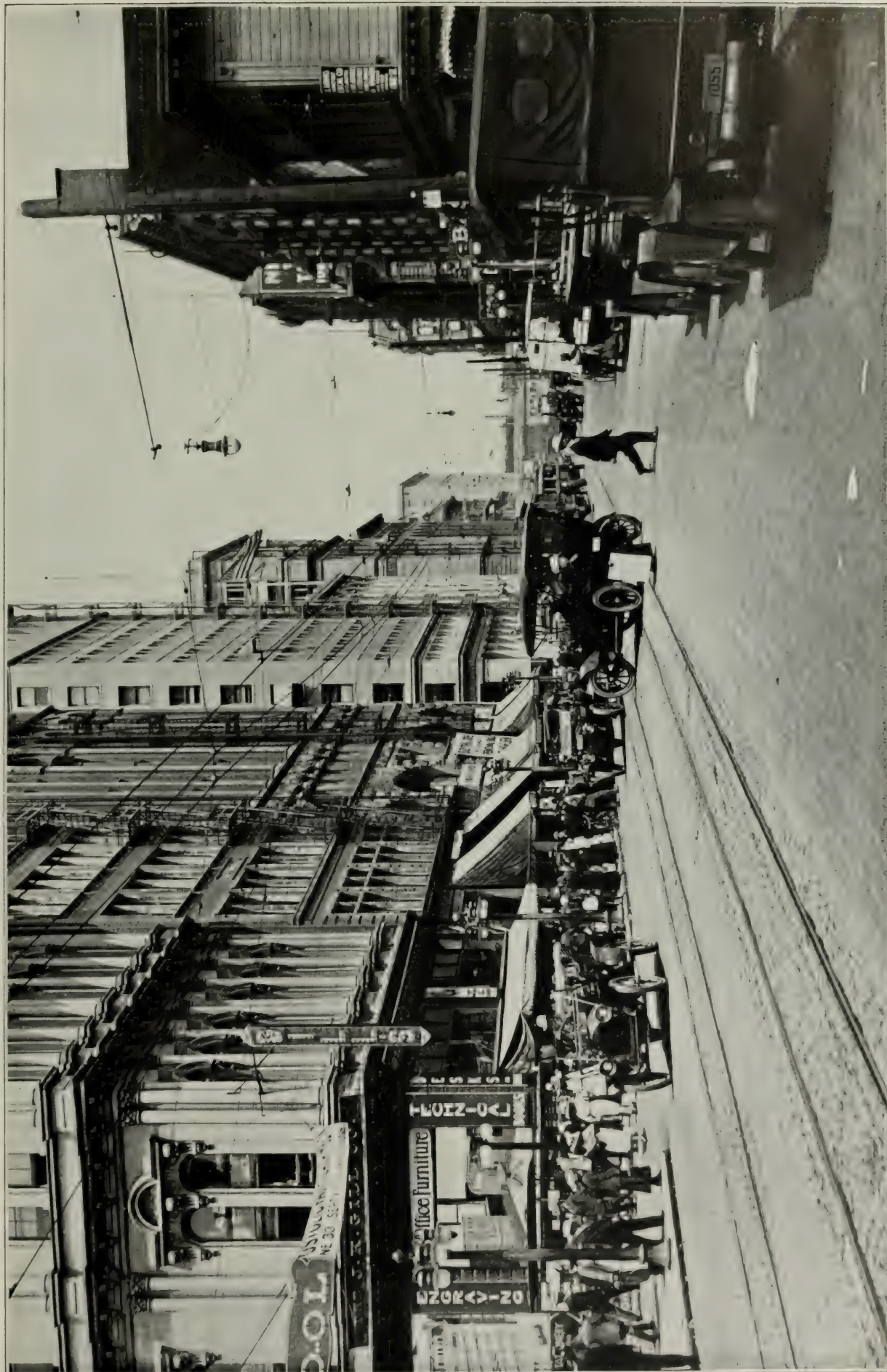




Market Street, San Francisco, California.

This main thoroughfare of the metropolis of the Pacific coast has risen from the ashes of the great disaster of 1906, as a monument to the undaunted courage of the citizens of this great city.





Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

Portland, the "Rose City," is justly proud of its business section. Its position on the Willamette, a branch of the Columbia River, makes it one of the most important business centres of the Northwest.





The Columbia River, Oregon.

The scenery of this river is unexcelled for wild, picturesque beauty, especially where it cuts its way through the mountains. It is an interesting trip from Portland by railroad or stern-wheel steamer.



Mount Hood, Oregon.

The forested, frozen volcanic peak, 11,225 feet in altitude, can be easily ascended from Cloud Cap Inn, charmingly situated at the base of the mountain, a few miles from the Columbia River.





Seattle, Washington.

Since the great fire in 1889 this city has increased in population and wealth so rapidly that it is now the commercial centre of Puget Sound and the Northwest. It is the chief entrepôt of the Alaskan gold-fields.

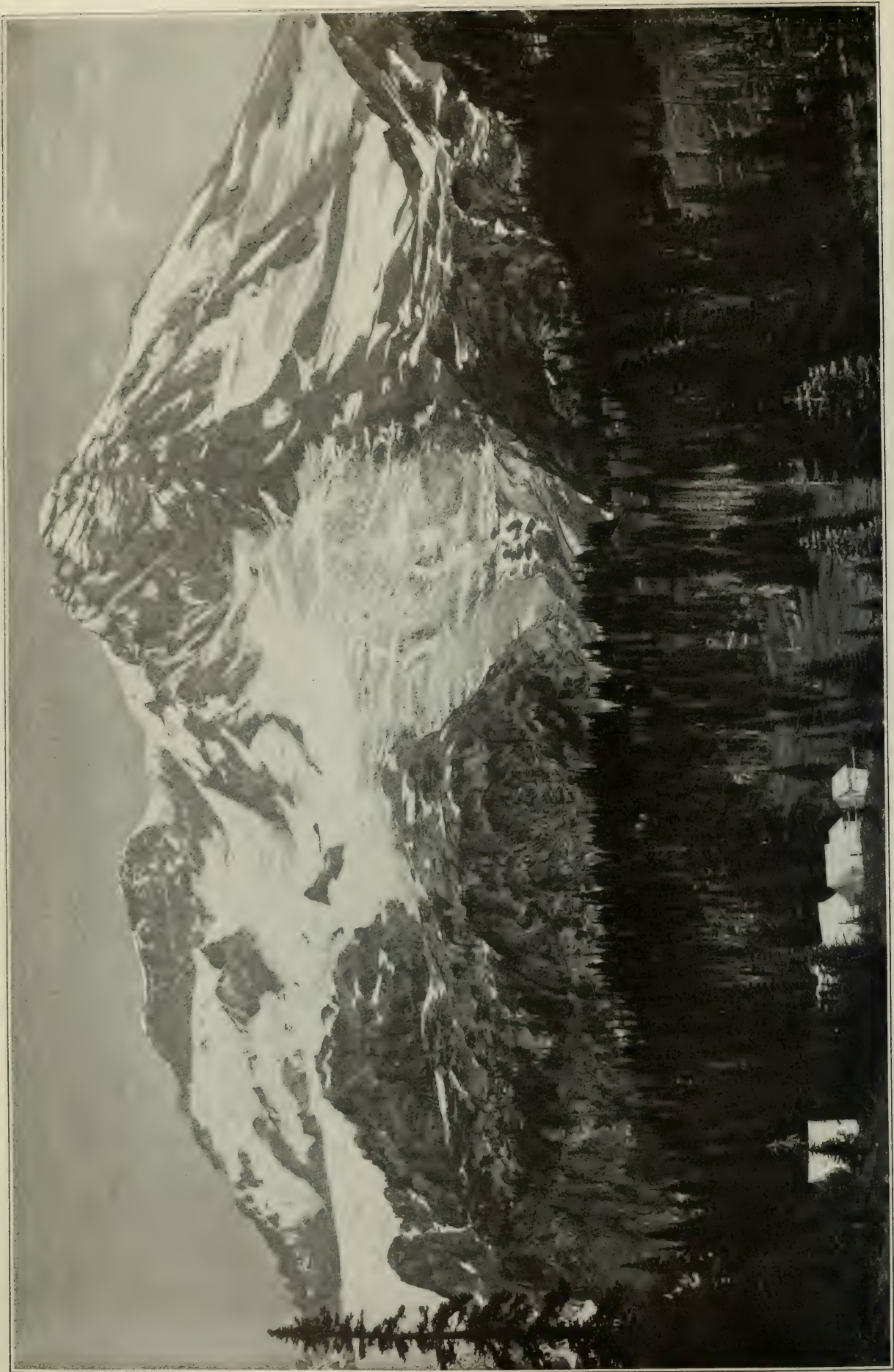




Storm in the Tatoosh Mountains, Washington.

These are good mountains to mountain climbers from Seattle and Tacoma. They are really part of barrier ranges surrounding the gigantic volcanic zone, Mount Rainier.





Mount Rainier, from Indian Henry's Camp.

This volcanic peak, sometimes called Mount Tacoma, rises 14,529 feet above sea-level and is most impressive, for its majesty can be viewed from sea-level. It is the most sublime mountain in the United States.



# MISS MARRIOTT AND THE FAUN

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

“**L**OVE?” repeated Hoyting queryingly.

I don't know how the word had been mentioned between us. Love doesn't bulk big in Hoyting's vocabulary, or in mine when I'm talking to him. But occasionally one comes in sight of this great natural wonder and can scarcely refrain from alluding to it. This must have been one of the occasions.

“What about it?” I was curious to hear what Hoyting had to say. I could have sworn that he himself had never known the “sacred terror.” His lurching bulk and his brown face have been shaped and tempered to other adventures and other solutions. What a time (I've often thought, without blasphemy) St. Peter will have with Hoyting's pack when he dumps it at the pearly gates for appraisal! No one I have ever known has wandered so far afield—disinterestedly. I don't think Hoyting has ever plucked an orchid or brought home—but he has no home—the skin of a beast. What has ever mattered to him save the encounter, in minor seas and insignificant ports, with things that, to the end, did not concern him? No Aziyadés and Chrysanthèmes, I feel sure, for Hoyting.

“Love?” he repeated again, relaxing his huge body slowly and flinging one leg over the other. “I've seen as much of love as the next man, in more places than most. I've never been mixed up with it myself—not with the real thing. But most things are mixed up with it. You'll believe that I don't read poetry. If you people could ever get the beat of life, you'd get it with prose. Imagine fitting human beings—black or white—into a stanzaic form! I realized that young. I've seen people make love all over the shop. I'm not denying it's effective. But the one thing I've never seen it do is really change a person. That's why I don't believe in all the things they tell me the poets say about it. Time and again I've seen the

trick tried; and time and again I've seen the woman or the man slump back into the shape God made 'em in. Puffing out like the frog in the fable—and bursting, sometimes—but never turning into the ox, you know. Humph!” Hoyting snorted mildly, emitting blue smoke from his nostrils like a djinn.

I didn't care to take up the challenge. I have always suspected Hoyting of suspecting me of perpetrating fiction—if you called it “literature,” it would make no difference to Hoyting. He must have read a few books in his time, for now and then he quotes. But if you placed Hoyting on the classic uninhabited island, with the traditional spoils of shipwreck clustered about him; if you went the wild length of floating in a properly labelled Mudie box on the seventh wave: well, my guess is that when the rescuing party came they would find Hoyting—or perhaps his skeleton—sitting on the sand, hunched into the most comfortable position the scene afforded, and the box lying unopened in the middle distance. I don't know any other human creature of whom I could, with conviction, predicate that. Hoyting prefers humanity to anything; but he would prefer the barest vegetation to books.

As I said, I never supposed Hoyting authority on the “sacred terror”—for one thing, I don't believe any woman has ever gone the length of falling in love with him—but I should always be exceedingly interested to know what he thought of anything so variously human. So I egged him on, as the years have taught me how: with vermouth close to his hand, the cigarettes just by, and my own face turned non-committally to the fresh sea-wind. The lights of the little café were going out one by one as the prudent proprietor discovered that they were no longer needed, and François himself withdrew on tiptoe to some region at the back, like an inspired accomplice. Hoyting sleeps when he feels like it, and no vigil discourages him.



I had to wait for a time, and I almost wondered if Hoyting were not giving himself up to one of his inconsiderate silences—silences which, far into the evening, he will end by rising and lurching into the dusk, leaving you a coin with which to pay his shot, as if you were his valet. Out of those silences something may always come; but any show of curiosity snaps the time-lock into place. If you question too airily, you are sure to have to wait until the next day's sun has renewed all things. And, with the next day's sun, Hoyting may be anywhere.

He poured out the vermouth and screwed his lips impatiently. "Yes, I've seen the thing tried—honestly and fervently tried. Did you ever know a girl named Marriott—Eva Marriott—or a man named Dallas?"

"I've known two or three men named Dallas."

"Was any one of them English?"

"One of them was."

"What was he like?"

"A red-haired bruiser with a game leg that he got from being thrown in the hunting-field. Or so he said."

"Big, then?"

"Six feet three, and bulky in proportion."

"That is not the man. And you never knew the girl?"

"Never. And I am safe, in any case," I reminded him.

"Oh—yes. Only I shouldn't like to ticket them. But since you don't know either of them"—Hoyting's gesture shed the pair down the windy ways of time.

"She was young, very young; and he had the hopeless un-selfconsciousness of the pagan. 'Pagan' is a stupid word to use; but you know what I mean."

Hoyting knitted his brows and jerked his chin towards me inquiringly. I didn't know, precisely, but I wasn't going to delay him over a definition. "Yes." I spoke very quietly.

"Well, then, let it go at that. He knew his way about among his sensations, too, and was as serious about them as if they had been his morals. Perhaps they were. I don't mean he was a rotter—though, again, perhaps he was—but that he couldn't see why taking a cold bath when you needed it wasn't as virtuous as

selling all you had and giving to the poor. He hadn't any brains, I think; neither had she—not twopence worth between them. If they had been ants, the community would have executed them. And, of course, they had to knock up against each other. She was chaperoned by an intellectual aunt who expected to write a book about her experiences in those dangerous and exotic lands where Cook has to buy your railway ticket for you. Nothing could persuade the aunt that she wasn't a sort of Marco Polo. She had no brains, either: she was all intellect. They had got to Biskra, and the aunt was filling note-books. You can imagine how much brain she had if she was taken in by Biskra. I won't stop to explain why I was there myself. You can be sure it was by no fault of my own."

"My dear Hoyting," I ventured, "it's unworthy of you to apologize."

"I wasn't apologizing. I only meant that these people and their kind had nothing to do with me. I ran into them by accident—as you might run into sticking-plaster by accident. The result was much the same. I was caught by the leg in that painted and powdered and generally meretricious town. For certain reasons, I had to be there a fortnight. And the woman stalked me—*me!* Some one had told her that I had been in Persia. She wanted to know all about Persia. Can you imagine me sitting in the garden of the Palace Hotel answering questions about Persia? I tried to make it clear to her that she couldn't go to Persia. I didn't think her fit to go anywhere; but I thought she would do less harm in Biskra than she would anywhere else. Biskra, if she had only known it, was just her size. I never put her wise; why should I? My chief object was to keep her in Biskra the rest of her life, so that I should never have to see her again."

"What was she like?"

"Haven't I just told you?"

"Not wholly. She might have been a nice woman or a harpy."

"She was a very curious person," Hoyting mused. "I had some respect for her, you know. Apparently she had wanted, all her life, to travel in strange places, and had never been able to stir from her ancestral homestead. Recently she had in-



herited a lot of money and a niece to chaperon; and she had chucked all the photographs and books that she had been feeding her poor lean soul on, and started out, dragging the niece with her. She was as respectable as even a woman of her antecedents could possibly be; but she had no prejudices. That was the one thing that distinguished her from any other fussy old maid. It made her rather pathetic. She had gradually, in the long, busy, baffled years, managed to discard every tradition she had. She was sceptical of everything that her native community held for gospel. She didn't believe in revealed religion, or the Ten Commandments, or the sacredness of the marriage tie, or the superiority of the female sex, or any of the things she must have been supposed at home to stand for. She had sat perfectly still in her own village for fifty years, and her only recreation had been to burst silently, one by one, her intellectual bonds. She wasn't in the least revolutionary; she didn't want to preach or subvert. She only wanted to see things with an unprejudiced eye. She might have been magnificent if she had had youth or strength or beauty; but she had none of those. Her body went back on her mind at every turn. She was afraid of every beast that walks, from camels to spiders; she was dependent on a whole set of special medications that had to be renewed every now and then from America—she couldn't have conceived of using a foreign substitute, even British. She kept the vocabulary of her prejudices, too, though she dispensed with the prejudices. I am sure, for example, she hadn't the slightest objection to the Ouled Nails, but she always referred to them as 'fallen women.' She would have been amusing if she hadn't been such a bore. In retrospect, and safe from her, I do find her amusing. She was naïve to the last degree: any shifty Arab could take her in. She bought things in the bazaars that simply smelled of Birmingham. But not the shiftiest Arab of the lot, even if he had once in a way told her the truth, could have shocked her. And she wasn't morbid, you understand. She wasn't hunting horrors; she was only hunting something different from all the things she had been fed up with. Every-

thing was fish that came to her net—everything. But she was about as well equipped as a baby, to write a book. Now do you know what she was like? She had sandy hair, and a blue veil that hung crooked over it, and always wore dirt-colored clothes, and always had a clean handkerchief in her left hand."

"I see perfectly," I replied. "What about the niece?"

"Oh, the niece? Well, little Eva Marriott had all the prejudices her aunt hadn't. Morally speaking, she went round in her aunt's discarded clothes. But she was exquisitely pretty—even I could see that. I'm no judge of female beauty—I have lost all my standards—but I could see that her coloring was exceedingly satisfactory. She had red hair, and a white skin, and sad green eyes, and a wonderful veil of sweetness over all. She held herself badly, like all American girls, but you could have written Chinese poetry to her head and neck. She was about twenty, I believe, and by the time the aunt clutched me in the hotel garden young Eva and young Dallas were head over heels in love with each other."

Hoyting refilled his glass, and turned his head slowly from side to side as if to feel the wind move across his skin.

"A civilized love-affair is the devil. It doesn't even interest me. It's like trying to wrestle with stays on: a fine exhibition of endurance, no doubt, but certainly not good wrestling—and most certainly not beautiful to the onlooker. Oh, the heroine of this tale is the aunt, if you like. I don't think even she had any imagination; but a complete absence of prejudice is almost as good. She liked Dallas no end—I could see that out of the tail of my eye. They didn't grow his kind in her little colonial village. He was as exotic, from her point of view, as a palm-tree—and, from mine, no more interesting."

"Who was interesting, if none of them was?" I asked. Hoyting does not deal in the platitudinous human, and I didn't believe for a moment that he was asking me to assist at any pious dissection of a spinster's *wanderlust*.

"None of them was; but the combination of the two young things was irresistible. Puritan and pagan have met often enough; but never were two such pure



and unprotected specimens of their different types. She had been bred in the kind of atmosphere that I'd forgotten about. It never was mine, even when I was a kid, but I'd always heard of it. 'Eva reads a great deal—a great deal. I have given up books for life,' Miss Marriott said to me once. A perfectly decent thing to do if you don't talk about it!—and then gaze like a love-sick owl at the filthy little 'village nègre' across the way. You know what 'villages nègres' are in French colonial towns—so new that it's a wonder they can be so dirty. The woman was a terrible bore!"

"I didn't know you were ever terribly bored by the same person more than once." Indeed, no one has ever had less right than Hoyting to pose as a social martyr.

"Um—no. But I was in Biskra because I had to be—as I explained. I had definite business there. I was bound to be bored anyhow, and I'd rather be bored sitting still in a hotel garden than riding round on a mule to see what the avaricious Arab has prepared for people like Miss Marriott. Of course, sitting still let me in for a certain amount of Miss Marriott, but it was otherwise comfortable."

"I didn't know you ever had business anywhere."

"I seldom do. But I had then. It was not wholly my own business, so I won't go into it."

Hoyting frowned and was silent for a moment. I had naturally no intention of questioning him further; but it was the first hint I had ever had of his doing anything save what the instant suggested. Was it possible that even he was at the mercy of past and future, like the rest of us? I put the thought aside, for I have got no end of mental luxury, first and last, out of the Everlasting Now that is Hoyting.

"She let me understand that her young people were engaged. She gave it to me like a piece of gossip, as if it weren't her affair. I hadn't seen much of young Eva, and scarcely more of young Dallas, but I was curious to know if the aunt approved. It seemed to me that in her place—though I don't pretend to say I could put myself there very successfully—I shouldn't. I said something. 'Oh, it's Eva's affair,' she answered. 'In ——' (she named their State) 'a girl's of age at eighteen.'

"My dear Miss Marriott,' I said, 'a State in which a girl is of age at eighteen doesn't exist north of Cancer or south of Capricorn. I don't know much about the laws of my precious country, but I do know something about climate.'

"I think he's fascinating.' That is all I could get out of her. Not that I tried very hard to get anything out of her. It would have been like going a-fishing in a provincial aquarium.

"Now, mind you"—Hoyting frowned again, then shrugged his great shoulders as if to reassure himself that the burden was gone from them—"I don't say the chap wasn't fascinating. He had bowled over Eva Marriott, anyhow. Their love-affair had grown under that sun like the perfect date-palm in the perfect oasis. It looked as if they'd hunt up their respective consuls and be married before they left Biskra. But they didn't. At least, not before I left Biskra, and I fancy not since. I am sure not since. He wasn't fit to marry any one."

"You said he wasn't—not past doubt, at least—a rotter."

"'Rotter' has nothing to do with him. You might as well call him something in Coptic."

Hoyting frowned again. Then he turned suddenly. "Let's not talk about it. I don't know why I started out to tell you, anyhow. It's none of your business or mine. Therefore it doesn't interest us. Only, you mentioned love. . . . Let me tell you about the only time I ever tried pig-sticking. It was a few months ago, and I must have looked like one afflicted of God."

"I'll hear that later." I was firm. "Tell me more about these people. I shall never see them."

"No, I dare say not. But it isn't our business, all the same."

"Probably I shouldn't agree with you," I went on. "Until you prove it to me I sha'n't believe you know the sacred terror when you see it."

"The sacred terror.' Um. . . . Probably, as you say, you won't agree with me. But what does it matter? I know what I know." He sealed his lips for a moment, and I was afraid I hadn't overcome his reluctance. But presently I knew that I had. Hoyting narrowed his eyes until



they were almost shut. Head thrown back, he began to talk.

"I don't pretend, for a moment, to understand young Dallas. He had obviously been brought up like every one else, and he certainly had no theories. I think he just wanted—whatever he wanted at the moment. Whether it was something to eat, or something to look at, or something to go out and do, or something to possess. He was a little more complicated than a faun, but he was more like a faun than like anything else that has ever had human shape."

"Furry ears? Donatello? All that sort of thing?"

Hoyting opened his puzzled eyes. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, of course, you never read novels. Go on."

"If there has ever been a novel about a faun, you can be sure it had nothing to do with Dallas. I only meant that he seemed to have really no inhibitions. He tried for what he wanted, and if such brawn and brain as he had didn't give it to him, he lay down placidly in the shade, as it were, and licked his wounds and waited until he wanted something else. Then he would try for that. He wouldn't have been likely to raise his voice unduly, or fail to dress for dinner, or blaspheme before ladies; but if he had thought any of those little things would give him real pleasure he'd have done it. He was just a mass of desires and the means to satisfy them. I said he had no brains. He hadn't, I think; but he had a very keen knowledge of what you might call physical arithmetic. He could calculate his sensations, like lightning, to the fifth place of decimals. If he wanted a glass of water badly, and he had to go a distance to get it, he knew like a shot whether the joy of the glass of water totted up to more or less than the annoyance of going that distance. And he went, or didn't, quite regardless of the social situation at the moment. Do you see what I mean?"

"Quite. But why did you say he wasn't a rotter?"

"I don't know." Hoyting answered very simply. "But there was something exhilarating in his sweetness, his simplicity, his health, his gayety. He didn't even seem precisely selfish. He simply carried

on the business of his own organism as piously and efficiently as if it had been a model orphanage. I didn't like either of them—but I saw trouble ahead, in spite of Miss Marriott's optimism. And the trouble came.

"You see, he had fallen in love with Eva Marriott. His desires were concentrated upon her. And she was in love with him. I think she thought her soul was in love with him—though how a soul can be in love with a man passes my comprehension. If we have souls, I'm sure they don't mess about like that. Anyhow, the two had so little in common, temperamentally, that it must have been what you call the 'sacred terror.' You couldn't account for it except by the unforeknowable thunderbolt. Her face, I suppose, had focussed his desires; he would never be satisfied until he had kissed it into weariness. She—oh, I suppose he stood to her for all kinds of things she had never so much as laid her fingers on. Probably in her village none of the worthy male souls had had such exteriors. *A fortiori*, the soul inside his exterior must be ten times worthier than they. I may be wrong, but that's the way I figured it out. The aunt loved him for his looks and his way of getting things. It was extraordinarily interesting to her to find a man who owned up to his physical tastes. She had been used to seeing all desires either concealed or apologized for.

"If Dallas had had any brains, I think he could have taught Eva Marriott his own hedonism. She was a blank page, in spite of those austere Puritan head-lines; and I fancy anything that sounded theoretical could have got her for a disciple in no time. But Dallas couldn't explain anything; he could only manifest himself. And she was taken by that supple exhibition. They wanted each other—that was what it came to. Why reason about it any more? You can take my word for it that they did. And I suppose he must have seemed to her very much her own kind when all North Africa was jostling them in the streets. But the aunt! No, I never supposed that her sort existed. It was too futile. I dare say her sort doesn't really exist—she was probably a 'sport.' But she was there in the flesh, anyhow.

"And then she decided that she wanted



to go to Touggourt. Some women in the hotel had been, and that started her off. She wouldn't go alone with Eva, though. She found the natives much too interesting to be trustworthy. Eva wouldn't go without Dallas—not she! Miss Marriott therefore said Dallas might go. I advised her to give it up; especially as she wouldn't go by *diligence*. She wanted a little caravan of her own—camels, and the rest. It shocked me to think of Miss Marriott on a camel; it somehow seemed disrespectful both to the camel and to her. Let Dallas and Eva go to Touggourt on their honeymoon if they wanted to, but why drag two young things, who had to be chaperoned, out into the desert? They would either be dreadfully bored or frightfully unhappy. Hotel life and the distractions of Biskra—the day all chopped up into little amusements—were much better for them. But the aunt wouldn't see it. She thought it would be romantic. What my senses told me wasn't her business. I only gave her the results in a little brief advice.

“‘They are very much in love,’ she remarked. ‘I should like to see them in the desert.’

“The retort was easy enough, but I couldn't make it. I couldn't even tell her just why I thought they would be very unhappy in the desert. If she wanted to sacrifice them to her lack of prejudices, I couldn't stop her without being rude. I'm not sure I could have stopped her even then. She was a most extraordinary creature. I knew enough about the desert to know she'd be damned sorry, some time, that she had done it—that is, if she had a grain of the human aunt left in her—but my lips were sealed. After all, from any serious point of view, young Dallas and young Eva were perfectly unimportant. And the relief of getting them all out of Biskra would be very great.

“Well—they went. Dallas made their arrangements for them. They were so busy for two days beforehand that I hardly saw them. But I did see them start. It came over me then, like a presentiment, that it was all wrong. It isn't safe to have no more prejudices than Miss Marriott. She ought to have seen that God never meant her to go anywhere on a camel; that he never even meant her to

go to the places that camels take you to. Anything so silly as that had to come to grief. It made me sick; and I was glad to see the last of Miss Marriott's blue veil. She was so exalted that she hardly spoke to me; she was surer than ever that she was Marco Polo. Miss Marriott was capable of anything; but I was a little puzzled by Dallas's acquiescence. If you could have seen Miss Marriott hunched up in an *attatouch*! I was sure that he would much rather have stayed respectably behind and made love to Eva in Biskra. I know he wanted to marry her on the spot; and I gathered that she wouldn't. There are women—girls, anyhow—who love being engaged. It's like—well, never mind what it's like. They don't analyze; they merely know it's delightful. I fancy most men don't find it delightful, and Dallas was certainly the last man in the world to find it so. The fact that he did go to Touggourt with no trouble showed me at least that he wasn't liking Biskra, and that he was probably in a state of nerves. The rate of progress of a Saharan camel wasn't going to improve his nerves; neither was Touggourt, or any other place where he didn't have to dress for dinner—where the physical habits of the European world couldn't be reproduced. I've seen men in that condition before, plenty of times. We all have. But I never saw one in that condition going to Touggourt, on a camel, with a Miss Marriott.”

Hoyting spoke almost with bitterness. I could have fancied that in his heart of hearts he blamed young Dallas for everything—whatever it was—that had happened. In spite of his cynical flings at the aunt, it was clear that he had a particular respect for her. He couldn't have been more irritated by her follies if he had been really fond of her.

The evening was wearing on to night—François was dropping with sleep somewhere behind us. I summoned him, and had with him a brief whispered colloquy while Hoyting, his back turned to us, snuffed up the wind as thirstily as if it had been a love-philtre. I didn't know how long the tale might last, and I wanted to forestall any interruption by a poor creature who had to work and therefore had to sleep. Our table was outside in the gar-



den, and from the garden a little path led, by way of a gate in the scrubby hedge, to the sea-strand. I paid for the vermouth that stood on the table, and bade François lock up the café behind us and leave us to our talk. A few sibilant whippers arranged it, and François had disappeared before Hoyting had got his fill of the wind. Whether he knew what had been accomplished behind his back, I could not tell. Hoyting never troubles himself with details. The world more or less swings into his stride, I've noticed. Finally he turned to me and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Never mind what I thought. . . . Let's get ahead with this. I've a notion I shall sleep to-night, and sleep's a good thing. Um."

You understand that I can't report Hoyting verbatim. He has no structure. But I've learned to remember the gist of what he says, and more or less in his own words. I wish I could remember his every phrase, for my own equivalents are poor stuff. But Hoyting wouldn't help you reproduce him if he could. He talks obstinately into the void. If he ever saw himself recorded, he'd never speak again. Yet the best I have to give is Hoyting's. You'll pardon my way of dealing with him, I hope.

"Never mind me." It was with some such phrase that he returned to the tale. "I put in ten days more in Biskra. I had to. Never Biskra again for me! Odd, isn't it, how you hate any place where you've ever had to be?—even though, if you like to look at it in that way, you've always got to be somewhere or other until you die. Anyhow, in about eight days, Miss Marriott and her niece returned to the hotel. They came suddenly into the dining-room one night, and I knew that if they had been to Touggourt at all they must have come back by *diligence*. Their kind of camel—for even Miss Marriott had had the wit to stop short of a *mehari*—couldn't have done the round trip under a fortnight. Dallas wasn't with them; and, somehow, from the moment I saw them come in, I knew he wasn't even in Biskra. My first thought was that I had been plain cheated. I had expected to be off well before they returned, and if I ever saw Marco Polo again, it wouldn't be my fault."

"Come, Hoyting, you liked her!"

"I didn't like her. I don't like people I run across in that way—women, especially. I should be a nervous ghost by this time if I had stopped to like people. Fancy all one's chance encounters, turning into pulls on one's affection—like the ropes the Lilliputians tied round Gulliver. If I had been Gulliver, I should have gone mad. I'd rather be tied with one stout steel cable than with a million threads. Liked her! Ugh!"

"Very well: you didn't like her. What did she do?"

"She did nothing—except crumple her handkerchief hard in her left hand. She spoke to me with a kind of gasp. The girl was white as a Carrara cliff. All her color had gone into her hair: that flamed out in the most wicked way, as if every curl had been a licking tongue of fire. After dinner, Miss Marriott indicated that she would like to talk to me. I responded, for evidently my purgatory wasn't yet over. I must have sinned pretty often to have had that Biskra sojourn so prolonged.

"We went out into the garden. Eva disappeared. She hadn't said a word. She hadn't even answered my polite questions. I might have been speaking to a wax-work. It is uncanny to go on talking to a person who pays no attention—who doesn't even smirk; and after five minutes I stopped. I was glad to have her go away. I learned from Miss Marriott that they had reached Touggourt on their camels, and that the next morning she and her niece had taken the *diligence* back. Dallas had stayed behind and said he was going to Guerrara—perhaps on to Ghardaia. She didn't know when he would return.

"Then the desert wasn't so romantic as you thought it would be—if your little trip went to smash?"

"She didn't answer straight, only said: 'I'm not broken in to camels yet, I find. I was really ill when we got to Touggourt.'

"Poor thing! She did look a beastly color. I hoped she had had all her American medicines in her *attatouch*. I was sure she had needed them.

"Did your niece mind it?"

"Oh, Eva soon learned. She wasn't ill, anyhow."



"Very sporting of her! So Dallas wanted to go on, and as you weren't up to it, you had to bring your niece back? It's a pity they weren't married before you started."

"I was being merely flippant, and you can imagine that I was surprised when she laid her foolish-virgin claw on my arm and exclaimed tearfully: 'Oh, it is! it is!'"

"Do you mean it's off, and that's why Dallas has gone to Guerrara? Did the desert finish them?"

"Miss Marriott mopped her eyes with the crumpled handkerchief, and pulled herself together.

"I suppose it did. I shouldn't have taken them. But Eva is a little fool.' Her tone was not untender.

"She looks as if she were paying for it, then. Isn't she ill?"

"Eva's never ill. She was gloriously well when we reached Touggourt."

"And Dallas?"

"Miss Marriott looked back across the garden at the lighted windows of the hotel. Then she spoke, as it seemed to me, irrelevantly.

"I wish you would take me to one of those Ouled Naïl places."

"And Eva?" I mocked.

"Certainly not Eva. She's gone to bed."

"I paused a moment. I didn't want to insult the woman; but for pure manicacal cheek!

"I'm sorry to be disobliging, Miss Marriott, but I certainly won't. Let me tell you something: it's either a silly make-believe and not worth paying for, or it's the real thing, and in that case you've no business there. I dare say one of your pet native guides will take you, but I won't."

"Have you prejudices, then?"

"A few."

"Ah, I have none."

"I had heard her affirm that many times, but never before in the tone of despair. I turned and looked at her.

"What is up, Miss Marriott?"

"A mesh of her sandy hair was straying across her forehead. She pushed it back, and still it wouldn't stay. Finally she drew out a hairpin and stuck it through the lock like a skewer. When she had succeeded in making herself uglier than ever, she gazed up at me, with her pale, stupid eyes.

"I suppose you think it's very queer of me. But I thought perhaps it would help me to understand."

"Understand what?"

"Eva and Herbert Dallas. There are two points of view there, you see. They seem to me to have quarrelled over nothing. That sort of thing is very strange to me. I have never been in love. They are, you know—immensely. I thought I should like to watch them. And they've come to grief, and talking to Eva does no good."

"What did you expect the Ouled Naïls would do for you?"

"I thought,' the flat little voice of this extraordinary creature went on, 'that if they were very disgusting, I might work myself up to be more tactful with Eva. I have been very tactless.' But of course nothing does disgust me.' She sighed. 'To tell the truth, I'm very tired of her. I quite hated her in the *diligence*.'

"What did happen out there?" I really wanted to know.

"The first and last gleam of humor I ever detected in Marco Polo came into her eyes then. 'I don't think I can tell you—though I haven't any prejudices. I'm just not used to talking about such things. My words would probably shock you.'

"No one could shock me."

"Oh yes, I could!" And she got up and trailed into the hotel, her dust-colored skirt hanging somehow like an Englishwoman's.

"I sat there for some time, wondering. As far as I could make it out, young Eva and young Dallas had quarrelled about the Ouled Naïls. Yet they were much too directly and personally in love with each other to let sociology separate them. Still, Marco Polo was *capable de tout*. She might have got them going some evening under the desert moon. What a fool! I made nothing of it, except that there must have been a quarrel, or Dallas wouldn't have gone on by himself to Guerrara. I don't know how long I sat there in the sweet air. I know that, at one moment, a white figure suddenly stood before me. It was Eva Marriott, and she looked, all in white, with her white face and her tortured, flaming hair, like a ghost that has just begun to burn in hell. I

pulled out a chair for her, and she sat down. It was certainly her turn to speak, so I waited for her.

"She said nothing for a long time. Then she looked at me.

"Do you like my aunt?"

"Very much. Why?"

"I don't. I think she's dreadful."

"Well, my child, does it really matter?"

"It matters, since she's all I've got in the world."

"What about Dallas?"

"Oh, I mustn't have him—I mustn't. Not 'can't' or 'won't,' you notice, but 'mustn't.'"

"Why not?"

"Didn't Aunt Cordelia tell you? She came out here with you after dinner."

"She did not. She said only that you and your fiancé had quarrelled. I should have known that anyhow, from the fact that you came back without him."

"Well, I can't tell you."

"Apparently no one can. But why you both want to talk to me about something you can't tell me, puzzles me a good deal."

"Did Aunt Cordelia say nothing else?"

"Nothing except that she didn't like camels. I could have told her that before, but she wouldn't listen to me."

"Yes; she was awfully ill before we got to Touggourt." The girl spoke listlessly.

"I had an indiscreet impulse, which I followed. 'She wanted me to take her to see the Ouled Naïls dance. I wouldn't.'"

"Oh, the dreadful, dreadful creature!" Eva Marriott wailed.

"I don't believe she's dreadful, you know, for a moment. Every one goes. I'd have taken her like a shot if the notion hadn't bored me so."

"It would be more to the point," Eva Marriott said suddenly, "if you'd take me."

"So I gathered from your aunt—though she didn't tell me why, any more than you do. But how can you call her dreadful, after what you've just said?"

"She *is* dreadful. She *is*."

"She strikes me as being an unusually nice woman." I don't know why I flung compliments at Marco Polo's back. Probably because it didn't seem wise to sow dissension between the two.

"Do you think any one can change?"

"Do you mean your aunt? I shouldn't want her to."

"No, I mean myself."

"Oh, I shouldn't want you to, either."

"I don't know where those silly answers of mine came from. I felt like a heavy fool making them. A trained nurse read me a lot of Tauchnitz trash in a hospital once. Perhaps my faithless memory was doing it for me. In any case, that girl wasn't real. You *couldn't* talk to her. If she hadn't been so deadly white, I'd have turned my back on her."

"But I want to. I want to change, for Herbert. He doesn't like me the way I am."

"More probably you don't like him the way he is."

"Oh, I don't, I don't! And yet I do. Don't you see?" She broke down and cried hard. Fortunately there was no one else in that corner of the garden. "I don't see"—she got her words out between sobs—"who brought him up. He's been to Eton and Oxford like any one else. Are all men like that? No, they aren't, for I've known men before—nice ones."

"Then you did discuss sociology, you little fools!"

"We never discussed anything, he and I. Aunt Cordelia did all the discussing—afterwards."

"Do you mean that?—I fished about for a word—he insulted you?"

"He was perfectly lovely to me. But of course I went away." Lucid, wasn't it? But I knew that she wouldn't have defined over-insistent love-making as 'lovely,' whatever she might have felt about it. Dallas, in the sandy distance, suddenly grew interesting to me. I tried another lead.

"If you don't want to marry him, you've only to say so."

"The fire stole down into her face again for an instant, but it couldn't strive against that whiteness."

"I want dreadfully to marry him! If he would only say the right things, I would. But he won't."

"Have you given him a chance?"

"He didn't wait for it. So he can't have meant to say them."

"I was desperate. I couldn't stand this much longer. I *was* beginning to feel



like Gulliver. I got up and stood in front of her. It was a relief to find that I was able to get up. They had rooted me there so long, those two!

"Is he still in love with you?"

"He says he is."

"Dallas would never say it if he weren't."

"So I should think. Yet how can he be? Perhaps he is. But what difference does it make—except that, in that case, I can't ever see him again. For I am so in love with him that my principles would never hold out against him."

"It was all said rather stupidly, yet with obvious sincerity. I shook my head."

"When is he coming back?"

"In a week, I think. Just long enough to give me time. But I've had as much time as I can stand. It will kill me. He'll never say the right thing. How can I marry him?"

"Of course I don't know what you want him to say. But if you make love to him, he'll say it."

"I know I was brutal, but she was such a negligible little idiot! My relief in knowing that the crisis, which would come after Dallas's return, would also come after my own departure, was too great. I couldn't choose words."

"Oh no, not that! That wouldn't prove anything, you see."

"I did see, of course, perfectly; but it seemed too arrogant for a child like that to expect to be both loved and 'understood.' I lost all patience with her."

"You had better go to bed now, and buy a lot of things in the bazaars tomorrow. A whole new shipload has come in from Germany while you've been away. Run along, there's a good girl. And I wouldn't worry. Worry never cleared up any situation." Then I repented a little, for her suffering would have been clear to a blind man. "Don't you see, my dear Miss Marriott, that, when you won't tell me the whole thing, I can't advise? But it doesn't matter, for I honestly believe that even Solomon would be a mere nuisance to people who are in love with each other. They don't need advice. Or put it that it's of no use to them. Good night."

"I wish I were different," she sighed out, "even if it meant that I was wrong."

Then she slipped away, and I could get them off my mind.

Nor did I keep them on my mind the next day. I went out to El-Kantara, merely to get rid of the Marriotts. If you realize that I went with a Cook's automobile party, you can imagine how much I wanted to get rid of them. I should have changed my hotel but for the nuisance of it. Besides, Miss Marriott would have hunted me down anywhere, if she had felt like it. She had no prejudices. I dined elsewhere; but I went back to the Palace in the evening. Luckily the Marriotts weren't about. I was just turning to go out into the garden (having assured myself by careful reconnoissance that they weren't in the landscape) when I heard some stir behind me. There, very dusty, very worn and tired, but handsome as usual, stood Dallas. I nodded at him, and almost ran. I didn't even go to the garden. I went to my room. I had no reason to suppose that Dallas would pursue me, but you never could tell. I decided to be safe, though hot, in my own quarters. Didn't I curse the Marriotts as I sat there under the lamp! Why are we such a beastly articulate race? There are people in the world, you know, who keep their affairs to themselves. Creatures that are so damn confidential ought to be made to stay at home!"

Hoyting flung his latest cigarette away half smoked. The silence round us was phenomenal. I ought to have been able to hear the *patron* and his wife snoring, but I couldn't. Perhaps they slept without it. No; that was inconceivable. In such ridiculous little spirals my mind went wandering while Hoyting took breath beside me.

"Let's get this thing over. I'm sleepy. I'll compress as much as I can. . . . The end of that was that after an hour or two, when I thought I was safe, I sneaked down to the garden to get some air. Would you believe it? I had no sooner sat down and hidden myself well in the foliage when Dallas was upon me like a cat. I don't know where he had come from, or how he had seen me. He had to talk to me, too, apparently. Well: even that was almost better than staying within—and indeed Dallas was the only one of the three about whom I had the least curiosity left."



"He did give me the clew—the key to the enigma. Apparently, by the way, he had sent up word to Miss Marriott that he had returned, and she had sent word down that Eva was asleep and she herself in bed, and that she would see him in the morning.

"He had given up going to Guerrara when he was a few miles out of Touggourt—couldn't stand the notion; had rushed back to Touggourt and come on to Biskra as fast as he could, by the same old blessed *diligence*. He was in a state! He asked me about the Marriotts, first off; and when I told him I could make nothing out except that there was a moral crisis of sorts, which the aunt and niece were both muddling according to their respective stupidities, he didn't wait for more. He blurted out the whole thing. . . .

"Then I saw what a damned fool Marco Polo had been. To take those young things out into the desert! I suppose there are young things you could take into the desert with impunity; but Dallas! Even a woman who had never laid eyes on any man before ought to have seen that Dallas was a special, a very special case. She did see; she liked him because he was so special; but—well, it doesn't do for ignorance to have no prejudices. Dallas was in no condition for a journey of that sort with a very beautiful girl who loved him and whom he was anxious, for every reason, to marry as soon as possible. He didn't insult Eva Marriott—except in one indirect but fatally illuminating way, as you'll see. If he had insisted on their being married by a *marabout* at M'raïer or Djemaâ or some other Saharan hole on the way, I'm not absolutely sure she wouldn't have done it—it being perfectly understood that they should run to their consuls as soon as they got back. She was off her head about him. And he, who had never seen why he shouldn't have anything his organism craved, had had, for the first time in his life, I judged, an inhibition. That is, he *didn't* ask her to be married to him by a *marabout*. He didn't say a word to her. He hadn't even seen her alone since they left Biskra. Miss Marriott wanted to watch romance; I wonder if she ever considered whether romance would like to watch her. Eva Marriott must have managed to madden

Dallas without much talk . . . and you can imagine them at the door of a Saharan caravanserai, under a Saharan moon—with Marco Polo egging them on. Humph! The indecencies of the decent are among the strangest things in the world.

"Oh, well, never mind. . . . Isn't there any end to this thing? . . . Yes, there was an end, just there in Touggourt, where they turned up at nightfall after six days at camels' pace. Miss Marriott was completely done up, and Eva had to look after her. And Dallas—well, Dallas broke away and ran amuck in the Sahara. Touggourt isn't very big, but it's big enough for that. Almost any place is, in point of fact; and the Sahara would, of course, have understood Dallas perfectly."

"And you said he wasn't a rotter?"

"I didn't say he wasn't a rotter. I said it seemed a singularly inept word to apply to him. I tell you he was like a faun. Fauns aren't perpetually sitting for their portraits, are they? They're very pretty when they are; but they must eat and drink, and scratch themselves, and sprawl in the sun. After all, he could have carried young Eva off if he had decided to. I give you my word he could. Do you suppose any Bedouin or Berber of them all would have stopped him, so long as he could pay more than the aunt? And he didn't so much as touch the hem of her skirt. She was the cause of it all; but the results had nothing to do with her. That, at least, was the way Dallas saw it.

"He was as much in love with Eva Marriott," went on Hoyting, with annoyance, as if I had interrupted him, "as he could be with any one; that is to say, he worshipped her face. He wouldn't have understood the 'soul' part of it. Neither did she, if she had but known it. But she mixed up his inches with the Ten Commandments. I'm not defending him; defending him would imply a point of view, and I have none. I mean only that, take him as he was, he behaved as he couldn't help behaving. And she couldn't see it. Certainly he was no person for her to marry, since she couldn't see it. I don't say she oughtn't to have been shocked. I say that she never understood. She would have forgiven him like a shot for any insult to herself—though he hadn't the faintest wish to insult her, poor



pagan!" (Hoyting said it as one says "poor devil!") "She would have condoned any sin if he had once admitted that he had sinned, and was sorry. He was sorry enough; but he couldn't consider that he had sinned. He was willing to die if he had hurt her—willing to die at the thought that he had hurt her—willing to admit that it was natural she should be hurt; but as for sin, he didn't know what it meant. He must have heard about it all his life, but his organism had thrown it off like a germ; he was perfectly immune to any such notion as hers of 'morality.' . . . So they came back to Biskra, and he tried to go to Guerrara, and couldn't."

"Do you mean to say that he owned up, and they had it out in Touggourt?"

"I don't think he so much owned up as was taxed with it by the aunt and didn't lie. I doubt if there was anything very explicit said, but the women somehow jumped to the right conclusion. A little place like that—it would have been easy enough. His apologies didn't satisfy Eva—of course fauns weren't made for apologizing—and she left."

"Naturally," I retorted.

"Yes, naturally," Hoyting rejoined quietly. "Well, you see that Dallas's confession to me threw a white light on all that Eva Marriott had said the night before. I couldn't say anything to him except that I thought he and Eva were utterly unsuited to each other. That sounded rather colorless, but what else could I say? I got up and went in; left him there with a puzzled look on his face. He understood jealousy, he understood pique, he understood passion; but he didn't understand why, if she could personally forgive him and take him back, she still had to nourish a grievance on behalf of the Almighty. Just couldn't understand. And as long as he couldn't understand that, she wouldn't take him back. A nice thing Miss Marriott did when she took to travelling!

"I found the next morning, to my delight, that I could leave Biskra in twenty-four hours more. I didn't even have to go to El-Kantara again, for Dallas himself, after one interview with Miss Marriott, had gone there. I knew I must bid farewell to Marco Polo, so I sent word to her

that I should hope for a few minutes after dinner in the garden.

"She came—with Eva. And the first thing she asked me—before the girl—was what Dallas had said to me the night before. Imagine my position! I would have talked biology all night with Miss Marriott if necessary, but I wasn't going to discuss Dallas's temperament with his ex-fiancée. So I held my tongue.

"'But I want to know.' This, if you please, from the ex-fiancée.

"I was desperate. 'I won't tell you. What Dallas said is Dallas's affair. You have already made each other suffer a good deal. I should advise you both to go away from Biskra—in opposite directions. Otherwise you will make each other suffer more.'

"'He wants to marry me, and I want to marry him; but he won't, he just won't, make it right for me to.' Apparently Eva Marriott couldn't face my knowledge of the situation, for, with that despairing little utterance, she fled.

"Marco Polo could face anything, though. 'You are a fool, Eva,' she called after the girl, in her flat, slightly nasal voice. There was no reply from the speeding white figure—just a little twitch of the shoulder, as if she had heard.

"I turned to the aunt. 'So you sympathize with Dallas?'

"'I don't sympathize with him!' She blushed—actually blushed and turned her head away. But the weakness was very brief. 'How should I?' she went on. 'But I do think she's a fool not to marry him.'

"'Can't you understand her principles?'

"'Who should if I don't? I was brought up on them. But they haven't anything to do with life as I see it. Those two want each other desperately. Why shouldn't they take each other?'

"'Because your niece disapproves of him.' That was easy.

"Then Marco Polo turned her face away and stared hard at a palm. 'I've never been in love with any one in my life,' she said. 'I don't know what it may do to you. But I am quite sure that, if Eva wants him, she had better take him while he wants her.'

"'And you didn't disapprove of his behavior?'

"She turned her pale eyes on me. 'I thought it very interesting. I have never seen human passion at such close range before.'

"Really, she made me sit up, that woman. 'You'd trust your niece to him, then?'

"'I would. He's fascinating. But she won't have him because he won't lie to her. He told me this morning that he had tried. He said: 'I'd say anything, Miss Marriott; but she'd catch me out, because, you see, I can't get it through my head what she really wants me to say.'"

"'Can't you get it through yours, Miss Marriott, and put him wise?'

"'Oh, *I* understand what she wants. But she'll never get it out of him. He'd make some mistake. I shall pack her off home, and she can marry a vestryman. There's one who wants her.'

"'I can't understand why you take his side.' Nor could I.

"Miss Marriott rose. 'Because he's so real. That vestryman isn't. And I have no prejudices.'

"She shook hands with me and went into the hotel. That was the last I saw of any of them.

"I left, the next morning, myself. I happen to know from other sources that young Dallas went to Egypt immediately and stayed there many months, and I

heard last year, in Trebizond, of a solitary woman who had been there en route for Persia, and who sounded, in the descriptions I got, extraordinarily like Marco Polo. I didn't follow up her trail to see. Obviously, the affair never came off. The faun couldn't twist his lips to a Christian confession. If you had ever seen Dallas, you would know what I mean. He really couldn't. That section of his brain didn't work; it was atrophied. Eva Marriott could have walked all over him, but he couldn't lie his way about among her convictions. He wasn't a rotter. He was made like that. I don't believe the girl married her vestryman, though. You wouldn't, you know, after you had been in love with a faun.

"And all that is left of it for me, really"—Hoyting threw away the ultimate cigarette, and rose—"is that sometimes, in a tropically humorous situation, I see that blue veil, and hear that flat voice saying: 'You know, I have no prejudices.' If you ever run across the woman in the flesh, telegraph me. I'll get into the other hemisphere."

I made no reply, for evidently Hoyting had absolutely nothing more to say. We went through the little gate. I closed it carefully, and five minutes later I separated from Hoyting on the deserted strand.

## PORTRAIT OF A JUDGE

By Arthur Davison Ficke

HE sits impassive, high above the tears  
Of women and the stifling dumb despair  
Of men. Not all the ruin that they wear  
Perturbs him, nor the wreck of all their years.  
No tremor stirs him though the words he hears  
Like rain-swept shadows fill this shaken air  
With horror to the eye that, watching there,  
Sees the defenceless head, the doom that nears.

He sits; and on his face slow wrinkles grow  
As year by year all pleading he denies  
Of error, pity, pain, misguided worth:  
Speaking the law, dealing the bitter blow,  
Guarding his heart with grave and troubled eyes—  
That justice may not perish from the earth.



# THE EVOLUTION OF SCENE-PAINTING

By Brander Matthews

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AFTER MODELS AND FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS



ONLY recently have students of the stage seized the full significance of the fact that dramatic literature is always conditioned by the circumstances of the special theatre for which it was designed. They are at last beginning to perceive that they need to know how a play was originally represented by actors before an audience and in a theatre, to enable them to appreciate adequately the technical skill of the poet who composed it. The dramatist is subdued to what he works in; and he can accomplish only that which is possible in the particular playhouse for which his pieces were destined. For the immense open-air auditorium of ancient Athens, with its orchestra levelled at the foot of the curving hill-side whereon thousands of spectators took their places, the dramatic poet had to select a simple story and to build massively. For the unadorned platform of the Tudor theatre, with its arras pendent from the gallery above the stage, the playwright was compelled to heap up swift episodes violent with action. For the eighteenth-century playhouse, with its "apron" projecting far beyond the line of the curtain, the dramatist was tempted to revel in ornate eloquence and in elaborate wit. And nowadays the dramatic author utilizes skilfully all the manifold resources of the twentieth-century picture-frame stage, not only to give external reality to the several places where his story is supposed to be laid, but also to lend to these stage-sets the characteristic atmosphere demanded by his theme.

Merely literary critics, secluded in their studies, intent upon the poetry of a play and desirous of deducing its philosophy, rarely seek to visualize a performance on the stage; and they are therefore inclined to be disdainful of the purely theatrical conditions to which its author had perforce to adjust his work. As a result they

sometimes misunderstand the dramatic poet's endeavors and misinterpret his intentions. On the other hand, purely theatrical critics may be inclined to pay too much attention to stage arrangements, stage business, and stage settings, and even on occasion to disregard the dramatist's message and his power of creating character to consider his technic alone. And yet it can scarcely be denied that the theatrical critics are nearer to the proper method of approach than the literary critics who neglect the light which a careful consideration of stage conditions and of stage traditions casts upon the masterpieces of the drama.

Since all these masterpieces of the drama were devised to be heard and to be seen rather than to be read, the great dramatic poets have always been solicitous about the visual appeal of their plays. They have ever been anxious to garnish their pieces with the utmost scenic embellishment, and the utmost spectacular accompaniment of the special kind that a play of that particular type could profit by. This is as true of Sophocles, of Shakespeare, and of Molière as it is of Kotzebue, of Sardou, and of Clyde Fitch. In view of the importance of this scenic embellishment, and of its influence upon the methods of the successive playwrights, there is cause for wonder no one has yet written a satisfactory history of the art of the scene-painter as this has been developed through the long ages. The materials for this narrative are abundant, even if they still lie in confusion. Certain parts of the field have been surveyed here and there; but no substantial treatise has yet been devoted to this alluring investigation. The scholar who shall hereafter undertake the task will need a double qualification: he must master the annals of painting in Renaissance Italy, and later in France and in England, and he must familiarize himself with the circumstances

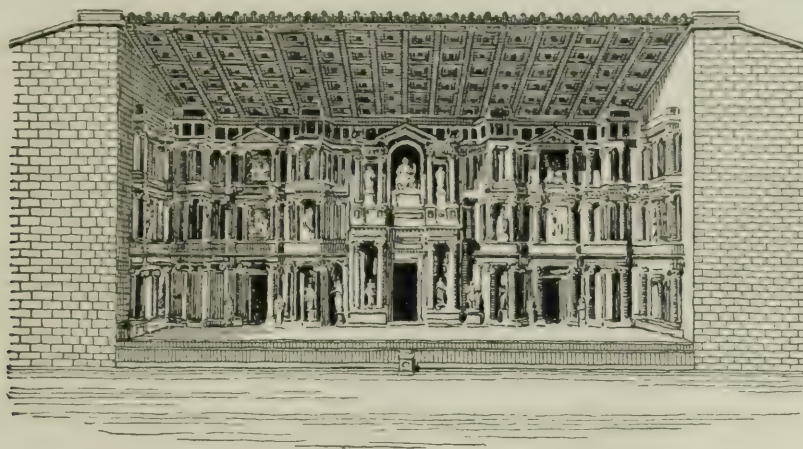


of the theatre at the several periods when the art of the scene-painter took its successive steps in advance.

It is partly because we have no manual covering the whole field that we find so many unwarranted assertions in the studies of the scholars who confine their criticism to a single period of the develop-

utility in the past and which is accepted by the public in the present; and many of the peculiarities of the Tudor theatre are survivals from the mediæval stage.

There are still to be found classical scholars who accept the existence of a raised stage in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens, and even of painted scenery such



The Roman Theatre at Orange.

(From the model at the Paris Opéra.)

ment of the drama. Partly also is this due to the fact that we are each of us so accustomed to the theatres of our own century, and of our own country, that we find it difficult not to assume similar conditions in the theatres of other centuries and other countries. Thus the Shakespearian commentators of the early eighteenth century seem not to have doubted that the English playhouse in the days of Elizabeth was not unlike the English playhouse in the days of Anne; and as a result they cut up the plays of Shakespeare into acts and into scenes, each supposed to take place in a different spot, in accord with the eighteenth-century stage practice, and absolutely without any justification from the customs of the Tudor theatre. This was the result of looking back, and of believing that the late sixteenth-century stage must have resembled the early eighteenth-century stage. We are now beginning to see that, in our effort to recapture the methods of the Elizabethan theatre, we must first understand the customs of the mediæval stage, and then to look forward from that point. Of all places in the world, the playhouse is perhaps the most conservative, and the most reluctant to relinquish anything which has proved its

as we moderns know; and they find support in the assertion of Aristotle that among the improvements due to Sophocles was the introduction of "scenery." But what did the Greek word in the text of Aristotle which is rendered into English as "scenery" really mean? At least, what did it connote to an Athenian? Something very different, we may be sure, from what the term "scenery" connotes to us. Certainly the physical conditions of the stageless Attic theatre precluded the possibility of painted scenes such as we are now familiar with. That there were no methods of representing realistically, or even summarily, the spot where the action is taking place, is proved by the detailed descriptions of these spots, which the dramatic poet is careful to put into the mouths of his characters whenever he wishes the audience to visualize the appropriate background of the action. We may be assured that the dramatists would never have wasted time in describing what the spectators had before their eyes. Ibsen and Rostand and d'Annunzio are poets, each in his own fashion, but their plays are devoid of all descriptions of the special spot where the action passes; that task has been spared them by the labors





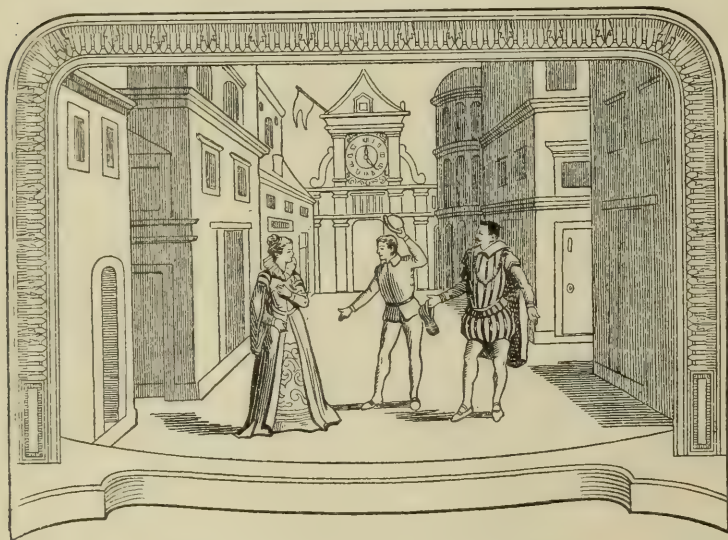
The multiple-set of the French mediæval stage.  
(From the model in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.)

of the modern scene-painter, working upon their specific directions.

As there was no scenery in the Greek theatre, so there was little or none in the Roman. M. Camille Saint-Saëns once suggested that certain airy scaffoldings in the Pompeian wall-paintings were perhaps derived from scenic accessories. But this seems unlikely enough; and the surviving Latin playhouses have a wide and shallow stage, closed in by a sumptuous architectural background, suggesting the front of a palace with three portals, often conveniently utilized as the en-

moderns know the art, there is not a trace.

It is not until we come to the mysteries of the Middle Ages that we find the beginnings of the modern art; and even here it is only a most rudimentary attempt that we can discover. The mystery probably developed earliest in France, as it certainly flourished there most abundantly; and the French represented the dramatized Bible story on a long, shallow platform, at the back of which they strung along a row of summary indications of certain necessary places, beginning with Heaven, on the spectator's left, and ending with Hell, on his right, and including the temple, the house of the high-priest, and the palace of Herod. These necessary places were called "mansions," and they served to localize the action whenever this was deemed advisable—the front of the platform remaining a neutral ground which might be anywhere. But these mansions do not prove the existence of scene-painters; they were very slight erections, a canopy over an altar serving to indicate the temple and a little portico sufficing to represent



The set of the Italian comedy of masks.

trances to the separate dwellings of the several characters. Again we may infer the absence of scenery from the elaboration with which Plautus, for one, localizes the habitations of his leading characters. In Rome, as in Athens, some kind of a summary indication of locality, some easily understood symbol, may have been employed; but of scene-painting, as we

a palace; and they were probably built by house-carpenters, and painted by house-painters, just as any boat which might be called for would be constructed by the shipwrights.

And as we need not assume the forming of a guild of scene-painters because of these mansions which performed some of the functions of our modern scenery, so



also we must not assume it because the mediæval artisans invented a variety of elaborate spectacular devices, flying angels for example, and roaring flames from Hell-mouth. Even in the stageless and sceneless Attic theatre there had been many mechanical effects of one kind or another, especially in the plays of Euripides—the soaring dragon chariot of Medea, for instance, and the similar contrivance whereby a god might descend from the skies. Mechanical tricks, even when they are most ingenious, do not imply the aid of the scene-painter; and even to-day they are the task of the property-man, or of the master mechanic, although the scene-painter's aid may be invoked also to make them more effective. That there were property-makers in the Middle Ages admits of no doubt, and also highly skilled artificers delighting in the daring ingenuity of their inventions. There were abundant properties, it may be noted, on the Elizabethan stage—well-heads, thrones, and arbors. Henslow's diary records payment for a variety of such accessories; but there is not in that invaluable volume a single entry indicating any payment for anything equivalent to the work of the scene-painter.

Adroit as were the French mechanics who prepared the abundant spectacular effects of the mediæval mysteries, they were surpassed in skill by the Italian engineers of the Renaissance who lent their aid to the superb outdoor festivals wherein the expanding artistic energy of the period was most magnificently displayed. Leonardo da Vinci did not disdain to design machines disclosing a surprising fertility of resource. It was from those outdoor spectacles of the Italians that the French court-ballets are directly descended, and also the English masques, which demanded the collaboration of Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson. Yet

at first the Italians got along without the aid of the yet unborn scene-painter; and the inventions of the engineer were carried out by the house-carpenter and the decorator. Even as late as the seventeenth century a magnificent spectacle presented



Le Ballet de la Reine

A French court-ballet, in the early seventeenth century.

in the garden of the Pitti Palace, in Florence, relied mainly upon the ingenious engineer and scarcely at all upon the scene-painter. It seems probable that it is here in Italy in the Renaissance, and at first as an accompaniment of the outdoor spectacle (or of its indoor rival), that the art of the actual scene-painter had its birth. The engineers required the aid of the artists—indeed, in those days, when there was little specialization of function, the engineers were almost always artists themselves, capable of their own decoration.

In time there would be necessary spe-



cialization, and after a while certain artists came to devote themselves chiefly to scene-painting, finding their immediate opportunity in the decoration of the operas, which then began to multiply. The opera has always been aristocratic, expensive, and spectacular; and it continued the tradition of the highly decorated, open-air festivals. In fact, it improved upon this tradition in so far as that was possible, and it achieved a variety of mechanical effects scarcely less complicated than those which charm our eyes to-day in "Rheingold" and "Parsifal." Thirty years ago the late Charles Nuitter, the archivist of the Paris Opéra, and himself a librettist of wide experience, drew my attention to Sabbatini's "*Practica di fabricar scene e machini ne teatri*," published in 1638, and declared that the resources of the Opéra did not then go beyond those which were at the command of the Italians three centuries earlier. "They could do then," he asserted, "almost everything that we can do now here at the Opéra. They could bring a ship on the stage under full sail, for example. We have only one superiority over them: we have abundant light now; we have electricity, and they were dependent on candles and lamps."

Yet even in Italy, in the Renaissance, the most popular form of the drama, the improvised play which we call the "comedy of masks," was performed in a traditional stage setting representing an open square whereon only the back-cloth seems to have been the work of the scene-painter, the sides of the stage being occupied by four or more houses, two or three on each side, often consisting of little more than a practicable door, with a practicable window over it, not made of canvas but constructed out of wood by the carpenter with the solidity demanded by the climbing feats of the athletic comedians and by their acrobatic agility. The traditional set of the comedy of masks conformed to that recommended for the comic drama by Serlio, in his treatise on architecture published in 1545; but it may be noted also that Serlio's suggested set for the tragic drama was not dissimilar—although it was distinctly more dignified.

The opera was the direct descendant of the court-ballet (known in England as the

masque), as that in its turn seems to have been derived from the open-air spectacle of the Italian Renaissance, such as survived in Florence in the seventeenth century. In the beginning the court-ballet of France, like the masque of England, was not given in a theatre with a stage shut off by a proscenium arch, but in the ball-room or banqueting-hall of a palace. One end of this spacious apartment, often but not always provided with a raised platform, served as the stage, whereon one or more places were represented, a mountain, for instance, and a grotto, at first only by the decorated machines of the artistic engineers, but afterward by the canvas frames of scene-painters. The action of the court-ballet or of the masque was not necessarily confined to this stage, so to call it. The spectators were ranged along the walls and under the galleries (if there were any), leaving the main part of the hall bare, and the performers descended frequently into this area, which was left free for them and which was better fitted for their dances and processions and other intricate evolutions than the scant and cluttered stage.

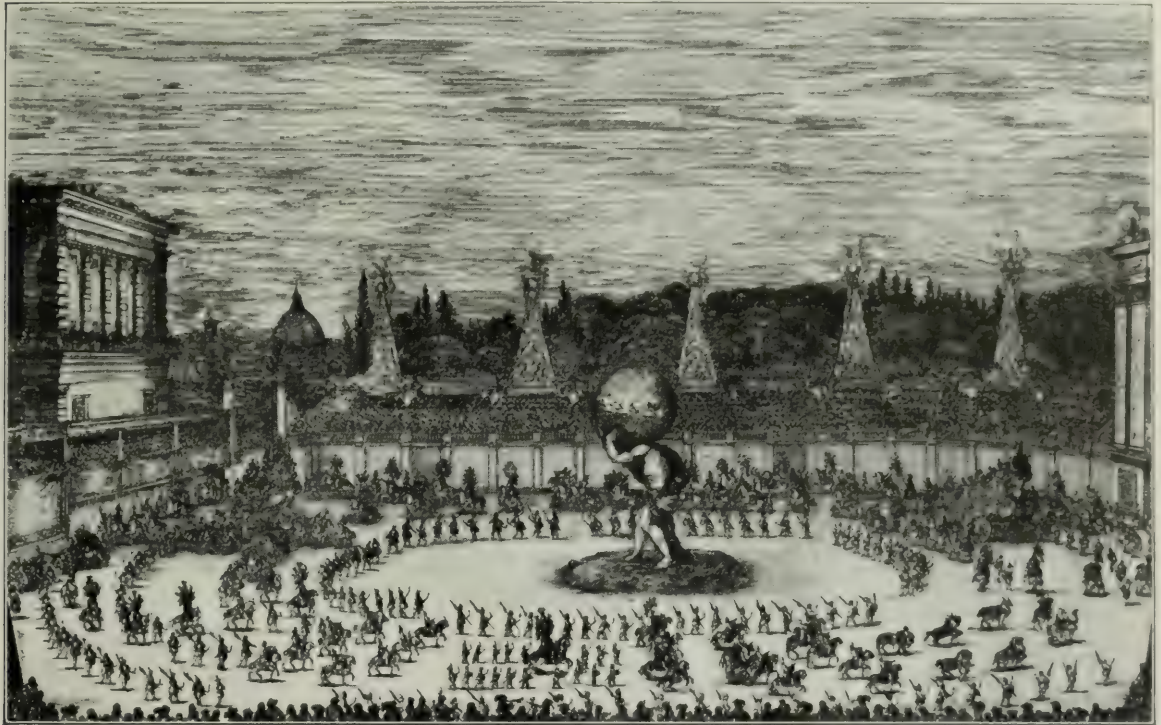
A twentieth-century analogue to this sixteenth-century practice can be seen in the spectacles presented in our modern three-ringed circuses—the "Cleopatra," for example, recently the opening item on the Barnum and Bailey programme, where the Roman troops and the Egyptian populace came down from the stage and paraded around the arena. Bacon, in his essay on "Masques," used the word "scenery" as though he meant only decorated scaffolds, perhaps movable; and his expression of desire for room "to be kept clear" implies the use of the body of the hall for the manœuvres of the performers. Ludovic Celler, in his study of "*Mise en scène au dix-septième siècle*" in France, shows that the action of the court-ballet was sometimes intermitted so that the spectators could join in the dancing, as at an ordinary ball. In the earlier Italian open-air festivals and in the earlier French court-ballets there was not even a proscenium sharply separating the stage from the rest of the hall; but in England, by the time of Inigo Jones, the advantage of a proscenium had been discovered, and



we have more than one of the sketches which that skilful designer devised for his masques. But even then this proscenium was not permanent and architecturally conventionalized; it was invented afresh

lingers also in the variety shows, where it is the proper setting for many items of their miscellaneous programmes.

Although the Italians had discovered perspective early in the Renaissance, they



An outdoor entertainment in the gardens of the Pitti Palace in Florence in the early sixteenth century.

(From a contemporary print.)

for every successive entertainment; and it was adorned with devices peculiar to that particular masque. Inigo Jones had also advanced to the use of actual scenery, that is to say, of canvas stretched upon frames and then painted. Mr. Hamilton Bell believes it possible that the invention of "grooves," to sustain wings and flaps, may be ascribed to Inigo, or to his assistant and successor, Webb.

Even in the Italian opera, where all the scenery was due to the brush of the scene-painter, there was for a long while a formal and monotonous regularity. Whether the set was an interior or an exterior, a public place or a hall in a palace, the arrangement was rectangular, with a drop at the back and a series of wings on either side equidistant from one another. This stiff representation of a locality is preserved for us nowadays in the toy-theatres which we buy for our children. It is still seen on the actual stage only in certain acts of old-fashioned opera. It

utilized it on the stage timidly at first, bestowing their rectangular regularity upon all their sets, both in their architectural interiors and exteriors and in their rural scenes, in which rigid wood-wings receded, diminishing in height, to a landscape painted on the drop at the back, thus leaving the whole stage free for the actors. Not until the end of the seventeenth century did an Italian scene-painter, Bibiena, venture to abandon the balanced symmetry of the square set and to slant his perspective so as to present buildings at an acute angle, thereby not only gaining a pleasing variety but also enlarging immensely the apparent spaciousness of the scene, since he was able to carry the eyes of the spectator into vague distances, and to suggest far more than he was able to display. This advance was accompanied by a more liberal use of stairways and platforms—"practicables" as the stage phrase is, that is to say, built up by the carpenters so that the actors could go from





The screen scene of the "School for Scandal" at Drury Lane in 1778.

(From a contemporary print.)

one level to another. Hitherto flights of steps and balconies had been only painted and could not be used by the performers.

A similar development took place also in the landscape scenes; the foreground was raised irregularly, so that the persons of the play might climb up. Practicable bridges were swung across torrents; and the former formality of the pastoral and forest scenes began to disappear. Apparently the scene-painters were influenced at this time by the landscape-painters, more especially by Poussin. The interrelation of painting and scene-painting, each in turn affecting the other, is far closer than most historians of pictorial art have perceived. It is not unlikely, for example, that Gainsborough and Constable (who were the fathers of the Barbizon men) had been stimulated by the stage-pictures of De Lutherbourg. David Garrick profited by the innovating art of De Lutherbourg, who came to England in 1771. Apparently it was De Lutherbourg who invented "raking-pieces," as the scene-painters term the low fragments of scenery which mark the inclines of mounds. To him also is credited the first

use of transparent cloths to reproduce the effect of moonlight upon water and to suggest the flames of volcanoes. Thus to him must be ascribed the beginnings of that complicated realism by which our latter-day scene-painters are enabled to create an appropriate atmosphere for poetic episodes.

The next step in advance, and one of the most important in the slow development of the scene-painter's art, took place in France early in the nineteenth century and simultaneous with the Romanticist movement, which modified the aims and ambitions of the artists as much as it did those of the poets. The severe stateliness of the stage-set which was adequate for the Classicist tragedies of Racine and Voltaire, generally an indefinite interior of an indefinite palace, stiff and empty, was hopelessly unsuitable for the fiery dramas of Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas. An even greater opportunity for spectacular regeneration was afforded in these same early decades of the nineteenth century by the bold and moving librettos which Scribe constructed for Meyerbeer and Halévy at the Opéra and

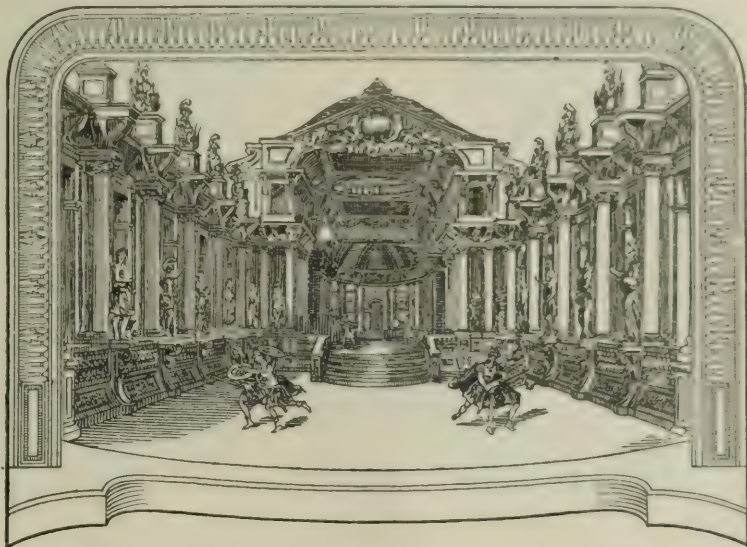


for Auber at the Opéra-Comique. The exciting cause of the scenic complexities that we find in Wagner's music dramas can be discovered in these librettos of Scribe's, from "Robert le Diable" to "L'Africaine." For one act of "Robert le Diable," that in which the spectral nuns dance among the tombs under the rays of the moon, Ciceri invented the most striking and novel setting yet exhibited on any stage—a setting not surpassed in poetic glamour by any since seen in the theatre, although its eerie beauty may have been rivalled by one scene in the "Source," a ballet produced also at the Opéra forty-five years ago—a moonlit tarn in a forest glade, with half-seen sylphs floating lightly over its silvered surface. This exquisitely poetic set was imported from Paris to New York, and inserted in the brilliant spectacle of the "White Fawn."

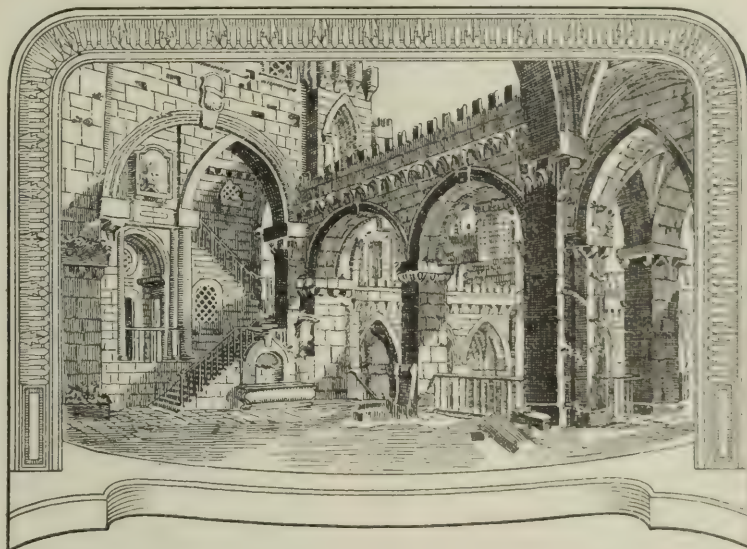
The ample effect of these scenes was made possible only by the immense improvement in the illumination of the stage due to the introduction of gas. Up to the first quarter of the nineteenth century the stage-decorator had been dependent upon lamps—a few of them arranged at the rim of the curving apron which jutted out into the auditorium far beyond the proscenium, and a few more hidden here and there in the flies and wings. Early in the nineteenth century gas supplanted oil, and a little later than the middle of the century gas was powerfully supplemented by the calcium light. Toward the end of the century gas in its turn gave way to the far more useful electric light, which could be directed anywhere, in any quantity, and which could be controlled and colored at will. It was Henry Irving, more especially in his marvellous mounting of a rather

tawdry version of "Faust," who revealed the delicate artistic possibilities of our modern facilities for stage illumination.

In France the Romanticist movement



The set for the opera of "Persée" (as performed at the Opéra in Paris in the seventeenth century).



A prison (designed by Bibiena in Italy in the eighteenth century).

of Hugo was swiftly succeeded by the Realistic movement of Balzac, who was the earliest novelist to relate the leading personages of his studies from life to a characteristic background, and to bring out the intimate association of persons and places. From the novel this evocation of characteristic surroundings was taken over by the drama; and a persistent effort was made to have the successive sets of a play suggestive and significant in themselves, and also representative of the main theme of the piece. The actors



were no longer dependent upon the "float," as the foot-lights had been called; they did not need to advance out on the

enough to us, but it was a startling innovation fourscore years ago. When the "School for Scandal" had been originally produced at Drury Lane, in 1778, the library of Joseph Surface, where Lady Teazle hides behind the screen, was represented by a drop at the back on which a window was painted and by wings set starkly parallel to this back-drop and painted to represent columns. There were no doors; and Joseph and Charles, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, walked on through the openings between the wings very much as though they were passing through the non-existent walls. To us this would be shocking, but it was perfectly acceptable to English play-goers then.



A landscape set.

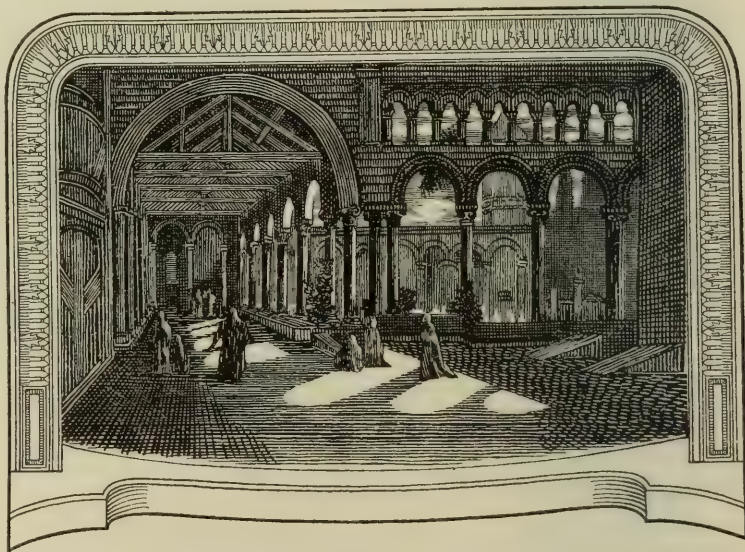
(Designed by F. Fontanesi in Italy in the eighteenth century.)

"apron" to let the spectators follow the changing expression of their faces; and in time the apron was cut back to the line of the proscenium arch, and the curtain rose and fell in a picture-frame, which cut the actors off from their proximity to the audience—a proximity forever tempting the dramatic poet to the purely oratorical effects proper enough on a platform. A most momentous change this was from the platform stage of the past to the picture-frame stage of the present, and the ultimate consequences of this change have not yet completely disclosed themselves.

When the modern play calls for an interior this interior now takes on the semblance of an actual room. Apparently the "box-set," as it is called, the closed-in room with its walls and its ceiling, was first seen in England in 1841, when "London Assurance" was produced; but very likely it had earlier made its appearance in Paris at the Gymnase. To supply a room with walls of a seeming solidity, with doors, and with windows appears natural

To them, in fact, it seemed natural, since they were familiar with no other way of getting into a room on the stage.

The invention of the box-set, of a room



A set for the opera of "Robert le Diable."

(At the Paris Opéra.)

with walls and ceilings, doors and windows, led inevitably to the appropriate furnishing of this room with tangible tables and chairs. Even in the eighteenth century the stage had been very empty; it was adorned only with the furniture especially demanded by the action of the drama; and the rest of the furniture—bookcases and sideboards, chairs and ta-



bles—was frankly painted on the wings and on the back-drop by the side of the painted mantel-pieces, the painted windows, and the painted doors. In the plays of the twentieth century characters sit down and change from seat to seat; but in the plays produced in England and in France before the first quarter of the nineteenth century all the actors stood all the time—or at least they were allowed to sit only under the stress of dramatic necessity, as in the fourth act of "Tartuffe," for instance. In all of Molière's comedies there are scarcely half a dozen characters who have occasion to sit down; and this sitting down is limited to three or four of his more than thirty pieces. Nowadays every effort is made to capture the external realities of life. Sardou was not more careful in composing stage settings to his liking than was Ibsen

sonality of his "Peter Grimm" the exact habitation to which that appealing creature would return in his desire to undo



The set of "Œdipe-Roi" (at Comédie-Française).

after death what in life he had rashly commanded.

While the scene-painter of our time is most often called upon to realize the actual in an interior and to delight us with a room the dominant quality of which is that it looks as though it was really lived in by the personages we see moving around in it, he is not confined to those domestic scenes. There are other plays than the modern social dramas; and these other plays make other demands upon the artist. On occasion he has to supply a gorgeous scenic accompaniment for the Roman and Egyptian episodes of "Antony and Cleopatra," to suggest the blasted heath where Macbeth may meet the weird sisters, and to call



The set of "The Return of Peter Grimm."

(From the model in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.)

in procuring the scenic environment that he needed. The author's minute description of the scenes where the action of the "Doll's House" and of "Ghosts" passes proves that Ibsen had visualized sharply the precise interior which was, in his mind, the only possible home for the creatures of his imagination. And Mr. Belasco has recently bestowed upon the winning per-

up before our delighted eyes the placid charm of the Forest of Arden. The awkward and inconsistent skyboards, strips of pendent canvas wholly unsatisfactory as substitutes for the vast depths of the starry heavens, he is able to dispense with by lowering a little the hangings at the top edge of the picture-frame and by thus limiting the upward gaze of the spectators



so that he can forego an impossible attempt to imitate the changing sky. He can achieve an effect of limitless space, as in "The Arrow Maker" and "The Garden of Allah," by the use of a cyclorama

all the pomp that his lofty themes and his marvellous workmanship may demand. But the tragedies of the mighty dramatic poets ought not to be used merely as pegs on which to hang gorgeous apparel.

After all, the play's the thing; and whenever the scene-painter and his invading partner, the stage-manager, are tempted to oust the drama from its pre-eminence and to substitute an exhibition of their accessory arts, the result is a betrayal of the playwright.

A distinguished British art critic told me that when the curtain rose at a recent revival of "Twelfth Night" and disclosed Olivia's garden, he sat entranced at the beauty of the spectacle be-

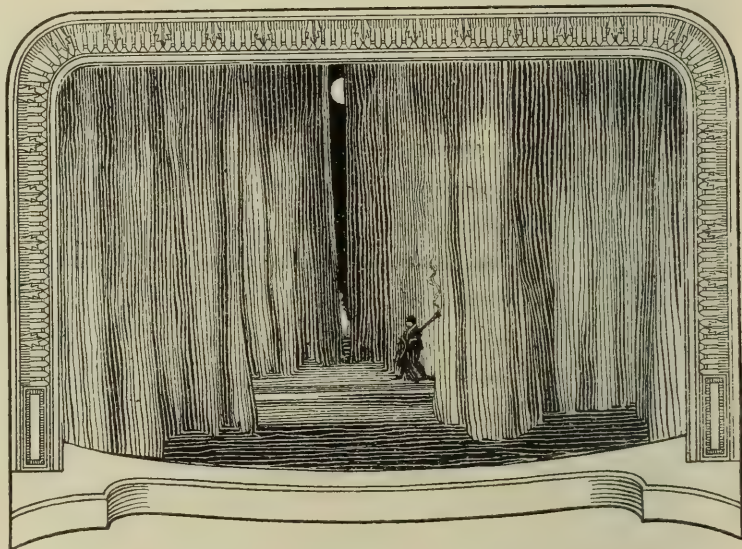


The set of the last act of "The Garden of Allah."

(From the model in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.)

background, the drop being suspended from a semi-circular rod which runs around the top of the stage, shutting in the view absolutely and yet permitting a representation of sand and sky meeting afar off on the faint horizon.

In the past half-century, and more especially since the improvement of the electric light, scene-painting has become very elaborate and very expensive. Instead of being kept in its proper place as the decoration of the drama, as a beautiful accessory of the action, it has often been pushed to the front, so as to attract attention to itself and thereby to distract attention from the play which it was supposed to illuminate. Shakespeare has been smothered in scenery, and the art of the actor has been subordinated to the art of the scene-painter. Now, it must be admitted that nothing is too good for the masterpieces of the drama, and that Sophocles, no less than Shakespeare, ought to be presented to the public with



A set for "Hamlet," Act I: Scene IV.

(Designed by Mr. Gordon Craig.)

fore his eyes, with its subtle harmonies of color, so entranced indeed that he found himself distinctly annoyed when the actors came on the stage and began to talk. For the moment, at least, he wished them away, as disturbers of his æsthetic delight in the lovely picture which his eyes were feasting on. But even a stage setting as captivating as this might very well be justified if it had been employed to fill a gap in the action and to buttress up the interest of an episode where the dramatist had allowed the appeal of his story to re-



lax. Perrin, the manager of the Comédie Française thirty years ago, declined to produce a French version of "Othello," because he found a certain dramatic emptiness in the scenes at Cyprus at the opening of the second act, which he felt he would have to mask by the beauty of spectacular architecture, too costly an expedient, in his opinion, for the finances of the theatre just then.

It was Perrin, however, who produced the French version of the "Œdipus the King" of Sophocles, and who bestowed upon it a single set of wonderful charm and power, at once dignified, appropriate, and beautiful in itself. It represented an open space between a temple and the palace of the ill-fated Œdipus, with an altar in the centre and with the profile of another temple projected against the distant sky and relieved by the tall, spare outline of the poplar-trees.

The monotony of a rectangular architectural construction was avoided by placing all the buildings on a slant, the whole elevation of the temple being visible on the left of the spectators, whereas only a corner of the colonnade of the palace on the right was displayed. This set at the Théâtre Français was the absolute antithesis of the original scenic surroundings in the theatre of Dionysus more than two thousand years ago, when the masterpiece of Sophocles had been performed in the open-air orchestra, with only a hut of skins or a temporary wooden building to serve as a background for the bas-reliefs of the action.

So elaborate, complicated, and costly have stage sets become in the past half-century, that there are already signs of the violent reaction that might be expected. Mr. Gordon Craig, an artist of remarkable individuality, has gone so far as to propose what is almost an abolition of scene-painting. He seeks to attain effects of massive simplicity by the use of unadorned hangings and of huge bare screens, thus substituting vast spaces for the realistic details of the modern scene-

painter. No doubt there are a few plays for which this method of decoration would be appropriate enough—M. Maeterlinck's "Intruder" for one, and his "Sightless" for another, plays which are independent of time and space and in which the action appears to pass in some undiscovered limbo. As yet the advanced



A set for "Medea."

(Designed by Herr Gustav Lindemann.)

and iconoclastic theories of Mr. Craig have made few adherents, the most notable being the German, Reinhardt, who lacks Mr. Craig's fine feeling for form and color and who is continually tempted into rather ugly eccentricities of design, being apparently moved rather by the desire to be different from his predecessors than by the wish to be superior to them.

Interesting as are Mr. Craig's suggestions, and well founded as may be his protest against the excessive ornamentation to which we are too prone nowadays, there is no reason to fear that his principles will prevail. The art of the scene-painter is too welcome, it is too plainly in accord with the predilections of the twentieth century, for it to be annihilated by the fiat of a daring and reckless innovator. That the producers should hearken to Mr. Craig's warnings and curb their tendency to needless extravagance will be wise; but we may rest assured that a return to the unadorned simplicity of the Attic theatre, or of the English theatre in the time of the Tudors, is frankly unthinkable now that the art of scene-painting has been developed to its present possi-



bilities. In fact, the probability is rather that the scene-painters will continue to enlarge the boundaries of their territory, and to discover new means and new methods of delighting our eyes by their evocations of interesting places.

Perhaps they would be more encouraged to go on and conquer new worlds if there was a wider recognition of the artistic value of their work. Although De Luxembourg and Stanfield won honorable positions in the history of painting by their easel pictures, the art of scene-painting does not hold the place in the public esteem that many of its practitioners deserve. Théophile Gautier—often negligible as a critic of the acted drama, but always worth listening to when he turned to pictorial art—was frequent in praise of the scene-painters of his time and of scene-painting itself as a craft of exceeding difficulty and of inadequate appreciation. Perhaps one reason why the scene-painter has not received his due meed of praise is because his work is not preserved. It exists only during the run of the play which it decorates. When the piece disappears from the boards, the scenes which adorned it vanish from sight. They linger only in the memory of those who happened to see this one play—and then only in the memory of such spectators as have trained themselves to pay attention to stage pictures. For the scene-painter there is no Luxembourg; still less is there any Louvre. As Gautier sympathetically declared: "It is sad to think that nothing survives of those masterpieces destined to live a few evenings only, and disappearing from the washed canvas to give place to other marvels, equally fugitive. How much invention, talent, and genius may

be lost—and not always leaving even a name!"

It is pleasant to know that at the Opéra in Paris a formal order of the government has for now a half-century prescribed the preservation of the original models—the little miniature sets which the scene-painter submits for the approval of the manager and the dramatist before he begins work upon the actual scene. These models are always upon the same scale—in France this is three centimetres to the metre and in America it is a half-inch to the foot. In the Paris Opéra a dozen of these models are set up to be viewed by visitors to the library. Of course, no tiny model, however cleverly fashioned, can give the full effect of the scene which has been conceived in terms of a huge stage; and yet the miniature reproductions do not betray the scene-painter as much as an engraving or a photograph often betrays the painter. Whatever its limitations, and they are obvious enough, the collection of models at the Opéra is at least an attempt to retard the oblivion that Théophile Gautier deplored, and to provide for the scene-painter a substitute, however inadequate, for the Louvre and the Luxembourg.

In the dramatic museum recently established at Columbia University and intended primarily to contain models of theatres of historic importance in the development of the drama, space has now been provided for a few models of scenery, including the realistic and characteristic interior which served for the three acts of "Peter Grimm," and also the final scene of "The Garden of Allah," with its vista of the vast Sahara stretching away in every direction.



# EDUCATING THE BINNEYS

By Olivia Howard Dunbar

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITTLE



LIKE a stage army, the Binney children were in constant circulation, yet, because of the exiguity of shipboard, never all visible at any one time. So it may be that the effect of multitude that they produced during our voyage was at least partly illusory. I did refer the question to their mother, but the most curious of Leota's various puzzling aspects, at the time of our encounter, was her reticence in regard to her orderly and homogeneous brood, who were bafflingly of the same shape, size, and color, and as difficult to count as the flock of sheep that you evoke lying in bed with your eyes closed. "We're taking them home to be educated," was the solitary formula to which their mother clung. From this point she drifted always into evasiveness. And I found that I grew drowsy as often as I made an independent effort to reduce the infant Binneys to statistics.

Perhaps the thing would not have obsessed me so if the robust curiosity of the Westovers, with whom I was travelling, hadn't centred on this very point. But I remained absurdly unable to answer them, and, in the light of my consequent chagrin, it even struck me that Leota herself had sometimes a faintly shamed attitude toward her children that was manifestly inexplicable in view of their creditable appearance and the entirely orthodox circumstances of their birth. They were much nicer than their too professionally clerical father—and yet she strove to obscure the Reverend Wilbur Binney by no mitigating veil. One got the singular impression that she was vaguely trying to conceal her progeny, as if they were large feet or contraband finery. I remember even suspecting that she considered them out of fashion—the kind of possession one frugally conserved but did not flaunt.

It hadn't, of course, been in the least surprising to discover Leota Binney on

the steamer at Naples. For there was scarcely a spot in the Orient where a Circleville face, pale, exotic, conscious of its irreproachable purpose, hadn't met my expectant look. They had always taught us at home that the East—or India and Egypt, at all events—was in a sense our own especial territory, fenced off, practically, from the rest of the world, and patiently awaiting our beneficent approach. The Himalayas used, indeed, to seem nearer than the Adirondacks, and Cairo rather less distant and foreign than New York. All this, of course, was because of the lively spiritual commerce that we conducted with the antipodes. A one-sided commerce in my early days—our woman's club hadn't then begun to study the Vedas. But one that from the beginning had a strongly personal side. There are few of our families that haven't a close connection with heathen strongholds, for the consequence of maintaining a theological seminary in Circleville is that we've been, for a generation or two, the main supply centre for missionaries' wives. Leota, therefore, was one of many—so many that I had really forgotten what had become of her. And I should not have supposed she would remember even the look of me.

But at the very first glimpse she had hastily tossed two very young children on her husband's spare, sable lap, and seized me in a disconcertingly warm embrace. The poor creature had been too long an exile, one could see that; she was homesick to the point of hysteria. It was a case where that sallow apostle, her husband, could not minister to her. Her psychic surfaces seemed to have become insensible to domestic contact. But I, habitual wanderer though I was, embodied home to her. I was America, I was the Middle West, I was Circleville itself. I carried with me something of Circleville's pungent provincial atmosphere, I spoke its loved familiar speech. We became in-



timate in an hour. There was no resisting the famine in Leota's eyes.

It was a bit of a bore at first, although I was ashamed to feel it so. Leota's savagely insistent curiosity demanded, after all, such insipid food. I could have summoned romance or tragedy, had she asked for them, and even perhaps recalled a whiff or two of scandal. But to describe the furnishings of Opal Jennison's new house, or pretend I remembered the frocks worn at Arvilla Sweet's wedding, were services that I fear I performed rather sleepily. Leota's interests, so far as she confessed them, were as banal and simple as the youngest schoolgirl's. And yet—and yet—it wasn't wholly from a sisterly sympathy that I maintained our intimacy. For, with all her ingenuousness, she had her reserves; and these intrigued me. There was a queer knowledge in Leota's eyes—a knowledge that her suddenly dropped lids were always masking. There were subjects you couldn't bring her to the brink of—she would dodge with the most determined affectation of innocence. Even the poor woman's homesickness came to seem to me a mysteriously exaggerated emotion. But I don't know why I should have taken it for granted that the simple creature's secrets would in time become my secrets too.

It was an evidence, I thought, of Leota's unnatural and almost trance-like condition that she made such scant response to the occasional civil advances of the Westovers. This at first surprised me the more because Clara Westover, a round, smooth, worldly woman, who frankly couldn't abide missionaries but adored children, had paid flattering court to as many of the Binney brood as she could identify and waylay. And you would suppose that to have practised motherhood on the scale that Leota had, one must have the enthusiasm of a specialist. But it occurred to me that any stray maiden aunt would have shown more pride than she in the quite charming blond pattern to which each one of the innumerable little Binneys conformed.

My own preoccupations being those of the tourist, I had hoped to learn something from Leota about India itself. But it was as though she had during her exile lain under a spell. She seemed to have

perceived strangely little, and that little she was too indifferent to recall. Such information as I received, therefore, came through the Reverend Mr. Binney, who, in addition to his morning sermon, gave a Sunday afternoon address on "Prayer and Praise in the Punjab." He styled himself "the King's messenger," and adhered closely to the stock metaphors of the evangelical pulpit. Somehow I could not picture myself yielding to his exhortation, were I a heathen soul.

We were in mid-Atlantic when Leota led me one afternoon to an unfrequented corner of an upper deck, where we could but faintly hear the boots and the voices of the Binney children as they defiled below us—and besought me once again to help her picture the scenes and figures of Circleville. But I had already told her all I knew, and when a steward scudded obliquely past us with tea I eagerly hailed him by way of interruption. Shortly after, refreshed by the interval, I braced myself for the counter-attack.

"Leota," I demanded, "you haven't told me why you didn't care more for India. Was it so different from what you had thought?"

Leota drew a bottle from a bag that hung at her waist and applied it to the suddenly contented lips of the youngest Binney, who, as usual, occupied her unmaternal lap. Then she turned to me with a surprisingly candid look.

"I wish it *had* been different. . . . But didn't I know beforehand just what India was? Hadn't I been listening to returned missionaries all my life? You ought to remember—you heard them too. They all dwelt on the same things—and they were just the things I always knew I couldn't bear. Oh, you know what I mean—the dirt—and disease—and the low ways of living. Don't you remember the Saturday afternoons when they dragged us away from 'playing house,' and dressed us in our best frocks with pink ribbons, and sent us to the girls' missionary meetings? And do you know the old ladies in tight, black silk dresses who used to talk to us? They tried to throw in a little diversion by talking sometimes of elephants and monkeys, but they never amused *me*. From the time I was a baby I've known what India really is."



"Then how could you go out there? But of course"—I offered the platitude falteringly—"one is always told that a woman doesn't care what part of the world she is in when she is with her husband—and her children . . . and you had *them*, or the hope of them."

and hiatuses and her continual allusions, both too familiar and too distant. Moreover, it will be plainer if I piece it out with certain recollections of my own. . . .

Leota was nineteen when, without consulting her elders, she became engaged to Wilbur Binney. The matter once settled,



ARTHUR  
LITTLE

" . . . But didn't I know beforehand just what India was?"—Page 96.

"But I didn't," declared Leota frankly; "I had never thought of such a thing—as children, I mean."

"Oh!" I said. . . . "But, *Leota!*"

Leota glanced a little fearfully at the baby in her arms; it was engaged in the serene sleep of repletion.

"I may as well tell you how it was," she said. Poor woman, she would have had to tell somebody. I knew then that I had half-expected it from the beginning—the confession that now overflowed from her surcharged consciousness.

I won't attempt to tell the story in Leota's own words, with her repetitions

she found that she had to summon what was almost bravado to announce the news, not to her own large, cheerful, disorderly, and poverty-pressed family, who would readily welcome it, but to that severer social tribunal, the Girls' Thimble Club. She shared devoutly the ideals of these very young creatures, which were rigidly unromantic. Their hearts inclined less to a lover than to the management of a house—a shining, dustless, noiseless temple of propriety which should be regulated according to the precepts of the leading woman's journal of the period. With a profound and innocent passion, they longed for a guest-room that should con-



tain a lace bedspread; and they knew no dearer wish than to invite each other to luncheon served from pink-flowered china. As one of the conditions of such an establishment, they sagaciously accepted husbands—but children they proscribed. Hadn't their own homes been filled with them, and didn't they *know*? Didn't they know, that is, how it was with the mussy paraphernalia of infancy, which you never could succeed in getting out of the way quickly enough before some one whose formality you respected came to call—worsted blankets, a little soiled; go-carts that you stumbled over; and moist, well-chewed rubber cows and sheep—babies always chewed things so. Hadn't their own mothers almost daily lamented the effect of half a dozen children on furnishings in general; and hadn't the finer and more perishable features of household decoration been eliminated altogether on that account?

So that if you were going to strive for elegance and refinement in your home, as the woman's journal advised, you must keep children out of it. And if any of the Thimble members accepted this view with secret reservations, Leota wasn't one of them. In engaging herself to the youthful Mr. Binney, she had not swerved from her ideal; but she was sorely afraid that her associates would not give her credit for her allegiance. It was the unshaken local belief, based, it is true, on ample evidence, that ministers' families were always large.

Her future decided, and Wilbur Binney accepted as a daily visitor, Leota began to embroider towels that she frankly considered too fine for use, and tried to believe that a minister's house, with the interruptions one couldn't, of course, avoid having, could ever be administered as smoothly as a secular one—and that a minister's salary could ever, *ever* yield a piano. The seminary graduation was to take place in May, and Leota was to be married in June. In April it chanced that a missionary of a certain renown, hoary with long apostolic service, came to lecture at the seminary, and through his agency young Binney received, as he said, the call to the Foreign Field. There were vacancies in the service; Binney's application was passed upon almost before Leota had regarded

the matter as a serious possibility. Then, suddenly, she was obliged to face her fate.

She met it stolidly. As she herself told me, there wasn't a question that she needed to ask. She may have been quite ignorant of most things that educated people know, but as to the Foreign Field she had been, for as long as she could remember, copiously informed. And she was well aware that her qualities were not such as fitted her for labor in it. Her first impulse, she confessed, was to throw Wilbur Binney over. The second was to make him feel that she was sacrificing everything for his sake. She stopped embroidering towels—who would ever see the delicate stitches, *now*?—and began to think of herself as a martyr.

A year later they were in the Punjab—accustomed to a hot climate, to alien speech, to offensively foreign customs, to slow, oh, dismally slow, progress in their work of conversion—but totally unreconciled, or at least Leota was, to the absence of cleanliness and order, of trim green lawns, and of china cabinets, with all the delightful implications that that article of furniture conveys.

Furthermore, it seemed to Leota that she was, in a new, unexpected, and desperately unwelcome sense, the object of a universal conspiracy. Women who had preceded her in the field by a score or two of years, and who displayed a mysterious content with its intangible harvests, significantly assured the newcomer that she would be happier in India—later on. Over and over again keen-eyed matrons who missed the note of exultation in Leota's demeanor, and foresaw that she was of the tribe that become discontented and handicap their husbands, patted her comfortably on the shoulder and intimated that the babies would settle everything—that she would feel at home when *they* came.

Being reduced to violent weeping one day by an encounter of this sort, Leota was called upon to account for her emotion to her husband, and for the first time confessed the persecution of which she regarded herself the victim.

"It's as if they were threatening us with a thing they know we can't escape," wailed the girl. "And it has nothing to do with *them*. Why do they take the

liberty of insisting on it so? Why, suppose we did have a baby. What could we do with it?" Leota dried her eyes and took a brief, practical survey of their small quarters. "And how could we ever support it, with the pittance we have?"

have been young and now am old, yet have I never——"

"Did you say, the *Board*?" interrupted Leota, bewildered.

"The Board stipulates a yearly allowance of one hundred dollars for each child



"Leota," he said, "I think your concern is unnecessary."

Young Wilbur Binney, precocious in his acquisition of the clerical manner, cleared his throat. "Leota," he said, "I think your concern is unnecessary. Don't you know that 'the just man walketh in his integrity: his children are blessed after him'? Moreover, the Board"—with the inimitable round and resonant inflection that this word receives at clerical lips—"the Board has made ample provision for that contingency—for all such contingencies. You recall, too, that 'I

born to a missionary during the first ten years of the child's life."

So that, after all, Leota hadn't known everything about the Foreign Field. "You said, for *each child*?" she repeated.

"I will show you the printed ordinances of the General Assembly," reassured her husband, reaching toward his writing-table.

There can never have been a single soul, whether in Circleville or the Punjab, who



suspected foolish young Leota's continued theoretical faithfulness to the doll-house ideals of the Girls' Thimble Club. The actual trend of life of even so simple a person as she may be completely masked by circumstance. For the outward events of her existence were, it is true, precisely what Circleville would have expected of her. As her mother had done, she had married very young; as scores of Circleville girls had done, she had gone to the Foreign Field; and, with a most unremarkable conformity to custom, the first baby appeared when they had been in India a year. To the superficial historian there would seem to be nothing salient or significant in such a history. Even Leota's altered attitude toward the detested life, and the energy with which she now sought out the forlorn women in the little mud houses and persuaded them to come to clubs and classes of her own devising—even this surprised no one. Hadn't everybody known it would be so?

The secret truth was, of course, that Leota was acting under the stimulus of an idea. Even after so many years she glowed with reminiscent pride as she told me. At the moment when it had come to her what glorified use might be made of the extra hundred dollars, with the—for her imagination had leaped boldly into the future—with the two or three or four hundred dollars to be vouchsafed annually by the Board, she had known the keen intellectual joy of creation. For, of course, the idea had been entirely her own. Never for an instant had Wilbur Binney had a share in it, and even now, at this late day, he hadn't a suspicion of its magnitude or its success. That was to be his surprise. And need I wonder that now, after so many years of delay and suspense, when she was at last on her way home again—need I wonder that she was conscious of nothing in the world but the desire to be in Circleville, and to prove to herself and Circleville the validity of her idea?

She had had the instinctive wisdom not to appeal to Wilbur when the first extra hundred dollars had been sent them. Without ever having heard the phrase, she chose to assume that it was a mother's pension, and that the disposition of it belonged to her. Affecting, therefore, to

consider the matter for the first time, she had said, on the morning that the American mail arrived:

"How absurdly little it costs in this country to care for a baby! She'll need this money so much more, later on, when she has to be educated, than she does now. We'll send it home, I think."

The educational argument had seemed brilliantly cogent to Leota herself, and her husband, taken by surprise, appeared to think it could not reasonably be opposed. After a few moments' troubled hesitation, he said:

"I think baby's life will be more richly blessed if she donates a tithe of her—her stipend to the mission work."

This concession Leota hurriedly made. The next day she sent the remainder of the money to a prosperous cousin in New York, asking that he invest it. If possible, she suggested, she would like something more remunerative than the conventional investment. Weren't there opportunities of buying shares, or whatever they were called, at a low price, and selling them at a considerable advance? Her solicitude, Leota explained, arose from the fact that the money represented baby's education fund and that, if baby kept on growing as fast as she had already, her school bills would soon be due. Leota was partly sincere in referring to the money as an education fund. But, remembering how little her own education had cost, she couldn't help foreseeing that there ought to be a great deal left over.

Leota was always a literal person, and her recollections, once she had started the train, entirely exhaustive. She filled in, I believe, every detail of the accumulation of that as yet untouched fortune, as her obliging and alert relative had reported upon it; and her complacent allusions led one to picture it no less concretely than in piles of yellow disks, securely confined within triple steel. Its precise measure, of course, I never knew, even as I never knew just how many candidates there were for the education it was incidentally to supply. Doubtless I should have learned more if I could, after a certain point, have been more attentive; but who could have listened to Leota's meticulous narrative after she had disclosed her one astounding fact? For the time, indeed,





I parted with the Binneys on the pier.—Page 103.

I quite forgot Leota herself, so promptly had my mind swerved to the more than ever fascinating consideration of the wise, reticent, elusive, engaging little blond Binneys. Picturing their charming neglected multiplicity, an indignant sympathy burned in me. I suddenly saw the situation in a lurid and infamous light. How could the little creatures seem other

than shadowy and cinematographic when they had never been offered a solid human place in the world—when they confessedly represented mere stages in a sordid industry, milestones in a secret enterprise? Smoothly self-possessed little confraternity, I almost believed they intuitively *knew*.

It was after my emotion had subsided



a little that Leota's colorless voice recaptured my ear. . . . The thing had demanded resolution on her own part, she proclaimed. Wilbur Binney, who wasn't at all "practical" where his family was concerned, hadn't always been satisfied with having the mere Scriptural tithe of his children's emoluments turned over to him. His occupation and his pride were the building of a mission church. And the well-to-do church people at home were not lavish in their contributions, and the natives themselves were, of course, almost paupers, and so the education fund, or the punctual yearly accessions to it, seemed to him so more than opportune, so almost divinely contrived. For, as the round, blond babies multiplied, their father seemed to incline to the view that they themselves constituted substance.

"They are as arrows in the hand of the mighty man," he reminded Leota. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full." And he attempted to persuade her that godly families, being under special protection, are exempt from the duty of thrift.

But Leota remained indomitable. Except in the year when there was a famine, and when almost every penny that the Board sent out to them went to buy rice for the starving—she did not concede a jot. Their life in India would come to an end sooner or later, she had dared to suggest to her husband. And if education hadn't to be considered in the Punjab it had in Circleville.

To defend her purpose, Leota was obliged to repeat the word so often that the education of her little clan came to seem to her a matter far more significant than the education of the world in general. The Reverend Wilbur, even though he could not wholly share it, respected a purpose so high and so unassailable. And her acquaintance unanimously praised and stood in awe of her maternal ambition.

Such as Leota's purposes were, circumstance from the first strongly favored them. And she couldn't have considered it altogether a calamity when the climate, from which Wilbur had always suffered more than the others, made such definite inroads upon his health that a furlough—as Leota was willing to allow it to

be called—became imperative. The furlough was to be of indefinite length; and during this happy interval the education of the children, or such at least was the announcement made to strangers, could at last be begun. To me Leota offered an ampler version of her programme. Although her husband was not seriously ill, she prophesied, with no tinge of regret in her tone, that it would take him several years to regain his health. The best thing for them to do, therefore, would be to devote a part of the fund—since, after all, the children's first schooling needn't cost so much—to building a house in Circleville, and there establishing themselves according to the secret dreams that Leota had for so long cherished. . . .

So couldn't I understand, she challenged me, how it was that now that India lay behind her, and the rainbow shone ahead, each moment's delay was torture? Such impatience as hers was a veritable malady. She believed it might really have consumed her during this last stage of the journey, if she hadn't providentially encountered me, and if I hadn't seemed to grasp the dire character of her thwarted longings and the brightness of her anticipated joys. And the vision was nothing if not definite. Leota knew precisely what her house would cost, and had the plans in her bag at that moment. It was to contain a piano (Leota was not a musician)—and a linen closet of prodigious size—and a shining multitude of bright, beautiful "conveniences," whose names I had never heard before. And then, the machinery once in place, there would be the long-awaited ecstasy of setting it in motion. "I want to give some luncheons," she declared wistfully. "Does Opal Jennison give very successful ones? And I want to show them that I can keep house, even after living in India, and even—even though I have so many young children." She spoke of her pretty tribe as though they were troublesome pets, whose maintenance could only be regarded as an eccentricity. "I suppose Myrtle Sabin has no babies? I forgot to ask about her."

"She has six," I announced with satisfaction. "And she couldn't live for a minute without them. Or she has always said so."





The Circleville mothers were vigilantly alive to all of them.—Page 104.

Leota seemed vaguely surprised and shocked, as at each report I had made of the cheerful fruitfulness prevailing in the homes of Circleville. But she made no comment.

The hysterical fulness of my friend's confidence to me must have been followed by a quite natural reaction, for I was to hear no more of the Binneys' financial future during the voyage—a voyage so happily conditioned that we all—except Leota—bewailed its end. But while the rest of us surrendered ourselves to its distractions, I recall her, during those last few days, as sitting for the most part alone, her hands perfunctorily occupied with the baby in her lap, her eyes strained beyond the neglected ocean toward Circleville. Her husband was usually rather ostentatiously busy in the writing-room, or engaged in giving dry little dissertations to more or less uninterested passengers, who felt that they were merely making a just use of their opportunities in inviting information as to the missionary life. They

had all promptly learned that nothing of the sort was to be had from Mrs. Binney, who was at no pains whatever to sustain the rôle of missionary coadjutrix, and had frankly left the unwelcome subject behind her on the Indian peninsula. Meanwhile the active little brother and sister Binneys, mysteriously efficient in taking care of themselves and of each other, were always forming absorbed little conversational groups that dispersed, like coveys of wild things, directly the too curious adult approached.

Inasmuch as the Westovers were hospitably delaying me in New York, I parted with the Binneys on the pier, where more than ever they swarmed innumeraably—and for several weeks forgot all about them.

But, arriving in Circleville a month later, my first concern was for this still uneducated family and its secret fund. They were at the point, I now realized for the first time, where missionary traditions



would rather awkwardly confront them. Corrupt politicians might accumulate fortunes that they couldn't account for; missionaries distinctly didn't. How would Leota summon the effrontery to spend hers before a Circleville audience, even conceding the acquiescence of her astonished husband? I wondered if she had convinced him by this time that a new house and a piano were indispensable educational instruments. After all, education is an elastic term.

But my prompt and eager inquiries drew out, not a breath of disapproval, only a chorus of praise of the Binneys, large and small. To my bewilderment, they were spoken of quite as though they were a normal family. Especial eulogies of Leota herself, not only as a missionary, but as a mother, met me everywhere. Circumstances, however, delayed our meeting, and meanwhile I one day encountered on the street the Reverend Wilbur Binney who read me, from an open letter in his hand, the distressing news that his mission church had burned to the ground. I saw that he was genuinely smitten by the disaster; he had never been so free of clerical cant. And, though it was plain that his health had not yet improved, he spoke of returning to India as soon as possible to begin the work over again.

It must have been a week after this that I at length accomplished my afternoon visit to Leota. A wholly altered, an almost contradictory personality received me. She was engaged in spirited talk with a group of girlhood friends, who, like herself, had long ago become matrons and mothers; and she was enveloped by an aura of almost tangible complacency. The poverty of my own experience prevented my making any worthy contribution to the talk, but it went on almost without reference to me. And the strange, the inexplicable, thing was that in this innocently competitive struggle in which they were engaged, Leota should so easily outdistance her guests. The air was resonant with infant exploits, the mothers of Circleville were shrill in emulation; yet it appeared that in health, good nature, intelligence, precocity—and above all, naturally, in sheer numbers—the Binney

children brilliantly took the lead. Anecdotes, measurements, infant data of every description dropped from Leota's lips as glibly as though she had devoted all her waking moments to collecting them—as, after all, it may be that she secretly, shamefacedly, had. She glowed superbly with maternal pride. Furthermore, she had the supreme advantage over the others of immediate demonstration, for in addition to the yardful of cavorting Binneys outside, the Binney baby, really a most persuading object, sat blond and beaming in her lap. Leota had, indeed, every cause for satisfaction; for I had gradually perceived that in this group of redundantly maternal visitors she was facing again the tribunal of her youth—a tribunal, it may be, no less rigid than ever, but with standards radically changed. In these days one had to produce something beyond table appointments to meet its approval. There are so many possible lines of emulation in the matter of baby-culture; the Circleville mothers were vigilantly alive to all of them. The prim circle that had once formed the Girls' Thimble Club had, of course, undergone an entirely normal development; but it was one that the yearning Indian exile had not had the imagination to foresee. At all events, it had now become happily plain to her. Babies were the fashion in Circleville. And it was a fashion to which, at last, she could showily, triumphantly, conform.

When I left the gathering in which I had played so inconspicuous a part, Leota followed me to the door. I could not miss the opportunity to ask her if the education of the Binneys had been arranged.

"Oh, we shall send them to school, I suppose; that is, the older ones," Leota answered, with cheerful indifference. And, as I looked my amazement—"There isn't any fund any longer," she added, with a shade of embarrassment. "The children have sent it out to India, as their joint gift, to rebuild the church. I did have other plans, as I think I told you. But their father said it wouldn't do. . . . And we don't mind, we're all so happy in getting back to Circleville. . . . And, as Wilbur says, the great blessing is that we have our quiver full."



*Dragon by Henry J. Peck.*

The Dragon-fly.





## THE SPEED KING

By William Wright

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELEN C. PARK

WHEN Peter Piper was angry, his gray eyes clouded and sometimes tears clustered under his heavy black lashes. He was very angry now. His automobile had hit a tree and he had just discovered that the front axle was bent.

"The old thing!" he muttered; "the old thing!"

At each exclamation he kicked the machine viciously and his toes tingled. He climbed into the seat, hoping the damage was not as serious as it looked, but the wheel scraped against the body so that the car barely crept along. His rage was too deep for words, and he sat back in silence; a fearful scowl on his forehead, a pout on his lips.

So he was when Lady Linda found him.

"Peter! Peter!" she cried in alarm. "Look! What have you done?"

Unconcernedly he gazed at the palm of his hand and examined the scratches and the grime which had been ground into it when he sprawled across the sidewalk.

"Come with me, quick," she commanded.

So Peter ruefully dismounted. He repressed a desire to kick the car again, because he was ashamed to show his anger before Lady Linda. He trudged along at her side until they went up the steps of the big house on the hill and entered the dark, cool hall.

The sting of the antiseptic he bore unflinchingly as the nurse bathed his hand.

"There," she said, "that will fix it. Now you must be careful not to get any dirt in it."

Peter looked at the bandage. He was quite proud of it.

"Will Jack the Giant-killer be sorry?" he asked.

"Of course he will," replied the nurse. "We all are sorry to see Peter Piper hurt."

She lifted him to her lap and kissed his forehead, which was moist with perspiration.

"Hasn't he been away a long time?" remarked Peter.



"Yes, a very, very long time. But he will soon be back," she said.

The boy raised his eyes to hers.

"Will you be glad, too?" he inquired.

Lady Linda made no reply, but she hugged him tighter.

"The old ogre," he muttered. "Didn't the old ogre send him away?"

"Peter," answered the nurse sharply, "you mustn't call him that. Mr. Norden is an old man and he is sick."

"Well, he is an ogre," insisted Peter, "and I'm afraid of him. He did send Jack the Giant-killer away."

"Yes, he did. Because Jack was a naughty boy and wouldn't do as he was told, just as you are sometimes."

"How was Jack a naughty boy?"

"Never mind. Now I'll tell you a story."

"An Indian story," said Peter, and he settled back in her arms to listen while she rocked gently in the chair.

When she had finished he was silent a long time, but Lady Linda had little suspicion of his thought. She had not answered his question, and when he asked again, "How was Jack a naughty boy?" a faint shadow passed across her face.

"His uncle wanted him to do something and he disobeyed. So Mr. Norden sent him 'way, 'way off to Europe."

"When is he coming back?"

"Next week, I think," she replied, putting the boy down.

"I'll be awful glad to see him," he said; "won't you?"

"Of course I will," answered Lady Linda.

"Well, I must take my automobile home. Good-by."

He stopped at the door and turned toward her again.

"Jack the Giant-killer doesn't like Miss Parker," he said. "He likes you."

"Peter! Peter!" cried the nurse. "You mustn't say such things. Who told you anything like that?"

"My mother told Mrs. Williams," he replied.

Peter stalked out of the house and down the short hill to where his automobile stood on the lawn. He gazed disconsolately at the wreck. It would need repairs before he could spin around the corners, leaning far out of his seat in the manner that earned him the sobriquet of "The Speed King" among those who lived along the street. He tugged the cart behind him, meeting the smiles of the neighbors with covert glances.

When his mother saw the bandage she jumped and hastily unwound it. Finding only a few scratches, she decided not to replace it, but Peter was other-minded.

"Lady Linda said I mustn't get any dirt in it, so put it back," he commanded.

"Peter," she reproved, "you've been playing on Mr. Norden's sidewalk again. You know I've forbidden you to do it. He doesn't like it."

"I didn't make any noise," he said. "It's the only hill anywhere. And Jack the Giant-killer is coming home next week."



He repressed a desire to kick the car again, because he was ashamed to show his anger before Lady Linda.  
—Page 106.

"Did Lady Linda tell you?" asked his mother.

When he assented, she looked knowingly at a friend who had brought her embroidery over for the afternoon, and said something about "setting her cap."

Once Peter's mother was young, too, but the haze which gathered with the years obscured romance and she saw only the designing woman.

"Jack the Giant-killer does not like Miss Parker, does he?" asked Peter.

Intuitively his mother caught the drift of his words.

"Did you tell Lady Linda that?" she inquired.

There was a stern expression about her face that the boy did not trust.

"No," he lied in a feeble voice, and ran off.

If Peter had remained he might have learned more of the gossip that centred around the mansion on the hill where the aged and invalid Mr. Norden was trying to guide the destinies of a nephew whom he had brought up as a son. Only the old bachelor and the father of the woman he had picked for a daughter-in-law knew the real reason for the union, though the theories were many. None suspected the vein of sentiment buried so deep in the past.

Although the talk of the village never penetrated the big house, sheltered by

towering maples and flanked by flower-flaming lawns, Lady Linda, as Peter Piper had named her, was too shrewd not to divine what they all were saying, and her heart was heavy.

So the day came when Peter's grief knew no comfort. Lady Linda called him in and told him she was going. He saw her trunk packed and her charts, bandages, and instruments all neatly laid away in her handbag.

"And you're never coming back?" he asked in open-eyed astonishment.

"Never, never," was her answer.

She leaned forward in the chair, pinning his arms down with her own as he stood at her knees. His

wondering eyes looked solemnly into hers as though he did not know what to say.

"I shall come to see you sometimes," she told him.

But he was silent. For a long time he studied her face.

"You won't forget me, will you?"

She was almost pleading, but still he said nothing. When he finally spoke, his voice was very grave.

"What will Jack the Giant-killer say?"

She hugged him and made no answer.

"You are crying," he declared accusingly, as she strove to hide her tear-filled eyes. Then his lips began to quiver.

"You mustn't go, you mustn't. You must wait till he comes."

He stamped his foot in vexation.



"There," she said, "that will fix it. Now you must be careful not to get any dirt in it."—Page 106.



"Hush!" cautioned the nurse, hurriedly picking him up. "Come, I'll tell you a last, last story. Now listen. Once upon a time there was a great king who lived in a big, big castle by the sea."

Peter's eyes dried as he followed her words. But the tale was never finished. Lady Linda could not choke back the sobs, though the boy did his best to comfort her. Finally she smiled at him, and he asked:

"Did the prince marry the swan-keeper's daughter?"

"I don't know," replied the nurse, burying her face in her hands.

In a few hours she had gone. Peter saw her baggage piled in the express-wagon. He stood at the corner and watched the team roll away under the interlocking elms that arched over the street.

It was here that Jack the Giant-killer found him. Peter had seen the big purple touring-car leave the garage and knew the reason. He sat on the curb, calmly waiting, and was industriously engaged with a black beetle when the car returned.

"Peter Piper!" shouted Jack, rising from his seat and ordering the chauffeur to stop.

He leaped from the car and tossed the boy in his arms. A pair of dirty hands stole around his neck to ruin a spotless collar.

"Gee, but you're getting heavy!" said the Giant-killer, his teeth gleaming. "How's the pickled pepper king been all summer?"

Peter kicked his heels in the air from joy.

"My automobile's busted," he replied as he was carried back to the car.

He started to tell of the accident, but was awed into silence by the stately Miss

Parker, who sat by his side. Although she smiled sweetly, he was not encouraged. Jack plied him with questions all the way to the house, but he answered only by shaking his head.

Old Mr. Norden in a wheel-chair was on the veranda when they drove up, and

the returned traveller was all enthusiasm until a white-clad figure moved noiselessly up to the side of the invalid. He saw a strange face and grew strangely quiet. In a moment he excused himself and drew Peter into the house.

"Has Lady Linda gone?" he asked quickly when they were alone.

"Yes," replied Peter dolefully. "I told her to wait till you came."

Jack the Giant-killer sat down and

rested his head in his hands. He was quiet so long that the boy became uneasy.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"Yes, very, very sorry," was the dejected reply. "Did she tell you where she was going?"

"No, she just said she was going far, far away and nobody would ever find her."

Jack became very grave.

"She is coming to see me some time," continued the boy, and at the words his idol looked up.

"Listen, Peter," he said. "Will you promise me something? If she comes, will you run up here and tell me? If she writes will you let me know?"

Peter promised, but the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months before anything was heard from Lady Linda. The void in the boy's little heart was quickly filled. With Jack the Giant-killer, however, it was not so. The hours



It was here that Jack the Giant-killer found him . . . industriously engaged with a black beetle.

were long for him and his face grew solemn. Peter noticed the change. All the stories he listened to were about a wonderful, wonderful land where dreams come true. He did not understand much about it except that every one seemed to be happy and things came about just as they all wished.

"I'd like to live there. Is it very far?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jack. "Miles and miles away. Too far for your little feet ever to walk."

"I could have a pony then, couldn't I?"

"A pony and a gun, and you would always be a happy little boy."

"But I want to be a man so I can drive a real automobile."

"I know. That's why the land is so far away."

As the winter drew on and the trees lifted their gray branches to the cold skies, Mr. Norden grew weaker. He found it too tiring to get up each day, and one evening he called Jack to his bedside.

"I feel I am not going to live long, son," he said. "By the time the first snowdrop opens again, I will be laid away. But that is neither here nor there."

Jack took the old man's outstretched hand in his.

"I want to die in peace," he continued, "and you know how you can bring me that blessing."

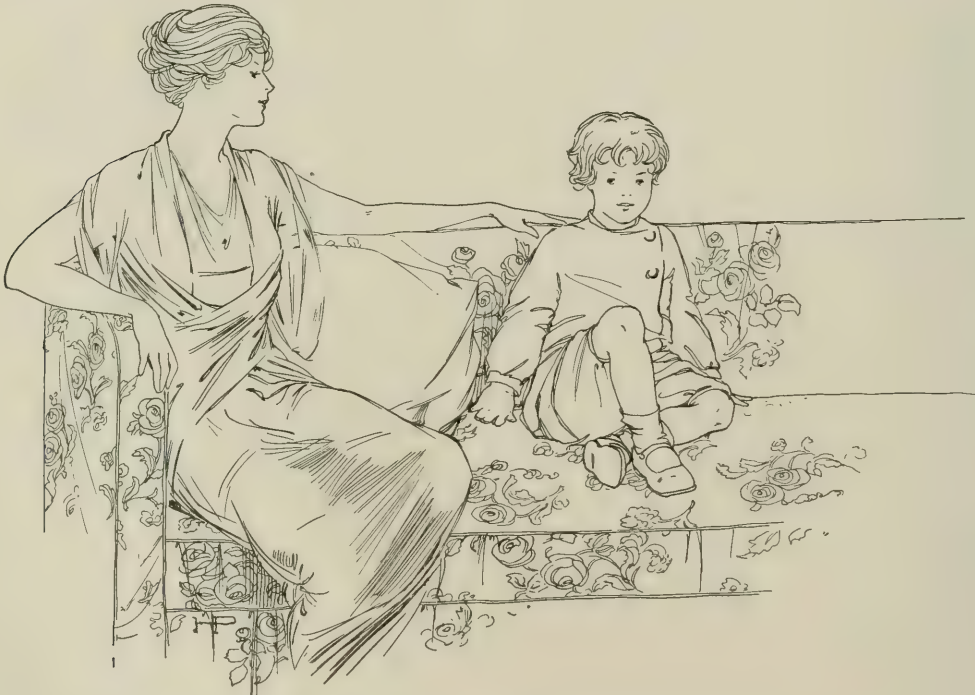
The younger bowed his head in silence.

"I have been irritable and impatient at times during these last few years. I wanted to see you married, and when you got out of law school I thought the day was near. But you held off. I suppose I might have been like the rest. I might have threatened to disinherit you and driven you away, like a thousand other angry fathers. But that would have been foolish. You are all I have, Jack, and everything goes to you. It isn't much, compared to some fortunes. But it is enough to keep you in comfort, in the greatest luxury even, if you desire. It's to be all yours, son, all yours."

The old man stopped for a moment.

"You know what my one wish is, and I want you to give me your word you will do all in your power to fulfil it," he continued. "You won't ask me why, for I should have to unburden my very soul to you and that wouldn't be right. I have kept the secret all these years. It would sound different if I put it into words. I was a coward once. But let that pass."

Jack looked at the white face on the pillow. The old man's eyes were veiled with memories. Years had dropped away





in that half-lighted room where only the gentle ticking of a watch broke the stillness. The minutes passed and no words were spoken.

"I thought you loved some one else," said Mr. Norden finally. "I wasn't sure, but I was afraid. That is why I asked you to go away, and when the nurse left suddenly just before you came back, my suspicions were confirmed. But I was wrong, wasn't I? You have heard nothing from her since, have you?"

He turned and gazed sharply into the young man's eyes.

"No," Jack replied firmly.

"Of course, if you had loved her you would have found a way to see her," he added in a relieved tone.

Jack's head sank as the old man looked away. The words struck deeper than the speaker realized.

"That is over, and now will you give me your word?"

His pleading voice was weak and his eyes grew misty with a look of inexpressible longing. It was a bitter moment for Jack, but he did not flinch.

"Yes," he said, and a smile came to the face of his foster-father such as he had never seen before.

"My son," murmured the old man with grave satisfaction. "Now I will sleep."

When Peter Piper tramped gayly up to the house one day, not long afterward, Jack greeted him with an old-time welcome. The boy clutched a picture postcard.

"Read it," he said. "It's from Lady Linda."

He had already heard the message several times from his mother.

Unmoved, Jack took the card. He noticed it had been mailed in Chicago.

"Has my little Peter Piper got his peck of pickled peppers yet?" he read.

That was all. There was no address.

"Look at the picture," commanded Peter.

Jack turned the card over and saw the

representation of a gayly lighted amusement park. Down in the corner was the printed title: "Dreamland."

With a grim smile he handed it back to the boy.

"Isn't that fine?" he said.

"She didn't say when she was coming back, did she?" commented Peter. "Do you think you will get one, too?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Why don't you think so?"

"Because she has forgotten me."

There was a peculiar gleam in his eyes. "That's funny," said Peter. "She remembered me and told me never, never to forget her. And I won't, will you?"

"Let's pop some corn over the big fire," was Jack's answer, and Peter romped off, leading the way.

In time the boy came to know another, who never was quite able to supplant Lady Linda in his affec-

tions. As Mr. Norden's health failed, both Jack and Peter saw much of Miss Parker, for she was a constant visitor at the house. She was very beautiful, but the light in her deep-blue eyes gleamed cold. Her smile was brilliant, her hair mounted in lustrous waves of silky gold, and a faint pink bloomed on her cheeks, which were as soft as sheerest linen. Peter was afraid of her, though he tried hard not to let her know it.

"You can't tell stories like Lady Linda, can you?" he once told her.

"No," she admitted, and a fleet tremor of wistfulness played across her face. "Lady Linda must have been a very wonderful person."

They were sitting on a long divan in front of the fire with Jack the Giant-killer. The gale outside caught the icy particles that surfaced the snow and sent them crackling against the window-panes. The shadows of late afternoon crept into the room while they silently watched the tongues of flame, blue, red, and gold, eat into the heart of the wood on the andirons.



"She's here, she's here!" he shouted.—Page 113.

"Do you think the swan-keeper's daughter was happy?" asked Peter suddenly.

"I don't know," said Jack. "Tell me who she was."

"Well, once upon a time there was a great king who lived in a big, big castle

a little house near the big, big castle. She loved him, too, but she said the king would be very angry when he found out. And he was, because he sent the prince away to a distant land, where he was nearly killed by brigands, and escaped after many,



"See," he said, "this is what I wrote Lady Linda."—Page 114.

by the sea," began the boy, and then stopped.

"That's the way it started," he continued in a moment. "Lady Linda never told it all. One dark night the king was riding his horse and nearly ran over the old witch. The old witch was very angry and shook her cane at him and cursed his line.

"'Beware for the young prince,' she said. 'For the girl is fair and the prince is young and the blood of the peasant will enter your house.'

"Then the old witch flew away and the king was very angry, because he didn't know what she meant, and he wanted the prince to marry the beautiful princess in a distant land. But the prince loved the daughter of the swan-keeper, who lived in

many years. When he came back, the king said, 'Now will you marry the princess?' and the prince said, 'I must first see the swan-keeper's daughter,' for he still loved her and she loved him. But the king said, 'I have banished her to a distant land and she no longer loves you,' which was not true. Then the prince was very angry and said, 'I must see the swan-keeper's daughter.' Then she cried."

"Why did she cry?" asked Jack.

"I don't know, but she cried awful hard and put her arms around me and kissed me and told me never to forget her."

"Who do you mean, Peter?" asked the man, his voice rising.

"She never told me the rest," answered the boy dreamily.



"It was Lady Linda!" he exclaimed, getting up and rubbing his forehead in dismay. "Tell me, tell me again, Peter. What was it? What do you mean?"

He became excited and grasped the boy's arm. Then he felt a pair of blue eyes fastened on him in quiet study, and a flush came to his face. He sat down quickly to hide his confusion. Miss Parker gazed into the fire and said nothing.

Not long afterward old Mr. Norden sank wearily into a sleep from which he never awoke, and they laid him away. When the soft touch of the passing days had taken the edge off grief, Jack took counsel with himself as to how soon he could fulfil the promise he had made. Long was he occupied in settling the big estate, most of which he had inherited, and he often wondered if the delay in seeking out Miss Parker was more from desire than necessity.

Then came the day when he felt he could no longer compromise with time, and he faced the beautiful woman who was decreed his wife.

"Do you know why he wanted you to marry me?" she asked. "You probably don't. I am not sure, but I suspect. Men say so little about such things."

Jack listened in silence. There was an unfamiliar tenderness in his eyes.

"You know, Jack, ever since I was a little girl I have known that I was to marry you. When mother died and father and Mr. Norden became such fast friends, it was settled. All these years I have been waiting."

She gazed at him pityingly.

"I have always liked you better than any other man I ever saw. Perhaps that is love. If it isn't, then that is all I am capable of. I sometimes think I am different from other women and will never really love any one very deeply. There has been no one besides you, Jack."

For a moment she hesitated.

"But your case is not the same, is it?" she said finally.

He bowed his head.

"I saw it in your eyes when Peter Piper told us that story. Yet you would marry me to keep the word you gave a man now dead. We might be happy. I doubt it."

"Don't say that," he expostulated.

"You know I am fond of you and always have been."

"Yes, I realize it," she continued. "We grew up together. It might have been all right if no else had come along. But that was inevitable."

She gently placed her hand on his shoulder and her face grew very solemn.

"Your uncle once loved my mother," she said. "It is time you knew it. But his heart was faint and he never had the courage to tell her. She waited long for him to speak, but the years passed and he said nothing. Then father married her. Not long afterward Mr. Norden learned what he had lost, and the sorrow preyed on him throughout his life. None knew the secret. Now his hand reaches back from the grave to point you to the way that brought him such disappointment. It isn't right, Jack, it isn't right."

They were silent a long time. The fire glowed softly on the hearth and the fitful shadows danced in eerie procession across the ceiling.

"He once told me he was a coward," said Jack. "But I never knew what he meant."

"I hope you will never be able to say the same about yourself," she replied.

"Oh, that is all done!" he exclaimed almost angrily. "Don't talk about it. I have made up my mind. Would you ask me to be so faithless?"

He looked away from her and she gently placed her hand on his shoulder. Perhaps there was more than sympathy in the sweet light that dawned in her eyes.

"You know you love her, Jack. Some day you will meet her again. Fate brings such things about. Be sure to tell her then. It would be only a tragedy for you to marry me. I couldn't do it. Never, never."

One day when the breath of the softened earth had scented the April air, the wheel of fortune completed its cycle. As Jack passed down the street he heard the patter of little feet on the sidewalk, and turned to see Peter running up to him.

"She's here, she's here!" he shouted.

His eyes were dancing with delight and he grasped Jack's hands to pull him along.

But the man's face fell in sore perplexity, and he hesitated.

"She came to see me this afternoon,"

announced the boy. "Come quick, she's going pretty soon."

Still he hung back, and Peter stepped away in amazement.

"Aren't you coming?" he asked solemnly. "It's Lady Linda."

Jack slowly shook his head.

"But you must, you must. Quick! I wrote her you wanted to see her, and you must."

"You wrote her?" inquired the Giant-killer. "How?"

But Peter would say no more, and continued to coax until tears of disappointment began to run down his red cheeks. It wasn't until Jack felt a valued friendship at stake that he turned and followed into the house.

Lady Linda rose to greet him when he entered the room, and a wise mother drew Peter away.

"It is a long time since I have seen you," she said in a low voice. "Did you have a pleasant trip?"

"In a way, yes," he replied. "But from the day I started I looked forward to the time I should return, and when I reached home you were gone."

The color rose in her cheeks.

"Perhaps you know why I did it," she suggested.

"No, I didn't at the time. But I suspect now."

As they stood facing each other, he felt as though he could not keep his hands away from her another instant.

"It seems so good to see you after all these weeks," he said, his face brightening. "Do you remember the times you and I and Peter had together? He was all you left me."

She smiled at him so tenderly that he trembled to think what would happen if she looked at him like that again.

"What was the story about the swan-keeper's daughter?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, why did he tell you that?" she pleaded, her face flushing.

Jack gazed into her eyes for a moment and then swept her into his arms.

"Oh, Linda! Linda!" he murmured.

"Why did you do it? Why did you go? If you only knew how I have wanted you."

For a long time they talked quietly together, while the light faded and the room was shadowed with the dusk. It was so still that they heard Peter softly tiptoeing across the hall and they waited for him to stick his head through the portières.

"Come in, Peter Piper," said Jack, with a laugh. "You've done your worst now and I hope you're satisfied."

Peter ran to the big chair in which they both were sitting, and piled on top. In his hands was a much-soiled letter.

"See," he said, "this is what I wrote Lady Linda."

"When did you learn to write?" asked Jack.

"You read it," ordered the boy.

It said little, only begging Lady Linda to come back. But at the end were the words: "Jack the Giant-killer wants you, too. He is waiting, waiting, waiting, and thinks you have forgotten him. Won't you come?"

A long string of X's of many sizes and shapes cluttered the bottom of the page to represent kisses, and a misshapen scrawl formed the name, "Peter."

Jack carefully examined the handwriting.

"Why, I know!" he exclaimed. "It was Miss Parker."

He looked up at Lady Linda. Her eyes were grave and a solemn little smile curled her lips.

"Oh, Jack," she said. "How blind you are! She loved you, too."





# THE WISHFUL SELF

By Pearce Bailey, M.D.



ONE morning in the summer of 1912, a robust factory employee woke up blind. He never had had any trouble with his eyes, and had worked full time the day before, as indeed he had for the past fourteen years, without missing a day. From the first he was under the care of skilled ophthalmologists who examined him frequently and under different conditions, but who prescribed no remedies, as they could find no disorder to remedy. The whole ocular apparatuses—pupils, lenses, muscles, and optic nerves—were, they said, normal. Then searching examinations of all kinds were made in order to discover if any general physical disease existed which might explain the blindness. From all this there resulted nothing but voluminous reports, according to which the man should have seen, out of respect for the industry and learning which had been expended on him, if for no other reason. But in the face of everything he persisted that he could not see, and acted as blind men do, stumbled over obstacles, felt his way, was led about, did not go out alone, and did not even feed himself.

Sight being, after all, a subjective affair and so outside final proof, the question arose if the man were feigning. This hypothesis fell flat, as every circumstance which might make feigning profitable was absent in the case of this poor factory hand who had no insurance, who had sustained no injury, and who was entirely dependent on wages which stopped when he stopped work. Instead of helping him in any way, his infirmity jeopardized the welfare of his family, which consisted of a wife and three children. And besides that, all the various tests to detect feigned blindness failed in his case. As, then, there was no motive for the man to deceive us and no evidence that he was trying to do so, we were forced to the conclusion that he was deceiving himself, and that some mental state, individual to him, had rendered it

impossible for him to put to any personal use the ocular impressions of the outside world. In October this hypothesis was demonstrated correct, after four days of mental analysis and after three months of continuous blindness. A wish was shown to be at the bottom of the loss of sight. There was, it seemed, a condition in his life that had created in him a deep but unrecognized conviction that it would be better for him not to see at all than to see that; that even blindness was preferable to looking at what he hated, which was his wife. This created a wish powerful enough to rob him of his vision; he realized the wish but he did not realize at first the far-reaching effect of it. When the dissection of his mind was completed and the results of it were spread out before him, his mind's eye took in the full situation. He appreciated then that unconscious wishing sometimes goes too far. For, as Doctor Ames, who made the analysis and who reported the case in full, said, "on realizing that his blindness was the expression of his desire not to see, and that by being blind he gratified the desire, the idea occurred to him that if all he wished was not to see her, he could find less inconvenient ways than by remaining blind."

And then he saw.

He had been the sport, to a superlative degree, of what may happen to any one when a wish so permeates the mind that this latter creates a reality out of what is little more than air. The man's wish was not to see, and it was strong enough to create for him the actual realized state of blindness, in the same way that a child astride a cane looks upon himself as a mounted warrior, or that some little man's desire to be great convinces him that he has actually arrived.

All are examples of wish-thinking or autistic thinking, a type of cognition in which the judgments are not subjected to critical comparison with demonstrable reality, but are accepted at the persuasive call of the thinker's inclinations. Behind



such judgments may generally be detected the instinctive idea of personal gratification or advantage, and the autistic qualities of judgment must be considered in any estimate of truth.

Those who treat truth as an undesirable abstraction, do with knowledge what the autistic mind does unconsciously, *i. e.*, they fabricate a situation for the purpose of gaining an end. The difference lies in the consciousness of the motive. The liar creates his situation with the intention of gaining his end by deceiving others; the end of the autistic thinker is not in such plain view and he often denies there is an end; for the end or purpose is bound up with organic propensities and need not be recognized in consciousness; together they conjure up realities too attractive to be disbelieved and too alluring to risk verifying, and are accepted at the outset, as the liar may accept finally as true what he once knew was lies. The point between truth and falsehood must remain fluid as long as we believe in the truth of our pretensions without making any effort to get warrants for them. The tendency is not the exclusive birthright of the inaccurate. Sonia Kovalewski, the famous Russian mathematician, was not able to ride nor to skate well, but she talked to every one as though she were accomplished in both sports. "She hoped that next time she could," her biographer explains.

In every human document, from the construction of an anthropomorphic idol to the plans of an invader, the wish appears as the near relative, if not the father, of the thought. It is recorded in myths and fairy-tales, and to-day, as Professor Bleuler says, we still live our fairy-tales, whether it be in the discriminating interest which selects the becoming necktie, or in the final flourish to a signature on the hotel register.

It is in our own times chiefly that the biological inevitableness of the personal element in reason has become evident and that its recognition has brought to light new methods of understanding the infinite varieties of character. As wish-thinking carried on uninterruptedly brings about a disorganization of the personality, it is not surprising that those who have to do with disordered personalities should have been the first to take up this subject in its

scientific aspects. Up to the late eighties it had been supposed that there were many bodily functions that only physical causes could interfere with. But Charcot, in his studies on hysteria, enlarged the category of paralysis from idea, and went on to demonstrate that many of the deformed and contorted figures huddled for years in the Salpêtrière were mental cripples only, curable by mental means. More recently the general study of the unconscious and the demonstrations by Freud of the mechanisms by means of which personal leanings, desires, wishes, create realities for the holders of them, have furnished a solution to many human riddles, inexplicable before.

In medicine it is daily being proved that some unconscious purposive thinking which the sick man does not know about may create a reality for him of blindness, deafness, paralysis, convulsions, or protracted pains which even simulate some operable disorder. The reality seems true or logical to the sick man and he acts on it. He is to be counted fortunate if the wise man called to cure him sees through the fantastic simulacrum of disease and recommends, instead of drugs or a surgical operation, an analysis of the personal reasons that have transported the deceiver, who is also self-deceived, into the land of unreality. The credit of the analytical method is largely due to Freud, and being a pioneer he has been bitterly attacked. But none can fail to cede to Freud the introduction into medicine of a much-needed method of causal psychology, which as a means to an understanding of human conduct is indispensable for the comprehension of disease.

The outlines of this subject were summed up in 1913 by Professor Bleuler, who then introduced into English the term "autistic thinking" as a contrast to "pure reason." He intended by this term to indicate the willing, the feeling, the personal element, all the subtleties of human nature which insinuate themselves into what we call reason, making it human, too, and defeating the object of the syllogism. For to think autistically is to let thoughts be smuggled past the censor of critical approval by our natural inclinations to turn toward what pleases us and away from what does not, so that our desires and



fears, without paying duty, get the stamp of intellectuality.

Such inclinations are inborn and unavoidable. Through the long course of evolution desires and fears have become imbedded in us as complicated psychophysical reactions, each with its own characteristics in the way of motor expression and of feeling, each strong determinants of those actions which carry thought with them. Their forerunners existed before thought. They can be traced back to the earliest beginnings, and upon them depended the evolution of the race. Every living organism was and still is required to obtain for itself certain things in order to live, and is confronted by things which may kill it. Its survival depended and depends on striving for one and avoiding the other. Life demands of every living thing that it overcome obstacles for its personal benefit and that it protect itself. And the struggle which is the one means of preserving existence must be the only means of transcending it. To meet vital necessities two separate springs of action arose, one assertive, which maintains life, and one defensive. Somewhere in the evolutionary scale feelings were added—yearning, elation, and pleasure to the one, and pain, depression, and fear to the other. Each also acquired highly characteristic motor expressions, those of desire being aggressive, such as jumping at, running to, showing the teeth, embracing; those of fear are defensive, such as jumping and running from, warding off, avoiding, flight. When these two springs of action fused into instincts, which are the innate tendencies to strive after some particular end, the ends of them became more evidently constructive; but a knowledge of purpose was not acquired until consciousness was enlarged by ideas, and these ideas became associated with the instincts in a relationship too intimate ever to be broken up. The physical stimulation of an instinct arouses thoughts as to the means of its gratification or else to its control—and, on the other hand, thinking about an instinct will arouse it.

In the deportment of the serene and thoughtful man it may be difficult to detect the basic factors of the instincts; but, even if they are not immediately apparent, they can generally be identified by the

associations they have acquired. Many of our gestures are unrecognized survivals of reactions to ancient and forgotten fears. William James suggests that the common phobia of closed places is a reincarnation of the fear of being attacked. Wishes may account for many of our moods. Desire, as it carries with it the pleasure of performance, has the mood of anticipation and cheerfulness; fear, through the checking of performance, has acquired the mood of apprehension and doubt. In action, one turns to or rushes to, the other turns away from or flees. In thought, desire creates the attractive realities of optimism, while fear hastens, if it does not absolutely lead, the pessimist to his conclusions. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between these, and, from the philosophical point of view, they may be the positive and negative expression of the same thing. Desire to have carries the fear of losing, and fearing to lose implies desire. We are most solicitous about what we prize most. But biologically they are distinct.

Freud posits a wish behind every dream. But many dreams, while expressing wishes in their content, are really fear dreams, as the dream wish is only wished for the purpose of defeating the threatening thing which "aroused the fear. During a period of investigation a financier dreamed that a certain person identified with an associate and personal friend called "X" was dead. Now, "X" was about to be called to testify, and he possessed information which, if others knew it, might result in the financier going to jail. "X" was the only one who knew. Would he tell? As dead men are the only human beings who can be relied on not to tell, the frightened financier dreamed that "X," the one man who might ruin him, was dead. In this sly way he wished him dead. But the wish had no occasion for existence except as danger prompted it, and while it appeared in the dream as a wish, fear created it, not desire.

Additional evidence as to the organic derivation and character of autistic thinking is furnished by the tendency of mental operations to revert, under certain circumstances, to more primitive types. The establishment of this tendency, to which Jung has given the name "regression," is



psychology's chief contribution to the theory of evolution. Primitive tendencies are individualistic. But with the establishment of family and community life, the individual was forced to curb some of his tendencies for the benefit of the group, a necessity later refined and idealized as altruism. The primitive individual tendencies are held in check by self-control, which is partly the product of our enlarging mentality and partly the result of habit forced on the individual by a life of mutual co-operative service. Self-control, being a recent acquisition, is lost easily, and when lost, the primitive tendencies may be counted on to reproduce, in thought and conduct, earlier phases of the race. At the time of great calamities, stampedes, terrors, primitive individualism thrusts itself forward in ugly form, especially when the terror is too sudden and unexpected to permit the person to get a grip on himself.

One of the survivors of the *Titanic*, a young, unmarried, and lovely woman, even after she was safely in the life-boat was still trembling with terror at her own personal danger. She then saw the great vessel, stern high in the air, begin to settle, and the lights along its side extinguished one by one as they glided into the water. As in a dream, she saw frenzied people massed at the unsubmerged stern, and she heard their shrieks until the sea silenced them. But this made no painful impression on her then or afterward, she said; she felt neither pity nor horror—she felt nothing but joy and gratitude at her own rescue. The terrific shock did away for the time with all human qualities, leaving her with the one emotion of satisfaction over the victory in her personal struggle for existence. At the sudden, unexpected threat of death the primitive wish to live had left no room in consciousness for sympathy, pity, or distress for others, which are later evolutionary acquirements and so less fundamental traits of character. She had but one reality and it was that of her own personal desire for life. It was "as in a dream" that she looked at the sinking steamer.

Similar examples of regression, recognizable as an unconscious egotism, are furnished throughout the period of develop-

ing mentality, "that age without pity," and reappear again in the degenerative changes of senility. They appear as primitive expressions in any state which impairs or limits the supremacy of the critical intellectual faculties. They are regressions in that they are mental "throw-backs," in that they call to life again its earlier phases of both racial and individual development when thought was all autistic and before the mind had acquired the ability to test reality by the facts. Indeed, it would seem that a measure of man's intellectual progress is his mastery over his natural tendency to think autistically, and it may well be that to fix the balance between the criticised and the wished-for or the feared, in the representative life of an individual, is the surest means of gauging his personality. In attempting this, it must not be forgotten that desires and fears often appear in action as their direct opposites, that they are in normal life often masked, and that the direction of desire is always toward personal gratification or advantage, actual or ideal. Desire is the more common and the more evident; but fear also creates beliefs, as in the prisoner denounced by Daniel Webster, "who thinks the whole world sees the guilty secret in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears it in the very silence of his thoughts."

The delusions of the insane are marked repressions in that they constitute the most striking contrast between phantasy and facts and are the most typical examples of autistic thinking. It has never been possible to define insanity, but any definition must be considered in relation to reality, for the essence of sanity is the ability to adapt beliefs to facts on all subjects where adequate facts exist. An insane delusion abolishes more or less completely that ability. The cripple walks on legs that have been paralyzed for years; the pauper, with trembling fingers, counts his millions or sketches on stray bits of paper the chateaux he has dreamed of; some shrivelled waif believes that a queen or an heiress is in love with him. In the delusions of grandeur the phantasy contrasts so grotesquely with the facts that it seems almost a beneficent compensation which permits some wretched, wasted figure to turn wishes into horses and to



believe himself whatever it is that he would like to be. In insane delusions, the gulf between the autistic and the logical conclusion is so wide that the phantasy is immediately evident to every one.

Such discrepancies are not limited to the mental peculiarities which exclude from social intercourse. In many cases of mere nervous illness the contrast is almost as great. But in these the wishful nature of the conclusion is so deeply imbedded in the personality that it escapes recognition, and the illness, which is really the fiction of an organic purpose to create an asset, passes in the world as true. Many neurotic people, physically robust, express their individuality by assuming an incapacity which secures for them the sympathy and help they desire and which they might fail to get by direct means. Through the solicitude and co-operation of some fond relative, by blood but oftener by marriage, they create a gilded unreality of invalidism which obtains the result it set out for. On the death or disillusionment of the hitherto unsuspecting confederate the patients are forced back to reality by neglect, take up their beds and walk again, to the amazement of their friends.

Often the purpose reveals itself in more dramatic ways. A hopeless domestic situation paralyzed a woman's legs. She was paralyzed for life, everybody thought. But "she just couldn't walk up to it," she said finally. She had unconsciously created a physical expression for her feeling of inadequacy and for her wish that others should realize the position she was in. It was the cry for help, although for some time unrecognized as such. Convulsions in a precocious girl proved to be her way of expressing that she had arrived at maturity, although they had long passed as epileptic and had debarred her from the schools.

It is difficult to determine how deeply the idea of personal benefit is hidden from the individual in such cases—whether or not he has some glimmering of what his true self wants. It is probably more deeply hidden than is the headache of the boy on the morning he dare not go to school, or than can be believed by the railway claim agent who sees an injured passenger, badly crippled before the verdict, begin to walk soon after it. In liti-

gated cases the purpose is as evident as the point at issue. But in private life it is a much more personal affair, sacred, and secretly interwoven with the intimate mental life that one dreads to speak of, often dreads to think of, and even may not know.

The fantastic unreality of the creation of autistic thought, even when carried to an extreme, is often difficult to recognize, but there is, nevertheless, something about the personality of those given over to it which distinguishes them from matter-of-fact personalities—the inconsistencies in the presentation may escape attention, but the mystic attitude of the individual is unmistakable. He has an air of mild detachment, of mystery, a self-satisfied reserve which makes him somewhat inaccessible in intercourse. Any one who has had a friend or relative go insane will recall that before the final smash, sometimes weeks or months before, a strange aloofness, an indefinite estrangement, something new and still intangible, weakened the relationship. When the truth came out it was easy, on looking back and putting together stray actions here and there, to see that the sick man was withdrawing into the web of his creative fancies. Autistic thinking has that tendency—to withdraw the thinker from the world of facts and to isolate him from the companionship of those who do not see all the realities that he does.

In many emotionalized experiences, in many creeds, and particularly in cults like Christian Science, in which autistic thinking becomes an imposed faith as well as an effective method of therapeutics, converts find a more acceptable companionship with their emotional cothinkers than with their former friends. In the absorption of the day-dreamer, as in the selfishness of the fictitious invalid, one sees the isolating attributes of egotism which are fatal to constructive friendship.

Like everything connected with personal welfare, autistic thoughts are highly emotionalized, and it is their emotional quality which vitalizes the conviction that what they create is true. This latter, in its power to convince of a reality devoid of proof or for which all proof that might destroy it is brushed aside, indicates the balance at the time between



the feelings and the intellect. It gives to bias its fieriness, for under the prompting of interests, arguments which might jeopardize them are minimized or rejected altogether. A man can hardly be expected to stop for reasons when the question involves the reputation of his wife.

The emotional reaction is particularly intense when a beloved conviction is attacked, or when the idea arises that it needs to be defended. It is hazardous to oppose the delusions of the paranoiac, and hardly less hazardous to remark on the behavior of a badly brought-up child in the presence of a fond progenitor. The very frailty of an autistically created conviction demands for its existence a readiness in defense of it—it must have a strong emotional backing—and few emotions are stronger than those connected with defense. To arouse the full warlike spirit of a nation, it is imperative that this idea of defense be wide-spread; and so in every well-conducted war each belligerent is led to the belief that he is fighting to save his home. If the final discernment of reality ever comes, as it sometimes does, it is apt to cause a profound shock to the individual. Hugh Miller, when he realized that geology contradicted Genesis, committed suicide.

There is never a sharp line of demarcation between the normal and the pathological. There are easily recognizable extremes, but between them uncertainty prevails, as there is no standard of normality. Even such criteria of reality as are fixed by the conceptions of the times, and which insure a certain precision in practical affairs, are changing constantly. What was half folly yesterday may be demonstrated to-day as fact; and facts accepted as final may soon require readjustment in the light of new discovery. The standard must be regarded in relation to the times and also to the individual. What might be phantasy in one is in another a justifiable ideal. We smile superiorly at the boasts of youth; but as we look back we find nothing humorous in Bacon's statement that he was born to revitalize the world of scientific thought.

But it is certain that the more one flies in the face of facts the nearer one approaches the pathological. There are never facts enough to cover every point,

and no subjects on which the facts are adequate enough to leave no gaps. Into these gaps settles the personality of whoever forms an opinion about them. Criticism aims to be impartial. But it cannot be entirely so, for the opinions gravely emitted by the critic are also his confession—for there has been left room for choice and the critic's choice reveals those phantasies of his which are the product of his constitution and his experience. Such phantasies need not contradict the facts—by filling in the background they may well insure the attraction of variety.

The establishment of facts limits and directs autistic thinking. What must be delusion now, need not have been so in the past. To believe in demons was once reasonable enough, but ceased to be so when it became known that his own fears and wishes are the "demons" which threaten and cajole the one possessed.

And for so many subjects no positive facts exist at all! There is nothing in our life here to check up our idealized desires for the future life. It is the same with many of our ideals. These appear as intellectual products, but they really spring from our organic natures whence are derived the impulses to struggle, to reach out, to climb. They are autistic points of view and fluctuate with age and time. The earliest ones of childhood are the expression of the consciousness of weakness, before fear has subsided, and imply submission. Thus children first idealize goodness, kindness, qualities which attract friends rather than enemies. Later, with fears quieted by experience, they idealize patriotism and leadership—*i. e.*, desire, freed from fear, has come to express itself more aggressively. In heroic natures the organic pleasure of striving is intensified by an idealism which esteems self-expression above failure or even death, as Cyrano said in his famous line: "*C'est beaucoup plus beau lorsqu'il est inutile.*"

Idealism, fancy, imagination, poetry, all sprung from the phantasies of autistic thinking, give life its charm, and contain the hope of its expansion. But they become most effective when they co-operate with demonstrable truth. Ideals should surpass the immediately attainable—but they are futile when they aim at the impossible. It is wholesome to believe in



human nature—but to optimistically expect of it a perfection it cannot give ends nowhere. It is generally believed that the records of a man's life are in direct proportion to the loftiness of his ideals; but it may well be questioned if idealism limited to the ultimately attainable will not show a greater sum of good. Certain it is that many people are rendered desperately unhappy at finding how far short they (and others too!) come of realizing the impossible ideals they set themselves. . . When they compare the wished-for with the actual they lose their zest for life and give up striving or choose some other course of life, not by reason of fitness, but because they hope thereby to atone for failures. A large number of the students in divinity schools are where they are for some such reason; and during every war idealists flock to recruiting offices in the hope of being sent somewhere where they will be shot.

In all practical affairs it is important to see things as they are and to restrict autistic and unattainable ideals. To say that we blindly believe in peace is another way of saying that we love the undisturbed enjoyment of our goods or of our means of getting them. As a belief it seems an autistic phantasy of the well-to-do and justified neither by experience nor theoretical considerations. If we were starving we might not be so keen about it. Ideals are wishful and hypothetical; to become effective guides they must be regulated by comparison and probability. As such, they point a way which the critical, discriminating faculties make practical for travel.

It is sometimes said that the mind as an instrument of thought has made no advance since the days of Plato. From the point of view of autistic thinking it may well be questioned if this be true. It would be profitless to compare great isolated intellects—to guess in how far Pasteur's genius equalled that of Aristotle. The question is whether the mind as a creative force does not acquire a higher efficiency and grasp with the increase in knowledge.

In ancient and mediæval days there were many subjects, which science and discovery have since illuminated, in which there were no facts by which reality could be tested; this was partly due to creeds and superstition, which forbade investigation; partly due to the absence of scientific methods, for among the sciences connected with nature the ancients had developed geometry alone to a complete and general form. One result was that, outside of every-day experience, there was little to check the pilotless excursions of autistic thought; another was that, data failing, the exercise of the highest criticism was impossible. "The Critique of Pure Reason" could not have been written in the groves of Greece.

Every fact established, every criterion of reality or even of possibility, limits lawlessness of thought in that direction; and by doing that it gives a greater concentrated energy to the imagination which creates. It would seem that each step thus taken toward increase in efficiency of the mind becomes a step toward the realization of its highest ideals and toward the justification of a higher standard of ideals.



## THE POINT OF VIEW.

IT runs back and forth between a disused marble quarry and the local metropolis, six miles away. Time was when the quarry was in full swing, and when the train bore a certain important relation to the great world beyond the hills. Then it behaved itself rather grandly, with something of the impersonal air common to railroads. Consisting sometimes of as many as four or five cars, laden with huge white blocks, it took its way noisily and consequentially over its uneven rails. But now that the quarry has gone to sleep and the train serves only to hold the charter and, incidentally, to convey farmer folk to town and back, it has softened into quite the most human and charming institution in the world.

he Quarry  
rain

The very look of it is delightful. Its engine belongs to an ancient vintage, with a high and wide smokestack; and its one car is furnished with lateral seats which face each other sociably. It is generally very dingy, though now and then the engineer and the conductor put in their time between runs by painting it. Then, for a week or so, a mottled apparition travels back and forth, adding to the gayety of the valley. Bright pink is, on the whole, the favorite color.

It has a regular schedule, and even so far conforms to the tradition of its class as to "make connections" with the Rutland Railroad. But the connections are never "close." Plenty of time is allowed for the cultivation of a leisurely and accommodating spirit. If it knows that its passengers are on the way, it will wait for them as long as possible. I remember once making one of a group of travellers who were unexpectedly interviewed by "Charley," the conductor. "Say, are any of you people goin' to take the northbound train?" In some perplexity we shook our heads. "Well, then, I guess we'll wait a little longer. Joel Barlow's just sent word that his wife is comin'."

Friendliness is the key-note of the quarry train's philosophy. The first thing to do on boarding it is to greet the conductor and the passengers. Part of the interest of the trip lies in the uncertainty as to who the latter may prove to be; and when the traveller

returns his family is sure to ask him: "Who did you go over with?" It is no sort of place for the meditation which some railroad trips induce; nor is it a place for taking private counsel with one's shopping companion for the day. If one is incautious enough to remark, "I think I'll try a pair of those shoes which were advertised in *The Journal*," one must expect that Charley will interrupt with "I've got a pair, and I like them first-rate." If, on the way back, one suddenly remembers that one has forgotten some important errand and utters a subdued exclamation to that effect, the whole car breaks forth into sympathy, and Charley looks regretfully, half-guiltily anxious, as if he deplored his failure to order the engine reversed on the spot.

I believe he would do so, if properly urged. There are seemingly no limits to the patience with which he delays committing his train to departure on its last return trip for the day. Always he waits for the arrival of the Montreal "flier"—frequently belated. Then he waits until any possible connecting passenger has had time to go around by the grocery store and do some marketing. After that he considers the probable fate of a passenger who came over with him in the morning and has not yet put in an appearance for return. He inquires of passing vehicles if such a one has been seen getting a lift home in any wagon or automobile. (For my part, I cannot understand the lack of consideration which allows a passenger, having a return ticket on the quarry train, to accept a carriage ride home without notifying Charley.) At last, perhaps urged by some one of the assembled passengers, he nods to the engineer, leaning sociably out of his cab window and catching scraps of the general conversation; and, with a great puffing and ringing of its bell, the engine gets under way.

But even then the necessity for thoughtful circumspection is not over. The train makes but three official stops between its terminal stations, but it is liable to be solicited anywhere. It is almost too obliging. Walking beside it one day, in the course of a long ramble, I had all I could do to prevent it



from stopping and taking me on board. As for letting its passengers off, it consults their convenience rather than the claims of its regular stations, and pauses neatly just where Mis' Jenkins can make the best speed to her home, or where Mis' Merriman's "team" is waiting for her. Conductor and engineer work in perfect accord in this matter and seldom seem to consult each other; though now and then I have seen Charley open the door and snap his fingers in the direction of the engine, and have heard the whistle reply.

Conversation runs high during these trips. Charley must share with the R. F. D. postman the privilege of being as well-informed locally as it is possible to be. Perhaps he is even the better off of the two, for he hears the news of two villages. Narrative, comment, speculation, mirth, indignation, pathos make a product of that peculiarly human spiciness and richness which the erstwhile city-dweller, transplanted to the country, finds so intoxicating. Having travelled on various trans-continental roads and found them—except for their scenery—very much of a bore, I never fail to return from a trip on the quarry train in a tingling glow of amusement and interest.

Nor is the scenery through which, laughing and chatting, we pass, anything to fear comparison with the glories of the Canadian Pacific or the Santa Fé. It is of the essence of New England—and does not that say everything? Noble hills swell around it—green in summer, dazzling white in winter, soft gray between times; dancing brooks companion it; dim woods receive it among their shadows and let it go again; rocky pastures, dotted with spruce and pine trees, climb the lower slopes of the hills about it; over it bends the beautiful, tender New England sky.

Oh, dear New England! dear Vermont! Who would live in a city prison who might look on these hills and breathe this air? Who would travel in lonely state on the cushions of a Pullman car who might jog sociably with his neighbors on the quarry train?

THIS is the season when your friends once again talk about their gardens. This is no attack on flowers. Even the geranium in a sooty window draws the

attention of every passer-by; how much more the color and perfume of a well-ordered garden. But I for my part was better pleased in those almost forgotten days when gardeners did the gardening. They were stern, autocratic men, jealous tyrants who forbade as far as possible the picking of any fruit or flowers; they did not, certainly, create color-schemes as beautiful as those evolved nowadays by our gifted amateurs. But they did let you enjoy the general results of their handiwork in peace and quiet. The most you were ever expected to say was: "Ah, MacFarlane, how well the fuchsias are doing!"

Other People's  
Gardens

But things are changed nowadays. The gardens of our friends! How half an acre of land can destroy conversation, friendship, and indeed all the finer relations of life. The garden-lover has no conscience. Neither has the man who is building a house, but he commits his atrocity only once in a lifetime. The garden, on the other hand, is like a spoiled beauty. There is no limit to its demands for admiration. It is new not only each spring, but each month, almost each day of the year. You may be required to find something fresh to say about it at least twenty-five times in one season, something which usually turns out to be grossly ignorant and unsatisfactory.

You arrive weary and dusty at the country house of a friend, and have hardly swallowed your tea, when—"Wouldn't you like to see my garden?" says your hostess. Ten to one you have been sitting for twenty minutes in some pergola or piazza from which the garden was designed to be viewed; but in your hostess's question the verb "to see" takes on a new and sinister meaning. It signifies counting buds, chasing small insects, listening to long, confusing names, and allowing opinions to be dragged from you on matters about which you have neither information nor intuitive judgment. For hours afterward sentences like this ring through your head: "Do tell me, should I do better with a group of golden-throated asterisks against that wall, or do you like the azure-eyed Armenias better?" "Give me your opinion about this twelfth-century well-head that we picked up at Ampelopsis last summer. Doctor Bones thinks it's a genuine Marie Corelli."

Not only the suffering of the moment is to



be considered, but the fact that painful associations are gradually being set up in connection with all growing things. Your heart sinks at the mention of a crocus. The smell of damp, freshly turned earth—once so full of a pleasant promise—now suggests nothing but wet feet, a backache, and hours of interminable waiting beside a digging friend, who knows just as well as you do that luncheon is getting cold.

"God Almighty," said Lord Bacon, himself a gardener, "first planted a garden." Very true, but that garden was Paradise—that is to say, Adam and Eve were spared a personally conducted tour of inspection.

I AM an old maid, and I like it. I realize that in the eyes of my close friends I am an object of profound pity. I can often feel their conviction of the tragedy of my circumstances when I happen to be smiling at some one else's baby; I read perfectly clearly the glances of understanding that a father flashes to his responsive wife when, by chance, I am caught playing with their offspring. It is not so very long since a generous husband of one of my old friends whispered, as we left a wedding together: "Never mind—we shall all be going to yours some day." He said it very kindly. Why should I have been moved to a mirth that recurs at intervals at the thought of his compassion? I know that I am a disappointment to my family and a failure from the world's point of view. And yet I like it. Sometimes—dare I say it?—I have seen in the eyes of my dearest friend, mother of six, a kind of leaping envy at my freedom. She knows that I have my work to do and that I believe in it and like it. For all the sweetness of those

"Stragglers into loving arms,  
Those climbers up of knees,"

they are heavy to carry sometimes and they make enormous confusion in the darning-bag. Besides, they disturb one's late morning nap in a way that I could never brook. As it is, there are a dozen such "stragglers" that are glad to see me whenever I appear; they can be borrowed at will; I have yet to see the mother that is not glad to lend me

one or two, or the youngster that is not glad to come.

Besides her work, which many an old maid has found as absorbing as a man finds his, there is the entire realm of friendship—not only with borrowed children but with comrades everywhere. Friendship is possible for the married, of course, but it is not so easily cultivated. To the married, dangers threaten friendship—lack of time, calculation and ambition for the children, jealousy in a half-dozen guises. The old maids I know are not too serious or too strenuous to cultivate the heart's ease and the independence of soul that are two of the freshest flowers in the garden of friendship. No, it is not "the mark of inward pain," nor yet "the genuineness of a resolute courage," that keeps the old maid brave. It may be these things, just as it may be these that keep her married sister brave; inward pain and genuine courage have come sometimes even to the married. The fact is that many an old maid is happy in the belief that she has chosen a perfectly simple, sane, and honorable path through life; she has neither "defied nature," nor has she "passed through purgatory," except as there is a good deal of purgatory in most lives. She has maternal instinct—that wearisome, reiterated possession. Of course—why not? She is a woman. She uses it, too—not in a cool, sequestered, pale, poetic fashion, but whenever she may happen to see a next thing to do—as is the way of woman. She has obeyed the impulses of her nature in not marrying because she has never fallen in love or has not loved the right man; and she is as secure and as brave and as independent in her walk through a puzzling world as any other human being that burns her own smoke and keeps her powder dry, whether she be married or single or—even a man!

I am not only an old maid, but I know many others, just as I know many married women, and I believe that it is time for the world to look upon them neither as pitiful, perverted beings nor as unclaimed blessings, but as fellow workers and comrades in a world in which there is serious business to do whether one be married or not. After all, does it make so very much difference except to the novelist and the poet and the scientist—this question of being an old maid?



## · THE FIELD OF ART ·



Autumn, by Anton Mauve.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

### *SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN DUTCH ART*

THE recent death of B. J. Blommers brings freshly to my mind some impressions of other men who have made a particular place for themselves in modern Dutch art.

A number of years ago, in company with two of the younger Dutch painters, George Poggenbeek and Nico Bastert, I walked from the village of Breukelen, on the river Vecht, to Blaricum, on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. We were making this excursion to pass a day or two with our friends Kever and Van Essen. Hardly had we entered the village when we saw coming from one of the low, thatched-roofed cottages a short, thick-set man with a large head and strong features. I soon learned that this was Albert Nieuhuys. He had come to Blaricum, one of his favorite sketching-grounds, for a few weeks' work, and he was then at work upon a picture of a handsome peasant girl engaged in teaching her little sister to read, a picture we afterward saw in an exhibition at The Hague. When, a little later, I met Nieuhuys, I found him interested in all that was going on in the art world of America and eager for any information I could give him.

His own works were even then on their way to this country, and were among the first to make modern Dutch art known to our collectors. Nieuhuys, like Kever, had come to Blaricum because here they found ready to hand the subjects they so loved to paint. The whole village seemed to be at their service; unannounced they entered any cottage and were as free to observe the inmates at their ordinary household duties as though the painters themselves were the proprietors and were going at will about their own houses. So far as I can remember, I never saw any of these peasant women or children actually posing, though there were undoubtedly occasions when they were called upon to hold a special pose that the artist might verify a bit of drawing or more clearly define a detail. These studies from life were usually done in charcoal or crayon on tinted paper, lightened by touches of chalk. There was never any suggestion of the professional model, never any dressing or other arranging for the part. These painters seemed to be visitors for the time, on a common level with their hosts and part of the every-day life of the home. I mention this to make it clear how simple were the relations between

the painters and the folk whose life they found it worth while to study and interpret. It was so real and genuine that I began to understand how these painters were able to get so much that was absolutely natural and unaffected in their pictures. They were themselves living the life of the Dutch peasants and learning to know all its sorrows and joys, for they saw with their own eyes



From an unpublished sketch by Kever.  
(Owned by Mr. Van Laer.)

the drama enacted from the cradle to the grave. In this way, too, they grew familiar with the setting for these intimate home scenes: the large, roomy, low-toned interiors, the high, tiled fireplaces, the great red chests, the red or blue rush-bottomed chairs, the table with its potted plant placed under the one big window, the delft ware of blue, or the shining copper cans. There seemed to be no picture-making about all this. It was as if able but sympathetic men were, for the pure love of it, making daily record of the doings of their kind: the spinning, the cooking, the feeding, the mending, the teaching, the weeping, the laughing, the coming into this world, the going out of it, the taking of the first step, the tottering of the last, the playing, the praying, the gathering for the family meal or for council—what more worthy of record or more wholesome for the painter! How remote all this from our

usual conception of the studio-manufactured picture!

I know we have sometimes wearied of this endless repetition of these ordinary themes, but I think it is because our markets have at times been flooded by inferior work. We cannot see too much of the output of such masters as those already mentioned and a dozen more I might name. I know, too, it is said, "Art is of no country," "Art is universal," and this in a sense is true, but Dutch art is emphatically of Holland, and unless we know Holland we cannot fully understand or appreciate its art.

The Hollander is intensely patriotic. He loves not only his country and its institutions, but its very soil and the skies over it, its luscious fields and its windmills, its dikes and its ditches. He loves these with the ardor of one who has paid dear and continues to pay dear for his possessions. Now, to the painter these sentiments are all the more keenly felt because he is a painter. When he paints his windmills they must come against his own grayskies. His black-and-white cattle must graze in his own rich pastures and his willow-bordered canals must cut their way through his canvases. This is why so few Dutch painters live out of Holland. I can recall but one painter of distinction who has chosen to spend his life away from home, and that is Matthys Maris, who lives in London. It is told of Jacob Maris that when he sought rest from his absorbing occupations he fled to the German Rhine, for he said there he was never tempted to take brush in hand. I once asked George Poggenbeek why he did not spend a season in America. "What should I do there?" he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders; "you know I cannot paint out of Holland." Because of their loyalty to their own country, many Dutch painters cannot understand why artists from other countries flock to Holland and insist upon painting windmills and willows and canals and Dutch interiors, themes they can at best know but superficially, catching only the outside of things, only what they can see. They argue: What can these foreigners know about our real life—our inner life—and if they cannot know that, why attempt to paint it at all? It is a very queer Holland that such painters carry away with them, they say. When Nieuhuys was in this country a few years ago he travelled from Washington to Philadelphia. It was in the autumn of the year.



He tried to describe to a little group of us at the Salmagundi Club the glory of our autumn foliage, the inviting subjects that crowded into his vision, the skies that were crying aloud to be painted, and, though he spoke English very well, he confessed he was unable to convey to us any idea of how he had been impressed. He thought Americans had no need to hunt for subjects in strange lands.

When Joseph Israels painted for us a fat, rosy, Dutch baby attempting its first steps by the aid of a sort of cage on rollers, or a lonely old woman saying grace before her meal, he could not be ignored. Like Millet, Israels knew the people he painted. He lived amongst them and loved them. It was a genuine sentiment, born of experience, that led Israels to paint "Alone in the World." The old woman sits beside her dead, utterly dazed and forlorn. Without her loved companion, what is she to do next? How can she live without him? Such a picture speaks to vast multitudes and is easily understood. It is a tragedy taking place every day in every land, in the palace and in the cottage. So far the theme is universal, but the treatment of it is so truly Dutch that it could not have been painted anywhere but in Holland. What has here been said of Israels may be said of the sheep and cattle pictures of Mauve. They belong not only to Holland, they could belong nowhere else.



From an unpublished sketch by George Poggenbeek.  
(Owned by Mr. Van Laer.)

But these pictures by Israels, Kever, Nieuhuys, and Blommers appeal to artist and layman alike for another reason. These men,

like their ancestors, are good craftsmen. They know how to paint. They know their trade. Above all, they have learned to adapt their way of painting to their needs. A little examination will show that in this



From an unpublished sketch by Jan Van Essen.  
(Owned by Mr. Van Laer.)

their methods are sound, sound because simple and direct. They neither know nor tolerate trickery of any sort. In fact, purely technical problems bother them very little. They are never the subjects of conversation in studios or clubs as with us. Dutch painters seem to have but one aim, and that is to paint truthfully and seriously but with the utmost simplicity and frankness. This does not mean that they all paint alike. There is a vast difference between a canvas by Jacob Maris and one by Albert Nieuhuys, or between the manner of Mauve and

that of Poggenbeek, and yet these men attain their various ends through one and the same underlying principle, which is nothing



Alone in the World, by Josef Israels.

more than the attempt of each man to put down his own impressions in his own way, with all the clearness and power at his command, by honest and direct means.

One afternoon Poggenbeek, Bastert, and I were roaming over the fields near Breukelen. Poggenbeek stood still, took from his pocket a little sketch-book, and jotted down in a few hurried lines the essentials of the scene before us. The next morning in the studio, in a few hours' work, he had upon his canvas a strong interpretation not only of the scene but of the day and the hour. This splendid start was made as innocently and as free from mystery as if it were the work of a beginner but with the grasp and knowledge of a master. For weeks after this, when conditions were favorable, he walked out to the fields, spent a half-hour renewing his impressions and absorbing again their charm and mystery, till finally he felt he had said all there was for him to say, and for him the thing was done.

It must not be forgotten that most Dutch painters work as willingly in water-color as in oil, and while they appreciate that each medium has its peculiar charm—that the beauty of water-color is one thing and that of oil is another—the mental process is the same. If it suits the theme to use transparent washes, they will be careful to preserve the purity of the paper. How skillfully Mauve could work in this manner! If the subject calls for texture or solidity,

they do not hesitate to employ opaque color or wash and rewash the paper a dozen times. Israels and Blommers were masters of this method. What depths of shadow could they not reach, or by the superimposing of snappy touches of brilliant bits of color to what lightness did they not attain! Who better than they have made this subtle and difficult medium yield more willingly to every shade of feeling or thought or revelled in it with greater zest and freedom?

It must be admitted that Dutch art has its limitations. We shall look in vain for works of high imaginative quality, always excepting the beautiful canvases by Matthys Maris. I cannot conceive, for example, of any Dutch painter living in Burne-Jones's world. Since the seventeenth century Holland has had no notable portrait-painters, nor are there to-day, so far as I know, any mural decorators executing historical or purely decorative works of a high order. As always, it is the life going on about him that holds the interest of the modern Dutch painter, and this he still interprets in his own way. He is still a realist but not wholly given over to materialism. He cannot forget his splendid heritage, his sensitiveness to all that is beautiful in the little world in which he lives and moves. He is and always will be the artist practising those excellences that make for a sound and vigorous art.

ALEXANDER T. VAN LAER, N.A.







*Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Stanley M. Arthurs.*

Secretary Gerard.

(later first minister from France to the United States).  
Count de Vergennes.

Arthur Lee.

Silas Deane.

Benjamin Franklin.

### FRANKLIN AT THE FRENCH COURT.

Franklin arrived at Paris, December 21, 1776, as ambassador to the court of France and in conjunction with Arthur Lee and Silas Deane concluded a treaty with France, February 6, 1778, by which France recognized the independence of America.

[The second of twelve American historical frontispieces.]



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII

AUGUST, 1915

NO. 2

## SONNETS

By John Masefield

### THE UNEXPLORED, UNCONQUERED

OUT of the clouds come torrents, from the earth  
Fire and quakings, from the shrieking air  
Tempests that harry half the planet's girth.  
Death's unseen seeds are scattered everywhere.  
Yet in his iron cage the mind of man  
Measures and braves the terrors of all these;  
The blindest fury and the subtlest plan  
He turns or tames or shows in their degrees.  
Yet in himself are forces of like power,  
Untamed, unreckoned; seeds that brain to brain  
Pass across oceans, bringing thought to flower—  
New worlds, new selves, where he can live again  
Eternal beauty's everlasting rose  
Which casts this world as shadow as it grows.

### THE CENTRAL I

O LITTLE self, within whose smallness lies  
All that man was, and is, and will become,  
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies  
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam;  
That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,  
The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,  
And in the hovel can consort with kings  
Or clothe a god with his own mystery:  
O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,  
What dusty folly gather thee for food,  
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,  
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good!  
O living self, O god, O morning star,  
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are!

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## “NO. 6”

### A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN THREE SCENES BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

The first scene is the cathedral of Milan.  
The second scene is a corridor in the convict prison of Naples.  
The third scene is the cell of the prison.

#### CHARACTERS.

ANDREA DONATI, the most famous painter in Italy.

SILVIO, his pupil and friend.

THE GOVERNOR of the convict prison in Naples.

A YOUTH.

“No. 6.”

ANTONIO, a warder.

Convicts of the prison; warders.

#### SCENE I



*TRANSEPT in the Milan Cathedral. Andrea working on a large canvas on an easel placed at right angles to the audience. Silvio standing behind watching him. There is a faint sound from the distant cathedral organ. Andrea turns from the picture with a sigh.*

*Silvio.* The light is failing, master, and you are weary.

*Andrea.* Weary, yes, but not with toil; nor does my imagination flag at all, but at times a kind of foreboding takes hold of me that I shall never finish this picture, which was to be the masterpiece of my life. If I should die before the final touch is achieved——

*Silvio.* Ah, no!

*Andrea.* Well, but who knows? It is now ten years since I began this painting, which I call “The Last Supper.”

*Silvio.* And it is now almost finished.

*Andrea.* Finished, no! It is hardly begun.

*Silvio.* But only two figures are lacking.

*Andrea.* But those two figures are the picture. The two faces which I cannot paint, because, search as I may, I cannot find two faces so contrasted that the one shall convey to us the aspect of the divine, the other of the vile. The one a mirror, as it were, of heaven, the other the glass of hell itself. On the one side the countenance of the Redeemer, on the other the features of the traitor and the thief. Ten years have I spent in this fruitless quest, and I am still as far from success as ever.





*Painted by N. C. Wyeth.*

*The Youth.* Master, I shall not fail you.—Page 133.





*Silvio.* Is it necessary to discover two living faces so contrasted, to be able to paint them? Cannot your imagination, unaided, throw them on the canvas?

*Andrea.* The imagination, though its head be in heaven, must still stand upon the earth. Only faces of flesh and blood can launch me on my flight. Then, again, a fear possesses me that Nature herself may take some revenge upon me.

*Silvio.* Master, I cannot understand.

*Andrea.* (*Passing to and fro.*) Think what my life has been from boyhood! The loneliness, the dedicated days, the set, unswerving purpose! Think how in this pursuit of the beautiful I have discarded what is dearest to men, the promptings of the heart, the life of home, the love of women and of children! Ah, at times, Silvio, I dread lest Nature will not be denied, shall aim at my heart, crying: "This, too, was given thee; it is not enough to aspire; thou shalt also learn to feel." Cover the canvas, my friend. Listen, the music swells and now swoons into solemn death—it ceases. (*As the music ceases the figure of a young man is seen coming from the steps of the chancel. He has a face of singular beauty, and as he approaches the light from the transept window strikes full on him.*) Silvio, leave the canvas a moment and look! See that figure advancing and thrown into sudden glory! Now, now, the head, the face—wonderful! Is it possible that after these years my triumph comes? Stop the youth, Silvio, and bring him to me hither, lest he should vanish suddenly and I have been deceived by devils.

(*Silvio arrests the youth and brings him to the master.*)

*Silvio.* (*Addressing the young man.*) You, sir, to-day are highly honored. You have heard of Andrea Donati, the master painter of all Italy?

*The Youth.* Indeed; who has not?

*Silvio.* You stand before him now.

*The Youth.* (*Bowing low.*) Master.

*Andrea.* You, then, have you occupation here in the cathedral?

*The Youth.* Master, I sing here in the choir at matins and at vespers. Sometimes, indeed, I am chosen to sing alone, and then am I most happy.

*Andrea.* But, apart from this, have you

no more earthly trade or calling on which you live?

*The Youth.* My trade is that of a worker in bronze and gold.

*Andrea.* And a beautiful trade! But does it bring much money?

*The Youth.* Alas, master, no; and I have to sustain my mother, who is a widow.

*Andrea.* You would then be pleased, even for her sake, to add to your earnings?

*The Youth.* Yes, indeed; but how?

*Andrea.* I am working here, as you may see, upon a large canvas in which many faces are necessary; I have all but two. Your face will give me a sufficient suggestion of one of them. Are you willing to sit to me here each morning after matins and while the light holds? If so, I will pay you as liberally as you could desire.

*The Youth.* Yes, indeed, master. And it is not only the pay, it is to feel that I am transmitted on your canvas to immortality.

*Andrea.* That, then, is agreed; and I will not wait a day—I have waited so long. To-morrow morning.

*The Youth.* Master, I shall not fail you.

(*He bows humbly and joyously leaves the cathedral with quick steps.*)

*Andrea.* Is it not wonderful, Silvio, that of a sudden, just as I have begun to despair, that face should be sent me? Oh, not the perfect face which I intend, but, as it were, the human suggestion of it, the proper fuel to my imagination. Oh, why, why should night intervene between me and my dream? I am athirst to begin. I shall know no sleep to-night. Well, my son, come with me to my lonely house; I cannot bear, as yet, to be alone; and after, we will sup together and drink the old Chianti. (*Laying his hand on Silvio's head.*) Oh, Silvio, only one more step for me to climb: that other face; the face of the betrayer.

*Silvio.* And yet it seems to me well-nigh impossible, master, to find in humanity two such contrasted faces as you desire. To suggest with the one a love celestial, with the other a hate infernal.

*Andrea.* Having found one, I may yet find the other; who knows? For to-day this joy is enough.

(*They proceed outward, Andrea with his arm round his pupil's neck.*)





## SCENE II



**GLOOMY** corridor in the convict prison of Naples. Time—evening. Ten years have elapsed. Andrea and the Governor of the prison are pacing to and fro together.

*The Governor.* You are, of course, aware, sir, that what you request is not merely unusual but entirely unprecedented.

*Andrea.* Sir, I am fully aware of it, yet still I venture to persist in my request.

*The Governor.* You will clearly understand, then, that what I granted is to the master painter and not to a private individual.

*Andrea.* Clearly.

*The Governor.* You ask, then, that twelve of the most abandoned convicts in the worst prison of Italy shall be filed before you that you may, perhaps, discover among them a face sufficiently base to transfer to the great canvas on which you are working?

*Andrea.* Exactly.

*The Governor.* I have already given order that this shall be done, but remember that the men whom you will see, abandoned as they are, might be roused to open fury if they suspected that they were paraded before you merely for the purpose of portrayal. I have to request, then, that you will stand back in the shadow here and make no sign except to me privately.

*Andrea.* I will do so.

*(He retires into a shadowy recess.)*

*The Governor.* *(Calling to an attendant.)* Antonio! *(An attendant warder enters.)* Are the men of whom I spoke to you ready?

*Antonio.* They are waiting for your order, sir.

*The Governor.* Then have them filed before me singly and slowly.

*Antonio.* *(In loud voice.)* Nos. 1 to 12 this way; pass slowly!

*(The convicts, who are in chains, begin to pass through the corridor in single file. Five have passed and the sixth now passes Andrea, who remains in the shadow.)*

*Andrea.* *(Bursting from the recess.)* Stop this one! Him—the sixth! I have it at last, I tell you—the face I have so vainly sought! The face of the betrayer!

*The Governor.* No. 6, fall out! The rest back to the cells! *(The convicts go off in charge of Antonio. No. 6 remains.)* This fellow who has the face you want is under sentence of death, and dies at dawn to-morrow.

*Andrea.* Only just in time, then.

*The Governor.* What do you propose to do with him?

*Andrea.* I have only time to make a rough sketch which will fix his face.

*The Governor.* No. 6, the master painter, Andrea Donati, desires to portray you to-night before you die.

*No. 6.* Oh, come now! You have a right to take my life—that is law—but not to take my portrait. I object.

*Andrea.* The fellow is right; and, as I believe it is at times permitted for one condemned to enjoy some special privilege on his last night on earth, I suggest that I may be allowed, in return for the favor he is granting me, to provide him with a flask of wine and as many cigars as he can smoke while I am making my sketch of him.

*No. 6.* Ah, now we are talking business. Under these conditions I consent to sit.

*The Governor.* Well, having yielded so





*Painted by N. C. Wyeth.*

*Andrea.* Stop this one! Him—the sixth!

far, I will yield this further. No. 6, back to your cell; there you will await the master.

(No. 6 slinks off.)

*The Governor.* This fellow is the most notorious of our criminals. Not only had

he a hand in assassination, but for a paltry sum he also betrayed his accomplices to death. The earth is well rid of him.

*Andrea.* Did I not exclaim: "The face of the betrayer!"



### SCENE III



*NE of the cells of the condemned in the convict prison. Andrea and No. 6 discovered. A flask of Chianti and cigars upon a table at the side of No. 6. Andrea is sketching at an easel the face of the condemned man. Dawn peers through the cell grating.*

*Andrea.* A little to the right—so. (He continues to sketch.) Your right hand half closed, resting on the table, the other thrust downward, out of sight—so.

*No. 6.* Time's passing, master; I could do with another drink and another smoke.

*Andrea.* One moment only; now, could you peer as though you were listening to the approach of some one outside?

*No. 6.* How's that, then?

*Andrea.* No, no; put your hand down; listen with your eyes.

*No. 6.* I say, this isn't in the bargain—Well, now, then?

*Andrea.* Don't move; stay as you are. I implore you not to move. (He adds a few more touches.) Now, then, drink and smoke.

*No. 6.* Many thanks, master. (He takes a long draught of wine and lights a cigar. Andrea still puts final touches to the drawing, glancing at No. 6 from time to time.) They keep you so short of food

here that a drop of wine makes one drunk almost in a moment. I suppose I may walk about for a moment or so?

*Andrea.* Yes, yes; I have got all from you that I want.

*No. 6.* (Shivering.) It's getting near the time, isn't it?

*Andrea.* Yes; are you prepared?

*No. 6.* (Slouching to and fro.) I shall be, with another glass. The thing is to get oneself numbed, as it were, and I am beginning to feel—that I don't feel; and this I owe to you.

*Andrea.* And I owe to you more than you would ever suspect. Per Bacco! We are here together, you and I. You have rendered me the greatest service one man can render another. You are about to die, but if it can console you at all I will tell you that this drawing here will enable me to finish the picture of a lifetime.

(A warder enters.)

*Warder.* No. 6, the priest is here; will you see him?

*No. 6.* The priest? No! (Pouring out another glass.) This is my priest and final consolation. (Exit warder.) Well, now, master, would you say that mine was a face difficult to paint?

*Andrea.* No, no; except that any face which is strange is difficult.

*No. 6.* My face is strange, then?

*Andrea.* Strange in this way only, that I have never seen it before.

*No. 6.* (Lurching toward Andrea and





*Painted by N. C. Wyeth.*

*Andrea.* I implore you not to move

*blowing tobacco in his face.)* You have never seen my face before?

*Andrea.* Undoubtedly not.

*(Enter Antonio.)*

*Antonio.* No. 6, you have five more minutes.

*(Exit Antonio.)*

*No. 6.* Five minutes, did he say?—May I look at that drawing?

*Andrea.* Look, then!

*No. 6.* Umph! Throw your mind back a bit, master. Were you ever in the city of Milan?

*Andrea.* Milan! There I was born and lived half my life!

*No. 6. (Lighting a fresh cigar.)* There's not much time, but there's time for another—umph! You know the cathedral there?

*Andrea.* Why! It was in that same cathedral that I began and almost finished the painting of my life, but to complete it I lacked one face, and to-night I have it.

*No. 6. (Lurching toward him, smoking fiercely.)* I hear them; they are coming for me. *(A tramp of steps is heard without.)* Quick, then!—Ah, one more glass!—You remember, perhaps, a young fellow who sang there in the choir?

*Andrea.* Why, of course! His face is the great, the central face of my picture.

*No. 6. (Pointing to portrait.)* This is it!

*Andrea. (Starting up.)* This is it! Man, between that face and this is all the distance between a heaven and a hell.

*(Enter two warders.)*

*Warders.* No. 6.

*(They advance and touch him on the shoulder.)*

*No. 6. (Approaching Andrea and speaking in his ear.)* Master, I was that chorister. You have painted me twice.—Fell in bad hands—no matter—too long to tell now.

*Andrea.* You—you!

*No. 6. (Turning to warders.)* I am ready. *(Then turning again to Andrea.)* That's right, master.

*(He is taken off. Andrea sinks in his chair, burying his face in his hands.)*

*Andrea.* God—God!

*(A report of musketry is heard. Enter Governor of jail.)*

*Governor.* It is over, master. Earth is well rid of the wretch. The only service he ever did was the service to Andrea Donati. May I say how proud I am to have been able to furnish you with the means of finishing that masterpiece, for which all Italy is waiting.

*Andrea.* Never now! If God can finish so the pictures he begins, my picture shall be left forever unfinished.

*(He dashes the drawing on the floor and sets his foot upon it as the curtain falls.)*

## NIGHT

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

HUSH of the world, save for a small and quiet wind,  
Out of the north through slumberous fir-tops stirring;  
A late pale moon holding the dreaming hills  
With passionate white magic, and the whirring  
Of a belated cricket in the grass.  
O amber night, alive and wonderful and still!

I have arisen for I cannot sleep. Too near to me,  
Too sweet, the outspread wonder of your hair;  
Your silent breath stirs mine too tremulously.  
I am afraid with an old dread I have of losing you.

Heart of my life, is it not strange, this love  
Which holds us? Lips cling to lips, so much  
I strive to lose myself in you, and yet, beyond, above,  
Always we stand as beggars at the gates of sound and touch:  
You are asleep, I know not where your soul,  
While I, alone, watch silently the stars.





"Oh, do go home, all of you: especially you, Jessie!"—Page 140.

# MISS THOMASINA TUCKER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

"**G**OOD-BY, Miss Tucker!"  
 "Good luck, Miss Tommy!"  
 "By, by, Tomsie!"  
 "Don't stay away too long!"

These sentiments were being called from the Hoboken dock to the deck of an ocean steamer, while a young lady, buried in bouquets and bonbons, leaned over the rail, sparkling, inciting, compelling, responding.

"Take care of yourself, Tommy!"

"I don't see but that I must! Nobody else to do it!" she responded saucily.

"You wouldn't let 'em if they tried!" This from a rosy-cheeked youngster who was as close to the water edge as safety permitted. "Say, did you guess what my floral offering was to be when you trimmed your hat? *I am* flattered!"

"Sorry! The hat was trimmed weeks ago, and I'm wearing your nosegay because it matches."

"Thanks, awfully," replied the crest-fallen youth. "Plans for reduction of head size constantly on file in Miss Tucker's office."

"Just Carl's luck to hit on a match."

"Don't see any particular luck in being accessory to a hat trimming," grumbled Carl.

"Write now and then, Miss Tommy, won't you?" said a fellow with eyeglasses and an air of fashion.

"Won't promise! I'll wait till I'm rich enough to cable!"

"Shilling a word's expensive, but you can send 'em to me collect. My word is 'Hopeful,'" at which the little party laughed, being of an age to laugh at anything.

"Register another, and make it 'Uncertain,'" called the girl roguishly, seeing that no one was paying any attention to her friends and their nonsense.

"London first, is it?" asked the rosy youth. "Decided on your hotel?"

"Hotel? It's going to be my share of a modest Bloomsbury lodging," she answered. "Got to sing my way from a third floor back in a side street to a gorgeous suite at the Ritz!"

"We'll watch you!" cried three in chorus.

"But we'd rather hear you!" said a

nice, tailor-made girl, whose puffy eyelids looked as if she had been crying.

"Blessed lamb! I hope I'll be better worth hearing! Oh, do go home, all of you; especially you, Jessie! My courage is oozing out at the heels of my shoes. Disappear! I've been farewelling actively for an hour and casually for a week. If they don't take off the gangplank in a minute or two I shan't have pluck enough to stick to the ship."

"You can't expect us to brace you up, Tommy," said the rosy youth. "We're losing too much by it. Come along back! What's the matter with America?"

"Don't talk to her that way, Carl," and the tailor-made girl looked at him reproachfully. "You know she's got nobody and nothing to come back to. She's given up her room. She's quarrelled with her beastly uncle at last; all her belongings are in the hold of the steamer, and she's made up her mind."

"All ashore that's going ashore!" The clarion tones of the steward rang through the air for the third time, and the loud beating of the ship's gong showed that the last moment had come. The gangplank was removed, and the *Königin* pushed off and slowly wended her way down-river, some of the more faithful ones in the crowd waving handkerchiefs until she was a blur in the distance.

"Well, there's no truer way of showing loyalty than by going to Hoboken to see a friend off," said the eye-glassed chap as he walked beside Jessie Macleod to the ferry. "I wouldn't do it for anybody but Tommy."

"Nor I!" exclaimed the rosy youth. "Good old Tommy! I wonder whether she'll sing and have a career, or fall in love over there?"

"She might do both, I should think; at least it has been done, though not, perhaps, with conspicuous success," was Carl's reply.

"Whichever she does, we've lost her," sighed the girl, "and our little set will be so dull without Tommy!"

Fergus Appleton had leaned over the deck rail for a few moments before the *Königin* started on her voyage; leaned there idly and indifferently, as he did most things, smoking his cigarette with an air

of complete detachment from the world. He was going to no one, and leaving no one behind. He had money enough to live on, but life had always been something of a bore to him and he couldn't have endured it without regular occupation. His occasional essays on subjects connected with architecture, his critical articles in similar fields, his travels in search of wider information, the book on which he was working at the moment, these kept him busy and gave him a sense of being tolerably useful in his generation. The particular group of juveniles shouting more or less intimate remarks to a girl passenger on board the steamer attracted his attention for a moment.

"They are very young," he thought, "or they would realize that they are all revealing themselves with considerable frankness, although nobody seems to be listening but me!"

He would not have listened, as a matter of fact, had it not been for the voice of the girl they called Tommy. It was not loud, but it had the quality of a golden bell, and Fergus was susceptible to a beautiful voice. One other thing, the slightest possible thing, enlisted his notice. She wore a great bunch of mignonette stuck in the waistband of her green cloth dress, and her small hat had a flat wreath of the same flower. Mignonette was, perhaps, the only growing thing of which Fergus Appleton ever took note, and its perfume was the only one that ever particularly appealed to his rather dull sense of smell; the reason being that in the old garden of the house in which he was born there was always a huge straggling patch of the old-fashioned flower. His mother used to sit there on summer mornings and read to him, and when he lay on his back in the sunshine he used to watch the butterflies and humming-birds and trees, and sniff the fragrance that filled the air. When his mother died, he wandered into the garden, sought the familiar corner, and flung himself on the bed of mignonette to cry his heart out—the lonely heart of an eight-year-old boy. That was five and twenty years ago, but he never passed a florist's open door in summer-time without remembering that despairing hour and the fragrance of the flowers, bruised with his weight and moistened with his tears.



The girl vanished the moment the steamer was out of sight of the dock, and Fergus did not give her another thought for a day or two. He had liked her green cloth dress and the hat that framed her young, laughing, plucky face. He had thought her name suited her, and wondered what dignified appellation had been edited, cut, and metamorphosed to make "Tommy," deciding, after a look at the passenger list, that it was Thomasina, and that the girl must be Miss Thomasina Tucker, an alliterative combination which did not appeal to his literary taste.

The voyage was a rough one, and he only saw her now and then, always alone, and generally standing on the end of the ship, her green cape blowing in a gale of wind and showing a scarlet lining, her mignonette hat exchanged for a soft green thing with an upstanding scarlet quill. She was the only companionable person on board, but he did not know her and sat nowhere near her at table, a co-ordination of facts that seemed to settle the matter, considering the sort of man he was and the sort of girl she was.

"She's too pretty and too young to be gallivanting about 'on her own,'" he said to himself one morning, when Tommy stood on the upper deck looking out to sea and, as far as he could judge, singing, though there was such a gale blowing that he could not hear her voice. "But all the girls are the same nowadays," and he puffed his pipe disconsolately; "all the same; brisk, self-supporting, good fellows. If I ever met a nice, unsuccessful-but-not-depressed sort of girl, soft but not silly, mild but not tame, flexible but not docile, spirited but not domineering, I think I should capitulate; but they're all dead. The type has changed, and I haven't changed with it."

Fergus Appleton did not make acquaintances easily; no man does who has had a lonely, neglected boyhood, his only companion a father who seldom remembered his existence, and, when he did, apparently regretted it. He had known girls, but he was a shy, silent, ugly boy, and appealed as little to them as they to him. He did not live through the twenties without discovering that a fine crop

of sentiment was growing in his heart; he also discovered that he didn't know in the least what to do with it. George Meredith, speaking of Romance, says: "The young who avoid that region escape the title of Fool at the cost of a Celestial crown." Fergus Appleton wouldn't have minded being called a fool if only he could have contrived to deserve the title, and the glimmer of the crown celestial had been in his imagination more than once until he turned thirty and decided it was not for his head. Guileless chickens did not appeal to him, and coquettish hens certainly had no power to charm; he was even widow-proof, so he became a thoroughfare for sisterly affection. Girls suffocated him with friendliness, which was not the stuff of which his dreams were made. However, he had no reason to complain, for he got as good as he gave, and it occurred to him that he could not expect to start a disastrous conflagration in any maiden bosom so long as he had no brimstone, nor any substitute for it, on his own premises.

"Anyway," he reflected (though perhaps not oftener than once a year), "if I haven't a tie in the world, I have complete freedom to do as I like!" And if the said freedom palled upon him occasionally, nobody was the wiser, for Fergus Appleton did not wear his heart on his sleeve.

As for Tommy, there had been several Thomas Tuckers in genealogical line, and the father of Thomasina was already Thomas Tucker the third. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, the parents of the first Thomas, must have been somewhat lacking in humor, and somewhat ignorant of the classics, for although they could not, perhaps, help being Tuckers, they needn't have saddled their offspring with a Christian name which would suggest Mother Goose to every properly educated person. However, the first Thomas grew into a great man, healthy, wealthy, and wise, and his descendants could hardly do less than keep his name alive. Thomas the third was disappointed, not to say mortified, when his only child, born in his old age, turned out to be a girl, but he bravely did the best he could and named her Thomasina. Mrs. Tucker did not like the name, but she died before the baby was three days old.



The baby hated it herself when she reached years of discretion, and when she found that she possessed a voice and had a possible career before her, she saw plainly that something more mellifluous must be substituted if programmes should ever be in question. Meantime she was Tommy to her friends, and the gay little name suited her to a T. The gay little rhyme suited her, too, for, like the Tommy Tucker in *Mother Goose*, she had to "sing for her supper"; for her breakfast, and her dinner, and her tea also, for that matter, if any were to be eaten.

Her only relation, a disagreeable bachelor uncle, had given her a home during her orphaned girlhood, and her first idea on growing up was to get out of it. This she did promptly when she secured a place in a Brooklyn choir. The salary was modest, but it provided a room and at least one meal a day; not, of course, a Roman banquet, but something to satisfy a youthful appetite. It seemed to the intrepid possessor of a charming voice, an equally charming face, and a positive gift for playing accompaniments, that the other two meals, and a few clothes and sundries, might be forthcoming. As a matter of fact, they were, although the uncle said that Tommy would starve, and he almost hoped that she would, just to break the back of her obstinate independence.

## II

TOMMY had none too much to eat, and, according to her own æsthetic ambitions, nothing at all to wear; but she was busy all day long and absurdly happy. Her income was uncertain, but that was amusing and thrilling rather than pitiful or tragic. She had two or three "steadies" among singers, who gave her engagements as accompanist at small drawing-room recitals or charitable entertainments. There was a stout German lady whose arias for dramatic soprano kept her practising until midnight, and a rich young lady amateur who needed a very friendly and careful accompaniment because she sang flat and always lost her breath before the end of a long phrase. The manner in which Tommy concealed these defects was thoroughly ingenious and sympathetic.

When Miss Guggenheim paused for breath Tommy filled the gap with instrumental arabesques; when she was about to flat Tommy gave her the note suggestively. If she was too dreadfully below pitch, and had breath enough to hang on to the note so long that the audience (who were always invited guests) writhed obviously, Tommy would sometimes drop a sheet of the music on the floor and create a diversion, always apologizing profusely for her clumsiness. The third patron was a young baritone, who liked Miss Tucker's appearance on the platform and had her whenever he didn't sing Schubert's "*Erl König*," which Tommy couldn't play. This was her most profitable engagement, but it continued, alas! for only three months, for the baritone wanted to marry her, and she didn't like him because he was bald and his neck was too fat. Also, she was afraid she would have to learn to play the "*Erl König*" properly.

All this time Tommy was longing to sing in public herself, and trying to save money enough to take more lessons by way of preparation.

When she lost the baritone, who was really peevish at being rejected after suiting his programmes to her capacities for a whole season, Tommy conceived a new idea. She influenced Jessie Macleod, who had a fine contralto, and two other girls with well-trained voices, to form a quartette.

"We can't get anything to do separately, perhaps we can make a pittance together," she said. "We'll do good simple things; our voices blend well, and if we practise enough there's no reason why we shouldn't sing beautifully."

"Singing beautifully is one thing and getting engagements is another," sighed Jessie Macleod.

"As if I didn't know that! We can't hope to be superior to other quartettes, so we must be different—intelligent, unique—I can't think just how at the moment, but I will before we make our début."

And she did, for Tommy was nothing if not fertile in ideas.

Every hour that the girls could spare in the month of October was given to rehearsal, till the four fresh young voices were like one. They had decided to give



nothing but English songs, to sing entirely from memory, and to make a specialty of good words well spoken. All the selections but one or two were to be without accompaniment, and in these Tommy would sit at the piano surrounded by the other three in a little group.

Miss Guggenheim was to give them their first appearance, invite fifty or sixty people, and serve tea. She kindly offered to sing some solos herself, but Tommy, shuddering inwardly, said she thought it was better that the quartette should test its own strength unaided.

Miss Guggenheim couldn't sing but she could dress, and she had an inspiration a week before the concert.

"What are you going to wear, girls?" she asked.

"Anything we have, is the general idea," said Tommy. "Mine is black."

"Mine's blue"—"White"—"Pink!" came from the other three.

"But must you wear those particular dresses? Can't you each compromise a little so as to look better together?"

"So hard to compromise when each of us has one dress hanging on one nail; one neck and sleeves filled up for afternoons and ripped out for evenings!"

"I should get four simple dresses just alike," said Miss Guggenheim, who had a dozen.

"What if they should hang in our closets unworn and unpaid for?" asked Jessie Macleod.

"We're sure to get at least one engagement some time or other. Nothing venture nothing have. We ought to earn enough to pay for the dresses, if we do nothing more," and Tommy's vote settled it.

Miss Guggenheim also knew people, if she did sing flat, and her drawing-room was full on the occasion of the debut. Carl Bishop, a friend of Tommy's, was in a publishing office, and nobly presented programmes for the occasion. The quartette had not thought of naming itself, but Carl had grouped the songs under the heading, "The Singing Girls," and luckily they liked the idea.

At four o'clock the hum of conversation ceased at the sound of singing voices in the distance. A sort of processional effect had been Tommy's suggestion, and the

quartette formed in the dressing-room and sang its way to the audience.

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings  
And Phœbus 'gins to rise!"

The voices rang high and clear, coming nearer and nearer. All the words could be heard and understood. The hall portières divided, and the girls entered, all in soft gray crêpe, gardenias at the belt, little brimmed hats of black velvet with a single gardenia on the side, the flowers being the offering of the German soprano, who loved Tommy. They were young, they were pretty, they sang delightfully in tune, and with quite bewitching effect. Several ladies fell in love with them at first sight, and hoped that they would sing for nothing a few times, "just to get themselves known." They had done nothing else for two years, so that Tommy said they must be acquainted with the entire State of New York and a considerable section of New Jersey, though nothing ever came of it. It was a joyous surprise, then, when an old gentleman in the company (who was seen to wipe tears away when the girls gave "Darby and Joan") engaged them to sing at his golden wedding the next night. That was the beginning of a season of modest prosperity. Tommy's baritone had married his new accompanist (he seemed determined to have a piano-playing wife), and, wishing to show Miss Tucker that his heart was not broken by her rejection, he gave a handsome party and engaged the quartette, paying for their services in real coin of the realm. Other appearances followed in and out of town, and Tommy paid for her gray dress, spent a goodly sum for an attack of tonsillitis, the result of overwork, and still saved two hundred dollars. The season was over. She was fagged, but not disheartened. Who is at twenty-two? But it was late April, and drawing-room entertainments were no more. The two hundred dollars when augmented by the church salary would barely take her through till October.

"It is very annoying," thought Tommy, "that when you have to eat, drink, sleep, and dress twelve months in the year, that the income by which you do these things should cease abruptly for four months. Still, furriers can't sell furs in hot weather,



and summer boarders can't board in winter, so I suppose other people have to make enough money in eight months to spend in twelve.

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings  
And Phœbus 'gins to rise!"

she carolled, splashing about in her morning tub as she finished making these reflections, the tub being an excellent place for trills and scales.

Proceeding from tub to her sitting-room to make things ready for toilette and breakfast, her mind ran on her little problems.

"I want to learn more, see more, hear more," she thought. "I have one of those nasty, unserviceable, betwixt-and-between talents: voice not high enough for 'Robert, toi que j'aime,' nor low enough for 'Ständchen'; not flexible enough for 'Caro Nome,' nor big enough for 'Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster'; poor French accent, worse German; awfully good English, but that doesn't count. Can sing old ballads, folk-songs, and nice, forgotten things that make dear old gentlemen and ladies cry—but not pay. If I were billed at all, it ought to be

"FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC  
OF  
BEHIND-THE-TIMES TOMMY"

This appellation so tickled her fancy that she nearly upset the coffee-pot, and she continued to laugh at her own wit until a fat letter was pushed under her door from the hall outside. She picked it up and looked at its English postmark.

"Helena Markham!" she cried, joyously.

"DEAR TOMMY:" (the letter read)

"Don't you want to come over to London for the season? You never make any money at home from June to October, and if by chance you have a penny in the bank (I don't know why I say 'if' when none of us ever had such a thing!) I think I can put enough in your way to pay part of your expenses. I am really beginning to get on!—three engagements in the provincial towns all arranged. My accompanist plays lots better than you do, but I don't sing half so well with him as I used

to with you. You somehow infuse the spirit into me that I lack. I incline to be lumpy and heavy. They may not notice it in the provinces, for I dare say there are lumpy and heavy people there, too. However, though I shall have to have somebody well known over here for concerts of any great pretensions, I could work you into smaller ones, and coach with you, too, since I must have somebody. And you are so good-looking, Tommy dear, and have such a winning profile! I am plainer than ever, but no plainer than Madame Titiens, so the papers say. I never saw or heard her, of course, but the critics say I have the same large, 'massive' style of voice and person. My present accompanist would take first prize for ugliness in any competition; he is more like a syndicate of plainness than one single exemplification of it! I must have a noble nature to think more of my audiences than of myself, but I should like to give them something to please their eyes—I flatter myself I can take care of their ears!

"Oh, do come, Tommy! Say you will!"

"HELENA."

Tommy pirouetted about the room like an intoxicated bird, waving the letter, and trilling and running joyful chromatic scales, for the most part badly done.

"Will I go to London?" she warbled in a sort of improvised recitative. "Will I take two or two and a half lessons of Georg Henschel? Will I grace platforms in the English provinces? Will I take my two hundred dollars out of the bank and risk it royally? Perhaps the bystanders will glance in at my windows and observe me giving the landlady notice, and packing my trunk, both of which delightful tasks I shall be engaged in before the hour strikes."

### III

FERGUS APPLETON thought he saw "the singing girl" one day in May in Wells, where he went to study the cathedral. At least, he saw a hansom with a pink-clad figure in the opening, looking like a rosebud of a new and odd sort on wheels. At least, it looked like a rosebud at the moment the doors rolled back like the leaves of a calyx, and the flower issued, trium-



phant and beautiful. She was greeted by a tall, stout lady, who climbed into the hansom, and the two settled themselves quickly and drove off.

Appleton's hansom followed on its own course, which chanced to be in the same direction, and he saw the slim and the stout disappear up a hilly street, at the top of which was a famous old house. He walked that way in the afternoon, having nothing better to do, but could observe no dwelling at which the two ladies might be staying. There was a pretty cottage with a long, gravelled pathway leading to it, and a little sign on the locked gate reading: "Spring Cleaning. Please do not knock or ring." Farther along was a more pretentious house, so attractive that he was sorry he had never noticed it before, for the sign "Apartments to Let" was in one of the front windows. He heard a piano in the rear somewhere, but on reaching the front door another sign confronted him: "The parlor maid is slightly deaf. If door-bell is not answered at once, please step inside and ring the dinner-bell on the hall table."

This somehow required more courage than Appleton possessed, though he determined to look at the rooms on his next visit, so he stole down the path and went about his business, wondering why in the world he had done such a besotted thing as to take a walk among the furnished lodgings of the cathedral town of Wells.

The summer waxed. He had nearly finished his book, and, feeling the need of some peaceful retreat where he could do the last chapters and work up his sketches, he took the advice of an English friend and went down to Devonshire, intending to go from place to place until he found a hotel and surroundings to his mind.

The very first one pleased his exacting taste, and he felt that the Bexley Sands Inn would be the very spot in which to write; comfortable within, a trifle too large, perhaps, and at week-ends too full of people, but clean, well kept, and sunny.

It was a Friday evening, and the number of guests who arrived on the last train from Torquay was rather disturbing.

The dining-room service was not interfered with, but Appleton made up his mind to smoke his pipe in his own sitting-room and go down to the lounge later to read the papers, when the crowd might have dispersed. At nine o'clock, accordingly, he descended, and was preparing to settle himself with the last *Spectator*, when the young lady in the office observed: "There's a very good concert going on in the drawing-room, sir, if you enjoy music." No admittance, you know; just a plate at the door as you leave—quite optional."

Appleton bowed his thanks, filled his pipe, and, taking up his newspaper with a sensation of comfortable idleness, was beginning an article on the situation in the Balkans, when a voice floated out from the distant drawing-room, down the long corridor, through the writing-room into the lounge. It was not a little voice nor a big voice, it seemed to have no extraordinarily high notes and no low ones, it did not arrest attention by the agility of its use; but it was as fresh and young as a bird's and sweeter than honey in the comb. It began by carolling "My Love's an Arbutus," went on to "The Little Red Lark" and "The Low-Backed Car," so that Appleton, his head thrown back in the easy chair, the smoke wreaths from his pipe circling in the air, the Balkans forgotten, decided that the singer was Irish.

"A pretty voice, sir," remarked the goddess of the hotel office. "I'm sorry so many of our guests are playing bowls this evening, and there's a bridge party of three tables in our first-floor private sitting-room, or the young lady would have had an audience. She seems a nice little thing, quite a stranger, with no experience."

If the singer had even a small group of hearers, they were apparently delighted with "The Low-Backed Car," for with only a second's pause she gave "The Minstrel Boy." A certain individual quality of tone and spirit managed to bridge the distance between the drawing-room and lounge; or perhaps it was the piano accompaniment, so beautifully played that one could almost imagine it a harp; or was it that the words were so familiar to Appleton that every



syllable was understood so that the passion and fire of the old song suffered no loss?

"The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under!  
The harp he loved never spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder."

"It's a pity her programme is so old-fashioned," said the young lady of the office, passing his chair to give an order to the page. "It's true only the elderly people went in, but our week-enders are very up to date in everything. There's a lot of Londoners here, and those from Torquay are frightfully musical. If they don't get Debewssy, it seems they think nothing of the programme."

"Well, I confess that Debussy seems a trifle alien to this time and place," said Appleton, "and these old ballads suit my taste much better. I think I'll take a nearer view."

He shoved his pipe into its case and strolled down the corridor, pausing behind the heavy velvet portières that shut off the drawing-room. There was no buzz of conversation going on, because there was not a sufficient number of persons to buzz. A very quiet, stodgy audience it was, with no friendly grouping; just a few old gentlemen here and a few old ladies there, sometimes with their prematurely aged and chastened paid companions by their sides. There were some girls of fifteen or sixteen, too, scattered about, a few of them accompanied by prim governesses.

Appleton heard the entrance of some one from the anteroom beyond the grand piano, then a few chords, struck by a hand that loved the ivory keys and evoked a reciprocal tenderness every time they touched them; then:

"Near Woodstock Town in Oxfordshire  
As I walked forth to take the air,  
To view the fields and meadows round,  
Methought I heard a mournful sound."

So the chronicle ran on until the crisis came:

"The lady round the meadow ran,  
And gathered flowers as they sprang.  
Of every sort she there did pull  
Until she got her apron full."

The history of the distracted lady's unhappy passion persevered:

"The green ground served her as a bed,  
The flowers a pillow for her head.  
She laid her down and nothing spoke.  
Alas! for love her heart was broke."

Appleton was at first too enchanted with the mischievous yet sympathetic rendition of this tragedy to do anything but listen. The voice, the speech, were so full of color and personality he forgot for the moment that there would be a face behind them; but there was an irresistible something in the line, "Until she got her apron full," that forced him to peep behind the curtain just in time to catch the singer's smile.

As this is not a story of plot, suspense, or mystery, there is no earthly use in denying that the lady in question was Miss Thomasina Tucker, nor any sense in affirming that her appearance in Fergus Appleton's hotel was in the nature of a dramatic coincidence, since Americans crossing the Atlantic on the same steamer are continually meeting in the British Isles and on the Continent.

Appleton was pleased to see the girl again because he had always liked her face, and he was delighted to find that her voice not only harmonized with it, but increased its charm a hundredfold. Miss Tommy had several rather uncommon qualities in her equipment. One was that when she sang a high note she did it without exposing any of the avenues which led to her singing apparatus. She achieved her effects without pain to herself or to the observer, just flinging them off as gayly and irresponsibly as a bird on a bough, without showing any *modus operandi*. She had tenderness also, and fire, and a sense of humor which, while she never essayed a "comic" song, served her in good stead in certain old ballads with an irresistibly quaint twist in them. She made it perfectly clear that she was sorry for the poor lady who was running around the meadow preparing her flowery bier, but the conviction crept over you that she was secretly amused at the same time. Appleton heard the smile in her voice before he pulled aside the curtain and saw its counterpart on her face; heard and responded, for when Tommy tossed a smile to you,



you caught it gratefully and tossed it back in the hope of getting a second and a third.

Another arrow in Tommy's modest quiver was the establishment of an instantaneous intimacy between herself and her audience. The singing of her songs was precisely like the narration of so many stories, told so simply and directly that the most hardened critic would have his sting removed without being aware of it. He would know that Tommy hadn't a remarkable voice, but he would forget to mention it because space was limited. Sometimes he would say that she was an interpreter rather than a singer, and Tommy, for her part, was glad to be called anything, and grateful when she wasn't brutally arraigned for the microscopic size of her talent.

It was Tommy's captivating friendliness and the quality of her smile that "did" for the shyest and stiffest of men, for by the time she had finished her programme the thunderbolt, the classic, the eternal thunderbolt, had fallen, and Fergus Appleton was in love. Tommy began her unconscious depredations with "Near Woodstock Town" and "Phillida Flouts Me," added fuel to the flames with "My Heart's in the Highlands" and "Charlie Is My Darling," and reduced his heart to ashes with "Allan Water" and "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" The smile began it, but it was tears that worked the final miracle, though moisture very rarely has this effect on fires of any sort.

Tommy was tired and a bit disheartened; Appleton, the only responsive person in the audience, was seated in a far corner of the room, completely hidden behind a lady of formidable width and thickness, so she could not be expected to feel the tidal waves of appreciation he was sending toward her, although they ran so high at one moment that he could have risen to his feet and begged her to elope with him. The rest of her hearers sat heavily, stodgily in their seats without moving a muscle, mental, emotional, or physical. They had no private sitting-rooms, and they might as well be where they were as anywhere else; that was the idea they conveyed in every feature of their expressionless faces. An old gentleman in the front row left the room during the last song on the programme, and

Appleton was beset by, and resisted, a vulgar temptation to put out his foot and trip him up in the doorway. When Tommy sang:

"Has hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree  
With the talisman's glitt'ring glory,  
Has hope been that bird to thee?  
On branch after branch alighting,  
The gem did she still display,  
And when nearest and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gem away?"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times yes," answered Fergus Appleton's heart, for the first time in his life conscious of loneliness, lack of purpose, lack of anchorage, lack of responsibilities, lack of everything he had never wanted before, but wanted desperately all at once, and quite independent of logic.

He slipped out the door and let the scattered units in the audience assemble, pass him, and drift down the corridor toward the office and lounge. To his astonishment and anger they dropped shillings on the plate, and the young people sixpences and, great Heavens! even pennies; one half-crown, the tacit apology of the old gentleman who had left early, was the only respectable offering. Appleton took out a sovereign, and then was afraid to put it in the collection for fear of exerting the singer's curiosity, so he rummaged his pockets for half-crowns and two-shilling pieces. Finding only two or three, he changed his mind and put back the gold piece just in time to avoid the eye of the page, who came to take the offering back to Miss Tucker. Appleton twisted his mustache nervously, and walked slowly toward the anteroom with no definite idea in mind, save perhaps that she might issue from her retreat and recognize him as she passed. (As a matter of fact, she had never once noticed him on the steamer, but the poor wretch was unconscious of that misfortune!) The page came out, putting something in his pocket, and left the door half open behind him. Appleton wheeled swiftly, feeling like a spy, but not until he had seen Miss Thomasina Tucker take a large copper coin from the plate, fling it across the room, bury the plate of silver upside down in a sofa cushion, and precipitate herself upon it with a little quivering wail of shame, or dis-



appointment, or rage, he could hardly determine which.

Appleton followed the unfeeling, unmusical, penurious old ladies and gentlemen back into the lounge, glaring at them as belligerently and offensively as a gentleman could and maintain his self-respect. Then he went into the writing-room and embarked upon a positive orgy of letter-writing. Looking up from the last of his pile a half-hour later, he observed the young lady who was unconsciously preventing a proper flow of epistolary inspiration on his part seated at a desk in the opposite corner. A pen was in her right hand, and in her left she held a tiny embroidered handkerchief, rather creased. Sometimes she bit the corner of it, sometimes she leaned her cheek upon it, sometimes she tapped the blotting-pad with the pen-handle, very much as if she had no particular interest in what she was doing, or else she was very doubtful about the wisdom of it.

Presently she took some pennies from a small purse, and, rising, took her letters with her with the evident intention of posting them. Appleton rose too, lifting his pile of correspondence, and followed close at her heels. She went to the office, laid down threepence with her letters, turned, saw Fergus Appleton with the physical eye, but looked directly through him as if he were a man of glass, and poor quality of glass at that, and sauntered up-stairs as if she were greatly bored with life.

However, the top letter of her three was addressed very plainly to the "Bishop of Bath and Wells," and Fergus Appleton had known the bishop, and the bishop's wife, for several years. Accordingly, the post-bag that night held two letters addressed to the Bishop's Palace, and there was every prospect of an immediate answer to one of them.

#### IV

As for the country round about the Bexley Sands Hotel, it is one of the loveliest in Devonshire. It wastes no time, but, realizing the brevity of week-end visits and the anxiety of tourists to see the most scenery in the shortest space, it begins its duty at the very door of the hotel and

goes straight on from one stretch of loveliness to another.

If you have been there, you remember that if you turn to the right and go over the stone bridge that crosses the sleepy river you are in the very heart of beauty. You pick your way daintily along the edge of the road, for it is carpeted so thickly with sea-pinks and yellow and crimson crow's-foot that you scarcely know where to step. Sea-poppies there are, too, groves of them, growing in the sandy stretches that lie close to and border the wide, shingly beach. In summer the long, low, narrow stone bridge crosses no water, for just here is an acre or two of tall green rushes. You walk down the bank a few steps and sit under the shadow of a wall. The green garden of rushes stretches in front of you, with a still, shallow pool between you and it; a pool floating with blossoming waterweeds. On the edge of the rushes grow tall yellow irises in great profusion; the cuckoo's note sounds in the distance; the sun, the warmth, the intoxication of color make you drowsy, and you lean back among the green things, close your eyes, and then begin listening to the wonderful music of the rushes. A million million reeds stirred by the breeze bend to and fro, making a faint silken sound like that of a summer wave lapping the shore, but far more ethereal.

Thomasina Tucker went down the road, laden with books, soon after breakfast Monday morning. Appleton waited until after the post came in, and having received much-desired letters and observed with joy the week-enders setting forth hither and thither on their return journeys, followed what he supposed to be Miss Tucker's route; at least, it had been her route on Saturday and Sunday, and he could not suppose her to harbor caprice or any other feminine weakness.

Yes, there she was, in the very loveliest nook, the stone wall at her back, and in front nice sandy levels for books and papers and writing-pad.

"Miss Tucker, may I invade your solitude for a moment? Our mutual friend, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, has written asking me to look you up as a fellow countryman and see if I can be of any service to you so far away from home."



Tommy looked up, observed a good-looking American holding a letter in one hand and lifting a hat with the other, and bade him welcome.

"How kind of the bishop! But he is always doing kind things; his wife, too. I have seen much of them since I came to England."

"My name is Appleton, Fergus Appleton, at your service."

"Won't you take a stone, or make yourself a hollow in the sand?" asked Tommy hospitably. "I came out here to read and study, and get rid of the week-enders. Isn't Bexley Sands a lovely spot, and do you ever get tired of the bacon and the kippered herring, and the fruit tarts with Devonshire cream?"

"I can't bear to begin an acquaintance with a lady by differing on such vital points, but I do get tired of these Bexley delicacies."

"Perhaps you have been here too long—or have you just come this morning?"

Appleton swallowed his disappointment and hurt vanity, and remarked: "No, I came on Friday." (He laid some emphasis on Friday.)

"The evening train is so incorrigibly slow! I only reached the hotel at ten o'clock when I arrived on Thursday night." Miss Tucker shot a rapid glance at the young man as she made this remark.

"I came by the morning express and arrived here at three on Friday," said Appleton.

Miss Tucker, with a slight display of perhaps legitimate temper, turned suddenly upon him. "There! I have been trying for two minutes to find out when you came, and now I know you were at my beastly concert on Friday evening!"

"I certainly was, and very grateful I am, too."

"I suppose all through my life people will be turning up who were in that room!" said Miss Tucker ungraciously. "I must tell somebody what I feel about that concert! I should prefer some one who wasn't a stranger, but you are a great deal better than nobody. Do you mind?"

Appleton laughed like a boy, and flung his hat a little distance into a patch of seapinks. "Not a bit. Use me, or abuse me, as you like, so long as you don't send

me away, for this was my favorite spot before you chose it for yours."

"I live in New York, and I came abroad early in the summer," began Tommy.

"I know that already!" interrupted Appleton.

"Oh, I suppose the bishop told you."

"No, I came with you, on the *Königin*."

"Did you? Why, I never saw you on the boat."

"My charms are not so dazzling that I expect them to be noted and remembered," laughed Appleton.

"It is true, I was very tired, and excited, and full of anxieties," said Tommy meekly.

"Don't apologize! If you tried for an hour, you couldn't guess just why I noticed and remembered *you*!"

"I conclude it was not for *my* dazzling charms, then," Tommy answered saucily.

"It was because you wore the only flower I ever notice, one that is associated with my earliest childhood. I never knew a woman to wear a bunch of mignonette before."

"Some one sent it to me, I remember, and it had some hideous scarlet pinks in the middle. I put the pinks in my room and pinned on the mignonette because it matched my dress. I am very fond of green."

"My mother loved mignonette. We always had beds of it in our garden and pots of it growing in the house in winter. I can smell it whenever I close my eyes."

Tommy glanced at him. She felt something in his voice that she liked, something that attracted her and wakened an instantaneous response.

"But go on," he said. "I only know as yet that you sailed from New York on the *Königin*."

"Well, I went to London to join a great friend, a singer, Helena Markham. Have you heard of her?"

"No; is she an American?"

"Yes, a Western girl, from Montana, with oh! such a magnificent voice and such a big talent!" (The outward sweep of Tommy's hands took in the universe.)

"We've had some heavenly weeks together. I play accompaniments, and——"

"I know you do!"

"I forgot for the moment how much too much you know! I went with her to



Birmingham, and Manchester, and Leeds, and Liverpool. I wasn't really grand enough for her, but the audiences didn't notice me, Helena was so superb. In between I took some lessons of Henschel. He told me I hadn't much voice but very nice brains. I am always called 'intelligent,' and no one can imagine how I hate the word!"

"It is offensive, but not so bad as some others. I, for example, have been called a 'conscientious writer'!"

"Oh, are you a writer?"

"Of a sort, yes. But, as you were saying——"

"As I was saying, everything was going so beautifully until ten days ago, when Helena's people cabled her to come home. Her mother is seriously ill and cannot live more than a few months. She went at once, but I couldn't go with her—not very well, in midsummer—and so here I am, all alone, high and dry."

She leaned her chin in the cup of her hand and, looking absent-mindedly at the shimmering rushes, fell into a spell of silence that took no account of Appleton.

To tell the truth, he didn't mind looking at her unobserved for a moment or two. He had almost complete control of his senses, and he didn't believe she could be as pretty as he thought she was. There was no reason to think that she was better to look at than an out-and-out beauty. Her nose wasn't Greek. It was just a trifle faulty, but it was piquant and full of mischief. There was nothing to be said against her mouth or her eyelashes, which were beyond criticism, and he particularly liked the way her dark-brown hair grew round her temples and her ears—but the quality in her face that appealed most to Appleton was a soft and touching youthfulness.

Suddenly she remembered herself, and began again:

"Miss Markham and I had twice gone to large seaside hotels with great success, but, of course, she had a manager and a reputation. I thought I would try the same thing alone in some very quiet retreat, and see if it would do. Oh! wasn't it funny!" (Here she broke into a perfectly childlike fit of laughter.) "It was such a well-behaved, solemn little audi-

ence, that never gave me an inkling of its liking or its loathing."

"Oh, yes, it did!" remonstrated Appleton. "They loved your Scotch songs."

"Silently!" cried Tommy. "I had dozens and dozens of other things upstairs to sing to them, but I thought I was suiting my programme to the place and the people. I looked at them during luncheon and made my selections."

"You are flattering the week-enders."

"I believe you are musical," she ventured, looking up at him as she played with a tuft of sea-pinks.

"I am passionately fond of singing, so I seldom go to concerts," he answered, somewhat enigmatically. "Your programme was an enchanting one to me."

"It was good of its kind, if the audience would have helped me," and Tommy's lip trembled a little; "but perhaps I could have borne that, if it hadn't been for the—plate."

"Not a pleasant custom, and a new one to me," said Appleton.

"And to me!" (Here she made a little grimace of disgust.) "I knew beforehand I had to face the plate—but the contents! Where did you sit?"

"I was forced to stay a trifle in the background, I entered so late. It was your 'Minstrel Boy' that dragged me out of my arm-chair in the lounge."

"Then perhaps you saw the plate? I know by your face that you did! You saw the sixpences, which I shall never forget, and the pennies, which I shall never forgive! I thirst for the blood of those who put in pennies!"

"They would all have been sitting in boiling oil since Friday if I had had my way," responded Appleton.

Tommy laughed delightedly. "I know now who put in the sovereign! I knew every face in the audience—that wasn't difficult in so small a one—and I tried and tried to fix the sovereign on any one of them, and couldn't. At last I determined that it was the old gentleman who went out in the middle of 'Allan Water,' feeling that he would rather pay anything than stay any longer. Confess! it *was* you!"

Appleton felt very sheepish as he met Tommy's dancing eyes and heightened color.



"I couldn't bear to let you see those pennies," he stammered, "but I couldn't get them out before the page came to take the plate."

"Perhaps you were 'pound foolish' and the others were 'penny wise,' but it was

"America next?" inquired Appleton, keeping his voice as colorless as possible.

"I don't know. Helena made me resign my church position in Brooklyn, and for the moment my 'career' is undecided."

She laughed, but her eyes denied the



It had been her route on Saturday and Sunday.—Page 148.

awfully nice of you. If I can pay my bill here without spending that sovereign, I believe I'll keep it for a lucky piece. I shall be very rich by Saturday night, anyway."

"A legacy due?"

"Goodness, no! I haven't a relation in the world except one, who disapproves of me; not so much as I disapprove of him, however. No, Albert Spalding and Donald Tovey have engaged me for a concert in Torquay."

"I have some business in Torquay which will keep me there for a few days on my way back to Wells," said Appleton, nonchalantly. (The bishop's letter had been a pure and undefiled source of information on all points.)

"Why, how funny! I hope you'll be there on Saturday. There'll be no plate! Tickets two and six to ten and six, but you shall be my guest, my sovereign guest. I am going to Wells myself to stay till—till I make up my mind about a few things."

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mirth that her lips affirmed, and Appleton had such a sudden, illogical desire to meddle with her career, to help or hinder it, to have a hand in it at any rate, that he could hardly hold his tongue.

"The Torquay concert will be charming, I hope. You know what Spalding's violin-playing is, and Donald Tovey is a young genius at piano-playing and composing. He is going to accompany me in some of his own songs, and he wants me to sing a group of American ones—Macdowell, Chadwick, Nevin, Mrs. Beach, and Margaret Lang."

"I hope you'll accompany yourself in some of your own ballads!"

"No, the occasion is too grand; unless they should happen to like me very much. Then I could play for myself, and sing 'Allan Water,' or 'Believe Me,' or 'Early One Morning,' or 'Barbara Allen.'"

Appleton wondered if a claue of sizable, trustworthy boys could be secured in Torquay, and under his intelligent and



inspired leadership carry Miss Thomasina Tucker like a cork on the wave of success.

"Wouldn't it be lunch-time?" asked Miss Tucker, after a slight pause.

"It is always time for something when I'm particularly enjoying myself," grumbled Appleton, looking at his watch. "It's not quite one o'clock. Must we go in?"

"Oh, yes; we've ten minutes' walk," and Tommy scrambled up and began to brush sand from her skirts.

"Couldn't I sit at your table—under the chaperonage of the Bishop of Bath and Wells?" And Appleton got on his feet and collected Tommy's books.

The girl's laugh was full-hearted this time. "Certainly not," she said. "What does Bexley Sands know of the bishop and his interest in us? But if you can find the drawing-room utterly deserted at any time, I'll sing for you."

"How about a tea-basket and a walk to Gray Rocks at four o'clock?" asked Appleton as they strolled toward the hotel.

"Charming! And I love singing out of doors without accompaniment. I'm determined to earn that gold piece in course of time! Are you from New England?"

"Yes, and you?"

"Oh, I'm from New York. I was born in a row of brown-stone fronts, in a numbered street, twenty-five or thirty houses to a block, all exactly alike. I wonder how I've outlived my start. And you?"

"In the country, bless it, in the eastern part of Massachusetts. We had a garden and my mother and I lived in it during all the months of my life that matter. That's where the mignonette grew."

"And He 'planted a garden eastward in Eden,'" quoted Tommy, half to herself.

"It's the only Eden I ever knew! Do you like it over here, Miss Tucker, or are you homesick now that your friend is in America?"

"Oh, I'm never homesick; for the reason that I have never had any home since I was ten years old, when I was left an orphan. I haven't any deep roots in New York; it's like the ocean, too big to love. I respect and admire the ocean, but I love a little river. You know the made-over aphorism: 'The home is where the hat is'? For hat read trunk, and you have my case, precisely."

"That's because you are absurdly, riotously young! It won't suit you forever."

"Does anything suit one forever?" asked Tommy, frivolously, not cynically, but making Appleton a trifle uncomfortable nevertheless. "Anything except singing, I mean? Perhaps you feel the same way about writing? You haven't told me anything about your work, and I've confided my past history, present prospects, and future aspirations to you!"

"There's not so much to say. It is good work, and it is growing better. I studied architecture at the Beaux Arts. I do art-criticism, and I write about buildings chiefly. That would seem rather dull to a warbler like you."

"Not a bit. Doesn't somebody say that architecture is frozen music?"

"I don't get as immediate response to my work as you do to yours."

"No, but you never had sixpences and pennies put into your plate! Now give me my books, please. I'll go in at the upper gate alone, and run up-stairs to my room. You enter by the lower one and go through the lounge, where the guests chiefly congregate waiting for the opening of the dining-room. Au revoir!"

When Tommy opened her bedroom door she elevated her pretty, impertinent little nose and sniffed the air. It was laden with a delicate perfume that came from a huge bunch of mignonette on the table. It was long-stemmed, fresh, and moist, loosely bound together, and every one of its tiny brown blossoms was sending out fragrance into the room. It did not need Fergus Appleton's card to identify the giver, but there it was.

"What a nice, kind, understanding person he is! And how cheerful it makes life to have somebody from your own country taking an interest in you, and liking your singing, and hating those beastly pennies!" And Tommy, quickly merging artist in woman, slipped on a jacket of dull-green crape over her old black taffeta, and taking down her hat with the garland of mignonette from the shelf in her closet, tucked some of the green sprays in her belt, and went down to luncheon. She didn't know where Fergus Appleton's table was, but she would make her seat face his. Then she could smile thanks at him over the mulligatawny soup, or the



filet of sole, or the boiled mutton, or the apple tart. Even the Bishop of Bath and Wells couldn't object to that!

## V

THEIR friendship grew perceptibly during the next two days, though constantly under the espionage of the permanent guests of the Bexley Sands Hotel, but on Wednesday night Miss Tucker left for Torquay, according to schedule. Fergus Appleton remained behind, partly to make up arrears in his literary work, and partly as a sop to decency and common sense. He did not deem it either proper or dignified to escort the young lady on her journey (particularly as he had not been asked to do so), so he pined in solitary confinement at Bexley until Saturday morning, when he followed her to the scene of her labors.

After due reflection he gave up the idea of the claque, and rested Tommy's case on the knees of the gods, where it transpired that it was much safer, for Torquay liked Tommy, and the concert went off with

enormous éclat. From the moment that Miss Thomasina Tucker appeared on the platform the audience looked pleased. She wore a quaint dress of white flounced chiffon, with a girdle of green, and a broad white hat with her old mignonette garland made into two little nosegays perched on either side of the transparent brim. She could not wear the mignonette that Appleton had sent to her dressing-room, because she would have been obscured by the size of the offering, but she carried as much of it as her strength permitted, and laid the fragrant bouquet on the piano as she passed it. A poem had come with it, but Tommy did not dare read it until the ordeal was over, for no one had ever written her a poem before. It had three long verses, and was signed "F. A."—that was all she had time to note.

A long-haired gentleman sitting beside Appleton remarked to his neighbor: "The girl looks like an apple-blossom; it's a pity she has such a heathenish name! Why didn't they call her Hope, or Flora, or Egeria, or Cecilia?"





When the audience found that Miss Tucker's singing did not belie her charming appearance they cast discretion to the winds and loved her. Appleton himself marvelled at the beauty of her performance as it budded and bloomed under the inspiration of her fellow artists and the favor of the audience, and the more he admired the more depressed he became.

"She may be on the threshold of a modest 'career,' of a sort, after all," he thought, "and she will never give it up for me. Would she be willing to combine me with the career, and how would it work? I shouldn't be churl enough to mind her singing now and then, but it seems to me I couldn't stand 'tours.' Besides, hers is such a childlike, winsome, fragrant little gift it ought not to be exploited like a great, booming talent!"

The audience went wild over Donald Tovey's songs. He played, and Tommy sang them from memory, and it seemed as if they had been written then and there, struck off at white heat; as if the composer happened to be at the piano, and the singer chanced with his help to be interpreting those particular verses for that particular moment.

His setting of "Jock o' Hazledean" proved irresistible:

"They sought her baith by bower and ha';  
The ladie was not seen."

And then with a swirl and a torrent of sound, a clangor of sword and a clatter of hoofs:

"She's o'er the Border and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazledean."

Appleton didn't see any valid reason why Tovey should kiss Tommy's hand in responding to the third recall, but supposed it must be a composer's privilege, and wished that he were one.

Then the crowd made its way into the brilliant Torquay sunshine, and Appleton lingered in the streets until the time came for the tea-party arranged for the artists at the hotel.

It was a gay little gathering, assisted by a charming lady of the town, who always knew the celebrated people who flock there in all seasons. Spalding and Tovey were the lions, but Miss Thomasina Tucker did not lack for compliments.

Her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled under the white tulle brim of her hat. Her neck looked deliciously white and young, rising from its transparent chiffons, and her bunch of mignonette gave a note of delicate distinction. The long-haired gentleman was present, and turned out to be a local poet. He told Miss Tucker that she ought never to wear or to carry another flower. "Not, at all events, till you pass thirty!" he said. "You belong together—you, your songs, and the mignonette!" at which she flung a shy upward glance at Appleton, saying: "It is this American friend who has really established the connection, though I have always worn green and white and always loved the flower."

"You sent me some verses, Mr. Appleton," she said, as the poet moved away. "I have them safe" (and she touched her bodice), "but I haven't had a quiet moment to read them."

"Just a little tribute," Appleton answered carelessly. "Are you leaving? If so, I'll get your flowers into a cab and drive you on."

"No. I am going, quite unexpectedly, to Exeter to-night. Let us sit down in this corner a moment and I'll tell you. Mr. Tovey has asked me to substitute for a singer who is ill. The performance is on Monday and I chance to know the cantata. I shall not be paid, but it will be a fine audience and it may lead to something; after all, it's not out of my way in going to Wells."

"Aren't you overtired to travel any more to-night?"

"No, I am treading air! I have no sense of being in the body at all. Mrs. Cholmondeley, that dark-haired lady you were talking with a moment ago, lives in Exeter and will take me to her house. And how nice that I don't have to say good-bye, for you still mean to go to Wells?"

"Oh, yes! I haven't nearly finished with the cathedral—I shall be there before you. Can I look up lodgings or do anything for you?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I shall go to the old place where Miss Markham and I lived before. The bishop and Mrs. Kenyon sent us there because there is a piano, and the old ladies, being deaf, don't mind musical lodgers. Didn't the concert go off beautifully! Such artists, those two men; so easy to do one's best in such company."



"It was a triumph! Doesn't it completely efface the memory of the plate and the pennies?"

"Yes," Tommy answered. "I bear no ill will to any living creature. The only flaw is my horrid name? Can't you think of another for me? I've just had an

dear mother and father to Tucker, and to Thomas, should have made them saddle me with such a handicap! They might have known I was going to sing, for I bawled incessantly from birth to the age of twelve months. I shall have to change my name, and you must help me to choose.



The humor of this penetrated even to the remotest fastnesses of the staid cathedral circle.—Page 158.

anonymous note. Hear it!" (taking it from her glove):

"DEAR MADAM:

"The name of Thomasina Tucker is one of those bizarre Americanisms that pain us so frequently in England. I fancy you must have assumed it for public use, and if so, I beg you will change it now, before you become too famous. The grotesque name of Thomasina Tucker belittles your exquisite art.

"Very truly yours,  
"A WELL WISHER."

"What do you think of that?"

Appleton laughed heartily and scanned the note. "It is from some doddering old woman," he said. "The name given you by your sponsors in baptism to be condemned as a 'bizarre Americanism'!"

"I cannot think why the loyalty of my

Au revoir!" and she darted away with a handshake and a friendly backward glance from the door.

"Can I think of another name for her?" apostrophized Appleton to himself. "Can feminine unconsciousness and cruelty go farther than that? Another name for her shrieks from the very housetops, and I agree with Well Wisher that she ought to take it before she becomes too famous; before it would be necessary, for instance, to describe her as Madame Tucker-Appleton!"

## VI

THESE are the verses:

TO MISS TOMMY TUCKER  
(WITH A BUNCH OF MIGNONETTE)

A garden and a yellow wedge  
Of sunshine slipping through,  
And there, beside a bit of hedge,  
Forget-me-nots so blue,

Bright four o'clocks and spicy pinks,  
 And sweet, old-fashioned roses,  
 With daffodils and crocuses,  
 And other fragrant posies,  
 And in a corner, 'neath the shade  
 By flowering apple branches made,  
 Grew mignonette.

I do not know, I cannot say,  
 Why, when I hear you sing,  
 Those by-gone days come back to me,  
 And in their long train bring  
 To mind that dear old garden, with  
 Its hovering honey-bees,  
 And liquid-throated songsters on  
 The blossom-laden trees;  
 Nor why a fragrance, fresh and rare,  
 Should on a sudden fill the air,  
 Of mignonette!

Your mem'ry seems a garden fair  
 Of old-time flowers of song.  
 There Annie Laurie lives and loves,  
 And Mary Morison,  
 And Black-eyed Susan, Alice Grey,  
 Phillida, with her frown—  
 And Barbara Allen, false and fair,  
 From famous Scarlet Town.  
 What marvel such a garland rare  
 Should breathe sweet odors on the air,  
 Like mignonette?

F. A.

## VII

THERE was never such a summer of enchanting weather as that particular summer in Wells. The whole population of Somersetshire, save those who had crops requiring rain, were in a heaven of delight from morning till night. Miss Tommy Tucker was very busy with some girl pupils, and as accompanist for oratorio practise; but there were blissful hours when she "studied" the cathedral with Fergus Appleton, watching him sketch the stately Central Tower, or the Lady Chapel, or the Chain Gate. There were afternoon walks to Tor Hill, winding up almost daily with tea at the palace, for the bishop and his wife were miracles of hospitality to the two Americans.

Fergus Appleton had declared the state of his mind and heart to Mrs. Kennion a few days after his arrival, though after his confidence had been received she said that it was quite unnecessary, as she had guessed the entire situation the moment she saw them together.

"If you do, it is more than Miss Tucker does," said Appleton, "for I can't flatter myself that she suspects in the least what I am about."

"You haven't said anything yet?"

"My dear Mrs. Kennion, I've known her less than a fortnight! It's bad enough for a man to fall in love in that absurd length of time, but I wouldn't ask a girl to marry me on two weeks' acquaintance. It would simply be courting refusal."

"I am glad you feel that way about it, for we have grown greatly attached to Miss Tucker," said the bishop's wife. "She is so simple and unaffected, so lovable, and such good company! So alone in the world, yet so courageous and independent. I hope it will come out all right for your dear mother's son," she added affectionately, with a squeeze of her kind hand. "Miss Tucker is dining here tomorrow, and you must come, too, for she has offered to sing for our friends."

Everybody agreed that Mrs. Kennion's party for the young American singer was a delightful and memorable occasion. She gave them song after song, accompanying herself on the Erard grand piano, at which she always made such a pretty picture. It drifted into a request programme and Tommy, whose memory was inexhaustible, seemed always to have the wished-for song at the tip of her tongue, were it English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh. There was general laughter and surprise when Madame Eriksson, a Norwegian lady who was among the guests, asked her for a certain song of Halfdan Kjerulf's.

"I only know it in its English translation," Tommy said, "and I haven't sung it for a year, but I think I remember it. Forgive me if I halt in the words:

"I hardly know, my darling,  
 What mostly took my heart,  
 Unless perhaps your singing  
 Has done the greater part.  
 I've thrilled to many voices,  
 The passionate, the strong,  
 But I forgot the singer,  
 And I forgot the song.  
 But there's one song, my darling,  
 That I can ne'er forget,  
 I listened and I trembled,  
 And felt my cheek was wet;  
 It seemed my heart within me  
 Gave answer clear and low.  
 When first I heard you sing, dear,  
 Then first I loved you so!"

Tommy had sung the song hundreds of times in earlier years, and she had not the slightest self-consciousness when she began it; but just as she reached the last





*Drawn by H. J. Mowat.*

"I don't care tuppence about the afterglow."—Page 162.

four lines her eyes met Fergus Appleton's. He was seated in a far corner of the room, leaning eagerly forward, with one arm on the back of a chair in front of him. She was singing the words to the company, but if ever a man was uttering and confirming them it was Fergus Appleton at that moment. The blindest woman could see, the deafest could hear, the avowal.

Tommy caught her breath quickly, looked away, braced her memory, and finished, to the keen delight of old Madame Eriksson, who rose and kissed her on both cheeks.

Tommy was glad that her part of the evening was over, and to cover her confusion offered to sing something of her own composing, the Mother Goose rhyme of "Little Tommy Tucker Sings for His Supper," arranged as an operatic recitative and aria. The humor of this penetrated even to the remotest fastnesses of the staid cathedral circle, and the palace party ended in something that positively resembled merriment, a consummation not always to be reached in gatherings exclusively clerical in character.

The bishop's coachman always drove Miss Tucker home, and Appleton always walked to his lodgings, which were in the opposite direction, so nothing could be done that night, but he determined that another sun should not go down before he put his fate to the touch.

How could he foresee what the morning post would bring and deposit, like an unwelcome bomb, upon his breakfast tray?

His London publishers wanted to see him at once, not only on a multitude of details concerning his forthcoming book, but on a subject, as they hoped, of great interest and importance to him.

Thinking it a matter of a day or so, Appleton scribbled notes to Mrs. Kennion and Miss Tucker, with whom he was to go on an excursion, and departed forthwith to London.

Everything happened in London. The American publishers wanted a different title for the book and four more chapters to lengthen it to a size selling (at a profit) for two dollars and a half. The proof-reader found that he had alluded to Thomas à Kempis once as Thomasina and once as Tommy. The English publishers thought he had dealt rather slight-

ingly with a certain very interesting period, and he remembered, guiltily, that he had been at Bexley Sands when he wrote the chapters in question. It would take three days' labor to fill up those gaps, he calculated, and how fortunate that Miss Thomasina Tucker was safely intrenched in the heart of an ecclesiastical stronghold for the next month or two; a town where he had not, so far as he knew, a single formidable rival. He wrote her regarding his unexpected engagements, adding with legitimate pride that one of England's foremost critics had offered to write a preface for his book; then he settled to his desk and slaved at his task until it was accomplished, when he departed with a beating heart for the town and county that held Miss Thomasina Tucker in their keeping. Alighting at the familiar railway station, he took a hansom, intending to drop his portmanteau at his lodgings and go on to the palace for news, but as he was driving by the deanery on the north side of Cathedral Green, he encountered Mrs. Kennion in her victoria. She signalled him with her hand and spoke to her coachman, who drew up his horses. Alighting from his hansom, he strode forward to take her welcoming hand, his face radiating the pleasure of a homecoming traveller.

"If you'll let the cabman take your luggage, I'd like to drive you home myself. I have something to tell you," said Mrs. Kennion, making room for him by her side.

"Nothing has happened, I hope?" he asked, anxiously.

"Miss Tucker is leaving for America to-morrow morning."

"Going away?" Appleton's tone was one of positive dismay.

"Yes. It is all very sudden and unexpected."

"Sailing to-morrow?" exclaimed Appleton, taking out his watch. "From where? How can I get there?"

"Not sailing to-morrow—leaving Wells to-morrow on an early train and sailing Saturday from Southampton."

"Oh, the world is not lost entirely, then!" and Appleton leaned back and wiped his forehead. "What has happened? I ought never to have gone to London."



"She had a cable yesterday from her Brooklyn church, offering her her old position in the choir, but saying they could hold it only ten days. By post on the same day she received a letter from a New York friend——"

"Was it a Carl Bishop?"

"No, a Miss Macleod, who said that a much better position was in the market in a church where Miss Tucker had influential friends. She was sure that if Miss Tucker returned immediately to sing for the committee she could secure a thousand-dollar salary. We could do nothing but advise her to make the effort, you see."

"Did she seem determined to go?"

"No, she appeared a little undecided and timid. However, she said frankly that, though she had earned enough in England to pay her steamer passage to America, and a month's expenses afterward, she could not be certain of continuing to do so much through a London winter. 'If I only had a little more time to think it out,' she kept saying, 'but I haven't, so I must go!'"

"Where is she now?"

"At her lodgings. The bishop is detained in Bath and I am dining with friends in his stead. I thought you might go and take her to dinner at the Swan, so that she shouldn't be alone, and then bring her to the palace afterward—if, if all is well."

"If I have any luck two churches will be lamenting her loss to-morrow morning," said Fergus gloomily; "but she wouldn't have consented to go if she cared anything about me!"

"Nonsense, my dear boy! You were away. No self-respecting girl would wire you to come back. She was helpless even if she did care. Here we are! Shall I send a hansom back in half an hour?"

"Twenty-five minutes will do it," Appleton answered briskly. "You are an angel, dear lady!"

"Keep your blarney! I hope you'll need it all for somebody else to-night! Good luck, dear boy!"

### VIII

APPLETON flung the contents of his portmanteau into his closet, rid himself of the dust of travel, made a quick change, and in less than forty minutes was at the

door of Miss Tucker's lodgings. She had a little sitting-room on the first floor, and his loud rat-a-tat brought her to the door instead of the parlor-maid.

At the unexpected sight of him she turned pale.

"Why, why, I thought it was the luggage-man. Where did you come from?" she stammered.

"From London, an hour ago. I met Mrs. Kennion on my way from the station."

"Oh! Then she told you I am going home?"

"Yes, she told me. How could you go to America without saying good-by, Miss Tommy?"

She flushed and looked perilously near tears.

"I wrote to you this morning as soon as I had decided," she said. "I don't like to dart off in this way, you can imagine, but it's a question of must."

He did not argue this with her, that was a bridge to be crossed when a better understanding had been reached; so, as if taking the journey as an inexorable fact, he said: "Come out and dine with me somewhere, and let us have a good talk."

"I'm afraid I can't. I'm eating now on a tray in my sitting-room," and she waved a table napkin she was holding in her hand. "I am rather tired, and Miss Scattergood gave me some bacon and an egg from the nest."

"Give the bacon to the cat and put back the egg in the nest," he said coaxingly. "Mrs. Kennion said: 'Don't let her eat her last dinner alone. Take her to the Swan.'"

"Oh, I am only in my travelling-clothes and the Swan is full of strangers to-night."

"The Green Dragon, then, near the cathedral. You look dressed for Buckingham Palace."

She hesitated a moment, and then melted at the eagerness of his wish. "Well, then, if you'll wait five minutes."

"Of course; I'll go along to the corner and whistle a hansom from the stand. Don't hurry!"

The mental processes of Miss Thomasina Tucker had been very confused during the excitements of the last twenty-four hours.

That she loved Fergus Appleton she



was well aware since the arrival of the cablegram calling her back to America. Up to that time she had fenced with her love—parried it, pricked it, thrust it off, drawn it back, telling herself that she had plenty of time to meet the issue if it came. That Fergus Appleton loved her she was also fairly well convinced, but that fact did not always mean—everything—she told herself, with a pitiful little attempt at worldly wisdom. Perhaps he preferred his liberty to any woman; perhaps he did not want to settle down; perhaps he was engaged to some one whom he didn't care for now, but would have to marry; perhaps he hadn't money enough to share with a wife; perhaps he was a flirt—no, she would not admit that for an instant. Anyway, she was alone in the world, and the guardian of her own dignity. If she could have allowed matters to drift along in the heavenly uncertainty of these last days, there would have been no problem; but when she was forced to wake from her delicious dream and fly from everything that held her close and warm, fly during Fergus Appleton's absence, without his knowledge or consent—that indeed was heart-breaking. And still her pride showed her but the one course. She was alone in the world and without means save those earned by her own exertions. A living income was offered her in America and she must take it or leave it on the instant. She could not telegraph Fergus Appleton in London and acquaint him with her plans, as if they depended on him for solution; she could only write him a warm and friendly good-by. If he loved her as much as a man ought who loved at all, he had time to follow her to Southampton before her ship sailed. If business kept him from such a hurried journey, he could ask her to marry him in a sixpenny wire, reply paid. If he neither came nor wired, but sent a box of mignonette to the steamer with his card and "Bon voyage" written on it, she would bury something unspeakably dear and precious that had only just been born—bury it, and plant mignonette over it. And she could always sing! Thank Heaven for the gift of song!

This was Tommy's mood when she was packing her belongings, after hearing the bishop say that Appleton could not return

till noon next day. It had changed a trifle by the time that Fergus had gone to the corner to whistle for a hansom. Her gray frieze jacket and skirt were right enough when she hastily slipped on a better blouse with a deep embroidered collar, pinned with Helena Markham's parting gift of an emerald clover-leaf. Her gray straw hat had a becoming band of flat green leaves, and she had a tinge of color. (Nothing better for roses in the cheeks than hurrying to be ready for the right man.) Anyway, such beauty as Tommy had was always there, and when she came to the door she smote Appleton's eyes as if she were "the first beam from the springing east."

Once in the hansom, they talked gayly. They dared not stop, indeed, for when they kept on whipping the stream they forgot the depth of the waters underneath.

Meantime the Green Dragon had great need of their lavish and interesting patronage.

The Swiss head waiter, who was new to Wells, was a man of waxed mustaches and sleepless ambitions. The other hotels had most of the tourists, but he intended to retrieve the fortunes of his employer, and bring prosperity back to the side streets. He adored his vocation, and would have shed his heart's blood on the altar of any dining-room of which he had charge.

There were nine tables placed about the large room, though not more than three had been occupied in his tenure of office; but all were beautifully set with flowers and bright silver and napkins in complicated foldings. Pasteboard cards with large black numbers from one to eight stood erect on eight of the tables, and on the ninth an imposing placard bore the sign:

#### ENGAGED

in letters two inches high, giving the idea that a hungry crowd was waiting to surge in and take the seats.

The second man, trained within an inch of his life, had been already kindled by the enthusiasm of his superior, and shared his vigils.

This very evening there had been hopes deferred and sickened hearts over the in-



difference of the public to a menu fit for a king. Were there not consommé royale, filet of sole maître d'hôtel, poulet en casserole, pommes de terres sautés, haricots verts, and a wonderful Camembert? A savory could be inserted in an instant, and a sweet arranged in the twinkling of an eye.

"A carriage, Walter! Prepare!"

Both flew silently to the window.

"Two ladies; ah, they are not alighting! They wish to know if there is evening service in the cathedral."

"A gentleman, Walter! In a four-wheeler!"

"No, he dines not. He has come to request his umbrella of the porter."

"A hansom, Walter!"

"Ah, they alight. She is of an elegance unmistakable. They are young married ones, and will dine well. Hasten, Walter, and order both sweet and savory!"

Fergus and Tommy looked about the cosy room with pleasure as they entered, receiving the salute of Gustave and the English bow of Walter as tributes to their deep, unspoken hopes.

"Where will you sit, Miss Tucker?" asked Appleton, and as he spoke his quick eye observed the "Engaged" placard, and with lightning dexterity he steered his guest toward that table. (There *was* an opening, if you like!) Not quick enough for Tommy, though, for she had seen it and dropped into a seat several feet away, declaring it was perfect. Gustave put menus before his distinguished clients with a flourish, and indicated the wine-card as conspicuously as was consistent with good form. Then he paused and made mental notes of the situation.

"Ah, very good, very good," murmured Appleton. "You might move the flowers, please; they're rather—high; and bring the soup, please."

"*Not* young married ones!" thought Gustave, summoning his slave and retiring to a point where he could watch the wine-card. Walter brought the consommé, and then busied himself at the other tables. They would never be occupied, but it was just as well to pretend, so he set hideous colored wine-glasses, red, green, and amber, at the various places, and polished them ostentatiously with a clean napkin in the hope that the gentle-

man would experience a desire for liquid refreshment.

"This is very jolly, and very unexpected," said Appleton.

"It is indeed."

"I hope you don't miss the nest-egg."

"You mustn't call it a nest-egg! That's a stale thing, or a china one that they leave in, I don't know why—for an example, or a pattern, or a suggestion," said Tommy, laughing. "An egg from the nest is Miss Scattergood's phrase, and it means a new-laid one."

"Oh!—well, do you regret it?"

"Certainly not, with this sumptuous repast just beginning!"

"You always give me an appetite," exclaimed Appleton.

"It's a humble function, but not one to be despised," Tommy answered mischievously, fencing, fencing every minute, with her heart beating against her ribs like a sledge-hammer.

Walter brought the fish and solicitously freed the wine-card that had somehow crept under a cover of knives and forks.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. What will you drink, Miss Tucker? We must have a drop of something to cheer us at a farewell dinner. Here is a vintage champagne, a good honest wine that will hearten us up and leave no headache in its train."

"I couldn't to-night, Mr. Appleton, I really couldn't."

"Then I refuse to be exhilarated alone," said Fergus gallantly; "and you always have the effect of champagne on me anyway. I decline to say good-by. I can't even believe it is 'au revoir' between us. We had such delightful days ahead, and so many plans."

"Yes, it isn't nice to make up your mind so suddenly that it turns everything topsyturvy," sighed Tommy—"I won't have any meat, thank you."

Walter looked distinctly grieved. "I can recommend the pulley-ong-casserole, miss, and there's potatoes sortey with it."

Tommy's appetite kindled at the sound of his accent, and she relented. "Yes, I'll have a small portion, please, after all."

"When friends are together the world seems very small, and when they are separated it becomes a space too vast for human comprehension—I think I've heard



that before, but it's true," said Appleton.

"Yes," Tommy answered, for lack of anything better to say.

"It seems as if we had known each other for years."

"And it is less than three weeks," was Tommy's contribution to the lagging conversation.

"The bishop offered me a letter of introduction to you when he wrote me at the Bexley Sands Hotel, you remember, but he added in a postscript that in case of accident he was not to be held responsible. Rather cryptic, I thought—at the time."

"A little Commonburg, sir?" asked Walter. "It is a very fine ripe one, and we have some fresh water-cress."

"Commonburg? Miss Tucker? No? Then bring the coffee, please."

A desperate silence fell between them, they who had talked unendingly for days and evenings!

When Walter brought the tray with the coffee-pot and the two little cups, Appleton suddenly pushed his chair back, saying: "Let us take our coffee over by the window, shall we, and perhaps I may have a cigarette later? Don't light the gas, waiter—we want to see the hills and the afterglow."

There was no avoiding it; Appleton and the waiter conveyed Tommy helplessly over to a table commanding the view and the sunset, and it was the one on which the huge "Engaged" placard reared itself persuasively and suggestively.

"We shall need nothing more, waiter, you may go; I think this will cover the bill," and scorning the chair opposite Tommy, Appleton seated himself beside her.

"You have turned your back to the afterglow," she said, as she reached forward to move "Engaged" to a position a trifle less obvious.

"I don't care tuppence about the afterglow," and Appleton covered her hand with his own. "Make it come true, dear, dear Tommy! Make it come true!"

"What?" she asked, between a smile and a tear.

"The placard, dear, the placard! If you should travel the world over, you couldn't find a man who loves you as I do, and oh! Tommy, I want you and I need you so!"

"I like to be needed better than anything in the world and to have *you* need me—*oh!*" sighed Tommy eloquently.

"My dearest dear!"

"And what would be the use in my travelling about to find another man when I am so satisfied with this one?" whispered Tommy. "Oh, remember! they may come back at any moment!"

"I will, I will, if only I may have the comfort of touching your hand after all my miserable doubts! I never knew what companionship meant before I met you! I never really cared about life until now."

"I have always cared about it, but never like this," confessed Tommy. "You see, I have always been alone, ever since I grew up."

"And I! How wonderful of Fate to bring us together! And will you let me cable to the churches that you cannot come home just yet?"

"You think I'd better not go—so soon?"

"Without me? Never! You shall go anywhere you like, any time you like, so long as you take me with you. We'll settle all those things to-morrow—the bluest day that ever dawned, that's what to-morrow will be! Couldn't you marry me to-morrow, Tommy?"

"Certainly not! At any rate—not in the morning!" said Tommy mischievously, withdrawing her hand and moving out of the danger zone.

"And you must remember that your talent is your own, to use as you like!" Appleton continued after a well-filled pause. "Your voice is a unique and precious gift. I'll try not to be selfish with it, or jealous of it, though if it had half the effect on other men that it has upon me, the floor would be strewn with broken hearts every time you sing!" and he hummed under his breath:

"I hardly know, my darling,  
What mostly took my heart,  
Unless perhaps your singing  
Has done the greater part."

"Oh, you dear absurdity!" said Tommy, twinkling and sparkling enchantingly.—"I wish that man wouldn't come in every time I want to say something especially private!"

"Confound his politics, frustrate his



knaveish tricks,' but we shall soon be out of his reach, spinning along to the palace."

"Are we going there? Oh! I shall be afraid to tell the bishop and Mrs. Kennion!"

"You needn't be. I told Mrs. Kennion this afternoon that I loved you to distraction. If the bishop is back from Bath, she'll have passed on the information by now."

"I was just going to say, when the waiter came so near, that it isn't the public I love, it's the singing! Just to sing and sing, that's what I long to do!"

"And what you shall, so help me! You know you wanted me to find a new name for you? Wasn't I clever to think of Appleton?"

"Very! And you're kindly freeing me of half of my 'bizarre Americanism,' as my Torquay correspondent called it. How shall we deal with Thomasina?"

"We'll call her Tommy. A darling, kissable little name, Tommy!—No, I'm not going to do anything!"

"You don't think it's cowardly of me to marry you?"

"Cowardly?"

"Yes, when I haven't actually proved that I can earn my living; at least, I haven't done it long enough, or well enough, yet."

"I think it's brave of you to marry me."

"Brave?"

"To turn your back on a possible career."

"It's not the 'careering' that I love; though it will seem very strange when Tommy Tucker doesn't have to sing for her supper!—Shall we go? The waiter

is coming in again. I believe he thinks we are going to run off with the spoons!"

"So we are! At least, when we go, the spoons will go! I know it's a poor joke, but I am too happy to be brilliant. Call the head waiter, please," this to Walter, who despaired of ever getting rid of his guests, and was agreeably disappointed that a gentleman who had not ordered wine should ask for Gustave.

Appleton took the "Engaged" placard off the table and used it nonchalantly as a fan in crossing the room. Then as he drew near the men he slipped two gold pieces into Tommy's hand.

"May I carry away this placard, waiter?" he asked, as if it were quite a sane request. "I've taken a fancy to it as a souvenir of a most delightful and memorable dinner."

"Assuredly, assuredly!" murmured Gustave. He knew that there was romance in the air, although he did not perceive the exact point of Appleton's request.

"The young lady will reward you for your courtesy. No, I'll help her with her jacket, thank you."

Tommy, overcome with laughter and confusion and blushes, pressed the gold pieces into the hands of the astonished waiters, who bowed almost to the floor.

"You are always giving me sovereigns, dear Fergus," she whispered with a laugh and something like a sob, as they drove along in the delicious nearness provided by the hansom.

"Never mind," said Fergus. "You will be giving me one when you marry me!"

## IDEALS

By William H. Hayne

AFTER the death-blow to some brave ideal—  
Strangled by too close contact with the real—  
We get disheartened and reject with scorn  
Rose-leaves of hope, because they hold the thorn;  
Yet if we shed this mood of dark distrust,  
And gaze above the confines of the dust,  
Oft we behold, soft-pulsing, silvery-clear,  
The hosts of heaven that seem so strangely near—  
And in the morning, from night-mist withdrawn,  
The pure refulgent miracle of dawn.

# MOTHER MACHREE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON



WAS when the black smallpox swept over the islands from the mainland he died, and not long after my father was lost in the great gale that destroyed all before it on the west coast that was. In from the western ocean came the wild wind, and my father that was out in his fine, stout yawl ran before it for shelter. But the men that were out in their poor little curraghs, they couldn't run without smothering before it, so he stopped to take them with him.

And, taking the last of them, his yawl was borne by a sea to the sky and a roaring of wind that dashed back the wild gulls themselves before ever their beating wings could take them from out of their nests in the side of the cliff. And my mother and my one brother and myself, we stood together atop of that same cliff and watched the great wave when it rolled in, and when it rolled back I thought my mother would go with it, she with her hands stretched out over the edge of the cliff, looking down while the yawl and all were in it were dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks below.

"Mother, mother," I said, taking hold of her hand, "don't let you be going, too!"

"God in heaven," says my mother, "but 'tis the cruel blow! O my Jimmie, my little Jimmie, 'tis only you is left me now!" 'Twasn't of me she thought at all that day, as why should she?—me with my own husband and my own cabin and my own baby at the time to my breast.

No fine, stout yawl of his father's had Jimmie then, to be making a living for his mother. Hard work it was, but 'twasn't him would let on that 'twasn't a joy to be pulling and hauling through all the day long and sometimes half the night again all by himself in his little boat.

A straight, slim, hardy, grown boy was Jimmie then, the spit of his father. "Jimmie,

my little lad, have a care o' yourself now," my mother would say, "for let you go and they might as well be laying me down in the grave along with you."

"Mother astore," Jimmie would say, "sure after taking father from you, and him for no fault of his own, 'tisn't God would be taking me, too."

Whistling he would go and whistling he would return. To cheer her up that was, for by nature his ways were his father's ways, and 'twas his father's way to be quiet and thinking-like always, unless 'twould be at a christening or a wedding, when the holy Pope himself would be expected to smile.

And never a time that Jimmie passed out the door but she would be looking after him and his curragh from the little cove till it was gone from sight in the big bay; and if while he was gone the gale would rise, not a moan of it but would stir a moan of her own. "God forgive me for a weak woman," she would say then, "but 'tis like the hand o' death itself is making a harp of my heart-strings!"

And then the black smallpox I was speaking of came, and first one and then another it took, and then by twos and threes they went. And the crown doctor came out in his boat from the mainland and set up a pest-house on the side of a hill. And it was winter-time, with the cold snow to the height of a man's knee.

"'Tis to no pest-house they would take one o' mine," said my mother; and 'twas to no pest-house they carried Jimmie when he was taken down. With the door barred against the doctors, crown or no crown, we nursed him, my mother by night and myself by day, and little Gerald not weaned of my breast at the time.

And 'twas terrible to see my mother then. Down on her two knees she would go in prayer for him then, if it wasn't making the broth or wiping the face of him she was at the moment, and the tears coming



slow and heavy from her eyes she'd say: "O God that loves us all, spare my little lad to me! Or, if you must take him, take me along with him!" And Jimmie would lie there, the poor blackened face of him looking into his mother's, and he'd say: "I'm striving, mother—God knows I'm striving not to be leaving you!"

And I saw how it would be with my mother if Jimmie died. And there was a holy well in the island named after Saint Ann, who was a great saint in those parts, and my own name was Ann. And with never a word to my mother of what I had in mind, I went to where by the highroad was the holy well, with a great cross made of cement and smooth, round little sea stones above it. And beside that cross I knelt to Saint Ann, that my mother had named me for, to ask for courage for what I was about to do. And then I prayed, and the words do whisper in my ears now of how I prayed to our Father in heaven that if it was his will for one of our family to die, that it would be my child he would take, for my husband and myself we were young and other children would not be denied us, but if Jimmie died my mother would have none she could call her own all the long years before her, if so it wouldn't be she would die along with him.

And it was dark, with never a moon or a star in the sky to show me the way home again, but no light did I need, when from the holy well straight across the snowy fields I flew to my little Gerald that I thought I could hear in the dark night calling me: and there he was that never since the hour he was born having an ache or a pain—with eyes weeping up to me when in my arms I had him again, like a child beyond his age, to ask me what strange thing was it was ailing him. And there was Jimmie, that had been rolling in agony, now wide awake in the sweat of health and saying: "Mother, mother, 'tis come like a prayer within me that I'm to be cured at last."

All that night I crooned little Gerald in my bosom, never for a breath leaving him go of my arms, for the truth of what was before me was by then deep in my heart. And the yellow sun rising up over the hills of the mainland shone on Jimmie sitting up and cured of his illness; but that self-same sun falling down that same night be-

low the western ocean left only my dead baby and a great blackness to me.

And I carried him to my own cabin, and the little face and body of him—once so lovely and white, but now all black like—I laid him in among the snow-white sheets of his own cradle; and on the low settle before the fire, keeping my death-watch of him till his father would come in from the sea, my thoughts went back to the hour when I heard his first little cry.

And a woman may bear twenty children again, or she may listen to all the cries of all the little children born into the world for as long as her life shall last, but the first cry of her first-born, she will know that little cry from out of them all. Sixty years and more that was, and 'tis singing again in my ears. And always it will. And from that first cry my mind went on—every hour of his growth to the last day I had nursed him on the cliff in the sun, he looking up from my breast to my face and then wisely out over the sea, as if himself, too, was waiting the sight of the brown yawl of his father sailing in from the west.

And the nights I would sit as I was sitting then before the blue smoke of the fire, planning against the day he would go out in the world and make his gallant way! No dragging and hauling of nets and trawls did I have in mind for him, but a captain to lead great fleets before the kings of the world he was to be. And now all my high hopes of him—gone like a wind in the night they were.

'Twas the long, long wait before I heard his father's step on the lintel and his voice from where by the door he was hanging up his wet sea things. "And where's me little sailorman at all?" he asked when he didn't hear him cooing and toddling from some corner across the floor to him; and when he stepped within—his head lowered and one shoulder before the other the way he was compelled to, he was that tall and broad, to let himself in through the door—and near to me I saw his face that for two days had been hard set against the wind and the spray, but now all soft and bright-like in the way it would be when home he would come from the sea—'twas then for the first time I doubted did I do well.

He bent over the cradle and drew back



the coverlet, after the way of him, to see the face of his boy. And not for a little time did he have a notion of how it was. When he did he took him up to see him better, and then he looked at me, and "Tis so," I said.

"And for what black sin o' mine did you go and leave me—myself and your poor mother, acushla?" he said, and drew him—oh, so close and tender to him.

And he came and sat by me on the settle before the fire and held the little body at arm's length before him; and by and by he spoke.

"Twill be like beating into harbor of a wild night and finding no beacon light before me from now on, Gerald avick. 'Twas when I would be to the tiller of the yawl, miles before ever I would raise the high cliff itself, I could see the little cabin and you, the little lad, rolling fat and laughing on the floor. And the great thoughts I had of you, from the day you were born till the day I'd go to my grave—deep in the sea or high on the land, wherever that grave might be—thoughts of how when for the first time I would take you with me in the yawl and you would look out on the wide ocean, myself standing beside you, to watch the blue eyes of you grow big and dark if 'twas the great roll of that same ocean would be growing in your mind, or deep and slim, with your little eyebrows lowering down when 'twas a far-away ship you would be wishful to make out. And I would curl my hand to the tiller, the way I would be one day curling your little hand within my own to hold it and telling you of the ways of the high sea and the tall ships. 'A great sailor I'll be making of you,' I would say to myself. 'Master of the sea and whatever class of ship it is you'll choose to sail in when 'tis a fine big man you've grown to be.' And now, God help me, 'tisn't the bright sun is shining down on God's blue sea, but the black night that's on me and yourself, acushla, laying dead across my two knees!"

'Twas wrung from me aloud. "O John, John," I said, "to be denying the like of you the living joy of your own child! But it wasn't from want of love of the lad or you that I wished it!" I told him then.

And no word of blame did he have for me.

"'Tisn't for you or for me to question the ways o' God, Nanna Wan," he said. "If it wasn't God's will, 'tisn't God would take him."

But he cried as if himself was a little child, and 'tis right and natural that women should cry,—but a strong man to cry—no, no. "God spare me," I said that night, "from ever again to have the hearing of it."

And we carried him high up on the side of the hill where I did be going until I was ten years of age to look for the fairy queen on Christmas eve. I would lie there in the cold twilight behind a flat rock to see her unbeknownst when she would come walking atop of the waves with the golden crown on her golden head and her blue-and-silver robes trailing in the sea behind her. 'Tis the foolish child's mind I had that time, believing everything was told me till long past my child's days. And there we buried him; and to no fishing would John go again until he had carved a little headstone, myself on the settle before the peat fire beside him to tell him the better how to fashion the letters that sometimes he would be doubtful of.

The black plague passed, but a long, hard year it was after the little lad was gone, with not a night that I wasn't weeping myself to sleep for the want of his little hands reaching up to me in the dark. And then came the black famine on the mainland and the failure of fishing in the islands, and it came to me then that the dreams I did have for our children would never come to be anything more than the light talk of young girls on the rocks in the sun, if we lived longer there. And so I spoke to John about going to America.

"Is it leave here," he said, "where for all the long years since farther back than the parish records go my fathers and forefathers and your own before them have followed the sea?"

"It is," I said.

"And where our fathers and forefathers, yours and mine, from first to last, except such as are deep in the ocean, do lie buried?"

"It is," I said.

And we sold our little cabin and John gave over his fine, stout yawl to Jimmie, and we said good-by to everybody and sailed on a ship was leaving for America;





*Painted by D. C. Hutchison.*

My mother and my one brother and myself, we stood together atop of that same cliff and watched the great wave when it rolled in. —Page 104.

and sailing out past the island it was hard enough it was to be looking back on my mother and Jimmie and the little grave where Gerald was. "There 'tis," said John, "high up where no sand from the sea will ever wash up to hide it, and there 'twill be, his little grave, for the light of the sun and the blue heaven to fall upon till the island is sunk in the sea or judgment-day itself will come."

Nine weeks we were out on that ship, a weak-made, leaky ship with sails that were not able to withstand the force of the wind, and after a great storm they put us into boats, John and I in the long-boat with the captain and the second mate. A terrible, huge man the second mate was.

And we rowed and sailed on the wide ocean two days and two nights, until the captain said 'twould be bad weather again. And I asked John and he said yes, 'twould be moderately bad weather again. And the captain had a great fear, and he says to the second mate: "We'll have to begin to lighten this boat or she will founder." Before this there had been a whispering between them and a looking over the passengers in the boat. "To your work!" the captain said now. "You know what to do."

And the huge mate steps over to the nearest man passenger and picks him up in his arms and throws him into the sea. And from one to the other he went. "You next!" and "Your turn now!" he would say, till he had thrown over all the single men in the boat—six in all. Two he dragged shrieking from their seats, and another was good as dead before ever he threw him over, in terror at the thought of the poor mother he was leaving friendless in a strange world behind him.

Still the boat wasn't light enough, and "The married men now!" says the captain, and the big mate turns to a young fellow that reminded me something in his ways of my own brother Jimmie. And his young wife had been listening to some talk between myself and John, so in the terror of her husband being torn from her she leaps up and said: "Captain, there's a man here is wise in the ways of the sea; and he is saying there is a way to save the boat and all is in it."

"He does, does he!" says the captain. "Let him stand up, this wise man, till I

see him!" And the young wife turns to John, and in all innocence he stands up.

And the captain looks him up and looks him down, and he says: "So, 'tis you, you big lummox, who knows more of the sea than the master of the ship, is it?" And he turns to the big mate. "Take him next, instead," he says.

And John says: "But 'tis foolish and cruel to be casting poor, innocent men in fear like this into the sea."

"You next, I said!" calls out the captain, and nods his head to the huge, big mate, who steps over the seats in the boat, crowding men and women to one side to reach John.

I was cold with the fear of it, for I knew John wasn't one to go against the captain's word on a ship at sea, where it was as much law as a judge's itself in a grand court on the mainland back home. And up to that time I hadn't told him that God had listened to my prayers and was to give me a child to take the place of the little lad was dead. And I stood up beside him and said: "And is it you, John Lacy, will let yourself be sacrificed by a fear-stricken man and your unborn baby go fatherless all the days of his life?"

And with that John turns to me with one arm stretched out to hold the mate from him, and "Nanna Wan, Nanna Wan," he says, "do you tell me that?"

And I said, "'Tis true, John," and John says over the mate's shoulder: "Listen to me, will you, captain? 'Tis well I know what a terrible thing it is to go again the master of a ship at sea, but 'tis a foolish, cruel thing you have your mind set on."

"Are you going to attend to that man or not?" says the captain.

And then I stood up, knowing John was no one to speak for himself, and I said: "Captain, if you will give me a moment to tell it—my husband has a wonderful skill in the management of small boats."

And an old fisherman from the Claddagh was there with his old wife stood up then and said: "'Tis true, sir, what this young woman says—all from our place knows it. The fishermen of all Galway Bay speak so of him."

At that the captain drew a pistol with two long barrels from his bosom, and "What did I order you to do?" he roars at the mate.



The mate, without more delay, grappled with John and John grappled with him, and 'twas a terrible time they had of it wrestling among the seats, though small fear I had of the huge mate overcoming John. But the captain, half rising from his seat from time to time, his pistol held before him—that he would come to the help of the mate I did have fear.

"You are not striving as you should, John Lacy," I said.

"'Tis true, I'm not, Nanna Wan, but 'tish't for me to gainsay a ship's captain."

"When he is a captain," I said. "But 'twas the way of captains in your family and my family, where we've had captains back to the French and Spanish trading days, to be guarding their passengers' lives before their own; and have heed you of the child in my womb and what will become of us when you are cast into the sea."

'Twas then he lifted the mate above his head, meaning no more harm than to throw him into the stern of the boat, but the mate made one clutch of John going, and together they fell sidewise from the boat. The mate did not rise out of the sea again, but John did, and gripped the rail in the stern of the boat doing so, and as he did so the captain with his long pistol shot at him, but, what with John and the boat bouncing up and down on the waves, he did but hardly hit him through his thick pea jacket in the shoulder, and before he could fire the second shot John reached up with his free hand and pulled the captain down into the sea and left him there. After John had climbed safe up into the boat the women among us said a prayer for their souls, but it was a long while before the men had any but black words for them.

By that time the wind was wailing, and the ocean all about us was growing white under our eyes; so without more delay John took two small casks that had been emptied of fresh water, and with them and the mast and the sails and a small anchor that was in the boat he makes a cunning drogue, and all that day and night we lay there with that dragging ahead of one bow, the boat bobbing high up and down with the waves, but no more harm coming to us than to a sea-gull itself.

Next day the sea calmed, but there was

yet some wind. "But no more than will make a good sailing breeze for the boat," said John. "And from the east, too, it is—a fine, fair, fresh wind to hurry us on to America." And himself sitting in the captain's seat in the stern of the boat, he sailed her, with no other help, to land.

When the law-officers came down to the boat and every one pointed out John as their leader, he told them what had happened, and many in the boat was vexed for the simple way he told it.

"Tell them," says they, "the terrible, huge man the mate was."

"'Tis no little dwarf I am myself," was all he said to that.

"And the black hate shining out from the face of that black-hearted captain—tell them that," said they.

And John only said to that: "'Tis only natural he would be vexed at one would take his place from him."

They took him to the prison and held him there; and after many months they tried him before a high court. The other people in the boat were by then scattered far and wide. For twenty years of his life they sentenced him, to make an example, they said, of the man who would make way with his lawful commander on the high seas. The law was there, and clear enough.

And hatred of such laws—no more to be altered than marble—was in me all the months my child was coming to life. And Jerome I named him when he was born; and when I could no longer deny his father—nor myself—the joy of a sight of his child, I took the few pounds we had landed with and paid my way with it to the far-away prison. And in the prison was an officer that was harsh to John, setting him down as a black murderer; but he saw the little child I was holding so his father could kiss him between the prison bars, and from then on he was milder to John. And that in itself was a great comfort to be thinking of.

'Twas that same prison officer told a great man in the community, a great barrister in that day, of John, and of a winter's night that man came to see me, a thick-set man with a head like a gray rock on his shoulders, in the little attic room where I was meshing nets by the light of the tin lamp for the bit of rent and the



And with that John turns to me with one arm stretched out to hold the mate from

bite was nourishing myself and Jerome that was at that moment asleep in a basket by the little stove with the few little sticks of wood in it that kept us from freezing in the cold night. Mr. Ladfrey was his name, and he questioned me at great length, the while a young fellow was

with him set down the answers in a slim black book he had. And going away Mr. Ladfrey said: "Law is law, Mrs. Lacy, and if sometimes one fails of its intent, law was never meant to destroy honest people. A great blunder was made, Mrs. Lacy, in not drawing your full story from





him, and "Nanna Wan, Nanna Wan," he says, "do you tell me that?"—Page 168.

you and your husband on the witness stand. I will see what I can do."

And 'twas he that in good time brought John his freedom, against the wishes of the friends of the captain and of many that knew no more of John than of the moon in the sky, beyond the belief, not to

be shaken out of them, that he was a destroying villain. "And mark him well," I said to Jerome—"the man who came to save the poor stranger in a strange land. 'Tis on the likes o' him the grace o' God should fall. And if ever the day comes you can do him or his a good turn and you

fail in doing it, I'll die of shame of you." A hundred times I said that to him growing up and to whoever else had time to hear me out.

Jerome growing up was like no child ever I had after him. Not a child ever I had but hated what was evil, but in Jerome it was a religion like, and if the evil was protected by laws, then "Do away with such laws!" he would say. For me to chide him for that I could not; for in the months when he was yet unborn, and after, 'twas the same thoughts were in me. What comes with our mother's milk, 'tis never fair gone from us till down in our graves we are laid—that I know.

To be roving strange countries and fighting for people he thought was wronged—that was his wish growing up. And wandering he went when he was old enough. And what with my not knowing where on the face of the world he might be, and too well knowing where his father was—out in the wild sea in his little boat—no night ever did I go to bed without a long prayer it wouldn't be at the bottom of the sea or beside the breen of some black forest the one or the other would find his grave at last.

But God's eye was on him, as it had been on his father when in the navy he went to fight for his new country, when Jerome was yet no more than a child. Safe back his father came then, as always did Jerome now. And to see Jerome, the wild soldier, come home, you would think to be rolling on the kitchen floor with his little nieces or nephews was his most darling wish. Stories he would charm them with, and when they would fall asleep on his breast he would take them up and lay them in their little beds as gentle and soft as their own mothers would.

Innocent and simple he was in many ways, and yet to grown people he would talk of things would make them curl up in their chairs with horror, or of things would send them in gales of laughter or drive strong men to cross the floor with tears in their eyes to shake hands with him and to be saying: "God save you, Jerome, but the heart is like a warm fire within you!" A pure delight and terror he was in the free days of his roving manhood.

And so it was until the day he told me

he would rove no more for a time. "And is it that you've destroyed all the evil in the world, Jerome?" I said to him.

"Mother machree," he said, and looked at me the way he had—his sea-blue eyes and every white tooth in his head smiling at me—"if maybe I fought now and again on a side that had its share of tricksters, bear in mind 'twas the youthful innocence of me that took every man on his own word."

"And are you so much wiser now, Jerome, avick, after all your travels?"

"I'm no wiser than ever I was, mother; although surely a knowledge of evil has been driven into me, and in high places no less than low. And there is the pain of too much knowledge when 'tis of evil, mother—when a shining robe is, by accident it might be, blown away, to learn what a corruption of a carcass is too often lying beneath it. There's a man in this city—" He named him then and questioned me did I know him.

"Who does not?" I said. "A man of high station, no less, and great things to be read in the papers about him."

"And yet greater things you would read of him, mother, if he could find a yet cleverer man to write them."

"'Tis a common human vanity, Jerome," I said to that, "and in itself no great villainy, to be wanting to shine great in the eyes of the world."

"But to be shining great that their own pleasures may be greater—'tis no simple vanity is there. No, no, mother. Many queer corners of this world I've travelled and many kinds of villains I've known at close grips—thieves, cutthroats, robbers, murderers, and so on—and no wonderful harm in many of them beyond the evil of their calling. Some, indeed, there were of likable ways—some such I have been beholden to, now and again, for a kindness. But"—and I grew cold with the chill was in his voice and his eyes—"there are creatures of a sort of villainy that these I've spoken of are white-robed saints beside."

"Jerome, Jerome," I said, "you talk strangely!"

"Let it rest there, then—at strange talk—for 'tisn't me, mother, would wish the innocence of you to understand, beyond knowing from me that the grandson of



that great and good man who saved father from prison is in the way of being drawn to his ruination. And with no full notion of it himself."

I knew 'twas not in Jerome to lie.

ten to no words," said Jerome. "But I will prove to him before his own sight with what manner of villainy he is faced."

And as all men know now, Jerome killed the man he had in mind, meaning not to.



"I'm no wiser than ever I was, mother; although surely a knowledge of evil has been driven into me, and in high places no less than low."—Page 172.

"What a terrible thing," I said, "that a man may strive to be all that is good himself and still no telling will the people after him be good, too!"

"Like many another heir to a fair name, 'tis enmeshed in flattery he is and will lis-

ten to no words," said Jerome. "But I will prove to him before his own sight with what manner of villainy he is faced." And as all men know now, Jerome killed the man he had in mind, meaning not to.

say a word at all I will say too much," he said. "After all, the manner of a man's death, so he should have death, is a small matter."

Years ago that was; and Jerome still in prison for it when his father lay on his dying bed, and he was saying: "Nanna Wan, 'tis come to me that my time is short and there is three, or maybe four, things I would like to have hope of before I go."

"And what are they, Shaun?" I asked.

"To be seeing first of all that will be there the face of little Gerald that we buried long ago in Aran, when my time in purgatory I've served for my sins and into the next world I have passed."

"That will be as God wills, John," I said; "but surely he won't deny you that after your more than eighty years of hard life. But would you know him, John," I said, "after sixty-two years?" saying that to save myself saying something sadder.

"Know him?" he said, "know him?"—vexed like with me. "My own first-born that I held dead across my two knees through all the black night he died?"

"Don't I know you would know him, John! And what else?"

"I was thinking of my days in the navy in the war, and how when the war was over the captain said to me: 'John Lacy, you should stay in the navy and have a fine pension against your old age.'"

"But what of my young age, sir?" I said—"and my family, it might be, on the one side of the world and myself in China or elsewhere on the other? What comfort would I have of them or they of me?" And others on the ship were of my mind. And I was thinking the while I was lying here, Nanna Wan, of what few shipmates is left living of my old ship in the war—and how it would be a grand sight to be having them at my grave and folding the flag about my coffin."

"They will, Shaun," I says. "They have spoke of it, two or three, to me before this."

"And that my own son, Father Tom, will say the dead mass for me from the high altar, Nanna Wan?"

"Though his heart will be breaking, 'tis promised already to me, Shaun—to say the mass over his father."

"I see," he says, with the sly little smile would come to him sometimes, "I

see that my death will be taking no one unbeknownst, Nanna Wan?"

"'Tis no secret, John, that only the strength of the granite rock itself is in you 'tis dead and buried weeks ago you would be."

"'Tis maybe"—with a little roll of pride in the bed he said it—"a moderately strong man I was in my day, though, as to that, never half the equal, I've often thought, of my own father, God rest his soul, or his father before him. There was a huge, strong man came from the mainland to the outer isle, and myself a little boy at the time—" and he went on to tell of a great trial of strength this huge man and his grandfather had, and by that I knew he was near to his end, for 'twas often he'd said that a man's strength was something given him of God, and why should a man be vain of it any more than if it was a red or a black beard, or no beard at all, he had?

"What else have you in mind, John?"

I said, when he had done telling how his grandfather had conquered the man from the mainland.

"Whisper, Nanna Wan," and I saw 'twasn't of pride in his past great strength he had now in mind. "Whisper, Nanna Wan, but 'twould be a great comfort to me"—and he wistful as a little child saying it—"to have the hope of seeing Jerome saying a prayer beside the coffin of me before 'tis laid in my grave I am."

"'Tis only the governor of the State can pass on that, John," I said.

"I know, but will you go to him, Nanna Wan—you that did always do the talking for the two of us—and say the poor boy's father on his dying bed did ask it. He will listen to you."

"I will go to him," I said, which pleased him.

And within the hour, with the grace of God in his heart and the praise of God on his lips, I was helping him to fold his hands across his breast the while the bells from his own church were calling the parish to Sunday vespers. He knew then for what they were. "The holy bells!" he whispered when I bent down to him, and smiled like and died.

And I called on the governor next morning in his grand office. "Mrs. Lacy?" he said, by way of asking who I could be.

"The mother of Brian Lacy," I said,



knowing how every one knew of him—"and of Maurice and Michael Lacy."

"Oh-h!" he said, and I sat in the chair he placed for me, and told the story, every word as I've told it here, from the beginning of the plague in the islands to John's dying words. And all kindness and gentleness he was, pacing to the wide window that looked over the fresh, green lawn and back again the while he was wiping his glasses and myself telling my long story.

"I remember the case, Mrs. Lacy," he said. "The man had powerful friends. They had to stand by him—to save themselves, some of them. I'll see that your son Jerome is given liberty to attend the funeral."

He asked after Brian then, and I told him how never did Brian find himself near the city but he would come to see us, and how his father would, the first thing, fill an old black pipe for him and another for himself, and how he would sit and chat, and how 'twas my delight to watch the pair of them blowing great gobs of smoke to the ceiling and gossiping like two chums across the kitchen table, and how the last time he was in the city he said he would paint a picture of me some day. "Some day?" I said. "And haven't you seen the face of me often enough yet to make a picture of me?"

"Ah, but mother," he says, "it is more than your face I want to put into it."

"I saw a painting of your son's the other day," said the governor then—"of a great wave rolling down, and before I knew it I found myself turning my ear to hear the rush of it. You've given gifted sons to the world, Mrs. Lacy. You should be a proud woman."

"Gifted, sir?" I says. "If one of mine has a greater gift than another, 'tis a matter less of pride to me or to them it should be than of debt to some great nature gone before us. When I was a growing girl and would sit with my father, God rest his soul, before the fire of a winter's night, or on the rocks outside of a summer's evening, he would talk to me of many things, and when he would speak of the sea 'twould be like the voice of the sea itself was speaking. Great gentlemen would come from far places to see him on their holidays, and some of the things he would

say they would write down. And one of them said to him one time: 'You could bring great fame to yourself in the great world, Mr. Lacy.'

"And a great desolation, doubtless, to my family!" said my father to that.

"A great gift will die with you," said the gentleman.

"It may be," said my father, "but come here, Anneen," he says to me. "Fine sons and daughters of your own you'll be having some day, Anneen acushla, and who knows that of them will not be one or two to tell the great world of the things your people before you have been feeling within them for ages past. And if it ever comes to pass to a child of yours, Anneen, then do you tell him that if he will some day come out of his way and look out from the top of the cliff here and say: 'If I know more than another of any one thing on this earth, 'tis you and yours and the grace o' God that I have to thank for it.' If he will but say that, then I for one, if 'tis in the sea I'm resting, will promise now that what the crawling crabs have left of me will roll over in the tide on the kelp o' the ocean's bed and say: 'God speed you, boy, but it's you that's welcome!'" He laughed at his great visitor and then down on me when he said that, but 'twasn't always a joke with him when he laughed."

"And did any of your sons ever go back there, Mrs. Lacy?" the governor said to me then.

"The day came, sir," I said, "when the three sons you've named stood on that cliff and cast the wild flowers that they had gathered from between the rocks down on the sea at the foot of the cliff where their grandfather was lost. And one after the other they went to lay a blue flower, or a red one it might be, on the grave of their brother Gerald; and they would have taken up the grave and all was in it and brought it to be laid in a grave here, but I said no. 'Let the lovely body of him fall to dry dust,' I said, 'beside the sea where his father's father gave up his life for others. 'Tis there he was born and 'tis there he should lie,' I told them, 'in the place where people believe in the power of holy wells, and where children up to ten years of age do walk to the high hill to see the fairy queen on Christmas eve.'



"No, sir," I said to the governor, "seven sons and four daughters do call me mother, and no day but their children, one or more of them, do come in loving-kindness to my knee. Not all of my eleven living children may have a great gift, but as my father, God love his memory, would say: 'You can spend your gift and never any one have it again, or you can cherish it to pass it on, in greater strength it may be, to some one to come after you.' And who knows, sir," I said, "that many another the world will never hear of may not be passing the gift along to some one that will make fuller use of it? No, no, sir, seven good sons and four good daughters I have living, and not one would I place before the other. Still less would I put any one of them all before the poor lad that's now within the prison walls."

It was two mornings ago when I saw the governor, and this morning before the coffin left the house for the church Jerome came to me from the prison.

"Jerome avick, let me see you in the free light of the sun, for free you are to be all the days of your life, the governor said." And he stood before me; and his hair, that used to be black as a shining black rock under a running tide, it was white as the same tide running white before the gale; and his face, that was one time brown as the brown sail of his father's yawl, 'twas gray as a gray rock now, and thin like the two sides of a fish dried in the sun—oh, old and worn he was beyond his years—never again would he be the roving soldier, but it wasn't for his mother to tell him that.

"Jerome," I said, "they will soon be taking the body of your father to where the solemn mass will be said for him by a holy priest o' God, his own son. And his voice rolling out the terrible lamentations from the high altar will fill the minds and hearts of all there with the wonder of death and judgment, and they will be giving him great praise for it, when 'tisin't him they should be praising, priest o' God though he is—'tis never his own voice it will be, but the voice of his people dead and gone before him chanting up through him from the depths of the deep, black sea, in sorrow from a grave that heard never a mass or a prayer when in it they were laid.

"And then down from the high altar he

will come, Jerome," I said, "and say the blessed prayer for the dead above his coffin, and 'twill be full of the pain of death, but never a quiver of fear for it he will be feeling the while he is saying them, for 'tis in his blood to feel death but never to fear it. And after it will come the holy sprinkling water.

"And away from the altar-rail the black undertaker will roll the bier and the coffin on it, and then 'twill be you, Jerome, and myself beside you, will follow after."

"And 'tis then, mother," says Jerome, "that they will whisper all over the church: 'Is it the black murderer she is choosing to walk behind her dead husband?'"

"No, Jerome," I said, "but 'tis then that they will whisper all through the church: 'Tis the eldest son she has chosen to be with her, and herself as proud of him as a woman may be that walks behind her husband's coffin.'"

And so it was—six tall sons and four good daughters—and their grown children after them—to follow his bier out the middle aisle, but before them all was Jerome; and 'twas Jerome was by my side when down into the black earth the coffin was lowered. And 'twas then, when the first sod was thrown on his body, I needed him. 'Twas like something striking me a blow inside, the sound of that first sod on the coffin.

"Mother machree," he said, "'tis worn and torn your heart is for love of us all."

"Jerome avick," I said to that, "'tis worn and torn the hearts of mothers were before me and will be again—God help their children if they're not. I go to no more funerals, Jerome, till I go to my own—stay by me you till then."

"'Tis myself, mother," he says, "will lay you down in the earth with my own hands."

And so he will, though his heart will burst apart the while he will be doing it. And seven sons and four daughters I have, and not one would I set before the other in the eyes of the world, but in Jerome is the gift I chose, the best gift of all for him before ever he was born.

"Father in heaven," I prayed before he came to me, "make him one will feel for others' pain the longest day he lives!" And that He did; so prison or no prison it's my own boy he is.



# PERDITA

[IN THE WINTER'S TALE]

By Marguerite Merington

WHEN you pass I'd have you rather  
Violet or primrose fair,  
Marybud that I might gather,  
Ever on my heart to wear.

When you speak I'd have you stay so  
Speaking, till I hear you sing;  
Then I'd have you buy so, pray so,  
So give alms and ordering.

When you move, a spirit, dancing,  
Sets its footstep on the sea:  
Wind and wave, and sunbeam glancing  
Always I would have you be.

When you flout me, high above me  
I would set you, like a star:  
When you love me . . . since you love me  
I will keep you as you are!

# LETITIA

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

I



WHEN Samuel Dent, wealthy malefactor, had, at the age of fifty-five, ground a fortune out of high-grade soap and the sweat of the poor laboring man, he sat back, rested on his laurels, and had a slight paralytic stroke. Although his doctor, a famous New York specialist called Haven, assured him that there was no immediate danger, Samuel Dent, greatly frightened, was convinced that he was about to die. With this conviction came fear; and with fear came remorse; and with remorse came a frantic clutching for spiritual salvation. He "got religion"—and in a very malignant, Presbyterian form.

Just as he had called in the best physician to heal his body, so did he now summon the best clergyman to ease his soul. The Reverend Mr. Thane had the reputation and the manner of being very influential in high circles. But the task that Samuel Dent's conscience set him to do involved not only repentance, confession, and reformation, but also material restitution; so, with this last in mind, he was forced to add his attorney, Rutherford Wilkins, to the staff of advisers.

Equipped, then, with a physician, a clergyman, and a lawyer, he seemed to be in a fair way to triumph over his offenses against nature and God and man.

The four men met in solemn conclave in Samuel Dent's high-ceilinged library on a late February afternoon. Dent himself, cadaverous and brooding, sat in a great leather armchair by the open fire. The others ranged themselves opposite him: Haven, stately, uninterested, and fingering his watch; Thane, eager, acquiescent, yet trying hard to be a man among men; Wilkins, dry, restless, disconcertingly plain-spoken.

"Gentlemen," began Samuel Dent, "thank you for coming to-day."

They made some unanimous deprecatory noise at the end of which Thane's voice could be heard trailing off into: "Not at all, my dear sir, not at all."

"You, Mr. Thane"—Dent turned to the clergyman—"you know that I am a very wretched man. I am an old man and a sick man—and I am a sinful man. The health of God is not in me. But now, before it is too late, before I die, I want to lay hold of life so that when the awful day arrives I'll be able to face the Almighty Judge and say: 'Lo, I have strayed from the fold, but have mercy, for I have returned repentant!'"

Mr. Thane looked very solemn at this, as if weighing the efficacy of such a plea; Doctor Haven appeared slightly embarrassed; and Mr. Wilkins, the attorney, grunted enigmatically.

But Samuel Dent, greatly moved, continued to a climax, his voice sometimes shrill with fear, sometimes shaken with awe, sometimes, when he permitted himself a ray of hope, hushed to a tense, trembling whisper. Thus might Jeremiah have spoken.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dent," ventured the doctor, "but you must not work yourself up to such a nervous pitch. I cannot allow you to proceed unless you can control yourself," and he crossed over to feel the patient's pulse. "As I thought—rapid and irregular."

"Perhaps," suggested Wilkins, "Mr. Dent will come to the point where *I* can help him. So far I see no call for my services."

But Mr. Thane said reprovingly: "Mr. Dent needs the services of all men."

"Now," said the doctor, returning to his chair, "proceed, Mr. Dent, but more calmly, and, if I may suggest it, more—er, concisely."

Samuel Dent passed a scrawny hand across his eyes as if to shut out their prophetic vision. Then he sat up erect in his chair and said in a voice of doom: "Gentlemen, I am a married man."

This, though obviously unexpected, failed to excite any deep consternation. Mr. Thane raised sympathetic eyebrows; the doctor said, "Ah," as if he were showing his tonsils; and Wilkins remarked that he, himself, was too.

"I am a married man," repeated Samuel Dent—"that is to say, I believe I am a widower. But somewhere there is a child. God save me from the torments of hell!—there is a child."

"Steady," interposed the doctor, for Dent threatened to become again unduly excited.

"Where is the child?" demanded Wilkins, plucking up interest.

Dent shrank down into his chair and shook his head gloomily.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know."

Wilkins drew a small leather-bound note-book from his breast-pocket, de-

tached a gold pencil from his watch-chain, and prepared to make a memorandum.

"The child's name?" he inquired.

"Letitia," answered Dent mournfully. "We were going to call her Letty for short."

"Born?"

"Nineteen years ago."

"H'm—1893. Month and day?"

Mr. Thane held up an arm semaphorically.

"Would it not be better," he observed mildly, "for Mr. Dent to tell us the story in his own way? We ought to know exactly what his purpose is before we waste valuable time on unimportant details."

Samuel Dent started to speak, but Wilkins forestalled him.

"It is quite obvious, isn't it, what Mr. Dent's purpose is: deserted wife and young child—child named Letitia—born 1893—mother's maiden name so far unknown to us—mother supposedly dead. It's all quite clear, I think—or will be. Mr. Dent, of course, wishes to have his daughter traced and restored to him; isn't that so, Mr. Dent? Nothing simpler—if she's alive."

At this last Mr. Dent shuddered and gasped in his chair.

"Don't—don't," he faltered. "If she is dead, my soul is lost—condemned forever to the tortures of hell-fire—thrown into the black abyss—hurled to the red, leaping flames!"

"Easy, now," said the doctor. "Of course she's alive. We'll find her for you all right."

"We'll find her all right," agreed Wilkins, "if I may be allowed to procure some more data," and he glanced rather severely at Mr. Thane.

"Month and day?" he proceeded.

"May—I think May," answered Samuel Dent. "Yes; the 4th of May."

"Place of birth?"

"Green Lake, Montana."

"That's bad—very bad," said Wilkins. "Should have been born in a city."

"And why, pray?" inquired Mr. Thane acidly.

"Make it easier to trace her," explained Wilkins. "As it is, we can be sure of only one thing—that she is *not* at Green Lake, Montana. I dare say people are born there, but nobody would stay there. Now,



Mr. Dent, her mother's maiden name, please?"

Samuel Dent groaned.

"Lucy—Lucy Baxter," he said weakly.

"Last heard of?" The attorney was relentless.

"I read of her death fifteen years ago, in a Helena newspaper. I always take a Helena paper. I was married in Helena."

"H'm. Nothing said about the child, I suppose?"

Dent shook his head.

"H'm. Can you describe the child?"

"How can I? She was only a year old when I saw her last. You can't describe a year-old baby."

"No scar—or a birthmark, perhaps?" suggested the doctor.

"Had she been baptized?" asked Mr. Thane.

"Useless question," commented Wilkins. "Wouldn't show if she had."

"She hadn't been baptized and she had no birthmark—at least, I don't know of any," said Dent miserably. "She looked just like an ordinary baby. She had a good deal of hair—would that help? Dark hair. And—oh, yes—blue eyes."

"Useless—useless," said Wilkins. "Hair and eyes are not permanent at one year."

"Hair *never* is," murmured the doctor, who was becoming very bored.

After a few more questions, the lawyer put away his note-book and rose to go. Samuel Dent, exhausted, lay crumpled up in the big chair, and the doctor was feeling his pulse. Mr. Thane stood by the fire, shifting from one foot to the other, reluctant to leave. He rather hoped that Dent would urge him to stay after the others had gone, for he felt that he had not appeared to very brilliant advantage in the presence of Wilkins and Doctor Haven. Besides, there was the matter of the new organ. . . .

"Good-by, Mr. Dent," said Wilkins to the pitiful figure in the chair. "We shall do everything possible with so little to go on. Advertisements in all the papers, of course—Montana papers especially. Sorry the girl didn't have a harelip or a finger missing or something like that to identify her unmistakably. Still, it can't be helped. We'll do our best. Good-day."

When the lawyer had gone, Doctor Haven rang for the valet.

"Bagby," he said, "help me get Mr. Dent up-stairs and to bed. He's had a very painful half-hour—very painful indeed. Mr. Thane, I think you had better leave me—my patient must have absolute quiet. Er—good-by; you have been of great assistance—great assistance."

Then the doctor and Bagby, the valet, carried Samuel Dent up to bed.

## II

Now Bagby, the valet, occupied a peculiar position in Samuel Dent's household. When Dent had determined to sell out the soap business in Saint Louis and assault New York and Wall Street, Bagby had followed him East to take care of him. While Dent had been making money, Bagby had been making observations. He had learned how the right people dressed; what they ate, and at what hours; how they furnished their houses; what brands of automobiles they bought; what wines they drank; what oaths they used; what jewelry they permitted themselves; and what god they believed in. Thus Bagby had become a sort of social mentor to Dent—a position that made for intimacy and bred confidences. Bagby knew not whence his master derived his income, but he did know where he bought his waistcoats; he cared not whether Dent was a bull or a bear, but he saw to it that his coat-collar was of seal. And it was, metaphorically, over Bagby's dead body that Samuel Dent joined the Presbyterian Church: Bagby had had his name on the list for a pew at St. Thomas's.

Incidentally, Bagby's name was not Bagby at all—it was Ephraim Bunny. But Bagby pointed out that Bunny was no name for a gentleman's man, and it was Bagby himself that suggested, very respectfully, that he (Bunny) be rechristened.

It followed logically, then, that Samuel Dent's fervid and unexpected attack of religion greatly upset Bagby. Obviously it was not the thing—it was plebeian, it smacked of the sudden conversions brought about by vulgar revivalists. Whenever Samuel Dent called loudly on his Lord (which was often) Bagby felt



humiliated; and he blushed for his employer when he heard him screaming of hell-fire and brimstone and the black abyss and the tortures of the damned. Bagby knew that no Christian gentleman gave such things a thought.

Night after night Samuel Dent poured out the tale of his sins to Bagby.

"Think of it, Bagby," he would cry, shivering, "think of it—the wife left alone, perhaps to starve—and the baby, my little girl, my little Letitia! I turned my back on them—I listened to the voice of the Evil One, miserable sinner that I am. My soul is black—black, I tell you, Bagby, and nothing can cleanse it. Oh, if I could but make my peace with the Lord before I die!"

"I understand," Bagby would answer, busying himself with Dent's clothes—"I understand that they are not wearing four-button dress waistcoats any more, sir. I'll put these old ones of yours away, sir, if you'll allow me. And I think, sir, that I'll have to send back that colored silk underwear you ordered. No colors, sir—leastwise not for a gentleman of your years."

Thus Bagby endeavored discreetly to turn the painful trend of Samuel Dent's thoughts. But as time went on and there came no results from Wilkins's advertising campaign, no Letitia to soothe Dent's soul, no prospect of his securing a heavenly pardon by means of an earthly one, Bagby found that it became more and more difficult to divert his employer's harrowed mind. And Bagby became sincerely alarmed.

He intercepted Wilkins in the front hall each time the attorney came to report progress or lack of progress.

"No news from Miss Letitia, sir?" Bagby would inquire wistfully.

"Not yet."

Then Bagby would shake his head dolorously and help Wilkins into his overcoat.

Finally, in despair, Wilkins made a flying trip to Montana, where he spent three busy days at Green Lake. During his absence Samuel Dent's condition became very precarious indeed, and Doctor Haven was in constant attendance at the bedside.

"Unless Wilkins comes back leading

Letitia by the hand," said the doctor to Bagby, "I cannot hold out much hope for Mr. Dent's life. He is worrying himself into the grave. I have always been told that religion was a comfort—a staff to lean upon. Humph! Mr. Dent's religion is killing him. The fear of hell is propelling him toward—er, heaven."

When Wilkins returned from Montana, he summoned Doctor Haven, the Reverend Mr. Thane, and Bagby to his office; and the four of them talked for an hour behind closed doors. When they came out it was noticed that Wilkins was disturbed, Haven was insistent, Thane was expostulatory, and Bagby was more cheerful than he had been for weeks. But they all bore themselves like men who have shouldered great responsibilities.

Two days later Samuel Dent had a relapse—so serious that Doctor Haven, fearing a second stroke for him, took a room next to the patient and remained in the house constantly for seventy-two hours at the rate of fifty dollars an hour.

While the flame of Dent's life was still flickering like a candle in a draught, there came to pass an event as fortunate as it was unexpected. One afternoon Wilkins, nervous and excited, came up the front steps of the Madison Avenue house with a young girl on his arm. Thane and Haven were present in the sick-room, listening to Dent's vague, rambling mutterings from the book of Lamentations; for Dent, in his wretchedness, clung to the Old Testament, feeling, doubtless, a certain kinship with the soul-racked prophets.

"Behold," he wailed with Jeremiah, "behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger. From above hath he sent fire into my bones, and it prevaieth against them: he hath spread a net for my feet, he hath turned me back: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day. The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand: they are wreathed and come upon my neck: he hath made my strength to fall——"

It was at this point that Wilkins, announced by the tremulous Bagby, entered the room. He nodded to Haven and Thane and immediately crossed over to the bed.



"Good news, Mr. Dent," said he.

Dent stared at him vacantly.

"There can be no good news for such as me," he groaned. "I am an outcast, a pariah, a sinner in the nethermost gloom. Woe unto me that I have sinned! I shall die and be consumed in the fires of hell—I shall——"

"If you would listen to me," interrupted the lawyer, "you wouldn't perhaps be so sure of those fires of hell. I tell you I have good news—I have found Letitia."

"No!" exclaimed Haven. "You don't say!"

"The Lord's name be praised!" said Thane.

Samuel Dent sat up in bed; and he pointed a shaking finger at Wilkins, as if he were aiming a revolver at him.

"You aren't fooling me, Wilkins?" he said. "You aren't fooling me?"

"Have her up," replied Wilkins imperturbably, "and see for yourself."

"I shouldn't know her," groaned Dent. But he added eagerly: "She says she's Letitia—she remembers?"

"Ask her," recommended Wilkins.

He went to the door, opened it, and called: "Bagby!"

The response was almost immediate.

"Bagby, bring up the young lady that is waiting in the hall."

There was a minute of silent suspense. You could hear the four men breathing; and Dent, with flushed face and an uncanny light in his eyes, was sitting up rigidly straight, forgetful of his weakness.

Then a girl came into the room, a little awkwardly, a little hesitatingly.

She was dressed in a dark-green suit, with some black furs at her neck and a black muff, and she wore a small round hat with a single white goose feather and a gold tassel. She was slender and straight and dark and red-lipped and wide-eyed; but her coloring was so vivid that it hinted of rouge and the black crayon.

"She is made up," said Mr. Thane to himself, and couldn't take his pale eyes off her.

"What a superb young female!" thought Haven, and adjusted his eyeglasses.

Wilkins, by right of discovery, took her white-gloved hand and led her to the bed.

"Mr. Dent," said he very gravely, "unless I am mistaken this is your daughter."

"Father!" she cried, and went gracefully to her knees.

Dent reached out to touch her hair, but the goose feather interfered. She must have sensed the trouble, for she looked up and said: "Wait a second and I'll take the old hat off."

True to her word, she had it off in a second, and, after tossing it carelessly into a corner, resumed her position on her knees.

"There; that's better, ain't it?" said she.

"Letitia—my little Letty," whispered Dent. "Are you truly my little Letty, come to save and forgive me?"

"Sure, I'm your little Letty, dad," she said soothingly.

He lifted her chin with his hand and looked deep into her eyes, searching in them, perhaps, for something of himself, something of her mother.

"Lord God," he cried, "let me be certain!"

Then he lay back on the pillows with a sigh.

"Tell me," he said more calmly, "tell me about yourself—all you can remember. And about your mother, if you can."

Letitia drew a long breath and began.

"I was born," she said, "in 1893, in the little village of Green Lake, Montana."

"Yes," said Dent encouragingly, "go on—that's right—go on."

Wilkins, turning his back, looked out of the window. He had heard this before. Thane and Haven exchanged glances and then each looked hastily away.

"My mother's name," the girl continued, "was Lucy Baxter—before she married you."

"Ah!" breathed Dent, with a sigh that was cousin to a sob. "Poor, poor Lucy!"

"She died," said Letitia simply.

"You remember—her death?"

"No; not very well. I wasn't nothing but a kid. I was four years old. Mrs. Dent—mother—died in 1897."

"Of course—you were too young."

"She died in Helena," added the girl.

"Yes," said Dent sadly, "I read the death notice in the paper. And you—when she died, what became of you?"

"I lived with some people that had a

farm in the country. They was—they were very kind. They raised pigs and—and things. But I guess there weren't much money in it, because they were always poor."

"Blessed are the poor!" murmured Dent. "You will tell me their names some day, my dear, and they'll be repaid seventy times over."

"All right," she agreed, "only they've moved."

"We'll go out into the highways and hedges and seek them," said Dent in a sort of ecstasy.

"Sure," she nodded; "we'll have 'em paged."

Wilkins, by the window, cleared his throat.

"How long did you live with them?" asked Dent.

"Well, I beat it when I was eight. I got a job playing *Little Eva* in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—on the road, you know—one-night stands. We played Kansas and Nebraska and God knows what. I was the little traveller, I can tell you, at the age of eight."

"My poor girl," sighed Dent. "What a life, what a hard, cruel life!—and all my fault. Can you ever forgive me, Letty? I'll try to make it up to you. Now that I've found you, you'll never have to struggle and starve again. . . . What have you been doing recently?"

"Vawdvil," said Letty.

"What?"

"Vawdvil," she repeated—"two a day on the big time."

"Just what do you do?"

"Don't you never go the theatre, dad? Why, I'm Vonnie Lesley of 'Lesley and MacGee—songs, dances, and repartee.' That's how our act's billed. See, it rhymes: 'Lesley and MacGee—songs, dances, and repartee.' Good, isn't it? That was Tim's idea—Tim MacGee. Say, it's some act, too. Come and see it sometime—we're headliners out on the road, but here in New York, what with Sarah Burnhard and Lady Constantly Stewed-Richards and the Dolly Sisters, they've stuck us in just ahead of the acrobats. Competition's something fierce in this burg."

"My dear Letty," said Samuel Dent, "you needn't worry any more about com-

petition. From now on my money is yours. You need not toil and slave for your bread any longer. Wilkins"—he turned to the lawyer—"arrange that my daughter shall be free from any further obligations to appear on the stage. I don't know much about such things, but do what is necessary and pay what is necessary."

Letitia half-rose to her feet.

"Hold on," she said; "not so fast. This ain't the speedway. I can't leave Tim in the lurch like that, and I wouldn't if I could. What do you suppose Tim would think of me, leaving him cold! No, sir. I'm Letitia Dent—but first, last, and all the time I'm Vonnie Lesley of 'Lesley and MacGee—songs, dances, and repartee.' And, besides, there's other reasons."

"What are the other reasons, Miss Dent?" asked Wilkins, with raised eyebrows.

She seemed about to retort a little angrily; her eyes were not so wide, her lips not quite so full. But she evidently thought better of it, for a smile twitched the corners of her mouth as she answered very gently: "The other reasons, Mr. Wilkins, is that I'm engaged to be married to Tim MacGee. So you see it ain't likely that I'd quit the act, is it?"

This announcement called forth protest and ejaculation.

"Won't do at all—not at all," said Wilkins.

"Think of your new position in society," urged Haven.

"My dear young lady," said Thane, "this is very disturbing indeed, and if I may say so, unfortunate."

Samuel Dent, alone, said nothing.

Letitia pointed directly at Thane, who stirred uneasily in his chair.

"You can marry us—Tim and me—if you want," she said. "You're a minister, ain't you?"

Mr. Thane murmured that he was, but added that he thought the marriage undesirable.

"What!" she exclaimed, misunderstanding him, "you don't believe in marriage? You're a funny minister, you are. What *do* you believe in—free love?"

"Hush," said Wilkins; and Mr. Thane, very uncomfortable under her scrutiny, explained.



At last Samuel Dent spoke.      gin by making you unhappy. Before long,  
 "We will do nothing hastily," said he.      when I'm entirely well again, we'll have  
 "Letty, you'll bring Mr. MacGee to the      a long talk, you and I, and we'll decide



He cared not whether Dent was a bull or a bear, but he saw to it that his coat-collar was of seal — Page 177

house soon, and we'll talk it over quietly      what's best. Meanwhile you can do just  
 and reasonably. I'm so glad to get you      exactly as you please about keeping on  
 back, my dear little girl, that I don't ask      with your work on the stage. There, now,  
 anything more, and I certainly won't be      is that all right?"

She leaned over and kissed him loudly and enthusiastically.

"Fine!" she said. "That's the sort of stuff that gets over. And you're sure to like Tim, dad: he's just like you—he's a regular fellow."

### III

THE next day Letty moved over from her West Side boarding-house, bringing with her a derelict of a hamper, two suitcases, and a globe of goldfish. A maid showed her to her room—one of the many hitherto unoccupied guest-rooms in the big house. It was furnished with white-painted wicker and blue cretonne, and was spotlessly clean and restfully bare.

"Needs a little livening up, I guess," was Letty's comment. "It's pretty, though—awful pretty, and the bathroom's just grand. When I get my photos stuck around it'll look very cosey and home-like."

She unpacked a most amazing collection of photographs, mostly of women in costume, smirking behind fans, or sitting stiffly in Gothic chairs, or emerging bare-shouldered and smiling from white fur rugs. There were some, too, of men in dress clothes, with varnished hair and large noses and small chins; and there were group pictures, snap-shots from Coney and Atlantic City, of giggling girls and their affectionate escorts. Then, too, there were half a dozen pictures of Tim MacGee, all inscribed to "my dear little Vonnie, from Tim."

With all these Letty indubitably succeeded in livening up the room. When she had finished, every mirror was bordered with photographs, the bureau was covered with them; they dominated the mantelpiece, they almost papered the walls. They, and an indescribable assortment of crêpe-paper cotillon favors, wrought an abrupt and decisive transformation.

She entered into her new life with great zest: each day brought some delightful surprise that called from her little exclamations of pleasure. Chocolate and rolls served to her in bed in the morning, for instance; the use of the limousine with two men on the box; the Niagara that ensued when she turned on the hot water in the bathtub; the liveried foot-

man that said, "Thank you, miss," when she gave him an order; and the chimes that that same liveried footman struck to announce luncheon or dinner.

"Say," she remarked, "this is like living in the Waldorf. Don't wake me up."

She saw a great deal of Samuel Dent, who had thriven mentally, physically, and spiritually since her arrival. His efforts to make her happy and comfortable were prodigious and pathetic; and in working for her happiness he seemed, in a measure, to forget his own former wretchedness and to throw off some of his religious fanaticism. She had assured him from the first that, so far as she was concerned, he was forgiven. She bore him no grudge; on the contrary, she grew to feel a sincere affection for him, for he continued to prove to her that he was a "regular fellow."

At the end of the first week she introduced Tim MacGee. Tim was a tall, lanky, smooth-shaven, serious-minded boy, with a quiet sense of humor, and the shy, retiring manner of an assistant rector that was hard to reconcile with the exuberant, slap-stick confidence he displayed on the vaudeville stage.

"Honest to God, Mr. Dent," he said, "I'm tickled to death that Vonnie's landed soft, and I don't want to butt in and break up her party."

"Letitia seems quite willing to have you butt in, Mr. MacGee; she is very fond of you."

"Letitia?—oh, I see—Vonnice. Well, Mr. Dent, I'm nuts about her, just simply nuts. Of course, I'm not worth a wad of money yet, and perhaps I oughtn't—well, perhaps I oughtn't to stick around and expect her to marry me. But, say, Mr. Dent, we've got a swell act now, and it's getting across fine. I'd hate to lose Vonnie, Mr. Dent. She'd be a big loss to vawdvil—and a bigger loss to me, honest she would."

"I'm not going to interfere," Samuel Dent assured him. "I didn't bring Letitia here in order to thwart her in anything she has her heart set on; and as well as I can make out she has her heart set on vaudeville and you. You are a lucky man, Mr. MacGee."

"Gee, don't I know it!" he exclaimed. "I'm the human horseshoe!"

"Exactly," said Mr. Dent.





*Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.*

He looked deep into her eyes, searching in them, perhaps, for something of himself, something of her mother.—Page 181.

There was a short silence, during which you could almost hear Tim MacGee glow with pleasure.

"I want to ask you something, Mr. MacGee," said Dent at length.

"Shoot—I mean please do."

"Oh—er, first will you have some refreshment, perhaps?"

"I don't mind," said Tim.

Bagby brought Scotch and siphon and a tall glass with ice.

"I don't drink," explained Dent. "Doctor won't permit it."

"You ain't against it on principles," said Tim, hesitating; "because if you are, I can wait."

"No," said Dent smiling. "I was, once—but I believe I am getting more tolerant. Letitia has changed me a great deal."

"Well," said Tim cordially, "here's how."

"What I want to know," said Dent, after an interval, "is whether you think I am making Letitia completely happy. You see that is, at present, my sole object in life. Now, you understand her probably much better than I do—you have her confidence and you know what she enjoys. Is there anything you can suggest that I might do to give her pleasure?"

Tim meditated deeply.

"There's one thing," he said rather reluctantly—"one thing that I've heard her wish for a whole lot of times. But I don't know whether you'd do it."

"What is it?" asked Dent eagerly. "Of course I'd do it—anything at all in my power."

"Well," continued Tim, "it seems like asking royalty to drive in a hack, but, anyhow, I know it would just tickle Vonnie crazy if you'd do it—she's simply mad, Mr. Dent, to have you see our act from out front. Honest, Mr. Dent, she's got her heart set on it. Would you come some night?"

"My dear boy," said Samuel Dent, "I'll come to-night."

"Cheers!" cried Tim MacGee.

#### IV

DENT, from that day on, attended twice a week the vaudeville houses in New York and its near vicinity where the team of

Lesley and MacGee were billed to dance, sing, and exchange repartee. Fortunately, at that particular season, he was never forced to travel further afield than Brooklyn or Jersey City; later, when the team should leave for New England, he foresaw a more difficult problem to face.

But it happened that they never went to New England; and this was due partly to Samuel Dent's generosity, partly to the leaping ambition of Lesley and MacGee, and partly to the turkey-trot. I say turkey-trot advisedly, in lieu of fox-trot or maxixe or lulu-fado, for, remember, this was in 1912.

The project of starting a combination restaurant and dance-hall emanated from MacGee's agile brain. He broached it to Letitia one evening at the Palatial Theatre, while they were waiting to go on after the trained guinea pig.

"Honest to God," he concluded, "New York's got the dancing bug. They all want to die dancing, and they're willing to pay good coin for the kind permission. All we need is a floor and a booze license and the kopecks are ours. Then it'll be *our* turn to sit back and watch other folks make fools of themselves in public."

They put it to Samuel Dent as a strictly business proposition; they asked no favors. They would do the work; would he provide the money?

"We'll split the dividends fifty-fifty," explained MacGee. "And, at that, we'll all get rich."

Samuel Dent assented without a murmur, for he knew that it would keep his Letitia near him in New York. And thus was launched the now famous Carnival Garden.

Those were wonderful, glittering months in the spring and summer of 1912. Carnival Garden was a success from its inception—an unprecedented success—and Tim and Letitia were jubilant. Dent's health became so excellent that he resumed his operations in Wall Street with something of his old-time carefully planned recklessness; and almost every evening he went to the Carnival Garden for a sandwich and a glass of milk. He was the only patron of the establishment permitted to drink anything but champagne. Between her





*Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.*

Dent attended twice a week the vaudeville houses where Lesley and MacGee were billed to dance — Page 186.





dances Letitia would join him as often as possible—Letitia very lovely in a filmy, plaited scarlet gown, with a Dutch cap over her black hair and little black slippers on her nervous feet. And Samuel Dent would gaze at her out of tired, adoring eyes over his glass of milk; and he would assure himself that God had been very good to him in giving him such a daughter.

Something of Dent's new optimism may be inferred from the fact that in August he went heavily long of the market. But do you remember what happened to stocks during that fall and winter? For once Samuel Dent had chosen the wrong side—for once his judgment had been at fault. The ruin was ghastly and complete.

When the smoke of the disaster lifted somewhat, and it was possible to see just how much damage had been done, just what smouldering ashes of his once great fortune remained, there ensued a panic among his creditors. It was doubtful if Samuel Dent could meet his obligations. But he did meet them; he sacrificed everything that he owned to meet them, and the effort left him shaken and shivering, too weak to begin again at the beginning, too old to venture into new fields.

When the Madison Avenue house with all its contents was sold at public auction, Samuel Dent and his daughter moved into a tiny apartment west of Seventh Avenue. Carnival Garden went merrily on with unflagging spirits, but Samuel Dent no longer sat at his table and sipped his milk. Instead Samuel Dent lay crumpled up on his bed—at home. Home! Oh, the irony of the word!

Letitia, with nothing to do until evening, was with him all day, and Bagby obstinately refused to be discharged. Bagby cooked the meals over the gas-stove in the kitchenette and Letitia served them; and every afternoon Tim MacGee came in for an hour to inquire how every little thing was. And, lo, Samuel Dent found that he was not unhappy, or, if he was unhappy, it was for Letitia's sake.

"I hoped to be able to give you so much," he said, "and this is what I have left to give. I don't see, even, how we can pay for this."

"You forget the Carnival Garden," answered Letitia. "It's bringing us in six thousand perfectly good dollars a year." He laughed bitterly.

"I am living on my daughter," he said.

"Rats!" said she inelegantly; "if it hadn't been for you there wouldn't be any Carnival Garden—except in my mind's eye."

About this time Wilkins, the attorney, wrote to her asking her if she would see him at his office. She went wonderingly but calmly, and she came away flushed with indignation.

"You great boob," she exclaimed in farewell, "do you think I bite off more than I can chew? Not Vonnie! *I'm* going to stick—see?"

Wilkins, it is to be presumed, saw.

## V

IN January Samuel Dent suffered a second and last stroke of paralysis. Doctor Haven battled in vain; the combination against him and his medicines was too strong. Even Mr. Thane, whose visits had become less frequent and whose hopes of the new organ had been shattered, proved powerless; Samuel Dent died.

He died tranquilly, with no soul-searing lamentations on his lips, no fear of hell-fire in his eyes; and he died clinging to Letitia's hand.

"This has been a very happy year for me, Letty," he whispered.

"You bet it has, dad—for all of us."

"I'm leaving you nothing, Letty—nothing."

"You're leaving me your love," she said, and she bent and kissed him.

## VI

WHEN it was over, Haven and Thane joined Wilkins at the club. Haven took a stiff drink and Thane ordered a milk and vichy.

"Well?" inquired Wilkins sympathetically.

"He's dead," said Haven with more feeling than he usually cared to reveal.

"He has departed this life," supplemented Thane.

"And Letitia?" asked Wilkins.

"She was with him," said Haven. "We

left her praying at the bed. I wonder where she learned how to pray."

No one of them volunteered an answer.

"Well," said Wilkins after a silence, "I am convinced that we did the right thing. It did Dent a world of good——"

"It added a year to his life," interposed Haven, "and a very happy year, I think, in spite of everything. Dent would have died in torture had you told him that his daughter had died a month after her mother."

Wilkins nodded.

"And it certainly did Letitia no harm," he said. "She's a wonderful girl—wonderful. Don't see them like her often. You know, when Dent went smash I had her come down to the office and told her that, of course, he couldn't do much more for her—didn't have a cent left. I suggested that she was at liberty to call the whole thing off, but—well, I offered to give her a little something out of my own pocket if she'd keep on playing the part.

I felt sorry for Dent—knew that he had come to lean on her."

"What did she say?" demanded Thane.

Wilkins smiled slowly and meditatively.

"She said: 'You great boob, do you think I bite off more than I can chew? Not Vonnie! *I'm* going to stick—see?' And she wouldn't touch my money."

"No," said Haven; "she's a thoroughbred. I wonder where old Bagby produced her from."

"God bless her," said Wilkins huskily, and drained his glass.

"Amen," said Thane.

But in the little apartment west of Seventh Avenue, Bagby and Letitia sat watching over the dead. And suddenly Letitia threw her arms around Bagby's neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, dad," she sobbed, "do you think we made him happy?"

"I'm sure we did, dear," answered Bagby; "I'm sure we did."





# LISBON AND CINTRA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



WE had left New York for Lisbon expecting to make good connections via Gibraltar and Tangiers. On the seventh morning, however, upon awakening very early, I made out through the porthole the high cliffs of Madeira—great, purple, wall-like headlands bearing upon their summits innumerable terraces of vineyards mounting one upon another high up to the big mountains inland. Thin columns of blue smoke rose straight in the still morning air, hundreds of them, from tiny cottages scarcely visible to the eye or from brush-fires in the fields.

The land looked peaceful and calm as the sea, as our great steamer cut her path silently to the harbor of Funchal. As we entered this, I descried two big liners lying at anchor, one of which proved to be the *Cap Trafalgar* on her maiden voyage from South America carrying as her honored guest Prince Henry of Prussia and his suite.

I saw the agent as soon as he came aboard, found she was to sail before noon, bound direct to Lisbon; went ashore, engaged passage (the last cabin on the ship), and returned in a boat with two brawny oarsmen, together with a man from the company and a custom-house official to transfer our baggage. So that before eleven o'clock we were pacing the broad decks of this new ocean giant, watching the wealthy Brazilians and Argentinos, Europe bound, to spend their summer holidays.

It was a gay ship's company indeed after thirteen drowsy days together on tropic seas. By chance we met some friends from Chile and had a merry time that evening at the captain's dinner where every one, including the prince, made speeches and danced afterward at a costume ball, very jolly and animated, given in the huge white-and-gold saloon.

Next afternoon (a record trip, I be-

lieve) we raised land at about four o'clock, and I heard some Brazilians near me murmur, "terra Portuguesa"—their motherland.

First faint and blue on the brilliant water, this land gradually took shape and became a definite hill, nay, a mountain, a jagged, purple silhouette against the sky—a shape that has guided many a weary mariner safe to port and many an intrepid discoverer home from visions of new lands beyond the sea. And mingled with thoughts of such adventures crowd memories of Southey and of Byron and Childe Harold when

"Cintra's mountain guides them on their way."

Ships and fishing-smacks with strange jibs and queer rigs came and went upon the shimmering sea as we skirted the bright sandy shores of the Alemtejo. Two old forts reared their casemates on rocky promontories; then, in a green dimple by the sea, the gay houses of Cascaes and Mont' Estoril clustered among gardens, while upon a long sand-spit to the right Bugio's lighthouse guided us up the channel.

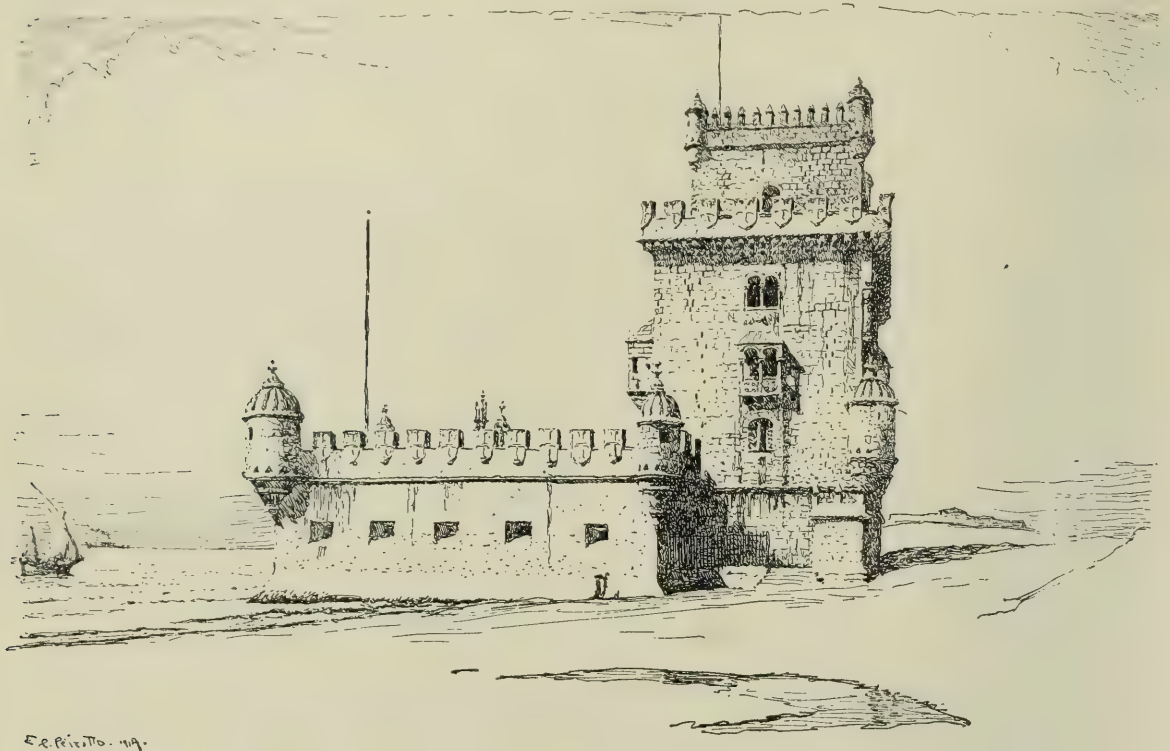
The sun was nearing the horizon as the sea narrowed to a strait, and to the left the old Tower of Belem again awoke memories of Vasco da Gama and his glorious return. Now, as we threaded the narrows, the pale houses of Lisbon, clustered thick as eggs in a basket, pink, blue, ochre, and white, piled up the hills to the Ajuda Palace and we entered the broad bay formed by the Tagus just as it empties into the sea—one of the largest harbors in Europe, that, however, with its sparse shipping, now seems like a frame too large for its picture.

Amid great bustle and confusion we were landed in a tender at the Alfândega, took a cab with a pair of rattling ponies, sped through the hilly streets of the city, and then the broad Avenida opened before us, and we drew up at our hotel.

The first impression from our window next morning was a most pleasant one. And indeed Lisbon leaves the definite impression of a gay, bright capital, if not of a truly beautiful city. Beautiful it certainly is by nature, seated on its lofty

almond-shaped eyes recalling the Mauresques and clearly bespeaking their Oriental origin.

Then, too, he will explore the older quarters of the city, spared by the terrific earthquake of 1755, that lie to the west-



The Torre de Belem.

hills overlooking the Tagus and interspersed everywhere with semitropic gardens and *largos*, but its newer houses are too rectangular, too lacking in imagination to make anything but rather monotonous streets. Even the Praça do Commercio, though laid out upon a truly magnificent scale, fails to arouse enthusiasm.

This is the city's aspect to the casual visitor who devotes but a day or two to its sights. But to one who is willing to give it a week or more, it holds many attractions.

The seeker for the picturesque will delight in the water-front in the morning hours and in the fisherfolk—the men in black bag-caps and knee-breeches; the women, barefoot, setting out with basket on head to trot the city streets. These fishwives are the most picturesque of the Lisbon types and most of them are really beautiful, the fine ovals of their faces, their smooth complexions, and lustrous,

ward under the shadow of the old Moorish castle walls: a labyrinth of steep, narrow thoroughfares that recall Algiers and the slopes that lead to the Kasbah. The houses are faced with blue and brown tiles and take their air from the patio rather than from the street. No wagon ever passes. The poor carry their burdens upon their heads; the well-to-do hustle a patient donkey before them laden with panniers.

Pedlers' shrill cries fill the air. The fine strong fishwife, the water-carrier with his earthen jars, the vegetable-vender swinging his baskets across his shoulder on a long stick, call their wares from house to house, while shrillest of all and most noticeable the hawker of lottery tickets shouts numbers one after another in hopes of tempting some housewife with the sound of a lucky combination.

At the portal of this old town stands the Sé, the rugged old cathedral that dates from the time of Affonso Henriques,



battlemented and castlelike as befits a church built in the time of the Crusades, when Lisbon had just been wrested from the Moors. At present it is undergoing restoration, especially in the ambulatory and cloister, where the fine sturdy architecture of its original form is emerging from the bubble arches and coats of whitewash that were put upon it during the Roman revival.

Upon the other edge of the old town looms the huge gray bulk of São Vicente, a Renaissance church of noble proportions. St. Vincent is the patron saint of the city and also of the House of Braganza, which reigned uninterruptedly in Portugal for almost three centuries until King Manoel was deposed a few years ago by the present new republic.

The edifice contains little of interest, but the kings of this house are buried in a vault in the cloisters. Expecting to see some pompous marble sarcophagi, we called the guardian, who unlocked the door. What was our surprise, however, to enter a vaulted stone chamber with a sort of deep shelf running all about it. Disposed upon this shelf and piled upon the floor rested a great number of caskets, some draped with velvet palls, others covered only with brocades or stamped leathers such as were used upon the marriage chests of Spain.

Not a statue nor an urn anywhere. In the centre a huge black catafalque reared itself, hung with memorial wreaths and tokens, that shaded the coffin of the unfortunate Dom Carlos assassinated in the last revolution. At its foot lay another casket.

Before I realized what he was doing our complaisant guide had drawn back the pall of this one and exposed to view the body of the Crown Prince, dressed in full uniform. Not content with this, he urged me to mount some steps and showed me, one after another, other royal personages with star and plaque upon their breasts and ermine-trimmed cloaks enveloping their poor shrunken bodies. It was the first time I had looked dead royalty in the face, and, though I have seen grewsome catacombs, especially in Palermo, I confess that this one seemed the worst of all—a strange sort of desecration or sacrilege, yet bringing home

with terrifying force the eternal truth that a king in death is no better than his humblest vassal.

Lisbon's chief sight lies beyond the town proper in one of its immediate suburbs called Belem, a corruption of Bethlehem. To reach it you must take one of the busy electric cars that serve the traveller so well in all his joggings about the town (and that have a strangely familiar look, by the way, to Americans, for all of them were built in Philadelphia) and ride far out along the water-front.

On the way you may alight at the Quinta de Baixo and visit the Royal Museum of Coaches, a remarkable group of some twenty or more state carriages—gorgeous vehicles, dating mostly from the eighteenth century, carved, gilded, and painted with allegorical figures and lined with magnificent brocades and velvets, even their floors being finished in ivory or buhl. Next to the collection at Madrid I think that it is the handsomest that I have seen and, in connection with the cabriolets and *seges* and cases of harness and rich livery up-stairs, gives a compelling picture of the *apparat* and splendor of the showy court of the Braganzas.

A few minutes' walk beyond this palace brings you to the great church of Jeronimos and but a little farther on stands the old Torre de Belem—St. Vincent's Tower, that has for hundreds of years guarded the mouth of the Tagus.

At this spot, in the fifteenth century, there lived some fishermen and sailors in a little community called Restello. For their comfort, solace, and shelter, Prince Henry the Navigator, friend and patron of seafarers and promoter of all the great voyages of the Portuguese discoverers, that ended by giving man full possession of the globe, had built a refuge church, about which grew up a hermitage for aged mariners with gardens and orchards, birds and flowers.

The little *ermida* had witnessed the departure of many a caravel and of many a navigator like Zarco and Perestrello, who first landed in Madeira and the Canaries, and Cabral, who discovered the Azores and reached far Brazil, and of those other hardy mariners—Gil Eannes, Baldaya, and Nuno Tristão—who, step by step, had crept down the west coast of Africa



through tropical seas "always kept boiling by the sun," according to popular belief, as far as Cape Bojador and farther, finally reaching the redoubtable Cabo Tormentoso that was to open the route to India and become in consequence the Cape of Good Hope.

It had always been Prince Henry's dream to double this mythical cape and reach the Indies by the direct sea route, thus bringing the wealth of the rajahs in Portuguese boats direct to Lisbon harbor. After many vain attempts he fitted out the expedition intrusted to Vasco da Gama, who spent his last night ashore praying in this little church of Restello. Two years later he returned to the very same spot, having landed in Malabar and completely fulfilled his mission.

King Manoel "the Fortunate" welcomed him and, to commemorate his happy return, according to a vow, began to build the great convent of the Jeronimos and a few years later erected this watch-tower overlooking the mouth of the Tagus. The wealth that now poured into Lisbon, making it the richest city in Europe and the successor of Venice as maritime queen of the Western world, enabled him to carry out this scheme upon a scale of unprecedented magnificence, as both monuments still testify.

St. Vincent's Tower is a splendid specimen of the military architecture of its day—rather more florid than such a work would be in the North, but sturdy and strong despite its fretted surfaces. Until fifty years ago it stood quite surrounded by water, but sand-bars have gradually encompassed it on one side and it now forms part of a shore battery.

With a little persuasion I induced a kindly sergeant to show me through it. He first led me to the great bastion that projects seaward like the prow of a ship and that is still mounted with its antiquated artillery thrusting their black noses through deep embrasures. This battery surrounds an open courtyard beneath which, on a level with the water, lie the prisons.

The great tower itself contains three superposed chambers with massive vaults and walls ten feet in thickness. Its exterior is richly ornamented, its battlements emblazoned with the crosses of

the Military Order of Christ, its sea face enriched with a charming loggia, and its angle turrets surmounted by curious melon-shaped domes. Despite the sordid gas-works near by, the place is redolent of other days and impregnated with the tang and smell of the sea and alive with memories of the Portuguese mariners.

But the real temple of their glory is the vast church and monastery near by, to the building of which Dom Manoel devoted his greatest zeal. He employed the most renowned architects to carry out his dream and an army of sculptors and carvers to chisel and fret the beautiful limestone of Alcantara. The cold purist may scoff at the result, but no one with warm artistic perceptions can fail to withstand the fascination of these fretted surfaces, alive with ornaments that, in the hot southern sunlight, fleck the glaring stones with a thousand delicate shadows.

The long south front facing the avenue forms the principal façade, and is cut by a monumental doorway that, with its fantastic array of pinnacles and niches, peopled with bishops and cardinals, saints and kings, recalls many a late-Gothic entrance in the vicinity of Rouen.

On passing through this door, from the blinding sunlight of the avenue to the mysterious gloom of the interior, one's first impression is of space and loftiness. The vaults overhead, the deep, dark chapels, the great sustaining walls, are almost lost in the darkness. Eight slender columns, delicately proportioned and fretted with rich ornament, spring aloft like the boles of royal palms, up and up, until they burst like fronds into reticulated vaulting of most daring design, and as your eye grows accustomed to the gloom they take on mauve shadows, shading to amber as the light strikes upon them through the colored windows.

This church is the sanctuary of Portugal's glory, its Westminster Abbey, so to speak, the most evocative of its buildings; so it is fitting that her greatest sons here lie buried. In the transept, side by side, rest Vasco da Gama and Camões, her chief poet, author of her national epic, the immortal "*Lusiadas*." Near the high altar lie Manoel the Fortunate and various members of his family, and in a corner





The Lisbon water-front.

of the cloisters stands the monumental tomb of Herculano the historian.

To enter these cloisters you must pass around by the west door, which in some ways, though less famous, is more interesting than that of the south façade. It is purely Portuguese and highly characteristic of the so-called Manuelino style, the most famous examples of which lie in other parts of the country.

This style has been variously estimated by architectural authorities. Some purists see in it nothing but a love of ornament gone wild, a needless exaggeration of detail; others find it an interesting grafting of Moorish design upon the Gothic; others still, a transitional form between the Gothic and the Renaissance. To me, however, it is a special style, the true expression of the very soul of a people, of their thoughts and aspirations, and, therefore, good art.

The cloister at Belem, forming part of the monument erected to commemorate Vasco da Gama's glorious voyages, fittingly exhibits the various characteristics of this style.

Each of its bays is divided into two

arches and each of these again in half, while each archway is hung with elaborate cusps and medallions of openwork containing crosses and shells or caravels under full sail. Colonettes and cusped arches, the deep reveals of the great bays and their pilasters, the rich vaults of the cloisters, and the parapets and towers that cut against the sky are all frosted with elaborate details of mingled Gothic and Renaissance, but time has imparted to this wealth of sculptured ornament a wonderful patina that veils its exaggerations and merges its elaborations into a marvellously rich ensemble that quite disarms criticism by its sensuous appeal.

A similar sumptuous strain pervades the minor arts that furnished these churches. At the Bellas Artes have been gathered from suppressed convents and monasteries glittering arrays of monstrances and reliquaries, chalices and processional crosses, masterpieces of the goldsmith's art made of the first pale gold that came from the Indies.

And in this same museum, among a lot of rather dull pictures, you will find to your surprise some splendid panels by

an old Portuguese painter (perhaps the only one worthy to rank as a master), one Nuno Gonçalves, who flourished in the fifteenth century. His best work is

"Sombra!" and we knew that a bull-fight was on for that afternoon.

I lost no time in going down and securing places, for I very much wanted to see a



The older quarters of the city, spared by the terrific earthquake of 1755.

embodied in two triptychs, "The Veneration of Saint Vincent," that show the undoubted influence of Jan van Eyck, who, when he visited the court of Portugal, exerted a great influence upon the painters working there.

The Sunday following our arrival in Lisbon we were awakened by the explosion of *foguetes*, or small bombs, almost directly under our window. Soon voices reached our ears, shrilly crying, "Sol e

Portuguese bull-fight, which is a very different affair from its Spanish prototype. This happened to be an exceptionally good one, "dedicated to the Colonia Brasileira," as the programme stated, so the Brazilian ambassador occupied the box of honor, and of the ten thousand arena seats not a single one was empty. Lisbon's bull-ring is a very handsome affair, built in the Moorish style, with huge gray minaret domes facing the four points of the compass. The boxes upon the occa-



sion were hung with bright draperies, and the women in their gay spring attire made a brilliant scene indeed, with a cloudless vault of blue overhead.

dors. Then came a score of *moços de forcados*, whose antics I shall describe later; then the service men; and lastly, but by no means least, the two *cavalleiros*, the



Church of the Jeronimos, Belem.

As the band struck up the national anthem the various participants entered, for there are many more figurants than in Spain.

First came a mule covered with crimson velvet carrying the *banderilhas*, the *farpas*, and other implements to be used in the game. When it had been unloaded and led out, the *bandarilheiros* entered with the *capinhas*, eight or ten of them, in the brilliant costumes of Spanish torea-

famous Casimiros, father and son, the heroes of the occasion.

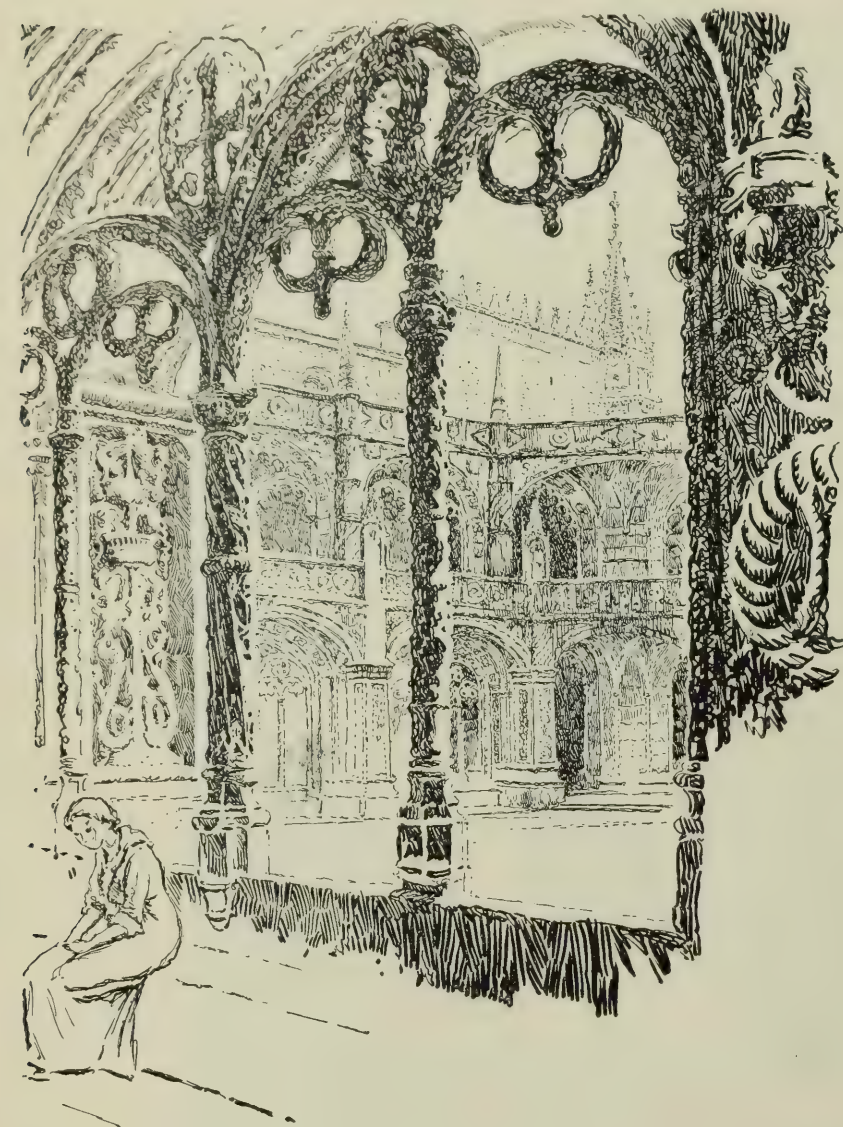
These *cavalleiros*, as their name implies, are horsemen, but in no way resemble the picador on his sorry nag. They are dressed as cavaliers of the eighteenth century, in velvet coats handsomely embroidered and trimmed at sleeve and throat with beautiful lace. Lace handkerchiefs protrude from their pockets and their high boots are of Russia leather. They

mount superb horses richly saddled and bridled, with nodding plumes upon their heads, that go through complicated paces as they circle the arena, while their riders

brilliant cavalier. But the horse is fleet, the rider adept, and the bull slackens his pace.

Then the rider challenges him. Rising in his stirrups, he calls, "Eh, boi! Eh, boi!" ("Come, bull") until the great beast charges again, this time coming close enough to receive the dart directly in the shoulder-blade, where it breaks off, leaving one-half in the horseman's hand with a flag fluttering from it. A second barb is then implanted upon the other shoulder, and sometimes others still, until the cavalier takes a shorter dart amid great enthusiasm, and while his horse is galloping at full speed before the enraged bull, leans far enough out of his saddle to implant this also at the base of the animal's neck.

José Casimiro, the son, performed this feat with marvelous dexterity and address, and the salvos of the audience were deafening as he rode round the ring, his horse pacing high and arching its



The cloister of the Jeronimos, Belem.

bow gallantly and gracefully with their three-cornered hats to the wild plaudits of the crowd.

Then the ring is cleared, with the exception of a horseman and a single *capinha* with his red cape in hand. The horseman takes his first *farpa* (a long barbed dart), a gate is opened, and a big black bull enters.

A thrill runs up your spine as he sniffs the air and makes a wild charge at the

neck as if it, too, shared the applause. In the meantime the bull is taken out by a herd of trained oxen that surround it and by their peaceful influence allay its fury so that it meekly follows them.

In the Portuguese fights, barring accidents, which, of course, do happen, neither horses nor men are in real danger, for the bull's horns are padded so as to be quite harmless. The bull itself is never killed. So, having none of the cruelty



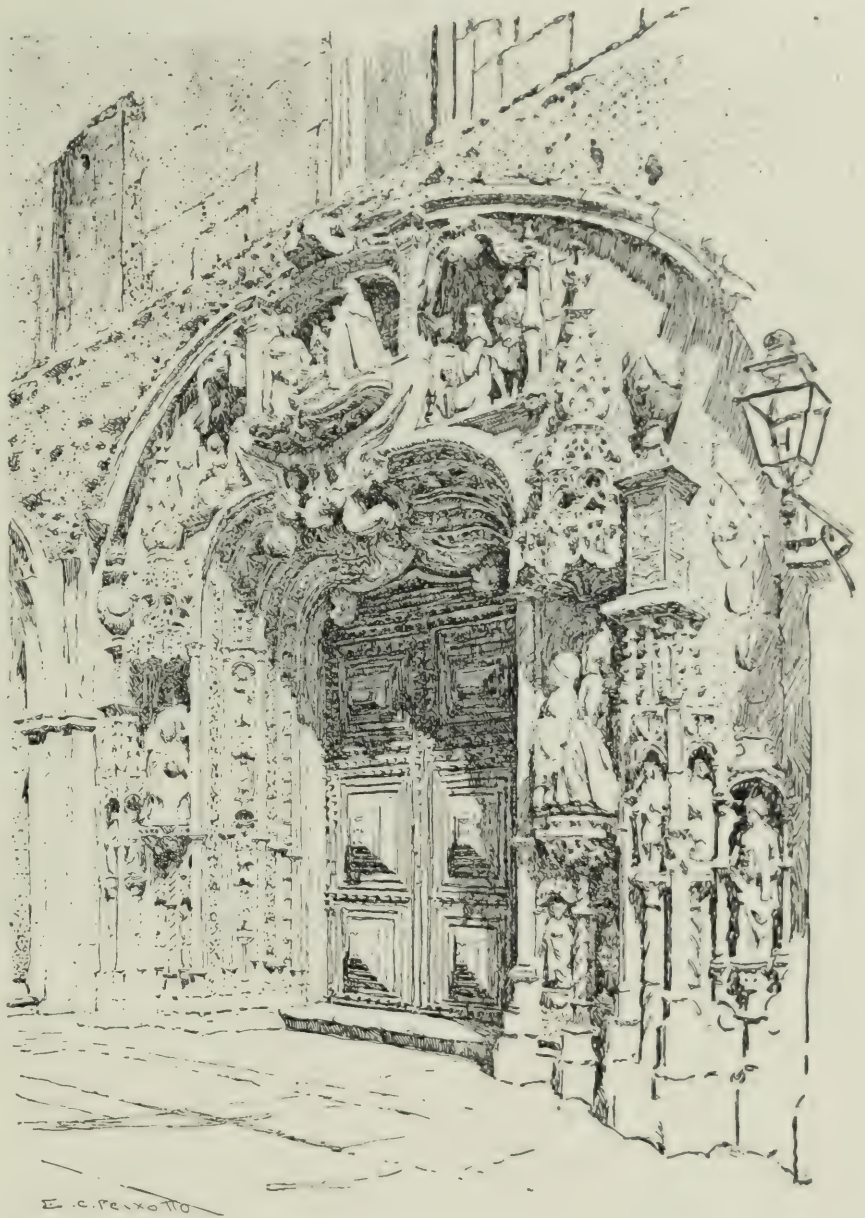
of the Spanish fight and all of its picturesque and a little more, it becomes a splendid national sport, the best game that I have seen, and as gallant a show as may be witnessed in this humdrum world of ours to-day.

According to the usual programme, five bulls are given to the *cavalleiros* and five to the *bandarilheiros*, who having placed their darts after the Spanish fashion, the animal is then given over to the *homens de forcados*, the boldest of whom literally "takes the bull by the horns." For he calmly stands before it with his hands behind his back, and when the animal tries to toss him he grabs it around the neck and swings upon its head up and down until his companions, rushing in from all sides, hold the beast and release him. It is a thankless task and, like that of the circus clown, rewarded with laughter rather than cheers.

These games are capable of infinite variety and often replete with thrilling incidents. Now and then, in quest of new sensations, members of the nobility of sporting proclivities enter the arena as *cavalleiros*.

Upon another occasion we saw a *ferro* or branding of wild cattle after the fashion of the Alemtejo—a most amusing spectacle, for the young animals cavorted about, leaped the barriers, and scattered the young *toreros* right and left until one by one they were thrown by the horns and tied for branding.

Afterward there is the drive home, toward evening, in a crush of vehicles down the beautiful Avenida shaded by its quadruple rows of stately trees under which



West door of the Jeronimos.

crowds of people, sitting or promenading in the bright spring weather, watch the gay cortège go by.

At the lower end of this splendid avenue, a sort of cog-wheel train, half street-car and half elevator, lifts one in a moment to an upper quarter of the town and to the little square of São Pedro d'Alcantara, commonly called the Gloria. Go there some evening toward sunset and from the parapet you will enjoy a lovely



prospect of the city spread beneath you. The object upon which your eye first rests is the steep hill opposite, a huddle of houses, white and pink, standing upon each other's shoulders and crowned by the walls of the old Moorish stronghold, now the Castle of St. George. Half-way up the venerable Sé cuts its sturdy silhouette against the broad blue waters of the Tagus stretching off to the faint flat shores of the Alemtejo with Palmella's town and castle gleaming white upon her distant hill. At the bottom of the valley, near the railway-station, Dom Pedro, standing atop of his column, marks the Rocío, called Roly Poly Square by the English sailors because of the queer undulating pattern of its pavement. The press of houses in the nearer foreground is cut off by a second terrace below you, set out with gardens ornamented with busts on tall pedestals and with soaring palms that wave their rustling fronds high above your head.

But if in search of far horizons, it is to Cintra that you must go.

A short hour in the train and the engine puffs into the station tired with its constant climb. A drive through the rather dull town brings you to a little English hotel that for three generations has housed British visitors. Its little landlady, though she has spent some sixty years of her seventy-six under this roof in Portugal, is as English in her black bombazine and white bonnet as if she had but just landed from Southampton. When she leads you to your room and opens the casement you will fancy yourself in the terrestrial paradise.

Deep below, a tangled glen shelters a cascade whose music rises to your ear; the perfume of rose and white locust and heliotrope and jasmine is wafted by the gentle breeze, while the eternal mildness, the sifted sunlight over the far-reaching plains stretching to the broad blue ocean that bounds the horizon, make an impression that lives forever in the memory.

Tradition has it that in one of these rooms (the one in the corner where his bust stands upon a table and souvenirs of him hang framed upon the walls) Lord

Byron wrote the opening chapters of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage":

"Lo, Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
In variegated maze of mount and glen."

His rhapsodies in this and other poems, and those of Southey, who called it "the most blessed spot in the habitable globe," have done much for Cintra's fame, but, except by the English, it is still but little visited.

Under the monarchy it was the summer residence of the royal family, the queen mother living at the Palacio Real in the town while the king stayed above at the Pena. The former palace is a strange mixture of Moorish and Christian architecture. Its dominant features externally are the two conical chimneys once covered with green tiles that rise above its great kitchens. They, of course, are Moorish, as are most of the exquisite tiles that ornament the various rooms and halls.

The palace, indeed, is a veritable museum of Portuguese *azulejos* from the earliest Arab styles, whose patterns were formed by slightly raised lines so as to prevent the color from running during the firing, through the later rich geometric patterns, to the many varieties of the Renaissance, both naturalistic and fanciful. In the royal dining-room and the Hall of the Sirens are beautiful tiles richly embossed with vine leaves and tendrils and crested with fleur-de-lis. In the cortilla of the unfortunate young Sebastian are his exquisite tiled throne and the bench for his ministers, and there is a cool Casa d'Agua, or House of the Moorish Baths, where showers gush from walls of tiles and plash upon the broad stone floor.

The older Christian portions of the palace date from the time of John the Great and his English wife Philippa of Lancaster. He it was who built the Swan Room, and the story goes that while it was building, ambassadors came from the Duke of Burgundy to ask the king for the hand of his daughter Isabel. Among the presents they brought were several swans, which delighted the princess so much that she asked to have the long basin fashioned for them along the windows that skirt the Moorish court. She made them collars of velvet and fed them with her own



hands. Later, when she departed for far-off Flanders, King João, in memory of her, had her swans painted in the octag-

pies each bearing in its beak his motto: "Por bem." These quaint rooms and the Sala das Escudos, or Hall of Shields,



Castello da Pena, Cintra.

onal panels of the great ceiling, whence the name of the room.

Adjoining this hall is the Sala das Pegas, or Hall of the Magpies. Its name comes from another story connected with the same king. He is said to have been attracted by a certain pretty maid of honor and to have innocently kissed her when presenting her with a rose. Another maid carried the story about until it reached the ears of his English queen, who upbraided him. His reply was characteristic: "E por bem, minha senhora" ("Platonic, my lady"), and to rebuke the gossiping maids he had the ceiling of this room painted with chattering mag-

pies each bearing in its beak his motto: "Por bem." These quaint rooms and the Sala das Escudos, or Hall of Shields, offering but little of interest.

The Serra de Cintra, that purple silhouette that we first beheld from the ocean, is an exceedingly beautiful succession of hills in whose dimples nestle glens of surpassing loveliness. In them you might fancy yourself in some tropic land—in Guatemala, for example—for tree-ferns spread their umbrella-like fronds over cascades and splashing waters; laurestinas and daturas grow in rich profusion, while roses and ferns cover the huge



Old Royal Palace, Cintra.

oak and cork trees, and under your feet the petals of azaleas, magenta, pink, and gray, mingle with camellias and magnolias to form a carpet soft and rich in color as the weave of a Persian loom. Such a vale is lovely Monserrate, the princely *quinta* laid out by Beckford of Fonthill centuries ago, and still owned by an Englishman, Sir Francis Cook, who draws his Portuguese title of visconde therefrom.

I think I prefer, however, mysterious Penha Verde, once the home of Dom João de Castro, the honest man who died

with but a single vintem in his coffers, though there had passed through his hands the untold wealth of India, of which he was governor for many years. All the reward he asked for his successful siege of Diu was the hill with the six trees, upon which a chapel now stands—a knoll overlooking the lovely valley of Collares, famed for its wines and a vast expanse of valley and glen and hillsides of dense pine woods mounting to rocky summits that touch the fleecy sea clouds. It is a sad, dark park, if you will, but filled with romantic charm—with mossy statues





Entrance to the Pena, Cintra.

aligning green-carpeted pathways and, at unexpected corners, capillas and quaint fountains adorned with rare Talavera tiles depicting homely scenes of rustic beauty.

But Cintra's chief enchantment is the wonderful drive up the mountain to the two highest points in the range, one crowned by the old Moorish castle walls, hung in mid-air as it were above the abyss, the other by the Palace of the Pena.

While the road is undoubtedly beautiful upon a sunny morning, with the pungent odor of the pines in your nostrils and glimpses at each turn over plain and val-

ley as you mount ever higher and higher, I shall never forget it on a certain forenoon when the sky was gray and leaden. During the night the sea-fog had driven in and blotted the hills from sight. We thought it would lift later, however, so called a coachman and started up.

First, the vapory clouds were well above our heads, but, as we mounted, the air freshened and the pines began to bend and their needles to hum in the gathering wind. Then all but the nearest objects vanished; then the vapors would lift again and dim silhouettes appear like

prints on Japanese kakemonos: writhing tree-forms and great granite boulders. Each twist of the road brought us more completely into a realm of dreams, of goblin-shapes and grotesque outlines, until we turned at last through a gate, a green-coated official saluted us, and we strained up to a massive portal—a fantastic creation in the dim light like the entrance to an enchanted castle.

Here I sketched for a while until patches of blue opened above my head and flecks of sunshine darted through the trees. The areas of clear sky grew larger, and then, as if with the wand of a magician, the sun dispersed the cohorts of the fogs and mists and the noonday burst serene.

I climbed to the aerial terraces of the castle and there below lay the great province of Estremadura spread out like a map in every direction. What a sense of space, of vision without limit! What exhilaration to stand in this proud eagle's nest and survey the unbroken stretch of land and sea!

Vast plains dotted with pink-roofed farms and villages stretched to the northward and to the eastward—to the spires of Mafra's convent as large as the Escorial; to the lines of Torres Vedras, where Wellington finally stopped the all-conquering march of the Napoleonic armies; to the faint blue mountains, one behind the other, that culminate at last in the Estrella, the Mountains of the Stars.

But the eye quickly turns from these and focuses upon the mouth of the Tagus, the source of Lisbon's beauty and of its wealth—its *raison d'être*. This, too, is the high light of the picture, though the

city itself half-hides behind its hills. All lines lead to it: the glittering white roads drawn like ribbons over the green fields; the dazzling sickle of the white sand-bars that skirt the sea to the south; even the vessels that creep in and out from the broad blue Atlantic stretching forever to the westward.

And again I thought of the mariners that had set out upon this treacherous sea, so many of them never to return, and of their comrades who, even if they did survive, bronzed and grizzled by their buffets, were stricken with strange tropical fevers. Yet others persevered, with the indomitable spirit of their forebears, bringing home the first black men from Cabo Branco to work the fields of the Algarves, the spices and ivory from Guinea, and, finally, when the goal was reached, the wealth of Malabar and Burma to the gates of Lisbon. And yet in a single century after this golden age of achievement, sapped by corruption and enervated by its new-found wealth, shorn of its colonies, the little Portuguese nation had sunk from its position as the wealthiest and proudest in Europe to be a mere province of Spain. This is the lesson that its history teaches: that not upon its wealth and commercial prosperity does the greatness of a people depend, but upon the high ideals and the stout hearts and rugged sinews of its people.

Many times during our stay in Cintra did I walk these castle terraces, now, since the departure of the royal family, freely open to all, and always did I find new beauty in the changing moods of the picture.

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## TRADITION

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THE old House on the Hill  
Has harbored many a fire,—  
Keen heart and young desire,—  
All silent now and still!

The old House on the Hill  
Behind its sheltering walls  
Held Joy that Hope recalls,  
And Love that hearts fulfil.

The old House on the Hill  
Surmounts the flying years,  
Fit frame for smiles, or tears,  
Strong shield for good, or ill.

The old House on the Hill  
Still harbors many a fire,—  
New lives, but old desire—  
Soon silent, too, and still!





## AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

By Jennette Lee

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN

**T**HE Island lay in darkness. Only an occasional flash of lightning revealed the great headlands to the east and the figure of a man busily at work. When the lightning came the man crouched a little toward a pile of loose earth at his feet. Then the shovel resumed its play, scooping the earth into the hole before him. Now and then he paused, leaning forward on his spade to listen. No sound came through the dark but the tide creeping on the rocks at the foot of the headland and a distant mutter of thunder to the east.

In a fitful flutter of lightning the Island stretched away, its dry grass and gaunt trees and half-shrubs leaping in a kind of sinister dance in the flickering light. Then darkness, and the muttered thunder rolling from the east—and the man bent again to his work, shovelling earth into the half-filled hole with grotesque, leaping haste. The moon that had glimmered faintly when the work began had

disappeared; but the rhythmic throw of the shovel sent each shovelful skilfully to place till it lay heaped in the hole. Then the man leaped down and trod it with heavy, cautious feet. The thunder grew louder and the lightning broke through upon the great figure treading the earth.

He flung aside the shovel and dropped to his hands and knees, scraping the earth out of the grass and moss in swift handfuls and throwing it loosely on top of the hole. The lightning playing across the sky flickered on the dry grass and moss and over the great trees and bleak cliff and the figure in its clumsy garment, half cape, half coat, crawling about the hole like some huge insect surprised at its work.

His hands reached out for a great, shallow stone on the edge of the hole and tugged at it a moment, and he stood up, half swearing under his breath, his great-coat falling apart as he bent to the stone and flapping about his legs. Something fell from the folds and dropped among the loose dirt. A moment later his fingers,



*Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.*

For a moment the great figure . . . loomed with arms outstretched on the night.—Page 207.



groping for the shovel, encountered it, and he gave an exclamation of disgust, throwing it hastily into the hole.

He pried at the stone with the shovel and lifted it and rolled it skilfully into place over the shovelled dirt—not a crack or crevice left for prying eyes or curious fingers. And the rain would wash away all trace of his work. He shuffled a little with his feet, crouching in the grass and rubbing back and forth to erase the signs.

He got to his feet and stood erect and raised himself, stretching his arms high to free the muscles. There was a burst of thunder, a sharp flash that rent the air—and for a moment the great figure in its flopping coat loomed with arms outstretched on the night. Then darkness and the thunder rolling heavily away and swift drops of rain.

He seized the shovel and moved toward the sea, his greatcoat outspreading as he ran. With the falling of the rain the Island seemed to waken and stir. Lights flashed from the hamlet below and vague sounds of living came on the wind. The figure on the cliff paused a moment—then dropped cautiously over the edge; there was a low whistle, an answering sound from the water, and the muffled, even chug of oars moving in clumsy oarlocks. The wind had risen and swept up from the sea and across the headland, driving the rain that fell from a black sky over dry grass and moss and a great, shallow, rounded stone on the top of it.

## II

LITTLE breezes crept from the south. Sunlight flicked at lobster buoys and touched swift motor-boats and lingered on the great, shadowy, spreading sails. Everywhere was the tang of the June morning; and life on the Island ran to and fro, sniffing its freshness.

On a great headland to the east two people, a man and a woman, stood looking off at the water.

"I should like to stay all summer," said the man, "but—" He took a coin from his pocket and looked at it a minute, and tossed it in the air with a little twirling gesture and caught it.

The woman smiled back. There was a look of courage in the smile. But the little line between the eyes did not disap-

pear. "No, of course we can't stay, only"—her glance sought the water and the glinting buoys and shadowy sails—"it would mean everything to you!"

"Sure thing!" said the man. "But"—he let his gaze sweep the horizon and come back to her—"I'll try black and white for a while," he said.

"Oh!" She sat down quickly on the nearest rock and looked at him. The little line between her eyes deepened. "You must not give up!"

"It isn't giving up—exactly." His voice fell on the word. "Better men than I am have done black and white," he finished cheerfully.

"Yes, I know." She was not looking at him. Her eyes were on a far-off fishing-boat that sailed back and forth, back and forth, waiting on its school of fish.

"I can't let you!" she said passionately. "Oh"—she turned to him swiftly—"you ought never to have married!"

A little boy came running over the rocks, his hands full of moss and shells. "See, mother, what I found!" He held them up. "Where did the shells come from, mother?" said the child. "How did they get way up here?"

She glanced overhead at the birds circling in wide flight above them.

"The gulls bring them," she said. "They fly over and drop them on the rocks to break open the shells; then they can eat them. See, here is a mussel—and a crab—and a sea-urchin—and this queer one that I don't know."

The child's eyes looked from the shells to the great, sailing wings overhead. "Does the mother gull teach the little ones how to do it?" he asked.

"Perhaps." Her face was lifted to the birds. "Or perhaps they always know how—and just do it. . . . We know a great many things that no one teaches us." The tone was not condescending. She was speaking to the child as if to an equal, and he nestled against her with a contented sigh as her voice went on talking of the gulls and the creatures of the sea.

The man near by watched the two with a little glint in his eye under the sombre-ness. . . . It was her face that haunted him always—the Botticelli face with wide, clear eyes, the reddish hair drawn close about the ears, and the little look of brood-



*Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.*

He nestled against her with a contented sigh as her voice went on talking of the gulls and the creatures of the sea.—Page 207.



ing in the brows. He had painted it a hundred times—had tried to paint it—but always the same failure; and still it ensnared him; that look was the most beautiful thing in the world. And he should never be able to paint it—nor to paint anything else. He was only one more unfortunate devil born with an imperious fate, all his life, of painting one woman's look—he spread his long, thin fingers and looked at them—a longing to paint and no power or skill to see; the world was full of them—devils like that. . . . Well, he had his wife and child, and he would not shirk.

He stood up, and the woman glanced quickly from the bits of shell in her hand.

"I have thought of something," she said slowly. She looked at him—the useless, brooding Madonna look that always made his fingers instinctively grope for the brush—then the look broke into a smile. "I know you will call it foolish," she said. "But I could do it. *We* could do it!"

"No doubt we could—if it doesn't cost too much."

"That's it! It doesn't cost anything—to speak of. Why shouldn't we build us a little house right here—a tiny one—and I could cook and sweep and bake and take care of Phil." She drew the child closer to her. "It is the boarding that costs so much—boarding and washing and ironing—I could do it!" Her face had lost its pained look; it was almost radiant. "I could do it all!" she said happily. "And you could paint!"

The child's eyes were regarding her gravely.

"I suppose you know it costs something to build a house?" said the man. He spoke half-teasingly; but there was a note of seriousness in the words. After all—why not? There was a little money left. It would be a last throw. But living like that was cheap. And the house need not cost much—

"We could build it ourselves—almost!" she said, catching his look; and she laughed out, hugging the child to her.

He struggled a little in the tight grasp. "Can I build, too?" he demanded.

"Yes, darling—just as you build your blocks."

"And hammer—hard?" He brought

his fists down in happy play on her breast.

She caught them with a little gasp and kissed them.

"It didn't hurt, mother?" He looked at her quickly.

"Not now, darling. Run and play while we talk."

"Give me my shells, then." He gathered them into his hands. "And I can help?" he said, looking back.

"Yes, darling. We couldn't build without you. Run and play."

He trotted contentedly off and her eyes followed him and came back to the man.

"We must do it," she said, "for him and for all of us."

The man did not answer. He had taken a tape measure from his pocket and his eye followed the line of rock.

"Hold this, Flora." He tossed it to her and moved along the ground, putting in a stake here and there and measuring the distance with swift eye.

He came back to her, his face aglow. "Do you know—we could do it—almost!"

She nodded slowly.

"Make this rock, where you are sitting, the corner-stone and run the line out there—twenty feet, perhaps. Just a shelter. It's all we need——"

"Just a shelter," she repeated. "And I could keep house then and save—oh, so much!"

"We could live on nothing!"

They caught each other's hands and stood for a moment swinging them between them. Then they laughed.

He watched her face in its happiness.

"I believe I could paint you if we lived here—up high, with the gulls about! . . . I could get the look."

She had seated herself again on the rock and he threw himself on the moss and studied the face that was watching the flight of gulls beyond the headland.

"It is so simple," he murmured.

"Yes?" A little smile curved the line of her lip.

"That's the trouble with it," went on the voice. "Everything there for every one to see; and yet, in behind, something big—something to guess at—and put in color, stroke by stroke. . . . I wish—I had—my brush!"

"Are you through? May I move?"

"If I could hold it just long enough to see—what it is. It's as if you had a secret, Flora—not yours, you know, but a secret of the ages, something that some one else had learned, through suffering, and hidden in your eyes——"

"That's very pretty!" said the woman softly.

He did not heed her. "The world is seeking it; it needs it, running here and there, seeking—seeking; and all it seeks is hidden in your face!"

"Dear boy!" She half-bent to him and put out a hand. "You shall paint it and the world shall call you great!"

He raised himself on his elbow. "There! That is it!" He spoke quickly, with a half-blind look. "And now it goes! P-u-ff!" He fell back on the moss, his hands clasped behind his head, and stared up at the sweeping, easy-pinioned gulls flying overhead.

"As easy as that!" he murmured to himself.

### III

THE carpenter whom they had brought to help lay out the foundation looked at the ground thoughtfully. "Best take out this rock." He touched it with his foot.

"We thought that would make a good corner-stone," said the artist.

The man smiled—a slow, gentle, fatherly smile—as if they were boy and girl planning a playhouse. "You won't need such terribly heavy foundations for your house," he said. "And you'll get your level pretty easy if this comes out." He struck it with the crowbar he carried. "It's not so heavy as it looks."

He thrust the crowbar under the side and pried a little. The stone stirred in its place—a skilful twist and it lay upturned.

They peered into the shallow hole. "How strange—and it looked so firm!"

"There's a good deal of that kind on the Island," said the man. "Sort of surface rock that looks as if it might go deep." He had bent over the hole and was throwing out the dirt lightly.

"I'll dig a little here and set your posts for you. You want good cedar posts that'll stand the frost. Hullo!"

He stooped and picked up something that the shovel had thrown out.

He rubbed it a little on his overalls

and handed it to the artist with a smile. "There's a good-luck piece for you," he said good-naturedly."

They turned it in curious palms—a huge copper coin with half-effaced inscription and date—1808.

They rubbed its dimness and studied it with happy eyes.

"We'll build it into the fireplace," said the artist. "It will bring us luck, you think——?"

The man nodded. "Shouldn't wonder. That's what they say. They find 'em on the Island here sometimes—old pieces like that."

"But how could it have got under there?" said the woman. She was looking at the place with wide eyes.

The digger's glance followed hers reflectively. "Well, you can't tell. Maybe a house stood there once—some of the children might 'a' lost it——"

He was moving slowly among the rocks, measuring the site. "How far does your land go, Mr. Collins?" he asked.

"We bought the headland," said the artist. "We didn't mean to buy it all; but Richards wouldn't sell a part. He didn't ask much."

"No, he wouldn't ask much; it's worthless land. But I always liked it here." He straightened himself and looked out at the water. "It's a sightly place," he said. . . . "You'll need some things over to the store, Mr. Collins—nails and so on. I told 'em what you'd want. But you'll have to fetch 'em up yourself."

When he was gone the woman sat watching the man who was digging. A little smile had come to her face and her lips were very red. She leaned forward, pointing to the hole.

"You don't suppose somebody buried it—there!"

He looked up and shook his head slowly. "There's a good many stories; and folks have dug up pretty much the whole Island, I guess, first and last. But I never heard of their finding much—old teaspoons is about all, I guess." He struck the shovel into the ground. "I'll dig here, and put in the posts, and after dinner we'll get out the foundations. You can go ahead then all right by yourselves."

He threw out a few shovelfuls of earth. . . . Then he paused, leaning on his



spade, and pushed back the hat from his forehead. "You see that big house over to the left—the square-roofed one—with green blinds?"

The woman nodded, looking toward it across the shimmering water of the bay.

"Well, they say that house was built with gold dug out of a hole—pirate's gold."

"Pirate's gold!" The eyes held a swift thought. "Is that what was buried here?"

The man laughed good-naturedly. "I don't feel so sure about it; but folks like to talk, you know. That house was built—let me see—eighty years ago—maybe more. My father helped dig the cellar—same as I am helping dig yours here." He nodded humorously toward the post-hole. "And he always told how one night they stopped work and the next morning the man they was digging for was gone and his boat was gone and the work stopped where it was for months—pretty near a year; and then the man—Fordham was his name—came back one day unexpected, and his boat was loaded down to the rail with lumber—stuff for a big house—all sawed and fitted and ready to go up. They wa'n't no time building it. He seemed to have gold and to spare——"

"Pirate's gold," said the woman softly, as if the words held an evil charm.

The man laughed and lifted the spade. "Gold is gold," he said quietly. "You can wash gold pretty clean, you know—soap and stuff." He thrust the spade into the ground.

The woman's eyes followed the motion. "It must be terrible," she said, "money like that!"

He looked up at her. His eyes were gray—the gray of the sea on dark days—and they watched the look in the woman's face with a quiet smile.

"You'd be afraid of it?" he said.

She gave a quick gesture. "There would be a curse on it!"

He nodded slowly. "I know—I feel it, too. . . . It came true with the Fordhams. They was always kind o' sickly and pindlin'—the children and them that lived to grow up—and now they've died out, root and branch. Some summer folks own the house—man by the name of Bridewell from Boston. I guess that's deep enough——" He looked down at the

hole. "Unless you want me to go deeper." He held his shovel over the hole, looking at her significantly.

She returned the look, and the little balance swung for a moment between them. She drew a quick breath. "No—no—I don't want it," she said.

The man laughed out and picked up a long cedar post, squinting at it. "Like enough there is nothing there," he said dryly.

He measured a length on the post and placed it ready to saw; and the sound of the saw made music about them. The severed stick fell to the ground and rolled a little way. He picked it up, balancing it in his hands. "That's good timber," he said. "It will last you a lifetime."

He carried it to the hole. "We've got some things down to the house," he said, setting the post in place and stamping the earth about it, "—things that come from a pirate boat. There's quite a handful of buttons—belonged on an old coat. I've heard my grandfather tell the story a good many times. His father told it to him—how, when he was a boy, a pirate boat come ashore one night. There was an awful storm, and the next morning there she was on the rocks—down to Dead Man's Cove—not a soul on board."

The child, who had come running up and had heard the last words, looked out over the water. "Where were they gone?" he said.

"Drowned, sonny—every one of 'em. All there was left was their old black flag and some clothes."

The woman smiled at the child. "They were bad men," she said.

He nodded gravely. "I think I'll play I am a pirate." He trotted off.

The man watched him running over the rocks. "He's a lively one," he said. "I had a little suit, when I wa'n't any bigger'n him, made out of the old coat. That's how we came to have the buttons. It had been hanging around years, and finally my mother made it up. But I never felt very good in it. I was a kind o' queer little chap, I guess." He smiled gently.

"How cruel," said the woman, "to make you wear it—a little child!"

"Oh, that was all right—I outgrew it pretty fast. I didn't mind so much—only the other boys, they called me 'Dead-Eyed Pete.' That was the name of the



man that run her—the pirate boat. . . . The Island hasn't ever forgot him nor his boat."

"That's one reason folks have dug so much," he added. "They would have it that the pirate must 'a' had gold aboard her and that she put in here to bury it, and got caught. But they've never found it——"

"There—there's your post!" He stood up and glanced at the sun and then at the watch that he drew from his pocket. "I'll have to be getting home now. You tell Mr. Collins I'll be back after dinner to finish up."

Long after he was gone the woman sat looking off at the water. There were blue veins in the thin hands clasped in her lap—the hands that were to wash and iron and bake and scrub for the little house that was to be built. But the look in her eyes saw beyond the cooking and the scrubbing. And when the child came running up she clasped him to her in a kind of happy play.

He struggled from her and slid down into the hole, stamping the earth with eager feet. "I'm going to help build," he said, looking up with happy eyes.

"Yes, dear. You're going to help. We couldn't build without you to help," she said.

#### IV

SHE murmured in her sleep and turned a little and sat up, rubbing her eyes; but before the eyes had opened, her feet had crossed the room and her hands were groping toward the little cot across the room—something wrong with Phil!

And even while her hands encountered the empty blankets and she drew back in the moonlit room, the hands had gathered up her hair and were coiling it about her head and she was dressing in swift haste, throwing on a kimono and taking the child's thick cape from its nail. She did not stop to question. Mothers do not question things that are important—and true.

The Island lay so quiet in the moonlight that it seemed enchanted. Nothing mattered but the great moon sailing overhead, so calm and unmoved, and little Phil waiting for her—if she should reach him in time.

She half-ran, half-flew, it seemed, across the beach, along the road and up the grassy path to the headland—and in the moonlight at the top she stopped.

Far out—on the very edge, it seemed to her—a small figure stood in the moonlight, its white garment blown a little in the wind. She clasped her hands to her and stood motionless—as still as the figure on the cliff—till it turned and seemed to spread its hands a little and came toward her—slowly at first—then hurrying, as if following some unseen guide. . . .

She stood awed with a sudden sense of the mystery of the child and of the great dream force that lifted and carried it over the rough ground; the bare feet did not flinch at the sharp rocks, and he moved as certainly as if a thousand unseen eyes guided him. Her breath came more easily now and she was moving toward him; but he swerved from her and ran to the hole where the foundation-post showed vaguely, and dangled his feet for a moment over the edge before he slid down into it and began to tread the earth with bare feet, singing a little to himself.

She watched him a minute—and moved forward, noiseless. She must not waken him or frighten him—and she dropped to her knees beside the hole, bending forward, crooning words of sleep and love as she gathered the little figure in her arms and lifted it. The head fell back on her shoulder, a smile on the dream lips, and she gathered him close, wrapping the cape about him.

For a long time she sat in quiet, watching the sleeping face and looking off to the water beyond the cliff.

The enchantment of the place grew about her—the Island, big and mysterious, off there in the moonlight, and beyond it, holding it close, the sea; and beyond the sea, the sky and circling stars and that great, quiet, careless moon riding aloft. . . . And little Phil asleep in her arms.

He stirred softly and she mothered him and gathered him close.

Then something whispered to her and she stared at it—and half-laughed—and got to her feet, with the child in her arms, and carried him to a sheltered place and laid him down on the moss, wrapping the cape close about him.

There was a half-broken shovel some-





*Painted by L. L. Bannister.*

Far out—on the very edge, it seemed to her—a small figure stood in the moonlight.—Page 212.

where—? Yes, she had found it. She hurried to the hole and began digging with swift, clumsy strength.

She threw out the earth, smiling happily. . . . It was a foolish thing to do . . . the carpenter would be vexed in the morning when he found his cedar post uprooted. She tugged at it, swaying back and forth till it loosened and she lifted it from the hole.

The work could go faster now; the broken shovel moved up and down with its tiny load of earth under the high-riding moon. The kimono was in her way; it fell open and got underfoot and hindered her—till she gathered it around her waist, with a tough bit of vine, and tied it close under her breasts; her hair had loosened and straggled a little. She was a creature of the earth, age-old, tugging at some task too great for her that the gods had set her to do. . . .

The moon sagged and went down and shadows crept up on the cliff and drew in about her. The scraggy bushes and wind-blown trees stirred vaguely; something ran through the grass and rustled away.

A slow sound came out of the darkness, and she stopped her digging and leaned forward to listen, peering with intent eyes toward the path she had come.

A glow crept up over the edge and a great head shaped itself on the dark. . . . She gasped a little, holding her shovel close. Dancing thoughts of Dead-Eyed Pete played in the background of her mind—as the shadow grew and climbed to the figure of a man carrying a lantern in his hand and coming clumsily over the rocks.

She crouched a little in her hole. But the figure came straight toward her.

Then she saw it was the carpenter and she stood up with a little cry!

He leaned forward, swinging his lantern toward her. "Well, I'll be switched!" he said.

She laughed, breathless. "I was afraid I was going to be! I thought you were Dead-Eyed Pete."

He chuckled. "I reckon we've both got Peters on the brain to-night!" He set down the lantern and regarded her. "I hunted up them old buttons I was telling you about when I got home; and looking at 'em and handling 'em made me feel kind o' queer and creepy-like

—I must 'a' slept over 'em, I guess—and next thing I knew I was gettin' ready to come up here and have a look at that hole."

She held up the bit of broken shovel. "I am glad you came."

"You couldn't get along very fast with that, could you? Well, you set there and we'll see—what we see!"

He got down into the hole, and the dirt came out in steady, rhythmic sweeps. Presently he bent forward and grunted.

She waited, intent.

There was silence and a cautious, scraping sound. He lifted his head.

"Well—I've struck—something! May be just another rock——"

She leaned forward. The light of the lantern threw yellow rays about them and over the loose dirt by the hole. He bent again and felt with his hands.

"Give me that shovel of yours," he said.

With the bit of iron as a lever he drove home a blow or two. Something gritted and broke and he lifted his face.

"You've found your treasure, all right!"

She gave a cry and sank to her knees, looking down. "Is it there?"

"Right there—whatever it is—I broke the hasp, snap-off, that last blow. Here, give me the lantern——"

There was a sudden cry—and a swift movement behind them, and they turned.

"Mother! Are you there, mother?" The voice came out of the dark and she ran toward it.

"Right here, Phil! Mother's here!" She gathered him up, half-asleep still.

"I thought you'd gone," he murmured.

"No, I'm here. We're right up here by the new house you're going to build—you know."

He raised himself sleepily. "That's all right. I thought you'd gone!" His hand stole up to her face.

"What's the light for?" he said.

She carried him to the hole.

The carpenter placed the lantern on the loose earth and held out his hands. "See here, youngster, you shall have first look." He glanced at the woman, over the child's head. "There's never a curse on what a child touches," he said.

He took the child in his arms and set him down gently. "Put your hand down there, sonny. That's right—right there! Now show your ma what you've found!"





*Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.*

She gave a cry and sank to her knees, looking down. "Is it there?"—Page 214.

The child stood up with awed face and lifted his hand into the light of the lantern. A shining yellow bit of something gleamed in the small palm.

He regarded it gravely. Then he looked overhead into the darkness. "Did the gulls drop it?" he said.

The man laughed out, lifting him from the hole. "The gulls! That's a good one. Yes, the gulls put it there a good many years ago, I reckon. A big black gull hid it there for you to find—some day."

"A big black gull hid it for me," said the child.

## V

ONE picture of the exhibition was an unquestioned success. It hung on the east wall opposite the entrance. The crowd paused in front of it, with pleased or puzzled looks, and went on, and came back—for another look.

"I don't see why he calls it 'Pirate's Gold'!"

The young girl glanced at the catalogue in her hand and up again at the picture. "It's more like Correggio's 'Night,'" she said slowly, "or a 'Holy Family' by some old master . . . only it's too modern—and too—I don't know what!" She laughed and broke off.

"It's a ripping good piece of work!" said her companion. "I'd like to be the man that did it!"

He had an artist's face and he looked at the picture enviously as he spoke.

The crowd pressed in and they moved away. Two bankers regarded the picture tolerantly, over the heads of the crowd, and passed on—and turned back for another look.

"I wouldn't mind owning it," said one of them thoughtfully.

The crowd shifted and broke and a new one formed. And it was always the ones who came back that lingered longest, as if held by something—something that made them happy.

A dealer, across the room, studied the picture and studied the crowd. He slipped the catalogue into his pocket and strolled away.

A man and woman came through the west door of the gallery and stood a moment looking in on the walls of color and the drifting crowd.

"I'm over there," said the man.

He motioned to the picture where the group gathered and led her toward a bench a little distance off.

"Sit down," he said. "We can see from here. It's a good light!" he added with satisfaction.

She sat down and looked up at the picture.

He watched her face.

"Well—?" he said at last.

She did not speak. Her eyes were brooding on it.

"Well—?" he repeated.

She gave a little start. "Yes? Oh—yes. I like it. Do I look like that?"

"Very *much* like that!" he said contentedly. "I knew I should get it some day!"

"Yes." She smiled at the satisfaction in the tone.

"But how did you come to see us? I did not know——"

He laughed out. "I was afraid to tell you—afraid you would jog my elbow, I guess. I didn't tell any one. I worked—for that!" He lifted his hand to it.

"You always escaped so!" He was looking at the picture musingly.

"But when I saw you—with the darkness overhead and the light of the lantern coming up to you and the loose earth lying about—I knew you couldn't get away. And I knew for the first time what it was you needed—more earth!"

He laughed a little.

"More earth!—on your face, little streaks of it—and on your hair that is coming loose—and all through you—just more earth, my dear!"

He said it in a tone of quiet affection, and she turned to him and smiled.

"I could have told you that."

He nodded. "But I had to find it out myself. I had painted you too high—among the clouds; and so you escaped. But not this time!" He chuckled a little. "It is good work!" he said.

"But how did you come to see us there?" she persisted.

"It was simple. I missed you and Phil, and started out to look, and saw the lantern up the path and followed it. When I saw who it was and what was going on I didn't want to speak or break in. I knew I had found what I had been looking for all my life!"



"And you didn't care what Phil and I had found?"

"It didn't matter so much, did it? It buys clothes—" He glanced at her with a little look of pride. "It buys clothes—But——"

"And things for Phil," she said eagerly.

"And things for Phil," he assented easily. "I don't mind. But—" He looked about him at the moving crowd and the little group before his picture. . . . "But it doesn't give things to everybody. . . .

That's what your picture does!— Look at their faces, dear! They will carry it away. They can't wear it or eat it—but they will love it!"

"Yes, they will love it—always." She was watching the crowd and she spoke softly.

"But, all the same—" She looked across to the eyes of the picture—so like her own—and smiled to them. "But, all the same, I am glad that Phil will have enough to eat!" she said.

## A LITTLE TRAGEDY AT COOCOOCACHE

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



THE last rays of the June sun flashed from the dripping paddle of one who drove his birch-bark up the wild reaches of the wilderness river as though life itself were at stake. And it was.

All day and half the preceding night François Hertel had poled and paddled and portaged, putting mile after mile of the racing St. Maurice between his canoe and the railroad camp at Coocoo-cache. The long hours of pull and drag and thrust which his will forced upon the wire cables that were the muscles of his back and arms had long since left them numb to all sensation. Still, automatically, they drove pole and paddle.

On he crept up the river as the day died, now rising to thrust viciously through quick-water, again dropping to his knees to push stubbornly through the slower stretches. Once or twice, as the twilight slowly masked the stream behind him, the voyageur threw a quick look backward. But well he knew that with the six hours' start he had on his pursuers no crew from the railroad camp at Coocoo-cache could overhaul François Hertel, famed from Timiskaming to the Roberval as a canoeman. When once he reached the forks where the Manuan and the Ribbon met the main stream he could laugh

at those behind. For there three roads led into the wide north, and the hopelessness of his pursuers' quest would turn them back.

Since midnight, when he had reached his canoe, cached in the brush above the camp of the Transcontinental contractors at the End-of-Steel, and pushed north, he had given little thought to the man lying back there in the shack with a knife in his heart. That had been the inevitable result of the dead man's infamy. He had paid in the coin of the north, and there was an end to it.

But the raw agony of his own home-coming would live with him by day and by night until the good God took what was left of François Hertel. The grief that had struck him from the blue sky on his return from his winter hunt to find his home a charred ruin and his wife Marie gone—drowned, or dead somewhere in the forest, no one knew which—would companion him into the gray years. Again and again as he drove his canoe up the long quick-water he had recalled the joy that had been his when he turned the bend above the Hudson's Bay Company post at Coocoo-cache—Cree, for Nest of the Gray Owl—and his glad eyes sought the cabin on the island he had built the previous summer for his young bride. How he and Philippe, his partner, had



sung, thinking she might hear them before they came in sight around the bend, and then—the thrust of pain that reached his heart at the grim spectacle of his ruined home. Song there died on his lips, never to return.

They had hastened to the island, but nothing in the ruins enlightened them as to the fate of Marie. Hoping to find her safe at the post, they had crossed the river. There the frenzied husband listened as the factor told the pitiful tale.

A week before Hertel's arrival the yelping of the huskies had brought the post people from their beds to find the cabin across the narrows in flames. A canoe went over at once but found no traces of Marie Hertel or her husky dog. In the morning the factor discovered in the mud of the shore the deep imprint of boots. That was the only clew. They recalled, then, that twice during the spring Marie Hertel had told the factor's wife of the visit of a canoe from the railroad camp. But the sight of her rifle and the long fangs of the husky had driven off the drunken contractor, Walker.

Some days after the fire the body of the poisoned dog was found in the brush near the camp. But the ruins of the cabin gave up no further clew to the fate of Marie Hertel. Killed and thrown into the river to cover the crime, doubtless, the factor surmised.

It was a madman who listened with drawn face to the ghastly tale. At the end he shook off, like children, those who attempted to hold him back from starting for the camp across the river. Hertel had tossed his rifle into his canoe and was shoving off when the factor's warning checked him.

"Wait, François! We only suspect; we don't know. If you go over there now they might get you before you get Walker. Wait and see your friend Desaulles up-river before you make yourself an outlaw."

So the desperate trapper had waited.

First he went down-stream with Philippe, searching the shores for the drowned body of his wife, but in a week returned from the hopeless quest. Up the Right-of-Way, at the gravel-pit, no one could give him any information, the Frenchmen in the contractor's gang meeting his inquiries with shrugs of the shoulders; but

in their eyes was sympathy. Still, they knew nothing.

At the engineer's camp ten miles above he found his old friend Desaulles, whom he had guided across to the Abitibi years before on the preliminary survey.

"Yes; he always had a streak of yellow, François; we've had plenty of trouble with him on this job, but he has political influence at Ottawa. Wait for the government police; they are due in a few days for the investigation."

"I will save dem de trouble. Au revoir!" And, gripping the hand of his friend, Hertel had started back to Coococache. There a Frenchman of Walker's gang came to him secretly at the post and told him that he had seen Walker's canoe returning from the island the night of the fire.

The contractor's fate was sealed.

That afternoon Hertel erected a cross of hewn spruce on the site of his ruined home and with a hardwood stick burned into the white wood the words: "Marie Hertel."

The following morning Walker was found dead in his bunk with a knife in his heart. Attached to the steel haft of the knife was a scrap of birch bark on which were written these words:

*"For cross on islan I leeve dees cross.  
"FRANÇOIS HERTEL."*

When Hertel reached the forks the stars were out. Passing the mouths of the Manuan and the Ribbon, he chose the main stream, travelling far into the night. As the moon dipped into the blue-black silhouettes of the Laurentians he went ashore, carried his canoe and outfit into the forest, where he cooked some food and slept. In less than twenty-four hours he had fought his way up forty miles of the St. Maurice, much of it white water and poling current. But little it mattered to François Hertel that he had performed a feat few men in the north could equal, when far down the river, in some lonely backwater, the stricken body of her whom he cherished lay floating by the shore unburied.

One evening, a month later, two men sat in the trade-house of Lost Lake Post



discussing a bottle of whiskey with the factor.

"Now, look here, McCready, you don't mean to tell us that Hertel didn't show up here after he murdered Walker?" said one of the strangers.

"I tell you," replied the fur-trader vehemently, "that I haven't seen François Hertel this year; but I warn you now that the luckiest thing that can happen to you two will be to never come up with him. He'll wipe you out if you do."

"Come, now, you don't suppose that any Frenchman in this province could get the best of us two?" answered the detective, bristling with anger. "We've run down too many of these bad men."

"I've advised you to start down-river; now, if you get hurt it's not my fault," growled McCready, his eyes glittering. "I know Hertel. If Walker had done to me what he did to François, I'd have killed Walker, and if you government people came trackin' me into the bush I'd kill you, too, before I'd stand trial. Now you know where I stand, Mr. Dobson."

"Well, I'll give you Hudson's Bay Company people fair warning that, if you intend to protect outlaws from justice when the government has ordered them held if they show up at a post, you're going to see some trouble with Ottawa. I'll take care, also, that the commissioner at Winnipeg hears of this."

"All right," returned the stubborn Scot; "make your complaint, but take your crew and start down-river to-morrow. This post is too small for us three; besides, you've been interfering with the trade. To-day you tried to take some of my Crees down to the railroad to get information out of them."

"That ain't so, McCready," broke in the third man, "the Crees are lying to you."

"My Crees don't lie; they have to learn that sort of thing from government detectives," replied McCready, making no effort to conceal his contempt. "I'm only sorry Hertel ain't here. He'd make the two of you take water right enough. There ain't an abler man or better rifle-shot in the north country than that Frenchman."

"Well, McCready," said Dobson, "he'll

come back with us, nevertheless, if we fall in with him, or he'll lie where he's hit."

The factor laughed sarcastically as he said: "I guess you never heard of his fight at La Tuque with the lumberjacks. He licked a herd of 'em single-handed down there two years ago. You wouldn't start him sweatin' if he took hold of you with his hands, and with a knife——"

The door of the trade-room swung open with a crash. On the threshold stood a tall stranger. Beads of sweat trickling down his swart features and corded forearms, from which the sleeves of his shirt were rolled, together with his quick breathing, gave evidence of recent hard paddling. His deep-set eyes met the gaze of the government men, who faced the door at the interruption, with a challenging glitter.

McCready sprang to his feet, upsetting his chair. Then, recovering himself, he cried:

"Bonjour, Pierre! How are the people at Half-Way House?"

Ignoring the question, the voyageur strode toward the table where the government men exchanged furtive glances. But McCready, stepping in front of him, seized his hand, saying as he did: "What brings you from Half-Way House, Pierre?"

The set mouth of the stranger momentarily threatened a smile and the eyes softened.

"T'anks, ma fr'en', but eet ees not Pierre from Half-Way House." Then, addressing the men at the table, he said: "I am François Hertel from Coococache."

At the words Dobson got to his feet, turning to the wall where his revolver hung in its holster from a wooden peg. But Hertel was there before him, and, seizing the detective by the shoulders, with a quick wrench hurled him half-way across the room to the floor.

Dobson's mate, surprised by the suddenness of the movement, stared irresolutely at the Frenchman, who was now between the government men and the corner where their Winchesters stood.

Hertel smiled as he watched Dobson slowly regain his feet. Then he repeated:

"I am François Hertel. I hear you cum to Los' Lac to tak' me. You lose tam; here ees you' man. At you' plaisir!"



McCready, leaning against the hewn spruce planking of his counter, laughed loudly at the discomfiture of his guests.

"Yes, Dobson, I was wrong; my eyes are growing weak. I can swear that this man is François Hertel. There he is! Take him!"

"Damn you, McCready," cried the exasperated and already cowed detective, "I'll bet you put this job up!" For an instant he looked longingly at the rifle out of his reach, then snarled at Hertel: "If you're François Hertel, you're under arrest for the murder of Walker at Coocoo-cache. You'd better give yourself up and come peaceably."

"Ah-hah! So dat ees de way de win' blow?" derisively rejoined Hertel, leaning carelessly, arms folded, against the wall in the manner of a cat baiting a mouse. "I t'o't you cum to tak' François Hertel wid you' han'. Now, w'en he travel long way to geeve you chance, you two beeg, strong man you try scare him wid beeg talk, but you 'fraid soil you' han' on François Hertel, eh?"

Hertel's white teeth flashed in a dangerous smile as he waited a movement from his enemies. As they made none, he took the pistols from the wall and flung them through an open window, while his erstwhile hunters helplessly bit their beards in their rage. With a few words the Frenchman had wrung the braggadocio from them as one wrings the water from a towel. They knew their master and made no move to interfere when Hertel took their Winchesters in his left arm and, shaking hands with McCready, turned sarcastically at the door.

"And dey sen' you to tak' me, François Hertel, down riviere? Tell dem dat François Hertel goes far into de nord w're leetle boy detect' will get los' on hees trail. Nex' tam sen' some men to fin' heem, not leetle boy wid heart of rabbit."

And with an "Au revoir, ma fr'en'," to McCready, he disappeared into the night.

"Well, you two are a fine pair of bucks to come up here into the bush after a man," sneered McCready as Dobson slouched into a chair on the exit of Hertel.

"If I ever saw a couple of full-grown men take water, I saw it to-night."

"What could we do?" protested Dobson. "He had us blocked from our guns."

"Yes, but he didn't turn them on you. He dared you to put your hands on him. He just wanted to tie you into a few knots and let you go. If he'd cared to, he'd a knifed you both before you knew what was happening to you or shot you where you sat."

"You needn't fear, McCready; he ain't seen the last of us," sullenly replied the government man.

McCready's Scotch blood went hot.

"What, after a man has shown you up for a pair of chicken-hearted tenderfeet? You'll leave this post to-morrow morning! Understand? You've made enough trouble among my Crees already. If you stay here much longer you'll be wakin' up some mornin' with a knife in your chest as Walker did; only this time it'll be a Cree who'll leave it there, and for the same reason that Walker got his. To-morrow your canoe heads south. Good-night!"

On their return the government police reported that they had found no traces of François Hertel in the headwater country of the St. Maurice. Then the authorities raised a hue and cry from Ottawa to Lake St. John, offering a reward for the murderer, dead or alive, and despatched packets by the main river routes into the north. For Walker had political friends in Ottawa, and the majesty of the law needs must be sustained.

In the autumn, when the birch leaves gilded the forest floor and the geese honked south, the canoes returned from their quest—but not with François Hertel.

Later, in December, every dog-team that jingled into a Hudson's Bay post of Rupert Land carried a government order from Ottawa commanding the arrest of François Hertel, French trapper, wanted for the murder of James Walker at Coocoo-cache on the St. Maurice. And many a hardy fur-trader, to whom this document came, shook his head sadly, wondering what had led his old friend François to make an outlaw of himself—François Hertel, by whose side he had lain under the stars on more than one summer voyage or with whom he had smoked by the roaring birch logs of winter camps. And not a few to whom came this command smiled grimly as they read, for already had the tale of the burned shack and the cross at





*Drazen by Frank E. Schoonover.*

"I am François Hertel. I hear you cum to Los' Lac to tak' me. You lose tam; here ees you' man."—Page 20.

Coococache reached them. For in the north such news travels fast and far. And of those who smiled there was not one but would have fed, clothed, and outfitted the renegade Hertel, had he come seeking succor from the ruthless northern winter, and sent him on his way with a godspeed. For Hertel had but exacted in good northern coin every farthing of debt Walker owed him. And it is a law of the north that men pay their debts—and collect them.

So it fell out that one January day a dog-team with a man ahead breaking trail and another reeling at the gee-pole of the sled was floundering into the drive of the blizzard that had howled south upon the Height-of-Land country from ice-bound James Bay. For two days, in the teeth of it, the team had labored up the great wilderness lake, now losing the hardened trail underneath and circling in the snow until they found it; then plunging on until the weary trail-breaker and the lead-dog, blinded by the white scourge that beat their faces like a hail of shot, lost the trail again. Then would follow the circling in the soft snow—work that wrung the last ounce of strength from the spent dogs—until the team was again on hard footing.

So for two days they had struggled, facing the pitiless norther. Somewhere at the foot of the great ice-bound lake they knew there was shelter and food and fire. Somewhere, but how many white miles away? Before the new snow had wiped out the trails, Cree trappers had told them that Flying Post lay at the other end of the great lake two sleeps to the west. In two sleeps they had found the lake, but there they met the blizzard. And now the last whitefish had been fed the huskies and the pemmican and tea-bags were empty.

When the tired dogs finally lay down in their traces and refused to go on against the drive of the gale, the exhausted men took counsel.

"We'd better go ashore and make camp while there's light, John," gasped the younger man as the two snow-crustured figures stood with backs to the stinging wind.

"All right, Mac; but if this keeps up tomorrow we'll never see the post," shouted his companion.

So they drove the team to the shore and made a supperless camp in the shelter of the spruce. The huskies bolted two pairs of moccasins cut into strips and boiled, while the men drank hot snow-water in a vain attempt to stay their hunger, for as yet John Bolton could not bring himself to kill one of his faithful dogs until hope of reaching the post soon was past. In that case the weaker dogs would have to go to save the others and their masters.

All night the white fury beat down from the north. The next morning, with belts tightened against the long hours in the drifts, they started. All day they battled through the deep snow against the bitter wind, which cracked their frost-blackened faces, buried in the hoods of their capotes as they were, until facing its fury was unspeakable torture. Still the fast-weakening men and dogs kept on, for warmth and food and life lay ahead, somewhere over these pitiless hills.

When the early northern night neared, the wind had blown itself out and finally died on Grand Lac Pierre, and the dusk crept out from the black timber of the shores over its white shell to meet a slow-moving dog-team and two men. But, with the dropping of the wind, the increasing cold of a silent January night on the Height-of-Land so numbed the limbs of weakened men and dogs that they dragged themselves with difficulty through the soft snow to the shore.

"It's all up, Mac!" groaned the older man; "we've got to kill one of the dogs and rest up and get our strength. Tonight it'll go fifty below. We must eat or freeze."

The younger man, too exhausted to answer, stumbled on through the new snow, followed by the team. Twice that day he had fallen and failed to rise, begging the other to go on and leave him. Twice that day John Bolton had dragged him to his snow-shoes again and forced him on by sheer will, but the boy had now come to the end of his strength, and that night the cruel cold would cut into their very marrow.

Back in the forest near the shore they found a protected spot, made camp as best they could, and started a fire. Then Bolton took his rifle from its case and shot the weakest of the exhausted huskies.



The explosion of the gun echoed loudly from the near hills.

The men had started to skin the dog when a rifle-shot from the lake shattered the freezing air.

caribou-skin capote belted with a red Company sash, leading a team of northern huskies, approached them.

"Quey! Quey!" called the stranger: and then, seeing they were white men:



Coming up the lake was a dog-team. Bolton went out on the ice and waved his arms.

The men looked into each other's faces.

"Some one heard our shot," mumbled Bolton. "I'll fire again."

Again came an answering shot. Then both men dragged themselves to the shore. Coming up the lake was a dog-team. Bolton went out on the ice and waved his arms.

In a few minutes a tall dog-runner in

"Bonjour! I hear de shot an' cum back from de islan'."

Dropping his mittens, Bolton seized the proffered hand.

"We've just shot one of our dogs. We're bound for Flying Post and are starved out. Can you give us some grub? This blizzard about finished us."

"Flying Pos'?" The tall dog-driver raised his ice-hung eyebrows in surprise.

"Dees ees not de trail to Flying Pos'. Dees ees de beeg arm of Grand Lac dat run' nord t'irty mile. You lose de trail in de narrow' back dere w'en you not see for de snow."

"Thank God we met you, then!" exclaimed Bolton. "We would have starved out for we were heading north."

"Lucky t'ing, for sure. You get los' easee on dees lac. Flying Pos' ees two day travel wes'. I got plentee deer meat and tea, but leetle flour. I was go to de pos' for flour w'en I heard de shot."

The next day the famished men and dogs feasted on the French trapper's freely offered caribou steaks, bannocks, and whitefish, and rested, then started with their guide for the post. Three days later the dog-teams drew up in front of the whitewashed log trade-house of Flying Post.

In the absence of the factor, Haig, who had gone to Lake Expanse, they were greeted by the rat-faced half-breed clerk in charge.

As Bolton and McIntyre entered the trade-room, followed by their guide, the half-breed started slightly, then shook hands with the newcomers. Shortly the still hungry men were doing justice to the cooking of the factor's wife while the Frenchman tied the dogs inside the stockade, where they were safe from attack by the Company huskies, and fed them from the post's supply of whitefish.

Later the clerk found Bolton smoking in the factor's quarters.

"You come from de Gatineau country?" offered the half-breed, taking a chair and lighting his pipe.

"Yes, we left the post at Squaw Lake three weeks ago," replied Bolton.

"A-hah, you go far! It ees bad mont' to travel for de beeg win'."

"We are bound for Abitibi, but we had to shoot a dog and may not get a team. Could you sell us two dogs?"

"We got no dog to sell, but"—the clerk winked one of his small, beady eyes—"maybe you don' go to Abitibi, Meester Bolton."

Ignoring the remark, Bolton looked long at the breed, then said:

"We stood a pretty good chance of not making this place; we were starved out and heading north, but by luck this

Frenchman Pierre heard our shot when we killed one of the dogs."

"Pierre?" The clerk raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Yes, Pierre. What's the matter?"

"You hear maybe dat de government hunt for man in dees countree; offair beeg monee for heem?"

"Yes!" Bolton's face went stone-hard.

"Wal"—the clerk took from his pocket the despatch which had reached the post with the Christmas packet—"dem papier say one t'ousand dollar for de man dat catch Hertel."

McIntyre started to speak, but a look from the older man silenced him.

"Well, what's your point?" asked Bolton dryly, after an interval, still holding the weasel eyes of the clerk with steady gaze.

"Have you not guess, Meester Bolton?"

"No; what is there to guess about?"

The clerk looked quickly to see that they were alone, then said: "Pierre, your Pierre"—the half-breed finished in a whisper—"ees dees François Hertel!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated McIntyre; but John Bolton's expression did not change a hair.

"He cum in before de winter mail arrive and get grub. Haig don' know he killed a man on de St. Maurice. But now we know, Meester Bolton. Now we know. I been trading for grub wid heem jus' now. He leave to-day—queek.

"Half dees monee ees mine, half yours, Meester Bolton; but he ees ver' bad man, and you weel have care to tak' heem. Shoot heem in de leg, I t'ink. He ees bad man wid knife."

The last words were uttered in a whisper, for footsteps sounded in the outer room, and the Frenchman straightway appeared in the door.

"I cum to say bonjour, Meester Bolton. I go back to my trap lines."

The small eyes of the clerk shifted rapidly from one to the other, while McIntyre sat studying quizzically the face of his chief. Bolton rose and wrung Pierre's extended hand.

"Good-by, Pierre!" he said. "You pulled us out of a narrow squeak, and we want to thank you again. You can be sure I won't forget you." Then, turning





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.*

"Dem papier say one t'ousand dollar for de man dat catch Hertel."—Page 224.

to the half-breed: "Joe here has got the idea that you are François Hertel. I thought I'd tell you, for he might make trouble for you if you showed up here in the spring. Good-by, Pierre, and good luck to you!"

The Frenchman shook hands with McIntyre, then turned to the clerk, whose narrow face went chalk-white at Bolton's words.

"Leetle Joe here, he said dat?" The fingers of Pierre's right hand toyed with the handle of his knife as he smiled at the trembling half-breed who shrank back in his chair. "Joe, he ees funnee boy. I tell François Hertel eef I see heem. Ha, ha! Joe he ees ver' funnee." And the trapper was gone.

The three men sat in silence until the jingle of bells, a shout, and the crack of a dog-whip told them that Pierre was off on the lake trail. Then the clerk turned on Bolton.

"You are fine beeg man to send to de bush to tak' François Hertel. Why you let heem go and one t'ousand dollar wid heem?"

"So you think we're government police, do you?"

"Oua!" cried the clerk angrily, "and you have fear to tak' heem?"

"I tell you once and for all that we're government engineers, not police. We're bound to Abitibi Lake on the provincial boundary survey."

"Oua," repeated the clerk with a shrug. "You can' fool me. What you do here dees tam in de beeg snow eef you don' hunt for François Hertel?"

"All right, have it your own way, then; but, as we had your testimony alone to the fact that Pierre was Hertel, and as I wouldn't take your word against a skunk, I guess, as far as we're concerned, he is still Pierre the trapper. And good luck to him; he's a man, and that's more than I can say for you."

In impotent rage the half-breed rushed out of the room. Then young McIntyre turned from the window, through which he had been gazing down the white miles of Grand Lac Pierre, and reached for Bolton's right hand.

"John," he said huskily, "it was hard for you to do it, but I knew you would."

"I could do no more for a man who

took the chance he did to save our lives," replied Bolton.

"Did he suspect us of being police?"

"Yes, but he took the risk of bringing us in just the same."

"When did you first get the idea who he was? It never entered my mind that Hertel would have done what he did when there was a price on his head."

"Two days back on the trail he said something that made me suspicious. He tried to draw me out. For cool nerve I've never seen his equal. I believe Walker deserved what he got, and I hope they never get him, for he's a man."

"What are you going to report, John?"

"I'm going to report to the chief at Ottawa that a Frenchman answering the description of François Hertel was found by Harricanaw Crees frozen on the Abitibi trail. Is that right, Mac?"

"That's right!" And the government men sealed the compact with a grip.

Spring had wandered north to the Height-of-Land. The ice, honeycombed by the May sun, had already left a thousand lakes. Choked streams, whitening into cascades and wild rapids on their way to the sea, sang madly of soft days that June would bring. Birch ridges shimmered in pale green above valleys aflower, and the buds of willow and alder reddened the river shores while every breeze roamed heavy with wood odors. On spruce spire and balsam top the throats of thrush, warbler, and whitethroat swelled with the joy of the young year.

But in the heavy heart of François Hertel leaped no answering chord of joy as he journeyed by lake and portage and river trail to the headwaters of the St. Maurice. In his fur pack were two skins of the silver fox and many of marten, mink, and otter. Fate had been kind to his lonely winter trapping, for he brought to the spring trade a rare winter's hunt; but it mattered little to him how rich was his fur pack, for he was not bringing it to Marie at Coococache. Marie—how often he had lived over again the black days of his home-coming the year before! Night after night, day after day, throughout the long snows of the bitter winter, as he smoked by his lonely fire or followed his trap lines, he had thought and thought of the days that would come





Throwing himself on the ground . . . he gave himself up to his grief.—Page 229.

no more to him and Marie. Like a wolf they had driven him, an outcast, into the wilderness, and what had they done with her? The thought that her body, undiscovered, might still await decent burial seared into his brain.

Day by day as he pushed on through the forest, waking with life, to the head-water lakes of the great river, one idea obsessed him: that never again would he turn the bend above Coocoo-cache to behold Marie waiting on the shore for his return. All that was passed forever. All hope and life and love were gone now from François Hertel, outlaw, hunted from Timiskaming to the Labrador border for the killing of the black-hearted drunkard, Walker.

Such had been the thoughts that daily, through the long winter, had become his ceaseless torment, which companioned him on his long voyage; and with such was his brain tortured when, at last, he reached the waters of the St. Maurice.

He had resolved to go to Lost Lake Post to trade his fur and then to Coocoo-cache secretly. From there he would journey on down the river, even to the settlements, in search of her grave. McCready was his tried friend and could give

him the news of the posts hundreds of miles below.

How he longed to see his island again and the pitiful cross he had placed over the ruins of his home! He wanted to talk to the factor's wife of Marie and the happy days that were dead. He would bring sod from the post stockade, forest flowers and wild shrubs, and make his sacred ground beautiful. It would be her wish, for in life she had loved them so. And each spring, if he were alive, he would come, even from the uttermost north, and keep the forest from encroaching on his altar; and she, looking down from heaven, would see him and know he had not forgotten.

So one day in early June the canoe of François Hertel grated on the beach at Lost Lake Post.

"Upon my soul, François Hertel, where did you come from? I thought you'd be up on Hudson's Bay by this time!" gasped McCready as Hertel walked into the trade-house.

"I come long way, but not from de Bay. I go to Coocoo-cache."

"Coocoo-cache?" cried the astonished Scotchman. "Man, are you crazy? They've offered a reward of a thousand dollars for you, dead or alive. You might

run into government people down there on the Transcontinental."

"I have met dem before," and Hertel's set mouth relaxed into a smile.

"I know, François, but they're not all cowards. Some are good men, and you

So Hertel traded his fur with McCready and left for Coocoo-cache.

It was a soft afternoon on which he neared the bend in the river above the post. A few hours before he had passed, at a distance, the construction camp and



"And dees tam, and alway', you travel in de bow of de canoe of François Hertel."—Page 229.

don't want to walk into trouble," pleaded the factor.

"Well, I go to Coocoo-cache, jes de same. I wan' to know eef dey found—Marie," and, in spite of his efforts to control his emotion, the deep-set eyes of the voyageur went misty with tears as he uttered his wife's name.

"The winter packet brought no news of her," said McCready gently, "only this government order for your arrest. They may be waiting at Coocoo-cache now on the very chance of your showing up there this spring."

"I mus' go. Eet ees no matter—my life—now. Dey mus' found her down riviere somewhere. I mus' go to her grave."

"Well, I suppose you'll go, anyway, but travel by night and don't hang around Coocoo-cache; the railroad people will hear of it and try to get you. This thing will blow over in a year or so if you keep out of the way."

contractors' shacks at the End-of-Steel, now moved miles above the location of the previous summer. Doubtless, thinking him a travelling Cree, they had paid him no attention.

As Hertel neared the bluff which shut from his view the buildings of the post below and the island with its lonely cross, a great wave of grief overwhelmed him kneeling at his paddle. His head sank forward on his chest while his shoulders shook with the emotion that engulfed him. For a space he remained with head bowed, in the attitude of prayer, as the canoe drifted inshore. Then, when the paroxysm passed, he shook the black hair from his eyes and, straightening up, resumed paddling. But as he neared the turn of the river his moving lips framed the words again and again: "Ma pauvre Marie! Ma pauvre Marie!"

In a moment the post and island broke into view. There, with the sun on it, as



he had left it a year ago, a hunted man, stood his cross.

Heedless of the danger he ran in being seen, he paddled directly to the island. All that he held most dear, the sacred memories of the happy weeks he had spent there with her, all that love had meant to him, was symbolized by that pitiful spruce cross on which was burned the name: "Marie Hertel."

Here the agony of months of solitary brooding, the torture of a year of despair, overwhelmed the heart-broken trapper, and, throwing himself on the ground, one arm around the base of the cross, he gave himself up to his grief. Later, at sunset, he crossed to the post.

"François Hertel, or I'm no Scotchman!" cried the surprised factor as Hertel entered the trade-house.

"Bonjour, ma fr'en'; I have come back." The men warmly gripped hands.

"But don't you know there's a reward for you? The government people may show up any time, looking for you. You can't stay here, man." The factor seemed greatly excited.

"I come to fin' weder dey found her down riviere. I go to see her grave." Hertel had but one thought.

Suddenly there were sounds of women's voices in the stockade outside. Then a white figure flew through the door, open-armed, and upon François Hertel's ears fell a voice as though from the hushed valley of death.

"François, mon cher François!"

Hertel turned to behold the beloved face of his lost wife Marie, while two warm woman's arms circled his neck and soft lips kissed him again and again between her sobs.

Trembling with surprise and joy, the strong man, suddenly transported from dumb despair to mad delight, cried like a child as time and again he held his wife from him to look at her, then crushed her to his heart. In a chair the factor's wife wept silently, while the big Scotchman rubbed his eyes with red fists as he smiled at the reunited lovers.

It was long before Hertel could talk

coherently, so great was his emotion. At last he asked:

"But w'ere deed you go dat night dey los' you? Philippe and me, we hunt de shore far below de Vermilion for you. We t'ot you drown or dead in de bush. Oh, ma chérie, I have suffer so in de heart!"

With her arms around his neck Marie related how she had escaped from Walker and put out into the river in an old canoe without a paddle. Carried by the swift current far down the river, the canoe somehow passed the first rapids without swamping. At daylight, many miles below the post, she landed, but, fearing Walker, had decided to attempt to reach the settlement at La Tuque. A day later, starved and exhausted, she was picked up by Vermilion River Crees, who told her she could not reach La Tuque alone because of the rapids. With them she remained until December, when they brought her by dog-team to La Tuque when they came in to trade. There she learned of the return of Hertel and the death of Walker. In the early spring she had come to the post hoping to get word to him if he were still in the St. Maurice country.

When Marie finished her story the factor handed Hertel a letter.

"This came in the spring mail, François," he said.

As Hertel could not read English, the factor opened it and read:

"In March last it was reported to the authorities at Ottawa that the body of François Hertel had been found frozen on the Abitibi trail by Harricanaw Crees. Pierre, the trapper, who was at Flying Post, on Grand Lac, in January must trade his fur in the James Bay country for a year or two."

The letter was signed: "A friend of Pierre."

"Ah-hah," exclaimed Hertel, smiling, "Meester Bolton has pay hees debt! Tomorrow, Marie, we leeve for de far nord, and dees tam, and alway', you travel in de bow of de canoe of François Hertel," and he took her into his great arms.

# THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XXX



IN the early hours of his all-night sitting Felix had first only memories, and then Kirsteen for companion.

"I worry most about Tod," she said. "He had that look in his face when he went off from Marrow Farm. He might do something terrible if they ill-treat Sheila. If only she has sense enough to see and not provoke them."

"Surely she will," Felix murmured.

"Yes, if she realizes. But she won't, I'm afraid. Even I have only known him look like that three times. Tod is so gentle—passion stores itself in him; and when it comes, it's awful. If he sees cruelty, he goes almost mad. Once he would have killed a man if I hadn't got between them. He doesn't know what he's doing at such moments. I wish—I wish he were back. It's hard one can't pierce through, and see him."

Gazing at her eyes so dark and intent, Felix thought: 'If *you* can't pierce through—none can.'

He learned the story of the disaster.

Early that morning Derek had assembled twenty of the strongest laborers, and taken them the round of the farms to force the strike-breakers to desist. There had been several fights, in all of which the strike-breakers had been beaten. Derek himself had fought three times. In the afternoon the police had come, and the laborers had rushed with Derek and Sheila, who had joined them, into a barn at Marrow Farm, barred it, and thrown mangolds at the police, when they tried to force an entrance. One by one the laborers had slipped away by a rope out of a ventilation-hole high up at the back, and they had just got Sheila down when the police appeared on that side, too. Derek, who had stayed to the last, covering their escape with mangolds, had jumped down twenty feet when he saw them taking Sheila, and, pitching

forward, hit his head against a grindstone. Then, just as they were marching Sheila and two of the laborers away, Tod had arrived and had fallen in alongside the policemen—he and the dog. It was then she had seen that look on his face.

Felix, who had never beheld his big brother in Berserk mood, could offer no consolation; nor had he the heart to adorn the tale, and inflict on this poor woman his reflection: 'This, you see, is what comes of the ferment you have fostered. This is the reward of violence!' He longed, rather, to comfort her; she seemed so lonely and, in spite of all her stoicism, so distraught and sad. His heart went out, too, to Tod. How would he himself have felt, walking by the side of policemen whose arms were twisted in Nedda's! But so mixed are the minds of men that at this very moment there was born within him the germ of a real revolt against the entry of his little daughter into this family of hotheads. It was more now than mere soreness and jealousy; it was fear of a danger hitherto but sniffed at, but now only too sharply savored.

When she left him to go up-stairs, Felix stayed consulting the dark night. As ever, in hours of ebbd vitality, the shapes of fear and doubt grew clearer and more positive; they loomed huge out there among the apple-trees, where the drip-drip of the rain made music. But his thoughts were still nebulous, not amounting to resolve. It was no moment for resolves—with the boy lying up there between the tides of chance; and goodness knew what happening to Tod and Sheila. The air grew sharper; he withdrew to the hearth, where a wood fire still burned, gray ash, red glow, scent oozing from it. And while he crouched there, blowing it with bellows, he heard soft footsteps, and saw Nedda standing behind him transformed.

But in the midst of all his glad sympathy Felix could not help thinking: 'Better for you, perhaps, if he had never returned from darkness!'



She came and crouched down by him. "Let me sit with you, Dad. It smells so good."

"Very well; but you must sleep."

"I don't believe I'll ever want to sleep again."

And at the glow in her Felix glowed too. What is so infectious as delight? They sat a long time talking, as they had not talked since the first fatal visit to Becket. Of how love, and mountains, works of art, and doing things for others were the only sources of happiness; except scents, and lying on one's back looking through tree-tops at the sky; and tea, and sunlight, flowers, and hard exercise; oh, and the sea! Of how, when things went hard, one prayed—but what did one pray to? Was it not to something in oneself? It was of no use to pray to the great mysterious Force that made one thing a cabbage, and the other a king; for That could obviously not be weak-minded enough to attend. And gradually little pauses began to creep into their talk; then a big pause, and Nedda, who would never want to sleep again, was fast asleep.

Felix watched those long, dark lashes resting on her cheeks; the slow, soft rise of her breast; the touching look of trust and goodness in that young face abandoned to oblivion after these hours of stress; watched the little tired shadows under the eyes, the tremors of the just-parted lips. And, getting up, stealthy as a cat, he found a light rug, and ever more stealthily laid it over her. She stirred at that, smiled up at him, and instantly went off again. And he thought: 'Poor little sweetheart, she *was* tired!' And a passionate desire to guard her from trials and troubles came on him.

At four o'clock Kirsteen slipped in again, and whispered: "She made me promise to come for her. How pretty she looks, sleeping!"

"Yes," Felix answered; "pretty and good!"

Nedda raised her head, stared up at her aunt, and a delighted smile spread over her face. "Is it time again? How lovely!" Then, before either could speak or stop her, she was gone.

"She is more in love," Kirsteen murmured, "than I ever saw a girl of her age."

"She is more in love," Felix answered, "than is good to see."

"She is not truer than Derek is."

"That may be, but she will suffer from him."

"Women who love must always suffer."

Her cheeks were sunken, shadowy; she looked very tired. When she had gone to get some sleep, Felix restored the fire and put on a kettle, meaning to make himself some coffee. Morning had broken, clear and sparkling after the long rain, and full of scent and song. What glory equalled this early morning radiance, the dewy wonder of everything! What hour of the day was such a web of youth and beauty as this, when all the stars from all the skies had fallen into the grass! A cold nose was thrust into his hand, and he saw beside him Tod's dog. The animal was wet, and lightly moved his white-tipped tail; while his dark-yellow eyes inquired of Felix what he was going to give a dog to eat. Then Felix saw his brother coming in. Tod's face was wild and absent, as a man with all his thoughts turned on something painful in the distance. His ruffled hair had lost its brightness; his eyes looked as if driven back into his head; he was splashed with mud, and wet from head to foot. He walked up to the hearth without a word.

"Well, old man?" said Felix anxiously.

Tod looked at him, but did not answer.

"Come," said Felix; "tell us!"

"Locked up," said Tod in a voice unlike his own. "I didn't kill them."

"Heavens! I should hope not."

"I ought to have."

Felix put his hand within his brother's arm.

"They twisted her arms; one of them pushed her from behind. I can't understand it. How was it I didn't? I can't understand."

"I can," said Felix. "They were the Law. If they had been mere men you'd have done it, fast enough."

"I can't understand," Tod repeated. "I've been walking ever since."

Felix stroked his shoulder.

"Go up-stairs, old man. Kirsteen's anxious."

Tod sat down and took his boots off.

"I can't understand," he said once more. Then, without another word, or even a look at Felix, he went out and up the stairs.



And Felix thought: 'Poor Kirsteen! Ah, well—they're all about as queer, one as the other! How to get Nedda out of it?'

And, with that question gnawing at him, he went out into the orchard. The grass was drenching wet, so he descended to the road. Two wood-pigeons were crooning to each other, truest of all sounds of summer; there was no wind, and the flies had begun humming. In the air, cleared of dust, the scent of hay was everywhere. What about those poor devils of laborers, now? They would get the sack for this! And he was suddenly beset with a feeling of disgust. This world where men, and women too, held what they had, took what they could; this world of seeing only one thing at a time; this world of force, and cunning, of struggle, and primitive appetites; of such good things, too, such patience, endurance, heroism—and yet at heart so unutterably savage!

He was very tired; but it was too wet to sit down, so he walked on. Now and again he passed a laborer going to work; but very few in all those miles, and they quite silent. 'Did they ever really whistle?' Felix thought. 'Were they ever jolly ploughmen? Or was that always a fiction? Surely, if they can't give tongue this morning, they never can!' He crossed a stile and took a slanting path through a little wood. The scent of leaves and sap, the dapple of sunlight—all the bright early glow and beauty struck him with such force that he could have cried out in the sharpness of sensation. At that hour when man was still abed and the land lived its own life, how full and sweet and wild that life seemed, how in love with itself! Truly all the trouble in the world came from the manifold disharmonies of the self-conscious animal called Man!

Then, coming out on the road again, he saw that he must be within a mile or two of Becket; and finding himself suddenly very hungry, determined to go there and get some breakfast.

### XXXI

DULY shaved with one of Stanley's razors, bathed, and breakfasted, Felix was on the point of getting into the car to re-

turn to Joyfields when he received a message from his mother: Would he please go up and see her before he went?

He found her looking anxious and endeavoring to conceal it.

Having kissed him, she drew him to her sofa and said: "Now, darling, come and sit down here, and tell me all about this *dreadful* business." And taking up an odorator she blew over him a little cloud of scent. "It's quite a new perfume; isn't it delicious?"

Felix, who dreaded scent, concealed his feelings, sat down, and told her. And while he told her he was conscious of how pathetically her fastidiousness was quivering under those gruesome details—fighting with policemen, fighting with common men, prison—for a lady; conscious too of her still more pathetic effort to put a good face on it. When he had finished she remained so perfectly still, with lips so hard compressed, that he said:

"It's no good worrying, Mother."

Frances Freeland rose, pulled something hard, and a cupboard appeared. She opened it, and took out a travelling-bag.

"I must go back with you at once," she said.

"I don't think it's in the least necessary, and you'll only knock yourself up."

"Oh, nonsense, darling! I must."

Knowing that further dissuasion would harden her determination, Felix said: "I'm going in the car."

"That doesn't matter. I shall be ready in ten minutes. Oh! and do you know this? It's splendid for taking lines out under the eyes!" She was holding out a little round box with the lid off. "Just wet your finger with it, and dab it gently on."

Touched by this evidence of her deep desire that he should put as good a face on it as herself, Felix dabbed himself under the eyes.

"That's right. Now, wait for me, dear; I sha'n't be a minute. I've only to get my things. They'll all go splendidly in this little bag."

In a quarter of an hour they had started. During that journey Frances Freeland betrayed no sign of tremor. She was going into action, and, therefore, had no patience with her nerves.

"Are you proposing to stay, Mother?"



Felix hazarded; "because I don't think there's a room for you."

"Oh! that's nothing, darling. I sleep beautifully in a chair. It suits me better than lying down."

Felix cast up his eyes, and made no answer.

On arriving, they found that the doctor had been, expressed his satisfaction, and enjoined perfect quiet. Tod was on the point of starting back to Transham, where Sheila and the two laborers would be brought up before the magistrates. Felix and Kirsteen took hurried counsel. Now that Mother, whose nursing was beyond reproach, had come, it would be better if they went with Tod. All three started forthwith in the car.

Left alone, Frances Freeland took her bag—a noticeably old one, without any patent clasp whatever, so that she could open it—went noiselessly up-stairs, tapped on Derek's door, and went in. A faint but cheerful voice remarked, "Hallo, Granny!"

Frances Freeland went up to the bed, smiled down on him ineffably, laid a finger on his lips, and said, in the stillest voice: "You mustn't talk, darling!" Then she sat down in the window with her bag beside her. Half a tear had run down her nose, and she had no intention that it should be seen. She therefore opened her bag, and, having taken out a little bottle, beckoned Nedda.

"Now, darling," she whispered, "you must just take one of these. It's nothing new; they're what my mother used to give me at your age. And for one hour you must go out and get some fresh air, and then you can come back."

"Must I, Granny?"

"Yes; you must keep up your strength. Kiss me."

Nedda kissed a cheek that seemed extraordinarily smooth and soft, received a kiss in the middle of her own, and, having stayed a second by the bed, looking down with all her might, went out.

Frances Freeland, in the window, wasted no thoughts, but began to run over in her mind the exact operations necessary to defeat this illness of darling Derek's. Her fingers continually locked and interlocked themselves with fresh determinations; her eyes, fixed on imaginary foods,

methods of washing, and ways of keeping him quiet, had an almost fanatical intensity. Like a good general she marshalled her means of attack and fixed them in perfect order. Now and then she gazed into her bag, making quite sure that she had everything, and nothing that was new-fangled or liable to go wrong. For into action she never brought any of those patent novelties that delighted her soul in times of peace. For example, when she herself had pneumonia and no doctor, for two months, it was well known that she had lain on her back, free from every kind of remedy, employing only courage, nature, and beef tea, or some such simple sustenance.

Having now made her mental dispositions, she got up without sound and slipped off a petticoat that she suspected of having rustled a little when she came in; folding and popping it where it could not be suspected any more, she removed her shoes and put on very old velvet slippers. She walked in these toward the bed, listening to find out whether she could hear herself, without success. Then, standing where she could see when his eyes opened, she began to take stock. That pillow wasn't very comfortable! A little table was wanted on both sides, instead of on one. There was no odorator, and she did not see one of those arrangements! All these things would have to be remedied.

Absorbed in this reconnoitring, she failed to observe that darling Derek was looking at her through eyelashes that were always so nice and black. He said suddenly, in that faint and cheerful voice:

"All right, Granny; I'm going to get up to-morrow."

Frances Freeland, whose principle it was that people should always be encouraged to believe themselves better than they were, answered: "Yes, darling, of course; you'll be up in no time. It'll be delightful to see you in a chair to-morrow. But you mustn't talk."

Derek sighed, closed his eyes, and went off into a faint.

It was in moments such as these that Frances Freeland was herself. Her face flushed a little and grew terribly determined. Conscious that she was absolutely alone in the house, she ran to her bag, took out her *sal volatile*, applied it vigorously



to his nose, and poured a little between his lips. She did other things to him, and not until she had brought him round, and the best of it was already made, did she even say to herself: 'It's no use fussing; I must make the best of it.'

Then, having discovered that he felt quite comfortable—as he said—she sat down in a chair to fan him and tremble vigorously. She would not have allowed that movement of her limbs if it had in any way interfered with the fanning. But since, on the contrary, it seemed to be of assistance, she certainly felt it a relief; for, whatever age her spirit might be, her body was seventy-three.

And while she fanned she thought of Derek as a little, black-haired, blazing-gray-eyed slip of a sallow boy, all little thin legs and arms moving funnily like a foal's. He had been such a dear, gentlemanlike little chap. It was dreadful he should be forgetting himself so, and getting into such trouble. And her thoughts passed back beyond him to her own four little sons, among whom she had been so careful not to have a favorite, but to love them all equally. And she thought of how their holland suits wore out, especially in the elastic, and got green behind, almost before they were put on; and of how she used to cut their hair, spending at least three-quarters of an hour on each, because she had never been quick at it, while they sat so good—except Stanley, and darling Tod, who *would* move just as she had got into the comb particularly nice bits of his hair, always so crisp and difficult! And of how she had cut off Felix's long golden curls when he was four, and would have cried over it, if crying hadn't always been silly! And of how beautifully they had all had their measles together, so that she had been up with them day and night for about a fortnight. And of how it was a terrible risk with Derek and darling Nedda, not at all a wise match, she was afraid. And yet, if they really were attached, of course one must put the best face on it! And how lovely it would be to see another little baby some day; and what a charming little mother Nedda would make—if only the dear child would do her hair just a little differently! And she perceived that Derek was asleep—and one of her own legs, from the knee

down. She would certainly have bad pins and needles if she did not get up; but, since she would not wake him for the world, she must do something else to cure it. And she hit upon this plan. She had only to say, 'Nonsense, you haven't anything of the sort!' and it was sure to go away. She said this to her leg, but, being a realist, she only made it feel like a pin-cushion. She knew, however, that she had only to persevere, because it would never do to give in. She persevered, and her leg felt as if red-hot needles were being stuck in it. Then, for the life of her, she could not help saying a little psalm. The sensation went away and left her leg quite dead. She would have no strength in it at all when she got up. But that would be easily cured, when she could get to her bag, with three globules of nux vomica—and darling Derek must not be waked up for anything! She waited thus till Nedda came back, and then said, "Sssh!"

He woke at once, so that providentially she was able to get up, and, having stood with her weight on one leg for five minutes, so as to be quite sure she did not fall, she crossed back to the window, took her nux vomica, and sat down with her tablets to note down the little affairs she would require, while Nedda took her place beside the bed, to fan him. Having made her list, she went to Nedda and whispered that she was going down to see about one or two little things, and while she whispered she arranged the dear child's hair. If only she would keep it just like that, it would be so much more becoming! And she went down-stairs.

Accustomed to the resources of Stanley's establishment, or at least to those of John's and Felix's, and of the hotels she stayed at, she felt for a moment just a little nonplussed at discovering at her disposal nothing but three dear little children playing with a dog, and one bicycle. For a few seconds she looked at the latter hard. If only it had been a tricycle! Then, feeling certain that she could not make it into one, she knew that she must make the best of it, especially as, in any case, she could not have used it, for it would never do to leave darling Nedda alone in the house. She decided therefore to look in every room to see if she



could find the things she wanted. The dog, who had been attracted by her, left the children and came too, and the children, attracted by the dog, followed; so they all five went into a room on the ground floor. It was partitioned into two by a screen: in one portion was a rough camp bedstead, and in the other two dear little child's beds, that must once have been Derek's and Sheila's, and one still smaller, made out of a large packing-case. The eldest of the little children said:

"That's where Billy sleeps, Susie sleeps here, and I sleeps there; and our father slept in here before he went to prison." Frances Freeland experienced a shock. To prison! The idea of letting these little things know such a thing as that! The best face had so clearly not been put on it that she decided to put it herself.

"Oh, not to prison, dear! Only into a house in the town for a little while."

It seemed to her quite dreadful that they should know the truth—it was simply necessary to put it out of their heads. That dear little girl looked so old already, such a little mother! And, as they stood about her, she gazed piercingly at their heads. They were quite clean.

The second dear little thing said:

"We like bein' here; we hope father won't be comin' back from prison for a long time, so as we can go on stayin' here. Mr. Freeland gives us apples."

The failure of her attempt to put a nicer idea into their heads disconcerted Frances Freeland for a moment only. She said:

"Who told you he was in prison?"

Biddy answered slowly: "Nobody didn't tell us; we picked it up."

"Oh, but you should never pick things up! That's not at all nice. You don't know what harm they may do you."

Billy replied: "We picked up a dead cat yesterday. It didn't scratch a bit, it didn't."

And Biddy added: "Please, what is prison like?"

Pity seized on Frances Freeland for these little derelicts, whose heads and pinafores and faces were so clean. She pursed her lips very tight and said:

"Hold out your hands, all of you."

Three small hands were held out, and three small pairs of gray-blue eyes looked

up at her. From the recesses of her pocket she drew forth her purse, took from it three shillings, and placed one in the very centre of each palm. The three small hands closed; two small, grave bodies dipped in little curtseys; the third remained stock-still, but a grin spread gradually on its face from ear to ear.

"What do you say?" said Frances Freeland.

"Thank you."

"Thank you—what?"

"Thank you, ma'am."

"That's right. Now run away and play a nice game in the orchard."

The three turned immediately and went. A sound of whispering rose busily outside. Frances Freeland, glancing through the window, saw them unlatching the wicket gate. Sudden alarm seized her. She put out her head and called. Biddy came back.

"You mustn't spend them all at once."

Biddy shook her head.

"No. Once we had a shillin', and we were sick. We're goin' to spend three pennies out of one shillin' every day, till they're gone."

"And aren't you going to put any by for a rainy day?"

"No."

Frances Freeland did not know what to answer. Dear little things!

The dear little things vanished.

In Tod and Kirsteen's room she found a little table and a pillow, and something that might do, and having devised a contrivance by which this went into that and that into this and nothing whatever showed, she conveyed the whole very quietly into dear Derek's room, and told darling Nedda to go down-stairs and look for something that she knew she would not find, for she could not think at the moment of any better excuse. When the child had gone, she popped this here, and popped that there. And there she was! And she felt better. It was no use whatever to make a fuss about that aspect of nursing which was not quite nice. One just put the best face upon it, quietly did what was necessary, and pretended that it was not there. Kirsteen had not seen to things quite as she should have. But then dear Kirsteen was so clever.

Her attitude, indeed, to that blue bird, who had alighted now twenty-one years



ago in the Freeland nest, had always, after the first few shocks, been duly stoical. For, however her fastidiousness might jib at neglect of the forms of things, she was the last woman not to appreciate really sterling qualities. Though it was a pity dear Kirsteen did expose her neck and arms so that they had got quite brown, a pity that she never went to church and had brought up the dear children not to go, and to have ideas that were not quite right about 'the Land,' still she was emphatically a lady, and devoted to dear Tod, and very good. And her features were so regular, and she had such a good color, and was so lithe and straight in the back, that she was always a pleasure to look at. And if she was not quite so practical as she might have been, that was not everything; and she would never get stout, as there was every danger of Clara doing. So that from the first she had always put a good face on her. Derek's voice interrupted her thoughts:

"I'm awfully thirsty, Granny."

"Yes, darling. Don't move your head; and just let me pop in some of this delicious lemonade with a spoon."

Nedda, returning, found her supporting his head with one hand, while with the other she kept popping in the spoon, her soul smiling at him lovingly through her lips and eyes.

### XXXII

FELIX went back to London the afternoon of Frances Freeland's installation, taking Sheila with him. She had been 'bound over to keep the peace'—a task which she would obviously be the better able to accomplish at a distance. And, though to take charge of her would be rather like holding a burning match till there was no match left, he felt bound to volunteer.

He left Nedda with many misgivings; but had not the heart to wrench her away.

The recovery of a young man who means to get up to-morrow is not so rapid when his head, rather than his body, is the seat of trouble. Derek's temperament was against him. He got up several times in spirit, to find that his body had remained in bed. And this did not accelerate his progress. It had been impos-

sible to dispossess Frances Freeland from command of the sick-room; and, since she was admittedly, from experience and power of paying no attention to her own wants, the fittest person for the position, there she remained, taking turn and turn about with Nedda, and growing a little whiter, a little thinner, more resolute in face, and more loving in her eyes, from day to day. That tragedy of the old—the being laid aside from life before the spirit is ready to resign, the feeling that no one wants you, that all those you have borne and brought up have long passed out onto roads where you cannot follow, that even the thought-life of the world streams by so fast that you lie up in a backwater, feebly, blindly groping for the full of the water, and always pushed gently, hopelessly back; that sense that you are still young and warm, and yet so furbelowed with old thoughts and fashions that none can see how young and warm you are, none see how you long to rub hearts with the active, how you yearn for something real to do that can help life on, and how no one will give it you! All this—this tragedy—was for the time defeated. She was, in triumph, doing something real for those she loved and longed to do things for. She had Sheila's room.

For a week at least Derek asked no questions, made no allusion to the mutiny, not even to the cause of his own disablement. It had been impossible to tell whether the concussion had driven coherent recollection from his mind, or whether he was refraining from an instinct of self-preservation, barring such thoughts as too exciting. Nedda dreaded every day lest he should begin. She knew that the questions would fall on her, since no answer could possibly be expected from Granny except: "It's all right, darling, everything's going on perfectly—only you mustn't talk!"

It began the last day of June, the very first day that he got up.

"They didn't save the hay, did they?"

Was he fit to hear the truth? Would he forgive her if she did not tell it? If she lied about this, could she go on lying to his other questions? When he discovered, later, would not the effect undo the good of lies now? She decided to lie; but, when she opened her lips, simply could



not, with his eyes on her; and said faintly: "Yes, they did."

His face contracted. She slipped down at once and knelt beside his chair. He said between his teeth:

"Go on; tell me. Did it all collapse?"

She could only stroke his hands and bow her head.

"I see. What's happened to them?"

Without looking up, she murmured:

"Some have been dismissed; the others are working again all right."

"All right!"

She looked up then so pitifully that he did not ask her anything more. But the news put him back a week. And she was in despair. The day he got up again he began afresh:

"When are the assizes?"

"The 7th of August."

"Has anybody been to see Bob Tryst?"

"Yes; Aunt Kirsteen has been twice."

Having been thus answered, he was quiet for a long time. She had slipped again out of her chair to kneel beside him; it seemed the only place from which she could find courage for her answers. He put his hand, that had lost its brown, on her hair. At that she plucked up spirit to ask:

"Would you like me to go and see him?"

He nodded.

"Then I will—to-morrow."

"Don't ever tell me what isn't true, Nedda! People do; that's why I didn't ask before."

She answered fervently:

"I won't! Oh, I won't!"

She dreaded this visit to the prison. Even to think of those places gave her nightmare. Sheila's description of her night in a cell had made her shiver with horror. But there was a spirit in Nedda that went through with things; and she started early the next day, refusing Kirsteen's proffered company.

The look of that battlemented building, whose walls were pierced with emblems of the Christian faith, turned her heartsick, and she stood for several minutes outside the dark-green door before she could summon courage to ring the bell.

A stout man in blue, with a fringe of gray hair under his peaked cap, and some keys dangling from a belt, opened, and said:

"Yes, miss?"

Being called 'miss' gave her a little spirit, and she produced the card she had been warming in her hand.

"I have come to see a man called Robert Tryst, waiting for trial at the assizes."

The stout man looked at the card back and front, as is the way of those in doubt, closed the door behind her, and said:

"Just a minute, miss."

The shutting of the door behind her sent a little shiver down Nedda's spine; but the temperature of her soul was rising, and she looked round. Beyond the heavy arch, beneath which she stood, was a courtyard where she could see two men, also in blue, with peaked caps. Then, to her left, she became conscious of a shaven-headed noiseless being in drab-gray clothes, on hands and knees, scrubbing the end of a corridor. Her tremor at the stealthy ugliness of this crouching figure yielded at once to a spasm of pity. The man gave her a look, furtive, yet so charged with intense penetrating curiosity, that it seemed to let her suddenly into innumerable secrets. She felt as if the whole life of people shut away in silence and solitude were disclosed to her in the swift, unutterably alive look of this noiseless kneeling creature, riving out of her something to feed his soul and body on. That look seemed to lick its lips. It made her angry, made her miserable, with a feeling of pity she could hardly bear. Tears, too startled to flow, darkened her eyes. Poor man! How he must hate her, who was free, and all fresh from the open world and the sun, and people to love and talk to! The 'poor man' scrubbed on steadily, his ears standing out from his shaven head; then, dragging his kneemat skew-ways, he took the chance to look at her again. Perhaps because his dress and cap and stubble of hair and even the color of his face were so drab-gray, those little dark eyes seemed to her the most terribly living things she had ever seen. She felt that they had taken her in from top to toe, clothed and unclothed, taken in the resentment she had felt and the pity she was feeling; they seemed at once to appeal, to attack, and to possess her ravenously, as though all the starved instincts in a whole prisoned world had rushed up and for a second



stood outside their bars. Then came the clank of keys, the eyes left her as swiftly as they had seized her, and he became again just that stealthy, noiseless creature scrubbing a stone floor. And, shivering, Nedda thought:

'I can't bear myself here—with everything in the world I want—and these with nothing!'

But the stout janitor was standing by her again, together with another man in blue, who said:

"Now, miss; this way, please!"

And down that corridor they went. Though she did not turn, she knew well that those eyes were following, still riving something from her; and she heaved a sigh of real relief when she was round a corner. Through barred windows that had no glass she could see another court, where men in the same drab-gray clothes printed with arrows were walking one behind the other, making a sort of moving human hieroglyphic in the centre of the concrete floor. Two warders with swords stood just outside its edge. Some of those walking had their heads up, their chests expanded, some slouched along with heads almost resting on their chests; but most had their eyes fixed on the back of the neck of the man in front; and there was no sound save the tramp of feet.

Nedda put her hand to her throat. The warder beside her said in a chatty voice:

"That's where the 'ards takes their exercise, miss. You want to see a man called Tryst, waitin' trial, I think. We've had a woman here to see him, and a lady in blue, once or twice."

"My aunt."

"Ah! just so. Laborer, I think—case of arson. Funny thing; never yet found a farm laborer that took to prison well."

Nedda shivered. The words sounded ominous. Then a little flame lit itself within her.

"Does anybody ever 'take to' prison?"

The warder uttered a sound between a grunt and chuckle.

"There's some has a better time here than they have out, any day. No doubt about it—they're well fed here."

Her aunt's words came suddenly into Nedda's mind: 'Liberty's a glorious feast!' But she did not speak them.

"Yes," the warder proceeded, "some o'

them we get look as if they didn't have a square meal outside from one year's end to the other. If you'll just wait a minute, miss, I'll fetch the man down to you."

In a bare room with distempered walls, and bars to a window out of which she could see nothing but a high brick wall, Nedda waited. So rapid is the adjustment of the human mind, so quick the blunting of human sensation, that she had already not quite the passion of pitiful feeling which had stormed her standing under that archway. A kind of numbness gripped her nerves. There were wooden forms in this room, and a blackboard, on which two rows of figures had been set one beneath the other, but not yet added up.

The silence at first was almost deathly. Then it was broken by a sound as of a heavy door banged, and the shuffling tramp of marching men—louder, louder, softer—a word of command—still softer, and it died away. Dead silence again! Nedda pressed her hands to her breast. Twice she added up those figures on the blackboard; each time the number was the same. Ah, there was a fly—two flies! How nice they looked, moving, moving, chasing each other in the air. Did flies get into the cells? Perhaps not even a fly came there—nothing more living than walls and wood! Nothing living except what was inside oneself! How dreadful! Not even a clock ticking, not even a bird's song! Silent, unliving, worse than in this room! Something pressed against her leg. She started violently and looked down. A little cat! Oh, what a blessed thing! A little sandy, ugly cat! It must have crept in through the door. She was not locked in, then, anyway! Thus far had nerves carried her already! Scratching the little cat's furry pate, she pulled herself together. She would not tremble and be nervous. It was disloyal to Derek and to her purpose, which was to bring comfort to poor Tryst. Then the door was pushed open, and the warder said:

"A quarter of an hour, miss. I'll be just outside."

She saw a big man with unshaven cheeks come in, and stretched out her hand.

"I am Mr. Derek's cousin, going to be married to him. He's been ill, but he's getting well again now. We knew you'd



like to hear." And she thought: "Oh! What a tragic face! I can't bear to look at his eyes!"

He took her hand, said, "Thank you, miss," and stood as still as ever.

"Please come and sit down, and we can talk."

Tryst moved to a form and took his seat thereon, with his hands between his knees, as if playing with an imaginary cap. He was dressed in an ordinary suit of laborer's best clothes, and his stiff, dust-colored hair was not cut particularly short. The cheeks of his square-cut face had fallen in, the eyes had sunk back, and the prominence thus given to his cheek and jawbones and thick mouth gave his face a savage look—only his doglike, terribly yearning eyes made Nedda feel so sorry that she simply could not feel afraid.

"The children are such dears, Mr. Tryst. Billy seems to grow every day. They're no trouble at all, and quite happy. Biddy's wonderful with them."

"She's a good maid." The thick lips shaped the words as though they had almost lost power of speech.

"Do they let you see the newspapers we send? Have you got everything you want?"

For a minute he did not seem to be going to answer; then, moving his head from side to side, he said:

"Nothin' I want, but just get out of here."

Nedda murmured helplessly:

"It's only a month now to the assizes. Does Mr. Pogram come to see you?"

"Yes, he comes. He can't do nothin'!"

"Oh, don't despair! Even if they don't acquit you, it'll soon be over. Don't despair!" And she stole her hand out and timidly touched his arm. She felt her heart turning over and over, he looked so sad.

He said in that stumbling, thick voice:

"Thank you kindly. I must get out. I won't stand long of it—not much longer. I'm not used to it—always been accustomed to the air, an' bein' about, that's where 'tis. But don't you tell him, miss. You say I'm goin' along all right. Don't you tell him what I said. 'Tis no use

him frettin' over me. 'Twon' do me no good."

And Nedda murmured:

"No, no; I won't tell him."

Then suddenly came the words she had dreaded:

"D'you think they'll let me go, miss?"

"Oh, yes, I think so—I hope so!" But she could not meet his eyes, and hearing him grit his boot on the floor knew he had not believed her.

He said slowly:

"I never meant to do it when I went out that mornin'. It came on me sudden, lookin' at the straw."

Nedda gave a little gasp. Could that man outside hear?

Tryst went on: "If they don't let me go, I won't stand it. 'Tis too much for a man. I can't sleep, I can't eat, nor nothin'. I won't stand it. It don't take long to die, if you put your mind to it."

Feeling quite sick with pity, Nedda got up and stood beside him; and, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she lifted one of his great hands and clasped it in both her own. "Oh, try and be brave and look forward! You're going to be ever so happy some day."

He gave her a strange long stare.

"Yes, I'll be happy some day. Don't you never fret about me."

And Nedda saw that the warder was standing in the doorway.

"Sorry, miss, time's up."

Without a word Tryst rose and went out.

Nedda was alone again with the little sandy cat. Standing under the high-barred window she wiped her cheeks, that were all wet. Why, why must people suffer so? Suffer so slowly, so horribly? What were men made of that they could go on day after day, year after year, watching others suffer?

When the warder came back to take her out, she did not trust herself to speak, or even to look at him. She walked with hands tight clenched, and eyes fixed on the ground. Outside the prison door she drew a long, long breath. And suddenly her eyes caught the inscription on the corner of a lane leading down alongside the prison wall—"Love's Walk"!

# HER FIRST MARRYING

By Una Hunt

Author of "Una Mary"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



HALLIE first went to live with the Grays during one of those domestic gaps when the machinery of living has fallen completely to pieces. Two weeks earlier they had moved into their new and unfinished house as a last resort to drive out the workmen who still hung on with the puttering which pertains to their elegant leisure; and, as Mrs. Gray had been unable to find a servant, things had reached that stage of actual and mental confusion familiar to all housekeepers at some nightmare period of their lives—a period which seems to have no past and certainly contains no promise of a future, but stretches away on all sides, an immense, chaotic present, blotting out everything with its misery. The whole family had reached that state of nervous exasperation peculiar to being "without a girl," all of them trying to do everything at once and none of them knowing how to do anything properly.

Late one afternoon, to add to the general confusion, the door-bell began to ring continuously, the ringer evidently keeping a finger pressed to the button. Ellen Gray, the young daughter of the house, was in the basement at the time trying to roast a chicken, which continued to look uncooked in spite of all her efforts, but, as no one else seemed to pay any attention to the bell, which was driving her almost insane, she dashed up-stairs to answer it. There on the door-step stood a young colored girl with a bundle in one hand and a straw suit-case in the other, who immediately said: "Please, miss, ax yo ma does she want er girl." It seemed too good to be true, and Ellen gazed at her as if she were a mirage and might dissolve from sight.

Her "ma" most certainly did want a girl, and a few moments later, having interviewed her and liked her general appear-

ance, engaged her on the spot, and into their house she walked, to live with them for ten checkered and enlivening years.

Her name, she told them, was Hallie Johnson, "fo short fo Hallelujah, what wuz de fus word my ma done spoke de day I wuz bornd."

She had come up from the mountains of Virginia without friends, without money, and without recommendations or any knowledge whatever of the city. She had never "lived out" before; in fact, her only views about living were based upon log-cabin and corn-pone standards. She had never even seen a stove, but with the extraordinary adaptability of her race took to it immediately, like one to ranges born, and before a week was out subjugated the draughts and dampers which had so completely nonplussed the Gray family.

She was a natural leader and at once took charge of everybody. She "jollied and bossed" the workmen until before they knew what they were doing the work was finished and they were out of the house, and in no time at all she had calmed the ruffled nerves of the household until they began to have glimmering hopes of a future when living would again be normal. The first sure sign of this was that Mr. Gray now read the newspaper as he dawdled over his coffee in the morning instead of rushing out of the house at the earliest possible moment. She had a way of saying, "Hit don't make no diffunce, mebbe termorrer yo all 'l be daid," which was indescribably soothing.

The only reason she gave for leaving the country was the casual remark: "Dey wuz er fight at der schoolhouse end I's skeered dey gwine kill me, end de preacher done say, 'Seek end yo shell find.'" The Grays longed for more of the details, but for months this was all she would say about it. So to Washington she had come and as soon as her train arrived had started out to hunt for work.



She walked out of the station, her bundles in her hand, and wandered about all day, too utterly fascinated by the marvel of everything—she had never before seen

speck kin ring er bell way off in de basement." It was almost as strange as that the penny which she put in the "penny-in-the-slot" machine should turn into a piece



She "jollied and bossed" the workmen.—Page 240.

even a small town—to think of work, or to realize that she was tired and hungry until suddenly overcome by the fact. Then, as a small child, scampering gayly the moment before, overwhelmed by instantaneous fatigue, sits down on the first rock by the roadside, so Hallie, when she got to Phipps Place and "knowed she'd drap," the Grays' house being the first one in the block which was occupied, rang their door-bell. The postman showed her how to ring it, for of course she had never seen an electric button, and she never got over her wonder "dat pressin' dat lil

of chewing-gum or "Your correct weight," miracles she was never tired of testing. She was always perfectly sure that it was the hand of the Lord that had sent her to that particular house; it must have been, she would triumphantly point out, for there was the postman standing ready to show her how to get in, and if he had not been there she might have hammered her knuckles to the bone before they heard her, as she always concluded. "Yo all wuz too tuck up wid yo troubles ter hear de angel Gabriel ef he had er come dat day end wuz ter knock 'sted er blowin' on his trumpet."



*From a photograph taken in Venice in 1906.*

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

In front of the Hotel Britannia, Venice, where Mr. Smith was accustomed to spend part of the summer for more than twenty years.  
The gondolier is Luigi, associated with so many of Mr. Smith's stories.



# FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

By Thomas Nelson Page

American Ambassador to Italy



FROM the first time I ever met him down to the present, he has been a factor in my life, literary and social. He enlarged my friendship, stimulated me by his ceaseless, varied, and incredible energy, and with his abounding spirits, unfailing good humor, and robust, invincible optimism added sunshine to my life. And what he did for me he did for many others. He was, indeed, a distant force of light and sunshine and cleanliness in a multitude of hearts. He loved sunshine and he added to it. It shone about him and shone in his work—beamed from his books and glistened in his pictures. Youth and sunshine were two of his dominant characteristics. Although he was old by the calendar, I never was conscious for a minute that he was not a young man. I always thought of him as young, and, in fact, he was young—in body and in mind: his step springy and quick; his action firm; his intellect and frame alike vigorous, prompt, and alert. He ever appeared to me precisely in his prime, and this is precisely what he was. To the day when he was stricken his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated. He had packed into his life the work of ten men. Engineer, contractor, business man, raconteur, painter, illustrator, lecturer, essayist, novelist, short-story writer—he was all these, and in all these he attained an enviably high mark, while in several he was in the first flight.

It was years ago at a supper at the Aldine Club—the old Aldine—that I met him first in the flesh. He was just beginning to be known as a writer, though he had long been known in New York among a certain circle as a capable engineer; in another circle as a progressive and clever artist, who painted with incredible facility; and in intellectual circles as a good illustrator, and possibly the best raconteur and cleanest after-dinner talker at men's dinners in the city.

His serious work had been building sea-walls—travelling for recreation and painting had been his diversions, and in collaboration with an artist friend named Graham he had illustrated Doctor Holmes's "Last Leaf," and he also helped to illustrate a book on the Tile Club, in New York. In 1886 he had published a little volume of sketches of travel. He called it "Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy," but he had found beside these "well-worn roads" much of the picturesque for both pencil and pen which others might have missed. He had an infallible eye for the picturesque, and this is the especial gift which shone in all his work—sketches and other.

To use his own words, given in the introduction to one of his earliest books: "These slight records are records of many idle days stolen, I must confess, from a busy and practical life. I have committed these depredations upon myself for years, and have then run off to the far corners of the earth and sat down in some forgotten nook to enjoy the plunder."

In this first volume he said with truth that "A painter has peculiar advantages over other less fortunate people. His sketch-book is a passport and his white umbrella a flag of truce in all lands under the sun."

When I first knew him he was still immersed in his engineering, and was subject to the old bustling life, though he was yielding more and more to the call of his brush and pen. We became fast friends from the beginning, and had not known each other long when we knew each other well. We took a step which, had we not done so then, could never have been taken later. At the suggestion of the late Major Pond, we went off together on a joint lecture tour. The result was the ripening of a friendship which has been to me one of the rewards of what possibly may be called my literary life. Our lives had been very different—one of us had grown up in an old Virginia life and was



making a living at the bar as a hard-worked lawyer, with literature on the side—the other had been brought up in Baltimore and, after a stern apprenticeship in New York, was making his living in the exacting calling of an engineer. Yet we both had a certain similarity in our past—at least in our traditions, for Hopkinson Smith's family came from the eastern shore of Virginia—and, though reasonably successful in our professions, we were both being drawn from them by the call of the pen.

In Boston, in New York, and in Chicago we spent weeks at a time together, and in the intimacy thus formed I came to know him better than might have been done in years of ordinary association. It was thus that I knew of his early life in Baltimore, in his old home which he has so charmingly described in "Kennedy Square," with his father—inventor, musician, artist, and poet, like "Oliver Horn's" father—and his mother, like "Miss Nancy." The colonial doors with the old darkies polishing the brass knob and washing the glistening steps in the early morning lingered in his memory and are reflected in his books—as is reflected the gracious, charming old-time life that was lived within. I came to know of his early struggles in New Jersey and New York, when he began life, as he said, in the shops with his dinner-pail, like other workmen. His character, energy, and other qualities soon disclosed him as suited to a position in the office, but it was not for long. An act of hardness on the part of one of the partners toward a poor contractor, who for some misfortune found himself unable to meet his engagements and vainly pled to be released, led to the young clerk's throwing up his place. Smith declared the employer's decision to be an indefensible act of harshness, and took up his hat and walked out. After this he worked for himself. He built a railroad in Long Island; built the sea-wall protecting Governor's Island; constructed the foundation and pedestal for the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, and built Race Rock lighthouse, miles out at sea at the mouth of New London harbor. Of all his engineering work, I think he took most pride in this last as his greatest achievement. And justly. The gov-

ernment is a careful and a justly exacting employer. It lays down its rules for precision, and demands full measure. To build a lighthouse on Race Rock, whose name tells the rip of the tide that races about and over it, was a real achievement. The bid for it was a gauge of Smith's courage and self-confidence—and before it was complete he had need for both. It is twenty-odd years since I heard from him the story of that early venture, but it is still fresh with me. And it stands to-day in my memory as a triumph of courage, resourcefulness, and common sense over discouragement and disaster in many forms. Frank Smith always gave the credit for his final success to his Yankee skipper, Captain Tom Scott—whom he has celebrated in "Captain Joe," and in "Caleb West, Master Diver." No better description of the Yankee skipper, tough, sturdy, tender-eyed, and fearless, exists in literature than Hopkinson Smith has given in this portrait of Captain Tom Scott. I passed through New London once with the author, and he was met at the train by "Lonny." His book had just appeared, and he had sent Captain Scott a copy, and he asked Lonny how the captain liked it. "I guess he liked it pretty well," said Lonny, with careful reservation.

But to return to the lighthouse.

First, the foundation of huge stone blocks which he put in would not hold on the slanting rock, and they had to be taken out. And here his versatility and genius came into play. I recall his description of the way he fell on the expedient of Portland cement, and how he went and on an open common chose a bit as nearly like the submerged rock as possible and experimented until he was satisfied. He then went back to the rock and laid down his cement, and when this was done he had a level and substantial base for his stone superstructure. He had hardly got over this difficulty when his stone barge, the *Dolly Varden*, blew up—and with it went all he had in the world and, for the moment, all his hopes. Summoned by a telegram he went to New London. Captain Scott was at the wheel when the *Dolly Varden* blew up, and, as he rightly said, when he saw "the deck a liftin' he cal'lated it was no place for him," and



dived overboard. He met Smith at the train and asked him quietly: "We-all, Mr. Smith, what are we goin' to do now?" Hopkinson Smith used to say it was the look in Captain Scott's eyes when he met him that day that decided his career. He saw in the old skipper's eye the look that has made the American people and recognized that he was simply waiting for him to give the word. So he said: "We are going to build the Race Rock lighthouse, captain."

"All right, sir," said the captain, and the rest was mere detail. When it was finished Race Rock was ready to stand the fury of every storm, and its contractor was equally prepared to meet the buffets of the heaviest seas.

During this professional work the young engineer used to go off and take his recreation painting. I recall an incident which he related at that time as illustrative of another phase of the New England countryman's character. Frank Smith had found an old water-mill with overshot wheel near some piece of his work, and, having ensconced himself in a shady and favorable spot, he proceeded to paint a picture of the mill. His occupation soon drew the attention of the miller, who strolled over and observed him across the fence with growing interest. Finally, on the second day, as his picture grew in resemblance, the miller asked the painter: "What are you going to do with that when it is done?"

"Sell it," said Smith, working at the finishing touches.

After a pause of reflection:

"What do you cal'clate to get for it?"

"Oh! a hundred dollars," said Smith, cheerfully. "Perhaps more."

"A hundred dollars!" gasped the miller.

He walked away to reflect, and presently returned. His manner had somewhat changed.

"Hes you ast anybody's permission to paint that mill?" he asked, leaning over the fence.

"No—I have not," said Smith promptly, whose picture was now about finished.

"Hes anybody ever give you permission to paint it?"

"No," said Smith.

"We-all, you know whose mill it is?"

"No, I do not, but I rather expect it is yours," said the painter.

"It is," said the miller decisively, and then, as the painter made ready to leave:

"We-all, don't you think you ought to divide what you get for that picture with the man who owns the mill?"

"Well, honestly, I don't," said Smith, laughing as he bade him good day, and came away leaving him still hanging over the fence pondering the inequalities of life.

In one of his depredations on himself, on an excursion made into Mexico with his flag, his white umbrella, he had painted a number of genre sketches which he sent to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who had published his work. The firm of publishers declared themselves ready to publish the pictures, but, remembering "Well-Worn Roads," suggested that he should write sketches to accompany them. And forthwith Hopkinson Smith wrote "A White Umbrella in Mexico, and Other Lands," and forthwith became a literary man.

In fact he had always been one, had he but known it. From now on he had a new *métier* added to his stock, and soon, with his abounding industry and zeal, he became a prolific writer. Novels and short stories flowed from his pen in rapid succession, covering the whole field of American life, and including often in his sketches the foreign fields which his experience had covered.

His love of his brush was now growing on him. He had long been used to hunting up picturesque bits in New York City or its environs, and in possibly the most exacting commercial city on the globe he found the choice places and the choice spirits dear to an artist's soul. He was, indeed, a New Yorker of his own rare kind, as Charles Lamb was a Londoner. He loved New York. In one of his sketches ("On the Bronx") he says: "If you live in New York—and really you should not live anywhere else—there are a few buttons a tired man can touch that will revive for him in a moment all the delights of leaf, moss, ripple, and shade of your early memories."

Hopkinson Smith sensed the picturesque found amid or hard by the grinding wheels of exacting life in a city whose god is sometimes asserted to be Mammon, the



god of business; scenes of charm, as his unerring instinct found, amid the toilers in business circles, those who underneath the business crust possessed the souls of poets and the hearts of lovers of mankind. He testified to this in a volume of fine charcoal sketches—a medium he tried successfully in his early artistic career and came back to at the end with increased zest and skill—but this volume was later. In those early days, when he was a member and chronicler of the Tile Club—an institution which numbered among its chosen spirits Abbey and Vedder and Chase, Frank Millet, Alfred Parsons, and others, and which he loved to dwell on—he discovered a little French café, set amid leafy arbors in a wind of the Bronx, with a touch of that which he had been seeking in quaint corners of Europe, and as far removed from the rush and stress of Broadway as if it had been under the vines beside the Seine. He immortalized it in “A Day at Laguerre’s,” one of his early and best sketches.

The Bronx was ever a favorite haunt of his, and he painted it with brush and pen touched with the colors fresh from his heart. Its old gardens “bound with a fence and bursting with flowers,” its “arbors covered with tangled roses and the boats crossing back and forth,” made it to him “as charming in its boat life as an old Holland canal,” “as delightful in its shore life as the Seine,” and “as picturesque and entrancing in its sylvan beauty as the most exquisite of English streams.”

It is said that some of his readers, moved by the charm of the picture he drew of this haunt of peace, went up there one Sunday to find only a miserable stream oozing through a filthy flat, covered with refuse. But it could not have been so when Hopkinson Smith pictured the charm of “the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements.”

It was “Colonel Carter of Cartersville” who introduced him to a wider audience, the audience that steadily grew in numbers and in appreciation of him as long as he lived. Perhaps, indeed, it was “Colonel Carter of Cartersville” which, of all his books, held most strongly his own affection. Some found in it a note approaching too closely to the burlesque

to be altogether pleased with it, particularly in the picturing of Colonel Carter’s intimacy with a drunken neighbor, and in the burlesque stories told in the earlier chapters. As to the burlesque stories, they properly do not belong to the book; but we owe to them the book, and we owe to them Colonel Carter and Miss Nancy and Chad—characters we would not willingly let die.

Was it not Colonel Newcome who said he always travelled with “Don Quixote” and “The Spectator” because he loved to travel in the company of gentlemen? And surely burlesque cannot go farther than in the picture of that fine gentleman with whom, it is charged, “Cervantes laughed Spain’s chivalry away.”

I have understood that the way “Colonel Carter of Cartersville” came to be written was this: Hopkinson Smith was the best raconteur of a formal story I ever heard. I recall that a mutual friend once told me that Hopkinson Smith’s stories had changed the tone of stories told at men’s dinners in New York. I give the account as it was given to me. He had become known as a delightful after-dinner story-teller, and presently his stories made so much impression that one day Gilder of *The Century Magazine* said to him that the stories he told—in the form in which he told them—ought to be preserved, and suggested his writing them for *The Century*. Out of this grew a paper which was styled, at first, something like “The Colonel’s Dinner Table,” the colonel being simply a peg to hang the stories on. But before the paper was finished “the Colonel” had captured the narrator, and out of it came “Colonel Carter of Cartersville,” with “Miss Nancy” and her air of lavender and grace, and all the chivalry and charm of a beautiful picture of the old times in a new setting.

After the success of “Colonel Carter” the engineer became more and more metamorphosed into the writer and painter, and it is an interesting fact that in both fields he used two different forms of expression. Novels and short stories came from his pen in rapid and continuous succession, and water-colors and charcoal sketches were the output of his summer vacation. Amongst other forms of genius is that of labor, and he had the



genius of labor in fullest measure. Also it is notable that he improved in both modes of production with time and experience.

Artists, at first, were inclined to be critical of his facility and his gray paper; but when he steadily deepened his note, and his pictures of Venice not only became extraordinarily popular but were sought by the best galleries, his colleagues grew more respectful. In the Corcoran Gallery in Washington a water-color of Hopkinson Smith's holds its place among the best landscapes in oil, and it is a severe test. And how he worked! It is not too much to say that Hopkinson Smith crowded into a year as much work as a score of men of average industry and success. He used to say that he had spent the early part of his artistic life learning to use his tools. And certainly he handled them with extraordinary skill.

In Venice one summer—his beloved Venice which he loved like a Venetian—I had the pleasure of observing him at his work. With almost furious energy and devotion he would be out early in the morning to get his "effects," of which he used to talk so eloquently—and all day long till the sunset effects died away, and the soft saffron of the lagoons faded to a pallid gray, he worked—with inconceivable enthusiasm and rapidity. Neither rain nor wind made a difference. He simply shifted his place and his paper, and found another composition and rushed ahead. Sometimes on the way a picture would catch his eye, and in a twinkling he had it transferred to his paper. It might be a corner with a *lazzarone* lounging in it—a string of fish-traps drying on the steps of a broken landing—a shaded nook shut in by a half-ruined garden-wall over-run with vines.

One of his sketches which appeals to me most is a charcoal sketch of the Bridge of Sighs, made at dusk. It has in it all the pathos, all the mystery, all the terror, of the tradition of that pathetic, mysterious, terrible passage between life and death.

Now and then the painter took excursions into Holland, Normandy, Turkey, or England—and the most picturesque streets of Constantinople, Dordrecht, and London got transferred to his album. In

his supremacy over rain and slop, he early found the values in cloudy skies and wet pavements, with their rich reflections and opalescent lights, and among his latest work is some of his best, consisting of charcoal illustrations for his Thackeray and Dickens books, of which more anon.

The accident of weather or surroundings made, indeed, little difference to him. Some artists and authors are so nervous, or have their faculties so little under control, that to create they must have everything precisely harmonized. Of this Hopkinson Smith knew nothing. Had he known of it he would have despised it. He had the power of complete abstraction. He could withdraw himself within impalpable walls and compose in a crowded railway-carriage, or on a boat, as he could paint ensconced in the angle of a Venetian piazza surrounded by a chattering throng of curious *lazzaroni*, or seated in a London taxicab between the downpour of London showers.

His versatility found often as much expression in extricating himself from difficulties as in transferring the pictures to paper. He has described such an episode in his sketch, "The Good Grey Nun," where, to complete a picture of Venetian fishing-boats before the turn of the tide, which would bear them away, he rented a sail and rigged it up as an awning in the door of a church, to the scandalization of the monastery authorities. But there are many bits of personal experience in his books, exemplifying the truth that there is no difficulty which good manners and a cool bearing will not help one through.

Genius has sundry forms, and one definition of it is the "infinite capacity for taking pains." Without denying him any other forms, judged by this standard, Hopkinson Smith had certainly this genius of infinite pains. No piece of work ever left his easel or his desk until he had expended on it every care to make it as perfect as he was capable of. I have heard him say that he had written a page over more than twenty times. I have known him run through a score of books to get the exact balance of a character.

To the coming generation Frank Hopkinson Smith will be known only through his books and water-colors, and perhaps through a tradition of his extraordinary



versatility. But to the generation that knew him, it was the man himself that was the most remarkable factor in that remarkable composition of diverse or complementary endowments. However remarkable were these, the author was yet more extraordinary: strong, forceful, energetic, breezy, cheery, kindly, his force and breeziness and cheer pervaded every spot which knew his presence. He came into every company like a rush of wholesome wind, driving away the stagnation and torpor, and stirring every one into life and cheeriness. And he was the very soul of kindness. No man in all my acquaintance was so free from criticalness and so far removed from cynicism. No man ever said fewer harsh things of others—because no man thought fewer harsh things of his acquaintances. Many men suffer from the unhappy faculty of seeing clearly the evil about them—the marks which mar the comeliness of that they love. I have heard a story of Emerson paying a visit one summer morning to Carlyle at Chelsea, and discanting on the beauty of the Thames with the morning sun lighting up the tide, and of Carlyle's gibe, "And did you see the dead cats, too?" to which Emerson replied: "No, Thomas, I did not see them."

It was Hopkinson Smith's happiness that he saw only the beauties without the repulsion. In his friends he saw only the virtues—and even in his enemies, if he had such, if he saw them he did not talk of them. He simply turned those canvases to the wall and pointed out the charms of those he liked. His reward was that he had a multitude of friends, and if he had enemies and they gave him half a chance he would make them friends.

I recall that, in the early part of his artistic career, a certain critic was always critical and often caustic in the notices of his work. Years afterward, when the critic no longer held the pen and the critic's chair, the son of the critic was ill and far from home, and it was Hopkinson Smith who went first and tendered his sympathy.

Another incident illustrative of his kindness and generosity recurs to me. He used to go at times and help in entertaining in an East Side club, and on one occasion he told a story in the Devonshire

dialect, with an apology to any Devon men who might be present for his failure to reproduce the dialect better. At the close of the meeting a young man dressed like a workman but of appearance and manners that betokened a better condition in the past, came up to him and said he was from Devonshire and knew the dialect well.

"What are you doing here in this garb?" asked Smith.

The explanation given was that he was the son of a clergyman, and after leaving college he had been dissipated for a time and had then pulled himself up and come to America to make his way, and was glad to get a start. Struck by the young fellow's frankness, Smith said: "I can do better for you than that. I have a place for just such a man as you, and I think you will suit me. I want a foreman and time-keeper for a piece of work I am doing. But you must be dressed like a gentleman. Come to my house to-morrow at such an hour. You are just about my height, and I can fit you out."

The young man came at the appointed hour, and Smith fitted him out, as he said in telling me the story, "even to a scarf-pin in his necktie." And, what was more, after a little he invited him to his house as a friend. A short time afterward, however, when he came home one evening his wife expressed surprise, as an hour or two before the young man, his foreman, had come and reported that Mr. Smith was called off suddenly to New London, and wished her to pack and send him his large valise, as he might be gone several days. "And," said Hopkinson Smith, "do you know, he had, while waiting for my clothes and toilet articles, stolen the silver trinkets and picture-frames from the drawing-room table." He has used the incident in one of his stories, and unconsciously has drawn a good portrait of himself in the character of one of his friends, for whose passage in the streets the beggars had signs and watchwords.

But this experience did not appear to have any effect in dimming his unconquerable friendliness and optimism. This is, indeed, the dominant note in his books. They shine on every page and speak in every line. From "Colonel Carter," with his inexhaustible wealth and hospitality,



to "Felix O'Day"—whose happy name is all that I know of it—the stream of genial good fellowship runs through all his work. As he found picturesque bits for his pencil everywhere, so he caught the ray of sunlight in every field of endeavor, or created it with his touch of universal sympathy. The titles of many of his books bespeak it. "The Under Dog," "The Arm-Chair at the Inn," "The Wood Fire in Number 3," are examples at once of his sympathy and his gift for friendship. It was ever the "under dog" that appealed to him. But if not in the title it was ever in the books, covering the wide field of his varied experience. The reader in the next generation who wishes to get a bird's-eye view of American life, at least on the Atlantic seaboard in our time, will find it in the works of F. Hopkinson Smith. They cover a broad gamut. The decayed gentleman and gentlewoman, the old black mammy, the fisherman and seafaring men of New England's rock-bound coast, life-saving crews of the Jersey shore, the travelling salesman, the metropolitan and cosmopolitan clubman, the nomad at home in all capitals and in all countries—are all drawn with broad, swift, sure lines, and drawn to the life with complete sympathy and knowledge. It was, perhaps, in his sketches of Southern life that he drew his characters with most tenderness. However clear and sympathetic his drawing of others might be—and he had a fellow-feeling with the whole world—in these his touch had an added softness, a deeper sympathy.

It is characteristic of him that when he wrote of women he was always at his best—and, whereas in every line he ever penned the reader is conscious that it was written by a man and a gentleman, wherever he pictures a woman he is conscious that he writes from his heart.

Thus, for example, of Miss Nancy Carter: "When she moved she wafted toward you a perfume of sweet lavender—the very smell that you remember came from your mother's old-fashioned bureau drawer, when she let you stand on tiptoe to see her pretty things."

Often the painter is seen in his stories, and one is conscious that he has a picture drawn for him with the pen. It was hard for him not to draw pictures, and there is

scarcely a chapter in his work which does not present some charming picture. His stories are filled with these sketches, giving the very atmosphere of his favorite haunts.

As a raconteur he had no superior, and in telling orally a constructed story he was without an equal. A capital mimic, when given the nucleus in some simple, single humorous fact, he could build up a story which, like that of "Ould Grouse in the gun-room," could not be withstood, however often he might be called on to tell it. He naturally became the leader of men's club entertainments, and his fun was an inspiration to all his company; his cheery laugh and jovial spirits were contagious. He has preserved several choice groups of friends in his collection of stories—each touched off with special marks that to the initiated give them the merit of portraits, and, should the key be known, the future reader will find in Frank Smith's "open-fire" and "arm-chair" stories a gallery of the New York artists and literati of his time, drawn to the life.

His own estimate of his work was ever a matter of personal interest to me. He had an artist's appreciation, but without vanity or conceit, and a sincere compliment to his writings delighted him.

His method of literary work betokened the artist. He wrote somewhat as he painted. Having got his subject he blocked out his story somewhat as a playwright does a scenario. He would—at least sometimes—list his chapters under headings and then fill them in, but he filled them in to the life. His style was remarkably clear and picturesque, and no labor was too great for him to perfect a piece of work, whether large or small.

He became one of the most popular lecturers in America, and possibly no man of his time reached more hearts or touched them with a higher courage than Hopkinson Smith. He had a way of taking them into his confidence at the start. His delight was to lecture before audiences of young men, or of art-students, and on art subjects he was possibly the most sympathetic and attractive lecturer on the platform in his later years. His name always sufficed to fill any hall, and he spoke with a spirit and a sympathy which they understood. Their appreciation was



ever one of his most cherished rewards, and, when after his lecture his audience often crowded about him, his friendliness and cordial fellowship left in many a heart a new courage and a fresh feeling of nearness to one rich in honors and richer in human kindness.

An hour before I heard of his death, or even knew of his being ill, I found beside my breakfast plate a letter from him, from which I give certain passages, because they speak so clearly the man, in the fulness of his spirit, his heart, and his strength. The volume he speaks of had already arrived days before, but the letter had been delayed in transmission:

"MY DEAR MARSE TOM:

"I am sending you the 'Dickens' book, so that you may have both publications. Scribner published this, and I think it is in every way a better piece of work than the Thackeray. The de luxe edition, fifty copies . . . is really superb—the best piece of book-making I have ever seen done by any one. . . .

"Everything has gone on about as usual—everything except the spending of money. Nobody does that. The entertainment in New York is cut down one-half, if not two-thirds. . . . We are not so much concerned about our present small hoard as we are that by next year there will be nothing left.

"B—— told me the other day that you were going to write some articles on earthquakes. If I were over there, I would make the drawings for you.

"But for the war I should have been in Rome in October, and finished my cathedral series in charcoal with St. Peter's. Then I was going to make a 'B'-line for Spain and do Burgos. As it turned out, I only did London and Paris, with one or two drawings of Chartres, and the work is half-finished. What we are going to do next summer I do not know. That's a thing no fellow can find out. I am not going to stay here unless I am compelled to. I could get to Gibraltar and keep on to Barcelona by one of the Italian lines, unless Italy gets into the mess, and I could go up into northern Spain and drop down into Toledo and Seville in September. I have not painted in Spain for a good many years, and I would like to do some of the

interiors of the Spanish cathedrals in black and white. . . ."

Then, after a page or two of family matters and on politics, he proceeds:

"'Felix O'Day,' my last novel, is running through the magazine, and I am now correcting the galley-proofs for publication by Scribner in the fall. I am starting a new one—also of New York life. I have got it blocked out, and I think I am going to have more or less fun with it.

"As for pictures, they are moving through the country. They opened at Knoedler's in December, and are now in the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts, and in Cincinnati. I send you some catalogues.

"In looking over my old files of letters, this programme came to light. Doesn't that carry you back, old man?

"My dear love to F. and everybody.

"Your old friend,

"F. HOPKINSON SMITH."

An hour after I received this letter with its message of "love to everybody," a telegram was handed to me saying he had passed away.

Frank Hopkinson Smith had gone in the plenitude of his power. His death leaves desolate the charming home where his heart had rest.

With sympathy unmeasured and unending for those nearest to him, to whom his presence was so infinitely necessary, I cannot, with his books beside me, realize that he has passed away. In them, as in the letter from which I have quoted, breathes the spirit of unquenched and unquenchable youth. To him labor was a joy; the whole world a field for achievement, and time an occasion for the exercise of faculties ever fresh and abounding.

The two books first mentioned in this letter, like the letter itself, though among the author's last works, breathe this spirit, and in all his work he did nothing better with pen or with pencil.

If it were possible to any one whose generous soul never cherished a moment's envy of another, one might well envy the writer and artist who could follow, eye to eye and heart to heart, Thackeray and Dickens through London, and, with the enriched appreciation of both artist and



literary man, not only for himself enjoy the charming associations but interpret them for others in terms of twin arts informed with a double sympathy.

In his last beautiful book printed before his death, "In Dickens's London," he has given glimpses at once of his appreciation of the master he loved and of his own art with pen and crayon. The book is, as the author is careful to say to his reader, "in all humility, not another book about Mr. Dickens, with illustrations by the author, but a book of illustrations with some explanatory extracts from the master's text, padded with some experiences of his own." And yet Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Bob Sawyer and Tom Pinch, Little Dorrit and Lizzie Hexam, Peggotty and David Copperfield, and others move once more before us in the very spots in which the master's pen placed them. And it is all so natural and real and tender withal. The reader feels that in "this labor of love," the author is simply, as he says, "discharging something of the obligation he felt he had always owed for the pleasure Dickens had given him."

The volume begins, of course, as it should, with "Sam" and the chambermaid at the "White Hart" inn. And we are taken from place to place, from hallowed spot to hallowed spot, in Dickens's London, by a friend who knew just what to point out and picture for us; just what to say and what to leave unsaid, so that we might feel as he did, that we too had been with Dickens and felt the spirit of the places he immortalized.

Among his varied accomplishments as artist, engineer, author, lecturer, was one which always recurs to me when I think of him. He was withal a fine gentleman. And I think of him as a sort of trumpet-call for cleanness, good manners, and fundamental kindness. He wrote them in his books and he lived them in his life. And when Hopkinson Smith died New York lost not only her most versatile and accomplished man of letters, but one who was not exceeded by any other among her

millions of inhabitants as a force for clean living, good breeding, and simple kindness.

Thackeray, in an essay on Macaulay and Washington Irving—who had just died very close together—begins his paper by recalling how Sir Walter Scott, on his death-bed, taking leave of his son-in-law Lockhart, himself a literary man of note, said simply: "Be a good man, my dear." To the two great literary men who had just passed away, the greatest of the writers of that day applied as the highest praise he could bestow on them his testimony that they had met fully the measure which the greatest English writer of the generation before had set as the crown of all accomplishment. And in closing this brief sketch of one whose many talents I have touched on, and among whose latest work was a study of Thackeray in London, I desire to link his name with those whom Thackeray celebrated, as one who like them was a good man.

No one is better aware than the writer how inadequate this brief sketch is to convey even the slightest impression of one whose activities were as excellent in their production as they were varied in their direction. To do even slender justice to one so versatile, so sturdy in his apprehension and promotion of the best in American life, would require a full biography. But as I have recalled the man and his work, and in refreshing my memory have dipped again into his books with their limpid and picturesque style, I have found a new refreshment in his clean, clear, sunny, healthy reflection of American life. Yet even so, as breezy and as true to nature as are his stories, they have for me an added charm from the reflection that I find in them of the man himself. In every page I have felt the brave, high-hearted spirit of one who, cosmopolitan in his habits and akin by human sympathy with all the world, was absolutely American in his ideals, and exemplified in himself as he pictures in his books the light and cheer, the courage and purity, and the breadth and power, of American life.

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# "AS LONG AS YO'S SINGLE DERE'S HOPE"

By Una Hunt

Author of "Una Mary"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



I was really true, as Hallie often said, she did not care for men; she only cared to have them care for her, otherwise they were as alike to her as on the day when she left it to the Lord to decide whom she was to marry—the Lord having apparently failed her on that occasion, or at least to have shown but a limited acquaintance with male human nature, "end Him er man Hissef!" Hallie had ever since then quite frankly looked out for the main chance, and theoretically stood ready to marry the highest bidder, although in every case so far she had backed out at the last moment without becoming definitely engaged. Apparently she was absolutely passionless, and her genuine indifference was a large part of her charm; she was as serene and remote in spirit as the moon, a moon floating upon earth within most tantalizing reach.

Each young negro who presented himself, scented, polished, and pressed, with choker collar, irreproachable cane, and a flower in his buttonhole, felt at once, as soon as he met her, the lack of response to his heretofore irresistible attractions. At first irritated, then piqued, he was soon fascinated into making the most unprecedented efforts to impress her.

Ellen Gray, the young daughter of the house, who was Hallie's confidante in all her love-affairs, used often to watch the whole process of the subjection of some new victim as she pressed out the seams in her sewing down in the kitchen. She made her own shirt-waists and many of her other clothes—they all did on Phipps Place. As Mrs. Gilliard, their Southern neighbor, said, "a gentlewoman always knows how to handle her needle," so the families in the block exchanged patterns and pinned and draped on each other in a most businesslike manner, their skill suc-

ceeding in disguising their economy in a manner worthy of Cranford, for most of them would have had very few clothes, indeed, if they had not made them themselves.

Hallie was devoted to Ellen, and loved nothing better than to show off an admirer before her, and Ellen would not have missed it for worlds—have missed seeing them at their flamboyant courting.

No tropical bird, puffing out the gayly colored air-sac in his throat, could have been more obvious in his efforts to attract the female or more proudly conscious than these resplendent males preening themselves before the indifferent and severely dressed Hallie. When dressed in her best she was superb in her gorgeousness, but in the house, when she was at work, her invariable costume was a calico shirt-waist and skirt belted by the apron tied around her waist. Her hair for every day was done up as she felt self-respect demanded, in regular pickaninny pigtailed flat to her head by a broad red ribbon; that is, the ribbon was red until Ellen reached the age when fashion was imperative and wore black ones instead, and, as Hallie's ribbons were her discarded ones, she became correspondingly subdued. Hallie never deigned to dress up for any one who came to the house to see her; they must take her as they found her.

As she kept serenely on about her business, cooking or washing dishes, she would never exert herself to do more than fling a careless word over her shoulder now and then to her perspiring caller, a word flung as one would throw a morsel of food to a dog that sits by and watches with watering mouth. She spoke out of mere humanity and without the slightest personal interest in the recipient, except when she was angry; then she could become personal with most unerring accuracy. Whether uttered in anger or in indifference, her



words were gathered up with fawning eagerness, and in the final stages of their subjection all of Hallie's lovers wilted and cringed, for sneers and sniffs formed the larger part of what she said to them.

Laziness she scorned with a vehemence certainly rare in her race, due, perhaps, to her having a trace of Indian blood, and she considered the entire negro male sex to be "ez lazy ez er ground-hog in de winter-time," or, if they were not hopelessly lazy, they were, what was even worse, "lak er no-sense peacock in de zoo er stompin end er screechin' wid conceit while he's er spreadin' out his tail." There was one gilded youth in particular who belonged to the peacock class, Charles Romeo, or C. Romeo, as he usually signed himself, who suffered deeply but patiently at her hands. She was always particularly disagreeable to him if Ellen happened to be in the kitchen. Ellen heard Hallie's insults at their worst, for she could not resist the temptation to show off her power before her—it was Hallie's way of spreading her tail.

Each time C. Romeo arrived, an immaculate gleam of teeth, shirt-bosom, and five-inch expanses of cuff, she would look him over without a word, her arms akimbo, in perfect silence look him up and then down, from his head, slicked with "Anti-Kink," to his patent-leather toes—his boots had pale yellow kid tops with very large black buttons, and you may judge from that how really magnificent was the get-up of C. Romeo. Slowly all the bombast wilted out of him under her withering gaze, until he stood before her an abject, knock-kneed object grinning like a conciliatory dog. Then she would launch forth:

"Yo think yo is terrible gran', yo Romeo, a-struttin' roun' de streets smokin' cegars"—one always showed above the triangle of pink or lavender handkerchief which hung from the edge of his breast pocket—"while yo ma wuks her fingers to de bone takin' in washin'. Yo too no 'count eben ter carry home de clos, end after she done support yo, yo mek her kill hersef a-doin' up yo shirt-fronts! I ain't gwine hab yo a-sittin' roun' my kitchen, yo trashy, no-'count loafer yo; jes tak yo coat off, end dem collars end cuffs, end go out in de yard end cut de grass; when yo

done finish dat, mebbly I gwine speak to yo."

Romeo would do as he was told, and for the next hour the click of the lawn-mower would be the predominant sound, quickened each time it began to grow languid in tone by a remark from the kitchen: "Yo is de slowest ez well ez de laziest nigger I eber seen. I spec you ain't got no blood inside yo, but is all fill up wid air lak er balloon, so's yo can't do nothin' but bounce erlong end strut."

She always put her lovers to work, and sternly refused to allow Mrs. Gray to pay them for the many odd jobs which they performed for her, although it finally reached the point where the grass was kept cut, the flower-bed weeded, and the windows washed. The windows were done by a neighboring butler, John Dempsey, and nothing Mrs. Gray or his own mistress said to him could deter him from washing them on his day off. To every remonstrance he would stubbornly reply: "Miss Hallie don tol me dey needed washin'." The floors were waxed as if by magic; the rugs were beaten by the grocer's boy; and if the Grays themselves ordered some one to come and do the work, Hallie either contrived not to hear the bell, and he was never let in, or, if he did get beyond the door, she always invented some pretext to get rid of him. She told one man that there was smallpox in the house, and when the family found that she was ready to go to such lengths they gave up, vanquished. She would face Mrs. Gray grandly when she was taken to task for one of these evasions and say: "Yo can't afford ter be throwin' money away, Miss Gray, end I can't afford ter waste time havin' dat trash hangin' roun', so de only thing ter do is ter set dem ter wuk, end yo all's wuk am de onliest wuk in dis house, cos, mam"—in a tone of withering sarcasm—"I kin sen dem in ter cut de Gilliards' grass."

At last they simply resigned themselves to the inevitable, and Hallie ran the work of the house as she saw fit. Mrs. Gray was an invalid, and it was easy to drift with such capable hands at the helm. The only prerogative she officially kept was ordering the meals, and it was purely official. Ellen did the marketing, but she could not control even that, for various



dainties she had never ordered would appear on the table, all tributes from the marketmen to Hallie, but which she would never have dreamed of keeping for herself. Once Ellen had the horror of hearing her say to the butcher's boy: "Ef yo see any sweetbreads layin' roun', Mr. Gray he certainly am partial ter sweetbreads!" Even the butcher himself, when the Grays remonstrated and urged him to pay no attention to these requests, only laughed and said: "I'd lose Sam if I didn't send presents to Hallie; all the boys in the market are running after her."

Flowers would appear on the dining-table and plants on the window-sill, expressions of regard from a rising young colored florist, and he was so clever that he sent them, not to Hallie, but to Ellen direct. The boxes would arrive—left by himself at the basement door, but never on those occasions asked in by Hallie; etiquette demanded that he should be treated as an unknown delivery boy—and they were always addressed: "To Miss Ellen, with the Compliments of the Firm." It was a bit of finesse and grandeur—the word "Firm" was very taking—which almost won him Hallie as a bride. On Ellen's graduation from school he sent her a box of pink orchids—as Hallie said, "Eben de millionairers ain't only sont yo American beauty roses and common sweet peas"—and on the strength of them she almost accepted him at once, especially as they were tied with a large yellow bow, "end he knowed hit were my favrit color." But she declined him because the orchids faded the next day, and she perhaps rightly accused him of working off his left-overs on the Grays, and the best was none too good for her "fambly."

One reason why Hallie was so pleased whenever her admirers did anything for the Grays, especially when they sent something to Ellen, was that then she pitied her less. Besides being worried at the discrepancy in numbers of those who were respectively attentive to Ellen and to herself, it troubled her even more that Ellen's friends, among young men, never gave her presents, except for a paltry book or bunch of violets now and then, while all of her "gentlemin frens" gave her presents, many and varied in kind, and were really rated by Hallie according to the value

of their offerings. Sometimes the values were purely social, as when one man gave her a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which it was then felt gave the final touch to colored elegance; but more often they were of a substantial character, and ranged in kind from sweetbreads and early vegetables to a parlor organ, which stood in a corner of the kitchen beside the set-tubs, and four large crayon portraits, of Hallie herself, her father, her mother, and, largest of all, the head of John Dempsey, the suitor who had presented them. They were all done by the "Negro Capital Portrait Company," and were framed in deep gold frames faced with red plush. These hung on the four walls of the kitchen, making that apartment quite the most impressive in the whole house. The frames positively glittered and almost, but not quite, outshone the organ, which was not just an ordinary organ but had four sets of brackets projecting from the top, on which stood gilt and striped blue and red glass vases, and at the sides there were very elaborate handles which Hallie used for towel-racks—they were certainly the shape of towel-racks.

Hallie could not play a note when the organ was first presented to her. It was a gift from Brer Wilson, her pastor for the moment. But with some money a visitor gave her she began to take music lessons. She had not cared to play until after she joined the New Thought Church, where there was a young lady organist who sat up on a platform facing the congregation, her hands "workin' lak leaves blowin' in er thunder-storm," which so filled Hallie with the wish to emulate that she spent this money on lessons, and asked Ellen the next time she wrote to the friend who had tipped her to "tell Miss Fanny I's takin' lessons wid de money she done give me end is ez fur ez playin' 'Lucy Locket' wid all my hands and feet." Mr. Perkins, a young man who often came to see Ellen, used always to go down to the kitchen during his call in order to play on the organ, which pleased Hallie immensely, and gave him an excuse to talk to her in her own surroundings, for both Hallie and her kitchen were certainly unique.

In return for all that she and her admirers did for the Grays, Hallie felt that she was entitled to certain perquisites,



among which were Ellen's cast-off clothes. She wore them for every day—she would have scorned them for best—and it was quite a condescension her wearing them at all, for Ellen's clothes were a real trial to Hallie. "Only de Lord kin mek yo

had a white muslin dress with a very open-work lace yoke, and of it Hallie said: "Yo neck don't set off dat lace no mo dan ef er white flower wuz ter hev white leaves; yo mus wear er blue slip under hit ter spot out de pattern lak my color does." Hallie



"Jes tak yo coat off, end dem collars end cuffs, end go out in de yard end cut de grass."—Page 315.

handsom, end he solly am partial to some end seem lak he forgits erbout de udders; but de stores kin mek eberybody stylish," a fact which, to Hallie's mind, Ellen seemed quite to overlook, and when she did buy the sort of clothes which were quite satisfactory she managed to wear them in such a way as to lose all their advantages. "If yo wuz dressed in plush, Miss Ellen, yo'd step out lak hit wuz calico." Another trial was Ellen's lack of appreciation of the possibilities of lace. She

could do full justice to white lace, and wore Ellen's old clothes with such an air that even calico gave the impression of plush.

Occasionally she did not wait for the formality of having them presented, but helped herself to some little thing which took her fancy. She would wear it quite openly, and when taxed with having taken it would say, "Au, Miss Ellen, I got so tired seein' yo wear dat eroun' dat I jest hat ter tek hit erway so yo couldn't find



She always put her lovers to work.—Page 315.

hit," or else it would be some such excuse as: "Dat misable, wore-out ole thing! I thought yo forgit erbout throwin' hit erway!" Once a year she sent home a barrel of articles she had collected for her family, some of them presents she had bought, others things which the Grays had supposedly cast off; but for fear things which they had not cast off might be among them, Mrs. Gray always insisted upon having it unpacked under her own eyes before it was sent away, and often rescued very unexpected belongings. For three years in succession she got back

their copy of "Uncle Remus," and the last time it emerged Hallie exclaimed in a tone of surprise: "I declar ter gracious dat book mus got de laigs ob er centerpede de way hit jes creep inter de barrl." There was never the least hard feeling on either side about these rescues. Hallie never felt that she was stealing; she was merely sharing the Grays' belongings as she would gladly have shared anything she owned with them. To her it was merely an extension of sharing their house and food.

Once she went to Mrs. Gray in great distress because her brother, who lived





The rugs were beaten by the grocer's boy.—Page 315.

down in Georgia, was out of work and starving. Of course, the whole family felt that something must be done for him at once. Mr. Gray sacrificed clothes which he really needed himself, and they not only got together a box of food and clothing, but Ellen made some candy and had a little sale for his benefit, at which she realized ten dollars, which was sent down by money-order, and with a delighted feeling of virtue she waited for his letter of thanks. In the course of a few days it arrived. His gratitude was profuse; they had saved his life with the food

and clothes, and with the money Miss Ellen had sent he had been able to buy himself a complete set of pink silk underwear, something, Hallie assured her, which he had wanted all his life.

Her devotion to her family was in striking contrast to her indifference to her admirers. She would have died for this brother, and never seemed to feel that he belonged to the despised male sex, and finally, just to oblige him, she even went so far as to become engaged for a brief period to one of his friends whom she had met down in the country during the sum-

mer. When she came back to town this man began to write letters to her, letters worthy of deep respect because, instead of being the mere outpourings of his own heart, they had that dignity of form and diction only to be found in a "Complete Letter-Writer," price twenty-five cents. Ellen knew the price because she bought one for Hallie and gave it to her so that she might write answers worthy of such originals. She finally became engaged, partly for the sake of her brother, but mainly from a feeling for sequence; she felt that she must write the acceptance letter because it came in her book directly after the proposal; the refusal came later as a mere second choice, like an "allowed pronunciation"—a thing very few of us have the strength of mind to deliberately choose in place of the "preferred."

Mrs. Gray, when things reached this stage, felt it her duty to have a serious talk with Hallie, and told her that it was not fair to keep John Dempsey in suspense any longer. For years he had been her "steady" and had stood unmoved as a rock in the ever-fluctuating stream of her lovers. Now she must tell him that it was useless for him to keep on courting her any longer as she was really engaged to be married to some one else. Hallie promised to tell him, and did so with great solemnity when he came to call that evening. Though he was cut to the quick by the news, John only shook his head and announced obstinately that he should keep on calling just the same, ending with the certainly just remark: "As long as yo's single, Miss Hallie, dere's hope." So he kept on, just the same, spending his evenings in the Grays' kitchen and continued to hope.

One evening Mrs. Gray gave a whist party for ladies. They were to arrive at eight and play until ten o'clock, when their husbands were to join them for supper. Of course, in a limited household this meant a great effort and bustle of preparation, especially as old Jane, who usually came in from Shanty Town to help when the Grays had company, was taken ill and at the last moment could not come. On the very stroke of eight the door-bell rang, and Ellen heard the familiar voice of John saying to the first arrival: "De cloak-room am de second story back, mam."

She was surprised, but supposed that her mother must have engaged him to come and help for the evening, so she said nothing about it to John when later he came to her and asked for a tray on which he could put the bowl of punch he had just made for the ladies to drink between their games of cards. She thought, of course, that her mother had also ordered the punch, and gave him all the adjuncts he asked for, as he audibly arranged it in the pantry, saying to himself: "Fust, I folds er napkin twell hit jest fit de tray, den I places de bowl in de centre wid de ladle handle ahookin' itself over de aige end de glasses sittin' all roun', end I hez er small tray fer to pass on to de ladies." It sounded like a demonstration in waiting, and that Ellen found was what it really was. He was giving it for the benefit of Hallie, who stood by deeply impressed. A little later, when he took the tray up to the study where the whist party was going on, all of their friends were also impressed, for his style was positively awe-inspiring even if his gloves were merely white cotton—he had apologized profusely to Ellen for the fact. Mrs. Gray, upon whom he burst for the first time, was most impressed of all, but, after her first gasp of amazement, supposed that Ellen must have sent for him in some crisis down-stairs of which she knew nothing, and the punch, which she had not ordered, could only be taken unquestioned. The ingredients, they later discovered, came from Justice Davis's cellar!

While John was in the study Ellen was in the dining-room superintending Hallie as she set the table, for she was too temperamental to do it alone; one could never be sure to what flights she might not rise under the stimulus of having company. Once she had served ice-cream in bouillon cups because "dey is sech pretty roses painted on de sides." When John came down-stairs he swept them both aside with "Dis am my business, Miss Ellen." He had been trained by a former butler at the White House and later had been a waiter in a restaurant, so not a flourish was omitted, though Ellen could have dispensed with several of the extra touches, especially the folding of the napkins in shapes like the saltcellars and cocked hats which children make out of paper at kin-



dergarten. He made a different shape to go beside each plate and stuck scarlet geranium flowers through the slices of bread. The effect was gay but certainly new, and gave such evident satisfaction to

waiting to be fed, and for a moment Ellen had an impression of hopeless confusion, but John pervaded the place, bland and silent, passing plates with incredible swiftness and no air of haste, and presently,



Mr. Perkins, a young man who often came to see Ellen, used always to go down to the kitchen to play on the organ.—Page 316.

himself and to Hallie that Ellen had not the heart to remonstrate.

At ten o'clock the husbands of the whist players arrived, and as they came in John took charge of their coats and hats with that inimitable paternal manner known only to the old family retainer. John might have butlered for the Grays from his early youth.

When the ladies came down-stairs Mrs. Gray signalled to Ellen with raised eyebrows and a glance in the direction of John, to which Ellen could only respond with the same question in her own eyes, as there was no chance then for a word between them. There seemed to be a great many people in the small dining-room

when every one was served, Ellen heard his voice, keyed to a confidential pitch, from behind the lamp in the corner where she had been pouring coffee: "Shell I bring yo de chicken salad or er patty, Miss Ellen; de salad 'pears ter be de mos poplar." He had done all the waiting on people entirely by himself, having relegated Hallie to the pantry, where she looked on with that peculiar, almost sullen expression of concentration which is characteristic of colored people on state occasions.

With the departure of the last guest Mrs. Gray and Ellen turned simultaneously and asked each other the same question: "Did you send for John?" They

were answered by John himself, who stepped forward with a deep bow and said: "Scuse me, ladies, fer de liberty I done took, dey ain't nobody order me; I done

as ability always filled her with unbounded admiration.

She had not seen the man in the country since they had become engaged, and



"I declar ter gracious dat book mus got de laigs ob er centerpede de way hit jes creep inter de barrl."—Page 318.

come 'cause Miss Hallie she say 'cause I's er butler end er coachman bofe she believe I's er no-'count butler, so I come fer ter show er I kin run er party real stylish. I hear yo all is er goin' ter hev er dinner-party Monday night, end I lak ter come end 'lustrate how er dinner orter be served. Effen yo please, Miss Gray, be so kind ez ter hev yo dinner at eight stid er seben thirty so's I kin git here after my fambly done finish at table." They did not change the hour for dinner, so Hallie was deprived of that opportunity of seeing John resplendently capable, but the way in which he had managed the party had made a tremendous impression upon her,

he, now that he felt sure of Hallie, had stopped writing letters out of a "letter-writer," and his personal effusions proving very dull in comparison, "jes er slobberin' kin ob love trash," she had begun to think that perhaps, after all, she had made a mistake, and wondered after the party if she might not marry John instead. As a possible first step she decided, at any rate, to break off the engagement, and wrote and despatched the refusal letter from the "Letter-Writer" with the same quality of satisfaction which she felt when she finished the ironing on a Tuesday. Of course, he "carried on" through several mails, to Hallie's obvious pride, and



then vanished into oblivion. Meanwhile, the status of John hung in suspense until Christmas.

At Christmas John rose to a height which eclipsed even Hallie for intuition. He gave her, as a Christmas present, his will, duly drawn up by a white lawyer—Justice Davis had done it for him—and elaborately stamped and sealed with two seals, one red and one blue, with most convincingly legal-looking ends of ribbon hanging down from them. In it he

willed and bequeathed to Miss Hallelujah Johnson "all my worldly goods and chattels, and all that pertain thereto." John himself was all that the Grays could think of that might "pertain thereto," but Hallie took it all without question and was absolutely overcome, not by John's generosity but by the legal solemnity of the document.

That very day she promised to marry him, and John, determined to make sure of her, got the license at once.



Willed and bequeathed to Miss Hallelujah Johnson "all my worldly goods and chattels, and all that pertain thereto."

The Grays as a family made no move to find some one to take Hallie's place, feeling, from past experience, much as John himself had felt, as long as Hallie was single there was hope. This time, however, she seemed to feel no desire to back out—the magic of that will was too strong—and on New Year's Day they were actually married. Hallie had a white satin dress which she had owned for several years but had never worn. She got it originally because it gave her a comfortable feeling to know that in case she died suddenly it was there in her bureau drawer, ready to dress her for her burial—a wise precaution, she now felt, for it was all ready to put on for her wedding. She was magnificent as she stood up beside John in the minister's parlor to be married, with a bouquet of artificial orange-blossoms and a trailing veil, hired for the occasion; and John looked almost worthy of the Supreme Court himself, in a cast-off frock coat of Justice Davis's.

The Grays' neighbor, Mr. Hyde, minister of the New Thought Church, officiated. Hallie refused to be married by the colored minister to whose church she went. She said: "I's gwine hab er white man dis time so's not slip up lak I done dat fust time I mos got married.

Er white minister ain't gwine put no hoo-doo on me, end Mr. Hyde he always lak de way I fry cakes." So by Mr. Hyde she was married. The Grays were all there, of course, with Justice and Mrs. Davis, and the Hyde family came in, so altogether it was a most stylish occasion, "wid no black trash er hangin' round ter eat up de cake."

Ellen, who is now married to Mr. Perkins and lives in Boston, sees Hallie each time she goes down to Washington. One of Hallie's children is named for her, in the hope, as its mother wrote Ellen, that it might grow up just like her, "de lubliest young lady wid de mos beautiful hair." Mrs. Perkins is decidedly blonde! The last time she saw her she asked how they were getting along, and Hallie said they were all doing nicely, "ceptin' fer de house. I feels lak we got ter move; der's er coffin factory on one side end er billiard-room on de oder side, end all day dey keeps er nailin' end er hammerin' on de coffins, end all night dey keeps er clickin' at de billiard-balls lak dey wuz er nailin' coffins fer dey souls; but John he say we better stay dere, fer ef we does de chillons, wid de nailin' ob de coffins end de clickin' ob de balls, is boun' ter grow up in de fear ob de Lord end de Debbil."

To Hallie John's word is law!

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## THE SECRET

By C. A. Price

"THE love of God! *The love of God!*" I said,—  
 And at the words through all my being went  
 A sudden shudder of light; the firmament  
 Not otherwise seems riven by the red  
 Jagg'd lightning-flash that quivers overhead  
 When for an instant heaven and earth are blent.  
 So for a dazzling space my heart was rent,  
 And I beheld—beheld—but all had fled.


Had fled! nor has returned; yet on my way  
 Along the pave or through the clanging mart,  
 Sometimes a stranger's eye falls full on mine;  
 "You too?" We have no speech, we make no sign,  
 But something seems to pass from heart to heart,  
 And I am full of gladness all that day.



# THE BEST-SELLER

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

T would be very wonderful! I'm not denying that. But I'm not at all sure it wouldn't be wrong for you to do it." Mrs. Bradlaw looked across the room at her husband doubtfully.

Henry Bradlaw smiled down at her from his slender height. He had learned the trick of smiling down upon his world long since. A world that admired and praised, but sparingly rewarded, perhaps deserved a little his genial Olympian scorn. The touch of disdain in his look now was intended only for the world and not at all for Mrs. Bradlaw. He had taken whatever the world chose to give, very simply—inadequate royalties without murmuring, and generous reviews as a sign that at least a handful of readers could recognize honest work when they met with it. Through it all he had been helped by the firm support of his wife, whose applause he discounted on the theory of love's blindness, but whose comradeship he found necessary to a courageous scorn of Demos. They had fronted the world together.

"Why wrong?" he asked, stroking his thin moustache. "Every one writes to sell—or to be read, anyhow. Why shouldn't one write to be read by a hundred thousand people instead of five thousand?"

"Of course, if they don't choose to like good things—if they're too ignorant and dull to appreciate them, it isn't your fault, my dear." Ellen Bradlaw, though her drawing-room and her gown were both a little threadbare, was loyal to the past.

"Oh, you've always been magnificent about it, Ellen dear, and no doubt the country has been good for the children to grow up in; but the fact is that I've always written as if the world were made up of intellectuals. Both of us know that it

isn't. Besides, really intellectual men and women seldom buy books—they borrow them from their friends."

Mrs. Bradlaw's fine eyes clouded, though her lips smiled. "I know. It's true about the children. They're very expensive—the darlings! Mildred ought to go to Miss Dawkins's next year, and Billy's school-bills are frightful as it is."

"And the mortality in clothes is correspondingly diminished, I seem to observe. That thing you have on, for example, must go back—let me see!" Henry Bradlaw crossed the room and quizzically surveyed the frock.

"To 'First Fruits,' if you must know," she responded laughingly. "That doesn't matter."

He stooped and kissed her forehead, where delicate stencilling had begun to show of late. "But it does matter!" he exclaimed. "If you think I don't know how hard life has been for you, you can't credit me with much sense. As a matter of fact, it is more on your account than the children's that I've made up my mind to do a book, at last, to catch the public of readers. I'll give it to them, this time—what they want."

Mrs. Bradlaw caressed the thin hand that dropped, after a nervous gesture, within her reach. "I'm quite happy, you know, my dear," she said; "and the great public seems to like such dreadful things!"

"Then I'll give them—dreadful things," he mocked her.

"But what will *your* public say?"

"I don't care a hang what they say. They haven't any right to object, indeed, since they don't pay Bill's expenses at St. Ethelbert's without depriving you of clothes. They're not 'good providers,' as our neighbors phrase it. And how can I provide if they won't?"

"You do provide quite sufficiently, Henry dear; you have provided. What's



more, I think people are beginning to appreciate you properly at last. That young man in *The New Earth*, for example, wrote very nicely about you. I quite liked him, I remember, when he came to see you. It's a good deal, after all, to have disciples of that kind. They don't hesitate about putting you where you belong—at the very top."

Mr. Bradlaw sat down beside his wife and took her hand in his. A boyish look gleamed in his faded eyes, though he composed his lean features otherwise to gravity. "Yes. There's something pleasant about the odor of incense; but it isn't all beer and skittles, being a god, as the Europeanized Chief of the Assassins remarked when his devotees *would* worship him during dinner. That young man hopes to write unpopular novels, too, and so he praises mine. Nobody reads me except ambitious tyros and over-educated spinsters."

"Nonsense, Henry. Everybody acknowledges that you've done things that will last."

"Quite so." Henry Bradlaw made a wide, despairing gesture. "They are so sure of it that they bequeath the pleasure of reading my stories to their grandchildren. Meanwhile——!"

"Meanwhile we do very well, even if we are poor."

"On the contrary, we're doing rather badly. I had a talk to-day with Speedwell."

"Oh, you didn't tell me."

"I happened to meet him at the Athenæum, so I broached my plan over luncheon."

"Did he agree?" Mrs. Bradlaw's gentle face sharpened expectantly. "Of course, all publishers are mercenary creatures. They'd let you sell your soul for the sake of a market."

Mr. Bradlaw smiled. "Not so bad as that. On the contrary, Speedwell tried to persuade me that it wasn't for the good of my art to be popular. You and he are remarkably like-minded."

"Very sensible of him."

"No doubt. It gives tone to his list to have one or two authors who don't sell: it shows that he is well established and can afford some luxuries. But he agreed that my craving for royalties, though deplorable, has some justification. I told

him flatly that I was going to do it; and I am. Art can go hang! You and the children come first."

Though he spoke boldly, there was a wistful undertone in Henry Bradlaw's voice that did not escape his wife. She was not a connoisseur of imagined types like her husband; but she was a clever woman, and had studied one type so profoundly for twenty years that she was not to be misled by chivalrous and domestic bravado. She understood that he was determined on selling his birthright of rare talent to provide herself and her children with the pottage of luxury. They had done very well, as she had said, even though the cost of education in a land of free schools was a little appalling: for herself, she was quite content to be shabby in order that her husband might produce the work for which he was predestined and their boy and girl have the sort of training proper for intellectual aristocrats. She rebelled at having Henry make what both of them—and all of the elect besides, for that matter—could not fail to regard as the great refusal. At the same time, she realized the limitations of her power. If Henry Bradlaw's conscience was driving him to damnation, her interference would be futile. The habit ingrained through generations of following the lead of duty, for good or for evil, was so strong in his blood that no resistance from her could prevent him. If he felt that he ought to write a "best-seller" he would do it, going down to destruction bravely and gayly for her sake.

Mrs. Bradlaw sighed. She would at least register her opinion. "You know quite well, Henry, that I'd be sorry all my days to have you do what isn't best for you—sorry on my own account and on the children's too. Neither William nor Mildred has been brought up to expect more than we can properly give them."

"Oh, they're good children." Mr. Bradlaw rose nervously and paced the floor. "They don't demand motor-cars imperiously. At the same time it's a bit difficult for Bill at school, I've discovered. I wormed it out of him during his last holidays. You see, when I went up there last year, an injudicious master talked about me to 'the boys and persuaded them that I was only a little lower



than the immortals. I refused to make a speech, of course, but my identity leaked out afterwards. Apparently the boys jumped to the conclusion that a man so praised by a popular master must be exceedingly rich, and they began to wonder why Bill was kept so poor. Their logic can't be accused. They decided that I must be stingy; to be the son of a stingy parent is a disgrace; *ergo* Bill has suffered. He doesn't mind being hard up, as I make it out, but he is bitter about the stain on the family honor. A boy would mind that more than anything. I owe it to him to write for popular consumption and make him opulent in tennis-rackets and pocket-money. Don't you see?"

"It's too ridiculous." Mrs. Bradlaw laughed in spite of the tragedy she felt to be imminent. "We'll take Billy away from St. Ethelbert's if need be, but we won't sacrifice your career to the foolishness of a few silly boys."

"No. But we're going to sacrifice it—if it is really a sacrifice—to the greater good of all concerned. I'm inclined to believe that the boys are right—that I've been a stingy brute to be so stiff about the honor of my little name when I ought to have been using my pen for the support of the family." With an upward movement of his hands, expressive of resignation, he stopped his nervous walk and dropped into a chair.

Mrs. Bradlaw felt that she had reached the limit of possibility in direct argument. Evidently Henry could not be moved by any of the considerations that had held him steady against commercialism through the years. He must have dismissed all such appeals before he had come to the point of talking with Speedwell. She could depend on her husband's understanding how little she wished him to put her before his intellectual probity, and she would rest the case. There were other considerations, however, that might be pointed out.

"Have you sufficiently considered," she asked, "just what the dreadful stock in trade of the popular novelist is? The specimens I've read lately are steeped with the doings of vulgar society, or with sentimentality about immoral women in the name of philanthropy; or they deal with shady politics and shadier business.

They're dyed deep with local color. Now the fact is, Henry, that you and I know almost nothing about such things. Isn't that so?"

Bradlaw laughed gayly, rose, and crossed the room to his wife. "Most prudent counsellor!" he jeered, bowing low to kiss her hand. "As if I hadn't been devouring cheap novels all my life! Of course I know nothing whatever about such things, but I do know precisely what I must get up. I shall begin my education immediately."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you and I must go into the world and see the kind of thing the public wants. Then I'll describe it. We must look at cabaret shows and the gilded hotels where wicked business men bribe politicians. We must see virtue triumphing over vice on the East Side and vice triumphing over virtue on upper Fifth Avenue. I think, perhaps, I'd better leave the red blood that flows on the great plains and in the forests for a second novel. The field is vast!"

"It strikes me," said Mrs. Bradlaw meditatively, "that this investigation will cost more than Billy's school."

"No doubt it will. I'm quite prepared for that. The point is that we can prospectively afford it. Now that I've quite made up my mind to sell, don't you see, it will be perfectly safe for us to invest our savings in experience. We can easily keep afloat till I get the first payment on the book. I mean, we can plunge—be as extravagant as we please."

Mrs. Bradlaw looked doubtful. "But if we don't know what to count on?"

"That's just what we do know, my dear. I've sold badly, always, but I've seen the semi-annual statements of real authors. I regret to say that Beeston had the bad taste to get one framed after he made his first big hit; it used to hang in what he appropriately called his 'shop.' I know within five thousand dollars how much we ought to be getting from Speedwell twelve months hence. It will take me six months to do the book."

"I don't like to have you do it." Mrs. Bradlaw's resistance was beaten down to this thin objection. Then she laughed. "I know I croak hoarsely, like a raven, Henry, but that's my nature. It will be wonderful, of course, to have the money, as I said."



"That's the right spirit," Henry Bradlaw swayed gently on his thin legs and smiled down at his wife. "We'll be money-grubbers for a change; we'll disgrace ourselves by a few books and then stop writing altogether. If future critics don't have sufficient acumen to distinguish the good from the bad, so much the worse for them. Just between ourselves, I may say that I don't believe the total sum of civilization will be greatly altered in any case."

For a moment Mrs. Bradlaw did not reply. She felt too deeply the horror of the sacrifice to join in mockery of it, though her heart went out in wondering admiration of her husband. He must be feeling it, she knew, even more poignantly than she. At length she lifted her eyes to his.

"What shall we do first?" she asked.

"Take a course of Newport, I think," he answered. "You know how eagerly that fat Mrs. Armstrong Fisher has begged us to come to her for exhibition. She'd invite us again if we whistled once, I'm sure."

"As it happens"—there was a touch of unmalicious irony in Mrs. Bradlaw's tone—"I've a note to her on my desk now, full of polite excuses. I didn't bother you with her renewed appeal. But she's really a nice old thing, Henry; I rather like her."

"So much the better. We can go to her with the better grace. From the vantage-point of her villa I can observe things that will be of passionate interest to the ladies of Kalamazoo."

"And afterwards?"

"Oh, afterwards will come places like Atlantic City and some mountain resort of the less fashionable kind. I have it all planned, you see. That sort of thing will be possible with the children, though I regret having them grow familiar with the architecture of the hotels we shall have to live in. It means hotels—many of them, my dear. I'm sorry about that, but I see no other way. At the latter end of the summer we shall have to make a journey through the Middle West, for the sake of——"

"Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradlaw protestingly.

"For the sake of understanding the United States." Bradlaw completed his

sentence firmly, though he smiled again. "Perhaps you fail to realize the significance of the Mississippi basin. It is inhabited by millions of readers."

"Oh, I wasn't wishing to suggest anything except that your plans are a little ambitious. For one thing, how can you possibly write when you're travelling about at such a rate?"

Mr. Bradlaw looked puzzled for a moment. "It will be a change of habit for me," he admitted, "but I must somehow do it. I'm sure no really successful author would let the disturbance of travel keep him from work. A contract is a sacred obligation and an admirable stimulus. All popular writers keep two or three on hand, I believe, as incentives to rapid production. I must pretend, for the moment, that I am successful. It will be rather a lark, after all."

"Any one who didn't know, my poor dear, would think that you liked the dreadful prospect." Mrs. Bradlaw rose and stepped towards her husband with outstretched hands. "I can't bear to think of what it all means to you."

Quite simply and soberly Henry Bradlaw took her hands in his and looked into her eyes. "Don't worry about me; don't pity me, Ellen dear. It's what I deliberately choose. It's what I wish to do as well as what I will to do. In the autumn we'll pack the children off to school and encamp in New York while I complete my education and finish my book. There's a great deal I must see in New York."

"But why can't you imagine it, as you've always been imagining things?" Mrs. Bradlaw wailed, pressing the hands she held close to her bosom.

"Because I can neither imagine the kind of thing that interests the public, nor imagine anything in the way they like. I must paint from life if I'm to be a best-seller at all, only exaggerating every color in my palette. I detest what the populace wants, of course, but I'm not so sure that I ought. A cruel reviewer once called me 'distinguished and sapless.' We must see what six months can do for me."

The end of six months, as a matter of fact, found the Bradlaws back at home once more. They were glad to be in the quiet of the country again, even though the chill of early January was accentuated





*Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.*

"I mean, we can plunge—be as extravagant as we please."—Page 327.



by snow-drifts in the garden and they were making shift with a single incompetent servant. They could stay at home for only a few weeks at most, and cared little, in their relief at settling down to normal habits, for the minor discomforts of their sojourn. As soon as arrangements had been made with Speedwell, they planned to be off again—this time to the great Plains and the Coast. The children were happy at school and they themselves foot-loose for further adventures in experience. They were foot-loose of necessity, indeed, since Bradlaw's new manner demanded at least a superficial knowledge of everything that might interest the great public. Red blood and business were to be the key-notes of the next novel.

Meanwhile, they had time to review the experiences of the months that had gone to the making of the book now in Speedwell's hands. The experiences had been various and in many respects surprising. Some of them had been unpleasant—disquieting to lovers of civilization, and of themselves wearisome. Others, less valuable for the novel, had been distinctly pleasant, though from them all they were glad to escape to the snowy peace of their hillside.

Newport, to begin with, had been useless to Bradlaw as far as human material was concerned, though he had garnered unforgettable recollections of its loveliness. The difficulty was that Mrs. Armstrong Fisher had been too careful about the people whom she introduced to her fastidious and distinguished guest. In three weeks the Bradlaws saw nobody at close range who was not eminently respectable, and very few persons who were not in one way or another interesting. Had Bradlaw been looking for material of a kind suited to his earlier books, he would have found the society of Mrs. Fisher's circle genially stimulating; as things were, he was a little disappointed.

Somewhat the same fate had dogged them in their other excursions of the summer. Atlantic City, where Bradlaw had thought to find sensations in their starkest form, was a bewildering spectacle of innocent vulgarity, but nothing more. He could not share the contempt for the crowd expressed by his son and daughter; he was sorry that these people lacked the imagination to amuse themselves in more

amusing ways, but he found their vacuity pitiful rather than blameworthy. As for the huge hotel in the White Mountains, to which they next repaired, a small but charming group disclosed itself, which insisted on obscuring for Bradlaw the dreadful creatures whom he had come to study. The remainder of the summer was equally fruitless. The journey into the Middle West gave them all an impression of high temperatures on trains that ran swiftly between towns unaccountably civilized. In no way was the sophistication better marked than by the skill with which the horrors of summer were mitigated. Occasional encounters with old acquaintances or with new-found admirers of Bradlaw's style were so little different from such encounters nearer home that they gave him no sense at all of the new world he was seeking.

Once settled in New York and more determinedly at work on his book, he had for a time grown almost desperate. He wished to see the kind of thing pictured by the most popular novelists—by Beeston, for example, whose stories of virtuous chorus-girls had won him an independent fortune. In the quest of new truths about humanity he shudderingly tasted the puerile gayeties of Broadway and the sobering realities of the slums. He looked up forgotten acquaintances in the hope that their transformations might give him the key to unsuspected mysteries of life; but he found them grown bald or fat, for the most part, and discouragingly true to type. They had nothing to reveal that he did not already know: certainly none of them had a lurid present. It was perverse of life, he often thought, so to shape itself in accustomed visions. He watched in vain for a sensational apocalypse. Though he uncovered both tragedy and comedy, the vice he saw had a way of triumphing over virtue on the East Side and virtue over vice on upper Fifth Avenue.

It was Beeston, after all, who had put Bradlaw into a happier frame of mind. Beeston, the delicacy of whose touch was praised in all publishers' announcements, had casually remarked: "The way to do it is to give it to 'em hot and strong. I've got over caring whether it's exactly right. Nobody else cares, so why should I?" Bradlaw had meditated upon the speech



and had decided that it was the formula of success. He had been gratified by the discovery, because in the light of it he could embroider as fantastically as he chose—yet do no violence to the rules of the new game he was playing. All he needed from reality was a series of back-grounds—of the approved local color. Life remained what he had always supposed it to be: he had to deal only with a set of conventions.

Sustained and comforted by Beeston's judgment, he wrote rapidly. He had concocted an absurdly sensational plot, through which danced a heroine so completely a creature of mechanical springs and the latest fashions in clothes that he had no difficulty at all about making her obey every whim of his fancy. He surveyed the book, when it was finished, with grim amusement. He was glad to have done with it; and he had come to the country, while Speedwell's staff looked it over, in order to wash his mind clean of its absurdities before he began to gather material for his next venture in popular fiction.

It was the middle of January before a letter from Speedwell summoned him to town. He had for years been accustomed to a more dignified procedure: he had sent his manuscripts to Speedwell and had thought nothing more about them till the meticulous business of proof-reading came upon him. There was always a contract to sign; but that was purely a matter of routine, varied only by the uncertainties of serial publication. Now, as he well understood, the case was different. It was a question of high financial mysteries for which a personal conference was necessary.

In the mood of sober business, then, he journeyed to New York, wishing to make the best bargain he could, yet rather glad that he was able to do the faithful Speedwell a good turn by letting him handle, at last, a book that would be profitable to author and publisher alike. He was to stay two nights, and then come home for a fortnight's relaxation in his own manner before they started westward as the successful novelist and his wife. They could live on their savings for another six months as grandly as they pleased; and after the first semi-annual accounting they would be forever freed from worry

about money. It was pleasant to have the end accomplished.

Not more than customarily behind its schedule, the train frisked up the narrow valley on the afternoon of the third day, and deposited Bradlaw at the little station. With a curt nod to the driver, he clambered into one of the two open sleighs that served the village for cabs, and huddled his tall frame to meet the swoop of cold wind from the hill. He had no small-talk to-day for the wizened old man who drove; he was incapable of the dry, elusive badinage in which he had learned to hold his own with his country neighbors. As he opened the gate before his own door and walked up the snowy path, he stooped like an old man, though he marched resolutely.

How, he had been wondering for more than twenty-four hours, was he to tell Ellen? The blow to his own pride was bad enough, but that he could bear. He had been a fool when he had thought to play the knave. No! It was worse than that. He had been justified in doing anything, he still believed, to make life easier for his patient wife. He was not minding, now, because he feared that her confidence in him would be shaken: he had no such selfish alarms. What he had been revolving endlessly in his mind was how to save her from taking to heart his own pain. He shrank from her pity because it would be the expression of her vicarious suffering, and he had thought of no way to soften the blow. The best he could do was to meet the difficulty unhesitatingly.

In the cheerful hall Mrs. Bradlaw was waiting. She looked surprisingly young as she greeted him.

"Oh, I'm so glad to have you back! Tell me about it." Then, when she had held him for a moment at arm's length to look at him, she cried in alarm: "But, Henry dear, you are ill! What is the matter?"

Bradlaw pulled off his heavy coat while he hesitated. Then he straightened himself. He must tell her; he must hurt her, alas! Delay would give no help. "I'm the most miserable of fools, that's all. Speedwell refuses to publish the book."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Bradlaw, alert now and ruffling with solicitude, drew him through the door of the living-



*Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.*

"But, Henry dear, you are ill! What is the matter?"—Page 331.



room and shut it. "Why—why, that's impossible."

"Not at all. I dare say he is perfectly right. I've learned my lesson. I shall never again speak contemptuously of a best-seller. I'm not up to their tricks—even their miserable trifling with reality."

"But I don't understand. What has Mr. Speedwell said to you, dearest?"

"He has said"—Bradlaw spoke deliberately, as if trying, himself, to realize the portentous weight of the utterance—"that I have written, not a salable novel, but a sorry burlesque of the cheapest kind of current fiction."

"It can't be. Do you mean to tell me he has dared to say anything like that to you—to *you*?"

Bradlaw smiled grimly. "Gently, gently, my dear. He has said something very like it, even if he phrased it more politely. You forget that I've not been writing as myself, but as somebody quite different—whom I wished to be. Speedwell didn't actually refuse to print the book, of course, but he begged me almost with tears in his eyes to suppress it. What's more, he is perfectly sure that he couldn't sell a copy of it after its true nature was discovered by the public. He and his staff find it impossible and dull, it seems."

"But how can they?" Mrs. Bradlaw was still incredulous. "Didn't you put in everything the public wants? And your style would carry anything!"

"Unfortunately it won't. As a matter of fact, I seem to have failed even in trying to suppress my instinct to write decently. Instead of a jargon that would captivate the masses I have achieved a watery parody of my natural manner—as if I were the victim of paresis. It appears that I have merely given the impression of senile decay. So much for my literary dexterity! The upshot of it is that my book is an utter failure; that I have wasted six months—not to speak of the money."

"You poor boy!" At last Mrs. Bradlaw seemed convinced that the dream palace in which they had been living was a bubble merely. Her look of concern was hard to bear, but it was succeeded by a wholly unaccountable change of ex-

pression. Sinking down on a sofa, she began to laugh.

In all his experience of her Bradlaw had never known his wife to pass the verges of hysteria. He felt as helpless as a baby before this odd phenomenon. "Please don't, Ellen—please don't think that things won't be all right," he plunged on desperately. "I shan't let you and the children suffer for my folly. I've arranged everything, I think."

Mrs. Bradlaw checked her laughter and sat upright on the sofa. "As for the book," she said unexpectedly, "I'm rather relieved. If you've thought I've liked the notion of it, ever, you must have considered me a pig. But what do you mean by saying that you've arranged everything? You haven't—?"

"I've agreed to do a set of special articles for *The New Earth*, for one thing, and I've taken on a lot of reviewing. Everybody has been exceedingly kind—even Speedwell. In a year or so I can get back where we were before, and by a little extra work I can even manage about the children. It's only returning to old tricks, of course; quite easy tricks of themselves. I had somehow forgotten the periodicals as a source of income."

"Please sit down here, beside me." Mrs. Bradlaw made room for her husband. "I've something I wish to tell you; but first I wish to say that you're not going to waste your time any longer in doing things that other men can do just as well as you. The series of articles—yes, if they're willing to pay you magnificently. For the rest, you're to write nothing but your own kind of book. The royalties will give Billy an affluent old age, anyhow, even if we're never rich ourselves."

Bradlaw bit his moustache. He was nervous and very humble. "But in the meantime, my dear," he said, "Billy must have his education—not to mention the food and clothing that the rest of us require. Besides, no matter how much one despises doing a thing—and I've never wholly liked the idea of writing rubbish—one doesn't like to find it impossible. We're poorer than we were by six months' extravagance. I've done my rake's progress. Now I shall have to take on anything I can to make up for my folly."



"No, you won't. Indeed you shan't." Mrs. Bradlaw smiled enigmatically. "I'm proud and glad, for my part, that you can't do the horrid kind of thing your stupid conscience drove you into trying—not that I've much faith in Mr. Speedwell's judgment about what will sell. But haven't you any curiosity at all about the news I have to tell you?"

"Curiosity! Yes, dear. What is the wonderful thing you have to tell me?" Bradlaw was too distraught to pay much heed to his wife's announcement, but with a decent courtesy he turned his face to hers and managed a smile. "Have you been working some miracle while I've been away? You speak of work with the light accent of the wealthy. If we were living the unrealities of sensational fiction—which I can't write—I should suspect that you'd inherited a million or two overnight."

Mrs. Bradlaw's face became grave. "Not quite that, dear. I don't know what it will amount to, but enough, I feel sure, to make us comfortable. The lawyer says that all there is will come to us."

"All there is!" Bradlaw was utterly perplexed. Such things didn't happen in the world he knew; and, besides, there was no one from whom they could inherit. "But, Ellen, it's impossible!" he exclaimed. "Have you been dreaming, or is it some hoax?"

"It's as true as can be. Here"—Mrs. Bradlaw rose quickly and took a letter from the table by a window—"here is what the lawyer says. Please read it. I can scarcely believe, myself, that it isn't a dream; but the letter is tangible and the evidence sound."

"But who would be leaving us money?" asked Bradlaw, taking the letter and scrutinizing it severely.

"Oh, my Uncle Robert—didn't I tell you? Of course I had no notion that the poor old man had any money. It isn't in the family tradition to have money, I'm afraid. And it wouldn't have occurred to me that he might think of us."

"It does seem right enough," said Bradlaw, looking up from the letter. "Did you ever see him?"

"Once—thirty years ago. Mother

used to hear from him every year or so, and he wrote to me after she died. But he dropped out of her life when he went to California, and he has never been anything to me but a name."

"Poor old man!" Bradlaw echoed his wife. "He seems to have been quite alone."

"Yes. I suppose I ought to be sorry, but I can't feel real grief. How could I? He chose to be alone, it seems, and he never wrote to me, even when his wife died, though I was all the kin he had. I'm grateful, and I wish he would have let me do something for him. I hope he was happy, that's all, and didn't need me."

"I'm glad for you, my dear." Bradlaw rose and kissed her gravely. "I can't see why you need torture yourself into unnatural grief. I'm especially glad that the money has come, now that I've demonstrated my own incapacity."

"You haven't. How can you, Henry? You've only shown that, possibly, you can't do something not worth your while. I doubt whether you'd be very much good about digging ditches, either."

"It's a bitter pill, however." Bradlaw made a wry face. "You must see that it's humiliating to me. I'm not so proud that I should wish to have you starve just because I can't support you properly, but I'm not yet so meek that I like it."

"Nonsense, my dear Henry." Mrs. Bradlaw spoke sharply. "That's really too American of you. After all," she went on with a change of tone, "nobody can ever accuse you of fortune-hunting, you know."

"I tried to find my pot of gold by chasing a rainbow, of course."

"And haven't we found it?"

"Not till I stopped grubbing, at least." Bradlaw smiled at length. "Oddly enough, the rainbow's end was here at home. It merely shows, again, that I'm a wholly unpractical person. All this makes me wonder whether, after all, the sensation-mongers haven't the right of it. I have never descended to tricks of coincidence in my stories, and here we are, involved in an outrageous case of the illogical happy ending."

"They're rather comfortable—happy endings," commented Mrs. Bradlaw.



# THE WIND IN THE CORN

By E. Sutton

SUMMER silence dreaming downward with the cawing of the crow,  
Where the woodlands mount in billows, where the clearings bask and glow,  
And the wind, the wind that hovers all the scented hills between,  
Ripples the embattled corn-fields, dashes, slashes through the green

Here and thither, yon and hither, as the long leaves slat and slither,  
As the breathings fall and rise, as the shadow flows and flies,  
Wind from the embattled ages that have come and gone nowhither,

A wind in the corn that cries:

"Oft of old your fathers hearkened in our rustle on the breeze

"To the song of all the future, to the fruitful centuries.

"From the soil whence we were born,

"From the land where ye were born,

"Shall a foeman reap the harvest in the sowers' spite and scorn?"

Oh, eastward out from Shasta to Monadnock and the morn

Cries the wind in the corn!

"Sprang we by the settler's cabin, with the pioneers went forth

"By the wash of Southern rivers, through the lake-land of the North.

"Axe and rifle win our pathway, at their call the wild departs,

"And we wave from furrows hallowed by the blood of warrior hearts.

"Here and thither, yon and hither, wend the fighters keen and lither,

"And the forest falls and dies, and the lurking savage flies.

"Has their hardihood departed like the wind that blows nowhither?

"The wind in the corn that cries;

"Fair and broad the fields they planted; robber hands are overseas.

"What but naked steel ensureth peace to riches like to these?

"From the soil whence we were born,

"From the land where ye were born,

"Shall a sword destroy the harvest in the sowers' spite and scorn?"

Oh, from Lusk to Opelousas and the marish lands forlorn

Cries the wind in the corn!

"We that nerved your fathers' sinews, we that nourished armèd men,

"Shall we feed unwarlike traders when assault intends again?

"Learn from us—our bannered armies marshalled in their long array—

"Naught but trained and ordered legions can abide the fateful day.

"Call them hither, call them thither, lest your manhood shrink and wither,

"Lest your storied empire dies, lest your name, your honor flies—

"Empty name and empty honor—like the wind that blows nowhither,

"The wind in the corn that cries;

"Past are ancient times and simple when each hour could face its need.

"Greatness greatly dealing gathers forces equal to the deed!

"From the soil whence we were born,

"From the land where ye were born,

"Shall the skilful sword be lacking, shall your weakness be a scorn?"

Oh, from Navesink to Napa through the great peaks rent and torn

Cries the wind in the corn!

# WAR IN THE ALPS

## A COMPLETE REVIEW OF AUSTRIA'S MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLDS

By Charles Lincoln Freeston, F.R.G.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR, AND A MAP



WHEN Italy joined in the great European war, and the cry of "To Vienna!" was added to that of "To Berlin!" a new factor was introduced into the campaign, of a kind which, at the outset, was probably ignored by the world at large. The ultimate collapse of the Austrian Empire it was reasonable to predict; but the new point which had to be considered was that conquest in this case was not merely a matter of military strength alone. Up to that time the geography of the war in the West had been studied simply on its linear value, and the road to Berlin suggested so many miles of ground which the Allies had to win, the obstacles to be triumphed over being millions of fighting men, with the Rhine and its fortresses in the background. For north Germany is entirely flat, and mountains were hardly taken into account, although, of course, the Vosges did occasionally figure in the official despatches.

If the invasion of Austria, however, had only been a matter of miles and the strength or weakness of its military forces, she might well have trembled at the onslaught of the Italians. But she had the Alps. Without these, in fact, she might almost have laid down her arms forthwith, but what nature had provided in the way of mountain defense was worth legions of men. Already the value of lofty strongholds had been demonstrated by the way in which even the Carpathians so long prevented the Russians from descending into Hungary; to any one, therefore, familiar with the geography of Austria it was obvious that Austria, with the much more formidable Alps at her back, might maintain the struggle for a much longer period than would have been possible if armies and men had alone to be considered.

The course which events may have followed, the heights which may have been lost and won, ere these lines appear in print, even the ablest of military experts would be unable to predict; but as one who knows Austria by road from end to end I may usefully review the country in its topographical aspects in order to make clear the gigantic nature of the task which Italy undertook, so far as land forces were concerned. Any one of the mountain passes hereafter to be mentioned may be, or may already have been, the scene of fighting fiercely sustained; any one may have been used for the passing of Austrian troops to some point of attack or defense; while some of them, perhaps, owing to their position, or the nature of the ground, may have been securely held from the start and left entirely outside the line of Italian strategy. For several years past, however, Austria has been strengthening her frontier defenses, and not always by means which are visible to the eye, while even if these defenses have been successfully overcome there remain innumerable internal obstacles to be borne down by Italian prowess ere the tale of conquest will be complete. [See map, p. 348.]

The whole of Austria, in a word, is Alpine. Hungary itself is mostly flat, as also is Bohemia; but any one who will glance at a map which is colored according to the nature of the territory will see at once that Austria proper is literally packed with mountain ranges from the western frontier to Vienna, and from extreme north to south, save for a portion of the two provinces of Trentino and Istria, which are essentially Italian in character, and the recovery of which formed the basis of Italy's *casus belli*. These Alpine ranges extend, in fact, over an area which is vastly greater than that of the Swiss Alps, and include many more practicable highroads at considerable altitudes than





The Della Mauria road, seen from above.

have ever been built in the republic. As with any other Alpine country, there are certain depressions which are crossed by rough bridle-paths, and combats may even take place on heights that have no paths at all; but for the purposes of this article the word "pass" may be taken to indicate a route over which a road, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is actually built; for such, from the military point of view, is the first essential to progress. Napoleon I designed his great mountain highways in order that his armies of inva-

sion might march with the least possible delay; and it may be said at once that in no country in Europe has the Napoleonic idea been carried out to the same degree as in Austria, though after an interval of over a hundred years. Not all her mountain roads, however, are of first-class quality or design; some have good surfaces, but, as to gradients, were not engineered on modern lines, while there are a number of cross-roads, particularly in the east, which can only be described as vile to a degree which imagination itself could not

picture, and of which only actual driving could reveal the difficulties and even horrors.

There are in round numbers about fifty Alpine highways in Austria, and though, with a trifling exception, I have crossed them all, I am at a loss to know whether to discuss them according to their height, their quality, or their position; perhaps the last-named classification will on the



The Julian Alps near Tarvis (Predil Pass route).



A gorge of the Isonzo River (Predil Pass route).

only five miles south of Cortina, to which other forces could also be conveyed from Udine by way of the Della Mauria Pass, which is all inside the Italian border. This latter route is practically unknown to travellers, but I once crossed it when seeking a short cut to Trieste, and it impressed itself on my memory by the fine view which is afforded of the ribbon road in the valley below soon after crossing the summit from the Cortina side.

Cortina itself was soon occupied, but roughly parallel with the whole line of road from Udine stands the great barrier

whole be the most useful. The Italian attack, of course, began with the double object of forcing a wedge northward and simultaneously working down to Istria on the southeast and Trentino on the southwest. The first step was comparatively easy, for the fine highroad known as the Via Ampezzo, which runs in an almost straight line from the Adriatic at Venice to Toblach in the Pusterthal, is nearly all Italian soil. It was not difficult, therefore, to pass troops by this road up to the Austrian frontier,



In the Isonzo Valley (south side of the Predil Pass).



of the Carnic Alps, which are only crossed by a road through Pontebba to Tarvis, on the north side of the Predil Pass, and by the rough Monte Croce Pass (5,354 feet) to Innichen in the Pusterthal. This, how-

In Istria itself, south of Trieste, the roads are most narrow and very tortuous; but there is one pass on the way to Fiume, namely, Monte Maggiore, which is well engineered on the whole. The conquest



Near the summit of the Loibl Pass.

ever, also succumbed to Italian attacks. Farther east are the Julian Alps, over which a fine road runs alongside the Isonzo River and crosses the range by means of the Predil Pass (3,792 feet). This is a fairly easy climb, with scenery of surprising beauty considering its remoteness from more familiar Alpine territory. At the same time, it is strongly fortified. Photographing, of course, is strictly forbidden, but when I crossed this pass a couple of years ago I secured a number of views of the road alongside the Isonzo.

of the district round Trieste was not only of importance in respect of wresting back a lost province, but also from the fact that it was inevitable as the first stage upon an attempt to reach Vienna by way of Klagenfurt. Besides the Predil Pass, however, which reaches this town through Villach, there is an alternative road through Laibach and thence over the Karawanken Alps. Here, however, is situated a very formidable pass in the shape of the Loibl, which, though only 4,494 feet in height, has gradients of great severity. It is

wildly picturesque, being enclosed by a grand amphitheatre of mountains, and in one respect is entirely unique, for it is the only mountain road in Europe which is ultra-steep yet engineered in windings. A serpentine road is usually cut according to a definite mathematical scale, amounting

to the country, so far as European roads are concerned. Roads are usually divided into good or bad according to the way in which their crust is laid and maintained, and the usual alternative, after exhausting the various degrees of quality in crust, is the soft, or "dirt," road—in other words, a road which has never been properly built at all. In Austria, however, there are several passes on by-routes over which roads



*From a photograph, copyright by C. L. Freeston.*

Cortina village and the Ampezzo road.

to no more, in the case of the modern roads of Tyrol, than a maximum gradient of 8 per cent, while the most wonderful zigzag road in the world, the Stelvio, does not exceed 10 per cent although it was built ninety odd years ago. The Loibl, on the other hand, though it has thirteen "hairpin" corners, shows a gradient of  $28\frac{1}{2}$  per cent at the ninth bend on the south side, while the sixth is  $26\frac{1}{2}$ , the eighth  $25\frac{1}{2}$ , the tenth  $26\frac{1}{2}$ , the eleventh  $24\frac{1}{2}$ , and the twelfth  $23\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. On the north side also there are several steep "hairpins," one of which is  $26\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Little Loibl Pass which immediately follows embodies a steep descent of from 19 to 15 per cent. The only way to avoid this severe journey is by making a détour through Volkermarkt over the Seeberghöhe, also known as the Seelander Sattel (3,989 feet). This is a modern road, of fine surface, with beautifully designed curves.

If the Ampezzo Pass (5,065 feet) between Cortina and Toblach were gained, there is a fine road along the Pusterthal to Lienz, and fairly level ground to Klagen-



Rock tunnel on the Turracher Pass, Austria's worst Alpine road.

of a sort have been made, but as they are off the beaten track, and not expected to carry much traffic, they are surfaced entirely out of consideration for horses. So steep are the gradients that no horse-





View near the summit of the Tauern Pass.

driven vehicle can make progress without frequent halts, and the special feature of passes of the type in question is that every

few yards the road is intercepted by a deep gully to afford a foothold. Possibly these gullies are also intended to carry off water; but whether that be so or not the ascent and descent of a road like the Kreuzberg, and others hereafter to be mentioned, are simply purgatory to any form of vehicle other than a slow cart. On the ascent, a motor-car has to move as fast as it is possible owing to the severity of the gradients, which means, of course, that it cannot afford to slow down at the obstructions;

as each gully is crossed, therefore, the passengers are bounced out of their seats and literally hang on for dear life.

Nor is the descent any better. However slowly one goes down, with brakes hard on as each gully is reached, it is impossible

to let the car slip into the depression without every one on board receiving a terrific jar.

North of Villach is the Turracher Pass, which may safely be described as the worst road of all. It is approached by a defile so narrow that there is hardly room for a vehicle to pass between the banks, while the gradient at this point is as steep as one in three. As the road is overhung with trees it follows that in wet weather the surface is slippery, which is the last thing in the cir-



The summit of the famous Katschberg.

cumstances that a driver would desire. Then follows a rise to no less a height than 5,784 feet, intercepted the whole way

with deep gullies, while the gradients are of appalling steepness. Troops may conceivably pass up and down this road, but I doubt if any commander of an artillery column would dare to tackle it.

Once Klagenfurt is reached, there is nothing difficult in the way of crossing the Carinthian Alps and proceeding by the direct road through Friesach, rising to 3,207 feet, or over the Obdacher Sattel (3,100 feet) to Leoben and Bruck, and on to Vienna. The Semmering Pass (3,215 feet) has also to be crossed, it is true, before the capital is reached, but it is a broad and easy road. An alternative road between Klagenfurt and Bruck by way of Graz also provides good going, but in the rhomboid bounded by the

two routes named are several cross-routes of the most difficult kind. The road over the Stubalpe (5,090 feet) is very picturesque, but of the Kreuzberg type as regards surface. The second time I crossed this pass I took the trouble to count the transverse gullies; they totalled over 300! Almost as bad, though not so long-drawn, is a neighboring pass, the Pack (3,825 feet), while the Radl Pass, though of no great height, is also extremely rough.

Before considering other roads by which the Italians might reach Vienna, I may deal with a highly important cross-route over which Austrian battalions may conceivably march from Salzburg to the Pusterthal, or on to Villach. Between these points stands the mighty barrier of the Unter Tauern Alps, and of Austrian main routes which are not of the secondary type the road across this range is the most difficult in the whole country. Unlike the majority of the really great passes, the Tauern (5,702 feet) and the Katschberg (5,383 feet) are ancient roads, dating,

in fact, from Roman times. As a result, though they are well maintained and of good surface—especially the Tauern—they are not engineered in windings, but merely follow the natural contours of the valley; inevitably, therefore, they are very steep. The Tauern has a maximum

gradient of 23 per cent, while the Katschberg is even steeper, and just before the summit is attained there is an awkward rise of 27.9 per cent. It is natural, of course, to encounter this sort of thing on a rough by-road, but, save on the Loibl, there is nothing so severe to be found on good roads of first importance. By way of comparison it may be mentioned that even the great Stelvio itself nowhere exceeds 10 per cent.

And though one has

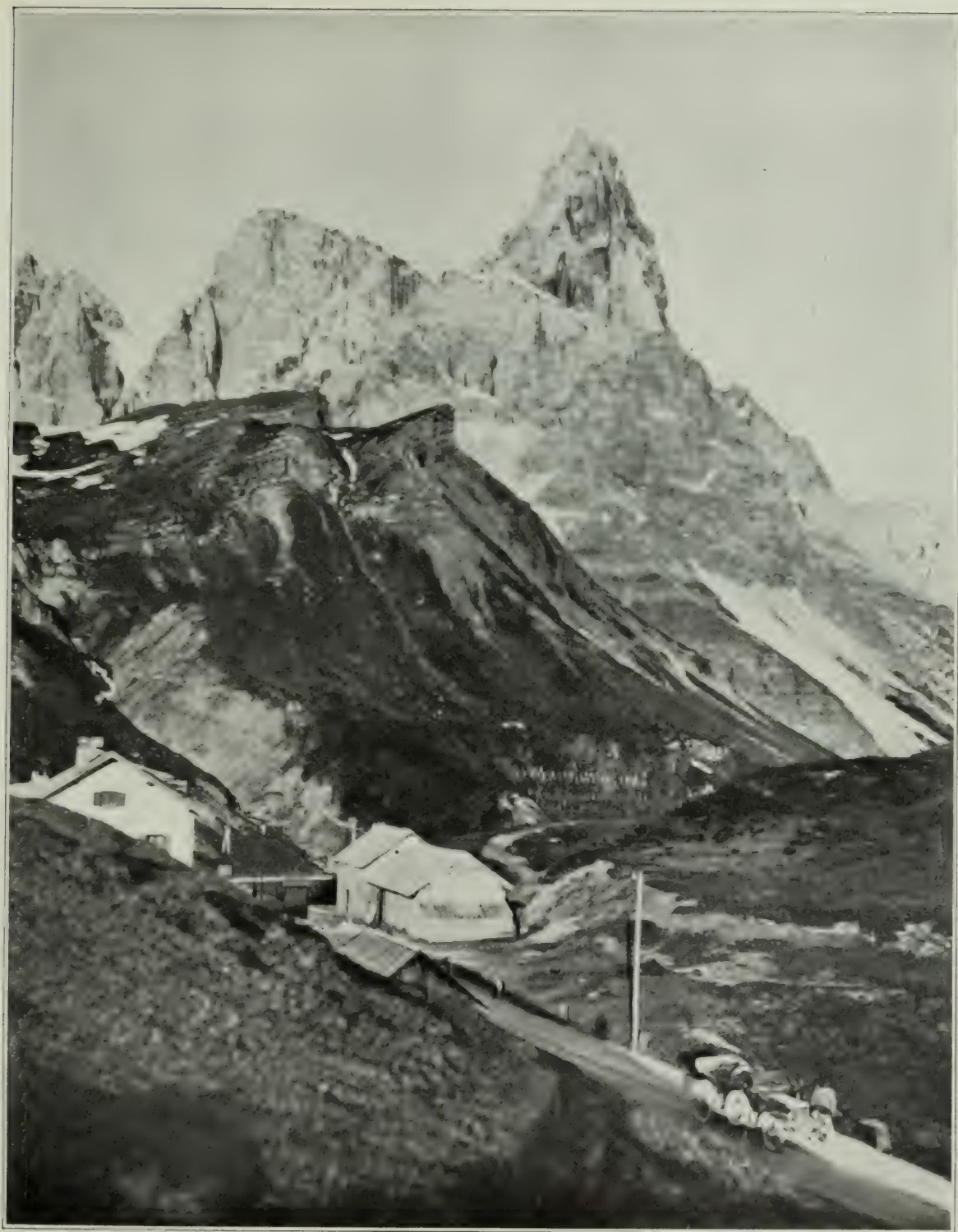
gained a knowledge of these figures from repeated journeys over these roads in the ordinary touring way, they are mentioned here because they must of necessity have a military bearing where the quick transit of troops is concerned, and also in respect of the dragging of artillery, the progress of motor transports, and the movements of staff cars.

So far we have considered the approaches to Vienna from the nearest points of the Italian frontier, meanwhile assuming the capture of Trieste and the Istrian province. The obstacles, whether geographical or military, which bar the way to advances from other directions are very much more formidable. Three courses could be followed, either singly or conjointly. The first is to capture Trent, from the Venice side or from the south; the second is to work from Milan to Bozen by way of the Aprica, Tonale, and Mendel Passes, and then ascend the lower stages of the Brenner Pass and so reach the Pusterthal; while a third plan would be for



Mautendorf Castle, on the Tauern Pass.





Summit of the Rolle Pass (evening).

Italy to use her own half of the Stelvio Pass, descend the Austrian side, and head for Innsbruck either by way of Meran, the Jaufen Pass, and the Brenner Pass, or cross the Reschen-Scheideck Pass to Landeck and then proceed along the valley of the Inn. Once Innsbruck were reached by either of these means, the next objective

would be Salzburg, by way of the Thurn Pass or alternatively by the Strub Pass. From Salzburg there is a direct highroad to Vienna, or the other main road could be joined at Bruck through the Pass Lueg, the Mandling Pass, and the Schober Pass; or alternatively the hilly road through the Salzkammergut could be followed to Ischl,



A typical corner on the Falzarego Pass.

thus linking up with the Schober by way of the Pötschen Pass.

Now, the first course is much more of a military matter than a geographical, for the only mountain road that enters into the situation is the Fugazza Pass (3,820 feet) which leads from Vicenza to Rovereto, and is mostly on the Italian side of the border. The roads, on the other hand, which lead from the large towns of Verona and Brescia are practically flat; nevertheless they are strongly fortified on the Austrian side. Mountain roads, however, are a much more important factor in the second of the three courses named. Quite early in the campaign the Italians crossed their own pass, the Aprica (3,875 feet), and invaded Austria at the summit of the Tonale Pass (6,146 feet). This is a good road on the whole and very picturesque at a point where it commands a view of the Presanella peaks; but it also has a fortress hereabouts—namely, at Strino. If I may obtrude the mention of a personal adventure I may add that I have seen the inside of the fort in question. In the year 1900, I had ascended the pass on the Italian side, and had not noticed the presence of a fort at all; but when I crossed the pass in the opposite direction in 1909 I stopped to photograph the Presanella glaciers,

quite ignorant of the fact that there was a fort just round the next corner. Then I continued my journey to the summit, but was stopped at the custom-house, which is in telephonic communication with Strino, and was obliged to descend the winding road with three soldiers on board. At the fort itself I found a squad of infantry drawn up across the road with fixed bayonets pointed at the tires. A couple of officers came out, and after preliminary interrogations conducted my travelling companion and myself to a guard-room, where we were asked to develop a couple of photographs. These proved to be innocent enough, and we were allowed to resume our journey, after apologies for the detention; but as a matter of fact a sentry had told the officers that he had actually seen me photographing the fortress itself, although it lay behind my back, out of view, the whole time that I was using my camera.

Near the foot of the Tonale there is a cross-route to Trent over the somewhat difficult pass of Madonna di Campiglio (5,413 feet), and its continuation over the Buco di Vela Pass (1,640 feet), while the Mendel (4,475 feet), which leads directly to Bozen, is a good but winding road. Between Trent and Bozen the road is





Near the summit of the Pordoi Pass.

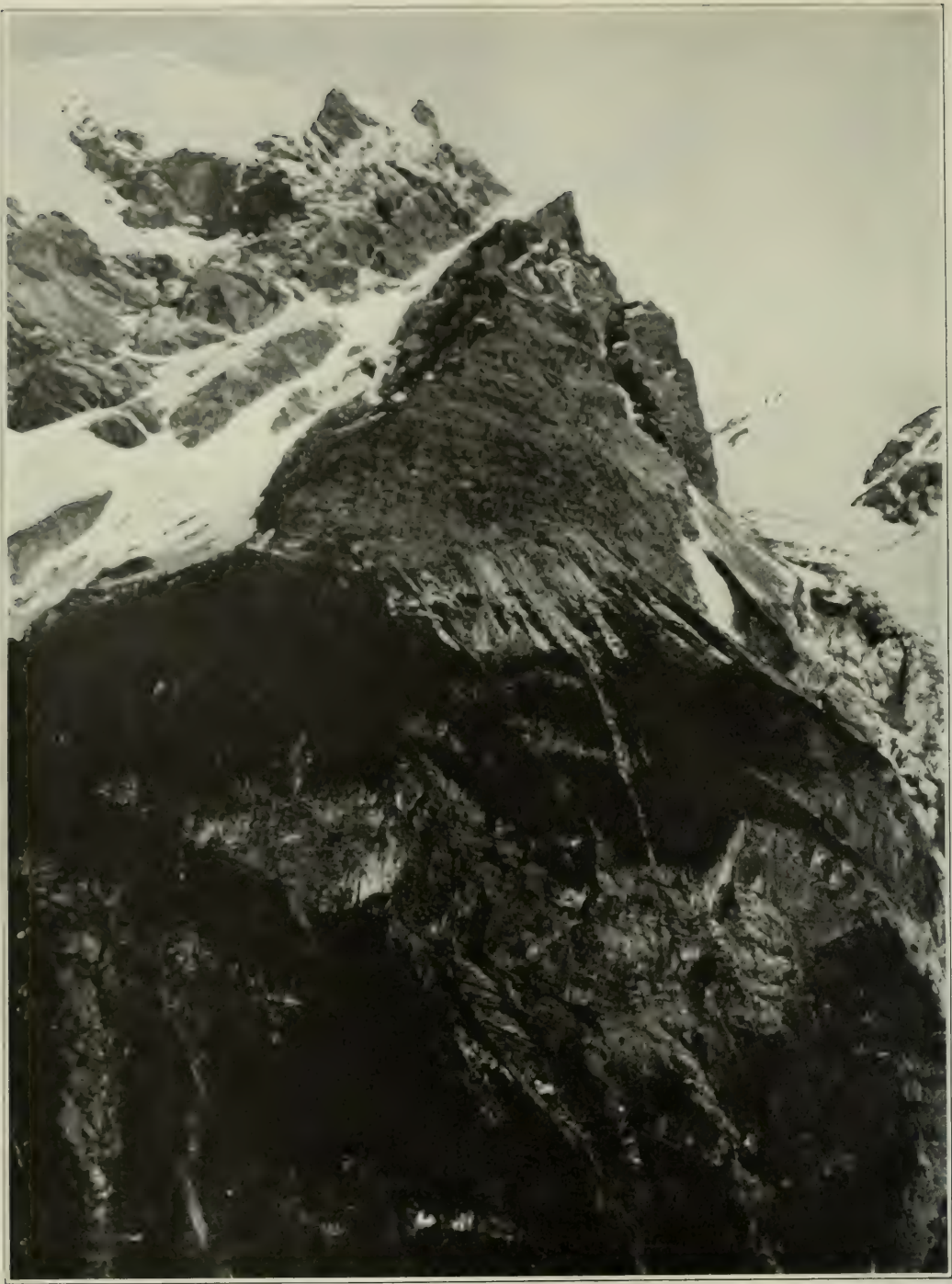
entirely flat. Two vital considerations stand in the way of the farther advance of an invading force. The first is the fact that at the junction of the southern part of the Brenner Pass with the Pusterthal is Austria's greatest fortress, at Franzensfeste. It stands at the mouth of the Brixener Klause defile, and therefore commands not only the oldest Alpine road—the Brenner—but the Pusterthal as well.

The second consideration is the fact that the great Dolomite ranges fill up the whole territory between the Bozen-Trent road and the frontier line, and are equally formidable whether invaded from the west or from Italian territory itself on the east. A glance at the map will show how closely the series of five passes—the Broccone (5,305 feet), the Gobera (3,339 feet), the Rolle (6,424 feet), the Pordoi (7,382 feet), and the Falzarego (6,912 feet)—adjoin the frontier line. In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of June, 1913, I was privileged to describe this route, and also the new Jaufen, and need only say, therefore, that, having made three further journeys over these passes since that date, I am more than ever amazed at their high quality of surface and the degree of scientific skill which was brought to bear in their construction, while familiarity, moreover,

does but emphasize their manifold beauties. Ever since they were built, however, they have been regarded by the Austrians as of immense strategic importance, both from their position and also their great height.

As for the two connecting links between Bozen and the quintet of passes just named, the Karer Pass (5,765 feet) may be described as a ravine-like road, which it would be extremely difficult to take by force, while the San Lugano (3,599 feet) is of a more open character. None of these Dolomitic roads, it may be added, had any visible fortresses up to June of last year, but it may be taken for granted that concealed fortifications have been prepared, while there are points innumerable where artillery could be posted on the heights so as to dominate long stretches of road.

As for the third course, although it starts from the western frontier, it offers this measure of advantage to the Italians, that half of the great Stelvio Pass (9,041 feet) is in Italy itself, and an attack could be made downward, which is a very different thing from scaling a great height. There are points, nevertheless, on either side where artillery could be posted to command the marvellous windings of this



The giant Ortler from the Stelvio Pass.

world-famous road between the summit and Trafoi, while lower down, at Gomagoi, a fortress has stood for many years past, and the valley between this point and the foot of the pass is extremely narrow.

If, however, the Stelvio were conquered throughout, the road would be easy as far as Meran, while if the Jaufen Pass (6,869 feet) were next secured the Brenner road (4,458 feet) might also be expected to fall, as this route would leave Franzensfeste

aside, and there would be no great obstacle in the way of reaching Innsbruck. Between Meran, however, and the foot of the Jaufen there is an old narrow road where much fighting in the Tyrolese struggle for independence of over a hundred years ago took place. The alternative route to Innsbruck from the Stelvio over the Reschen-Scheideck Pass (4,901 feet) is mostly good, but is so close to Bavaria that German troops could be brought





Remarkable view of the spiral stairway of the Stelvio Pass.

(Taken after a record snowfall, June, 1914.)

thither to the assistance of the Austrians over the Fern (3,969 feet), the Griesen (3,265 feet), and the Scharnitz (3,870 feet) Passes.

In order to make entirely complete this review of Austrian Alpine carriage-roads it is necessary to mention several others, for no man, as I have said, can foresee what is likely to assume prominence or

not in the campaign. In the Kitzbühel Alps the Thurn Pass (4,176 feet) crosses the boundary of Tyrol and the Salzburg province, and is a fine, well-graded road. To the east of this lies the Strub Pass (2,225 feet), with memories of fighting in the war of independence, while the Lueg Pass, south of Salzburg city, is really a rocky defile, six miles long, at a low eleva-

Map of Austria's mountain strongholds.

[The Alpine passes are indicated by italic capitals, thus: *GOBERA* P. The frontiers are indicated thus: - . - - . - .]





*Copyright by C. L. Freeston.*

Trafoi, on the Stelvio Pass (taken June, 1914).

tion, and still another scene of earlier combats. The Pötschen Pass (3,257 feet) is a fairly steep road passing the well-known lake of Aussee and continuing to Liezen, while converging to that town from the foot of the Tauern Pass is the Mandling Pass, which is unnoticeable as such, being part and parcel of the main road. At one time, however, it was fortified. Three passes, moreover, connect the garrison towns of Wels and Linz with the main Vienna road: the Pyhrn (3,100 feet) is fairly steep; the Schober, or Walderhöhe, Pass (2,775 feet) is not difficult; but the Präblich (4,067 feet) is very steep. Several passes are to be found to the north of the Sem-

mering road—namely, the Seeberg (4,114 feet), the Preiner-Scheid (3,510 feet), the Niederalpel (4,002 feet), and the Josefsberg. The first and third of these are very difficult roads, being intercepted with gullies and occasional abrupt ridges, but the other roads named are good. On the direct road from Wiener-Neustadt to Graz is the Wechsel Pass, a much-visited resort, though the road is bad and rather steep. The only mountain road which still remains to be mentioned is the great Arlberg Pass (5,912 feet) on the extreme northwest of Austria, but, owing to its remoteness, and the fact that it links up with Swiss and therefore neu-



On the Brenner Pass near Klausen.

tral territory, it is hardly likely to be disturbed.

Other things besides roads, it need hardly be said, enter into a scheme of strategy, and nothing more so than the railroad in the case of more or less level country; but the cardinal factor of the region of which I have given this sweeping summary is the presence of large tracts of territory which are innocent of any railroads whatsoever, the only lines of communication being laid over mountain passes. That the military operations are therefore intensified in difficulty is only too clear, especially if it be borne in mind that sixteen of the passes named are over 5,000 feet in height, and indeed average no less than 6,086 feet.

It may be thought, perhaps, that the motor-car assumes somewhat undue prominence in the photographs reproduced herewith, but I must beg the reader to remember that it is only by the "auto" that I have gained, or any one could gain, a detailed knowledge of the fifty-two passes above named. Three years in succes-

sion, from 1912 to 1914, I made a tour embracing the whole length and breadth of Austria, as well as journeying to Budapest and Prague, and had several times visited Tyrol in previous years. When I crossed the mighty Stelvio for the fourth time, in June, 1914, the snowfall had been the heaviest on record, and clothed the heights in stupendous beauty, such as had never before been witnessed in the memory of living man. Unknown, however, to me at the time was the fact that an Austrian archduke had been assassinated the day before at Serajevo, nor did I learn the news until I had descended to the plains. And this I mention because in Milan the crime, though deplored as such, was deemed a blessing in disguise, and it was thought that a menace to the peace of Europe had been removed. Alas for the vanity of human wishes! we all know only too well how the tragedy was destined to plunge Europe knee-deep in blood.

Of this "world war" the Austro-Italian conflict is a mere phase, but in the æsthetic sense it is the most poignant of



On the Jaufen Pass, St. Leonhart side (June, 1914).



all, and could only be paralleled in horror if Switzerland or Italy were invaded. Austria must pay the full penalty for having made itself a willing servitor of Prussian autocracy; but to the travellers of many nations who have explored the Alps from end to end the thought that one vast section is resounding to the clash of arms, and hills and valleys of transcendent beauty are being laid waste, is nothing if not an abiding grief. Germany made war against humanity, and incidentally against man's noblest monuments at Rheims and Louvain, but in the grim struggle among the Alps it is great nature itself which is being outraged.



A typical village in the Pusterthal.

## THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS MISTRESS

By Robert Bridges

Poet Laureate of Great Britain

WE watched the wintry moon  
Suffer her full eclipse,  
Riding at night's high noon  
Beyond the earth's ellipse.

The conquering shadow quell'd  
Her splendour in its robe:  
And darkling we beheld  
A dim and lurid globe.

Yet felt thereat no dread,  
Nor waited we to see  
The sullen dragon fled,  
The heav'nly Queen go free.

So if my heart of pain  
One hour o'ershadow thine,  
I fear for thee no stain,  
Thou wilt come forth and shine:

And far my sorrowing shade  
Will slip to empty space  
Invisible, but made  
Happier for that embrace.



*Drawn by John Frost.*

"I have at least one very important thing to say to her."—Page 356.



# A QUESTION OF BIGNESS

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FROST

**"I**S Mr. Trowbridge awake yet?"

The division superintendent at Bolton was speaking to the porter of Trowbridge's private car, who had opened the rear door in response to the man's knock.

The porter grinned.

"No, sah, he ain't wuk up yet." He rolled his eyes. "I raickon when he does, yo all 'll heah him."

The superintendent understood. When the president of the Midland system should arise from his slumbers he would expect to find himself rolling along the shores of Lake Michigan, some two hundred odd miles from the siding on which the "Rambler" stood at this moment.

But No. 5 from the east, to which the private car had been attached, went no farther than Bolton; passengers bound westward of this point took the train only at the risk of missing connections with an express due to leave ten minutes after the scheduled arrival of No. 5. The company didn't guarantee the conjunction, but, as a matter of fact, the west-bound flyer was held up a matter of twenty minutes until the train from the east was reported forty-five minutes later out of Fort River. Then it was sent on its way, Trowbridge or no Trowbridge—who, by the way, would be obliged to wait on the Bolton siding until a through train picked up his car at 9.31 A. M.

Bolton was one of two lines of the Midland system, which radiated out from a point in Ohio to Chicago. The Bolton route was the longer and was not used by the crack limited trains, although it had plenty of traffic for all that—especially freight. The president went over it infrequently. Every one, from the loneliest switch-tender to the division superintendent, had joined to make the journey auspicious, but a freight wreck had spoiled everything.

Now the superintendent himself was at the door to make what verbal amends he could. And he was in an extremely uncertain frame of mind. Up forward they were busy in the kitchen; smoke was coming out the roof vent-pipe; the steward was arranging a table with a place for one in the library.

"He's alone then, porter?" The superintendent sighed with relief.

Before the man could reply, a hoarse, rather gruff voice came down through the car. An instant later it was followed by a tall figure with gray, grizzled head—Trowbridge. He was clad in velvet slippers and a long green dressing-gown.

"What the devil's this, Peter? Where are we?"

The superintendent stepped slightly forward.

"Mr. Trowbridge——"

The president's brows wrinkled, then his face assumed a more pleasing aspect.

"Hello, Weston—good morning. What's up?"

"No. 5 was held up by a freight wreck last night; we held No. 12 twenty minutes and then had to let her go."

Trowbridge nodded.

"That was right, Weston. Don't you suppose we could reduce our freight wrecks on this line from ten to, say, four or five a year?" There was an abstracted note in his voice, so pronounced that the superintendent felt it safe to ignore the question, and was beginning a recital of the details of the accident when a gesture interrupted him.

"Bolton—what sort of a place is it now, Weston? Pretty much alive—manufacturing—stores—?" Before the man could reply his superior went on: "I don't know whether you know it, Weston, but Bolton is my home town; I grew up here."

Weston smiled.

"Yes, Mr. Trowbridge, I guess every one in Bolton knows that; we're all mighty proud of it, too."



Trowbridge glanced at the man a trifle sharply, but Weston's features revealed nothing but sincerity.

"Let's see," went on the great man, "it must be twenty"—he frowned thoughtfully—"Jove, it's almost thirty years since I left here. Bolton was pretty much of a village then. I've often thought of coming back and looking it over, but never had the time. I don't suppose I'd know a soul now, or they'd know me."

Weston laughed.

"They know you by reputation, all right. I should say that you and William Hardy——"

"William Hardy—Bill Hardy?" The president broke in with greater animation than he had yet shown. "Bill Hardy, eh? Well, I guess I'd know him—" Trowbridge smiled. "I fancy he'd know me. We were very good friends once upon a time."

The subordinate spoke with an undercurrent of emphasis.

"I should think you might find it worth your while, sir, to see him again."

"Yes." Trowbridge stood, absently playing with the tassels of the cord about his waist. "Bill Hardy—I don't suppose he's crossed my mind in fifteen years; yet he was a good friend of mine. What is he now, Weston? What is he doing?"

"Why, he's the president of the Bolton Savings-Bank."

"Savings-bank?" Trowbridge's voice began to show flagging interest. "Not a very important institution, is it? I don't think I ever heard of it."

"Well"—the superintendent raised his eyebrows—"I don't suppose it is big, but it's done a lot for the poor people of Bolton. You wouldn't call it a bank, exactly; that is, it does everything for people; it gets them to save, shows them what to do with their money after they've saved it. Oh, Hardy is always thinking up all sorts of ways for depositors to better themselves, to get along."

"Sort of a paternal arrangement?" smiled Trowbridge.

"I suppose you'd call it that," Weston replied. "So far as that goes, he's sort of a father to the whole city. He was the one who chiefly organized the Bolton Hospital and got it going. He got up the Working Man's Club, the biggest organ-

ization in the country, I understand. He—why, Mr. Trowbridge, when the mill workers have got a kick against their employers, or the employers are sore at the mill workers, none of them goes to the other direct; they go to William Hardy. He organized the municipal water and light company; Bolton gets its electricity and water cheaper and better than any city of the United States——"

"Good heavens!" Trowbridge raised his hands playfully. "Is he worth much money?"

Weston shook his head.

"No, he's in very moderate circumstances. He's given to the city and the people the most valuable thing he had—his time."

Trowbridge turned away.

"You can breakfast with me, Weston, can't you? My secretary was taken sick just before I left, so I'm alone. Then after, I think I'll get you to show me over the city, now I'm here. I should rather like to meet this man Hardy, as you suggest. Sit down and I'll join you when I'm dressed."

He moved to his stateroom and gave himself up to his valet, while Weston waited, sitting a bit uneasily on the edge of one of the sumptuous chairs.

Breakfast was soon finished and Trowbridge, now that his interest in the city was rekindled, was impatient to begin his visit. Scores of old associations, persons who were once a part of his life, flooded a mind long abandoned utterly to the intense struggle which had won him control of a great railroad and made him a strong figure in the financial circles of the country.

Mostly he talked of William Hardy, the man who had stayed home and yet apparently had succeeded in ways that Trowbridge could recognize if he could not appreciate. He could not quite understand, now he thought, how this old friend of his youth could have slipped so completely from his mind—that is to say, as a living personality.

"I think, Weston," he said at length, "that if you'll take me to Hardy's place, I'll let you go on and clean up the details of that wreck."

The superintendent took the dismissal as consideration to a busy man, and such



indeed it was. He appeared to have no feeling that his chief's interest in this visit would suffer because of the change.

Hardy was in his office when the two arrived at the modest little bank building. A clerk offered to take in their names, but Trowbridge shook his head, turning at the same time to Weston.

"I am going in alone and I don't want to be announced. Thank you, Weston, for your kindness—good morning."

The railroad man walked down the aisle to the frosted door in the rear and, without knocking, opened it slightly. Then he pushed it wider, walked in, and closed the door.

A great, big figure was bending over a table in the middle of the room, either hand holding a corner of a large sheet of printed figures. Trowbridge caught an impression of a great shock of bristling gray hair, a head suited to the large body, a face beautiful in its suggestions of manly strength, vigor, and kindliness. The eyes that rose to Trowbridge were the bluest blue, snapping with health and vitality. There were lines in the big, rugged face, but they were lines which carried out in minutest detail the rugged, sympathetic, indomitable personality of the man.

The two were about the same age, fifty odd, and as they stood facing each other they represented the two important types of success which man may obtain in this life, two men whose ways had differed and whose ideals, instincts, and trends of thought, perhaps, were not akin, but who nevertheless, in the midst of it all, stood upon the common ground of stature attained. Both caught this before they spoke. Hardy was the first to move. He advanced from the table. As he drew near he paused just an instant. The eyes of both were filled with uncertainty. Then Hardy's brilliant smile leaped across his face.

"By George," he cried, "this is wonderful! Hello, Sam!"

Trowbridge threw back his head, his teeth gleaming through his grizzled mustache.

"Hello, Bill!"

It was as though the mantle of time had dropped from both of them, for the ring of their voices was the same old ring,

the look in their eyes the same, and the smile. The railroad man withdrew his hand from Hardy's grasp and placed both hands upon the big shoulders.

"Bill," he said, "I'm not going to waste time trying to explain why I haven't seen you before, why I let you slip out of my life—although, come to think, you've a little to answer there yourself."

"We've both been busy men, Sam; yet I've watched your advance foot by foot."

"That's more than I can say of you," rejoined the railroad man grimly. "A fact which I begin to believe has been my loss. Well, I'm going to atone. I pull out of here about eleven, so sit down and tell me everything."

"Nonsense!" The banker closed his desk with a snap. "Now that we've got you here in Bolton, we're going to keep you for a while. We've all been looking forward to this visit for years. Come on."

There was no resisting his genial forcefulness. With Hardy's arm linked through his, he was led out the door and into the various manifestations of life as they had developed in this city. In the hours that followed, Trowbridge came to be very much inspired, not so much by his impressions of Bolton—which struck him as being nearer to Utopia than any place he had ever seen—but because of the influence, personality, and effort of William Hardy, which were everywhere and in everything reflected.

It wasn't that Hardy spoke of himself particularly in connection with these things. As a matter of fact, it was exceptional when he departed from the use of the first person plural. Yet even had not Trowbridge been equipped with the testimony of his division superintendent, it is doubtful if a man of his keen perceptions would have failed to catch the strong, if unquestioned, autobiographical note.

The great, indomitable personality of the man was the thing that impressed Trowbridge. The thing stood out everywhere they went, whatever they did, ranging from a weekly luncheon of the board of trade and inspection of various bureaus, institutions, and works of public utility, to a tour of districts that had started out to be slums but had been deflected into more impressive channels. Trowbridge had abandoned any idea of an early train.



In fact, when he began to think of Chicago he found nothing more promising than a six-o'clock express, which he gave up in deference to Hardy's appeal to come to his house to dine.

The railroad man, as a matter of fact, was rather curious about Hardy's wife, an interest quickened by his friend's frequent allusions to her, couched always in terms of admiration, and which at times struck the guest as almost reverential.

She was from the East, and the two had met while she was on a visit here. Trowbridge particularly desired to see her, however, because of a certain decision which he had formed concerning this man. He had no doubt at all that Hardy was lost here. He was going to remedy this, not alone because of his friend, if truth be told—although this figured in some part—but more because he felt the need of just such a man in New York. Big as he was in Bolton, Trowbridge decided he would be still bigger in a greater sphere; the only point of doubt was the way in which the woman would figure there.

A man is an adaptable creature; Trowbridge was enough of a student of human nature to know that a woman is far from being as much so. So, thus doubting, he decided to withhold the good news till he had been able to see and study her.

By the time dinner had been finished he felt that he owed her an apology. She would do, there was no question about that. A woman of poise and innate refinement, a large, graceful woman whose beauty of nature was revealed in a sweet, strong, mobile face, and eyes infinite in their change of expression, she was in every way, Trowbridge decided, a perfect mate for the man who had so thoroughly taken possession of him.

As it turned out, the railroad man who had come rather in a spirit of patronage remained with no emotion of this sort, whatever else he may have felt. It was with something of pleasure, in sooth, that he found opportunity to be alone with her when, as the two men sat with their cigars, the woman smiling at them over the coffee-cups, a call came, a call for personal assistance, which Hardy felt he must answer.

"It will only be three-quarters of an hour at the most," he said, rising uncertainly. Trowbridge laughed.

"You go on and stay as long as you want, Bill. I want to talk to your wife." He puffed on his cigar, glancing significantly at the man. "I have at least one very important thing to say to her."

Mrs. Hardy laughed a trifle nervously, for she believed that certain remarks of Trowbridge's, in the course of the dinner—the hidden meaning of which her husband had missed—were illuminating as applied to what the man had just said.

He lost no time in confirming her suspicion, for no sooner had the door closed on Hardy, and the two were seated in the library, than he turned to her, speaking in his abrupt way.

"Mrs. Hardy, I am wondering how you'll like living in New York."

He watched her closely, curious as to how she would receive the implication of what was in his mind.

"New York?" she replied, not really so puzzled as she appeared.

He settled back.

"Yes. I'm going to take William out of Bolton and make a big man of him. I want him in New York—in our financial and banking department. He's too big to stay here. His place is in a larger sphere."

If he expected her face to lighten he was disappointed. Instead, she was regarding him with uneasy eyes.

"You understand, it will be the big opportunity of his life, don't you?" he added, as she did not speak.

"How long have you thought of this?" she asked at length, and her voice was a bit hard and dry.

"Well, frankly," he chuckled, "it occurred to me not fifteen minutes after I saw him, but I made my decision just now." He paused. "I rather thought you would be pleased."

She ignored this.

"Have you intimated anything to Will? Then don't," she added, as he shook his head negatively.

Trowbridge half-rose in his chair, and then sank back.

"You quite astonish me, Mrs. Hardy," he said. "It isn't possible——"

"That I don't wish you to make a big man of my husband?" she interrupted, smiling now. "Pardon me for taking the question out of your mouth, but before



you asked it, I wanted you to have the full benefit of my point of view——”

He signified assent, and she continued.

“You see, I regard William Hardy as a big man now, bigger than most men in the things that count most, or ought to count most. That is the way I feel.” She paused a moment, as though gathering breath.

“There are big things in life, yes, and to the man who can develop and handle and direct them we give honor—and justly. But there are little things, too—little things, seemingly unimportant now, that some one has to do, and do well, because in the next generation they’ll be the big things. And if there were no one to do this minor service for life and humanity——” She raised her eyebrows and glanced at him keenly. “Mr. Trowbridge, as you look back, what little thing in your life was it, do you think, that gave you your first big impulse?”

The railroad man leaned back, frowning, in thought. She laughed.

“You don’t have to think as hard as all that, do you?”

“No.” His answer was a bit rueful. “I don’t, as a matter of truth.” He sat forward suddenly. “So Bill has been telling tales, eh?”

She studied his face a moment, but the smile was still in his eyes, so she smiled, too.

“No,” she replied, slowly shaking her head; “Will hasn’t been telling tales. I don’t think I have to tell you that. As a matter of fact, I don’t think he has ever spoken of you except in the way of commenting upon your progress as he read of it in the newspapers, and rejoicing in it. . . . Oh, of course,” she paused, “there was an occasional reminiscence—there would be, naturally. But no tales, none.”

He laughed.

“Then you were shooting into the bush to see if a rabbit would run out.”

“I knew merely,” she rejoined quickly, “that you and Will had been close friends up to the time you were both verging upon manhood.” Her eyes gleamed proudly. “I didn’t have to know more to know that you owe him something, a good deal.”

“I see.” He nodded. “Well, you’re right, I do. Now I look back, I don’t

have to think hard, as you say, to realize that Bill Hardy was a pretty big influence in my life.”

“That was what I meant,” she interjected eagerly. “I didn’t mean to recall to you any specific instance——”

“As a matter of fact,” he broke in, “there was a specific instance. I’m not going to tell it,” he hastened to say, “because—well, because I had managed to forget it in the past ten years. Now,” he glanced at her grimly, “it is quite clear again.”

“I’m sorry,” she said simply.

He shrugged and made a little gesture.

“You needn’t be. It won’t do me a bit of harm; quite the other way, no doubt. The whole point is that, much as Bill has done here, he can do more in a bigger sphere.”

“How do you know that?” she asked.

“Because I know the man.”

“But you’ve always known the man, Mr. Trowbridge. And now, when you say he can do bigger things in a bigger field, all you mean is that you believe you can put him in a place where he’ll make more money than he has made here. Money—isn’t that all?”

“Money—importance—influence,” he replied.

“But money first,” she persisted.

“Yes, naturally.”

She arose and stood facing him.

“I suppose it has occurred to you that Will is getting on in years, as we all are. I have enough faith in him to believe, given a proper time to become acquainted with the details of what you would wish him to do, that he would succeed. I know he would, just as you do. And I know, too, that if you speak to him, as you say you intend doing, that he will be flattered by your belief in him and that he will accept the opportunity you offer—not because of this, however, nor because of the prospects of greater income, but because he will see, as you see, greater influence, greater importance. But not the same sort. He will see in increased prestige greater ability to do good, he will regard prospects of larger income merely as giving him more abundant power and a wider field. But you say you know him—then you know how he would sink himself in his new work, the hours of night



as well as of the day he would give to it——"

"I know," was the enthusiastic reply: "he is the very man I want."

"He is the man *you* want," she rejoined dryly, "he will grind away in your mill with the strength of ten men—and the ability, too. But how about the man *I* want, and that every one here who needs him—and there are hundreds such—wants? Where will he be when he stops grinding out money at the mill and thinks of employing the importance and the influence you speak of? Which, by the way," she added, "will not be the sort of importance and influence he wanted at all."

"That is a narrow view to take of it," he answered patiently.

She walked to the table and around it, and then resumed her chair before replying.

"No, it isn't narrow," she said at length. "It is *you* who are narrow. You are measuring everything in terms of gold."

"I wonder if you would be offended if I were to say you lack ambition for your husband and were holding him back?" His voice was still pleasant but there was a little ring in it.

She started as though he had delivered an unexpected blow. She waited as though expecting him to say more, but he had finished, apparently.

Then she struck back.

"Isn't it just possible that your term, 'ambition,' is more comprehensive than you think?"

He nodded.

"Possibly. Anyway, I am not going to quarrel with you over terms. The point I want you to consider is this: your husband, a man with fine mental equipment, big, clean poise—a man who makes most of the other men I know look like—thirty cents——"

"A new discovery?" She smiled mockingly.

With a wave of his hand he bore on.

"No. But that doesn't signify one way or the other. Bill Hardy is the man with ten talents—and what has he done with them? Buried them in Bolton."

Before answering, she pondered upon his words a moment, and then spoke musingly, as though to herself.

"Has he buried them? I wonder! A man's environment is his world, and it isn't the size of one's world that so matters, after all; it is what one does in it. To do good in a big, if simple, way, to have a helpful hand ever extended to any one, to every one, who needs help in whatever way; to have true friends, whose love means something; to know that each day, through books, through experience of life, that one is increasing always in knowledge; and, above all, to so live as to be at peace with one's self, and to know your life is full—it is a big ambition, Mr. Trowbridge. And the attainment of it means a fight well waged. I don't wish to be complacent, or smug—that is not it at all—but you put me on the defensive."

"Suppose all persons thought as you do?" he persisted. "The world wouldn't get very far."

"You don't mean that," she chided.

"Not precisely," he admitted. "What I mean is, that there are plenty of fellows who can do and be what you say in an humble, backwater environment, but there are few enough who can achieve these and other things in the larger and more important and more influential atmosphere. Hardy is one of these few. He's in the wrong place. I want him in the right place, that's all."

She rushed into her reply.

"No man who has lived as William Hardy has lived could by any possibility be in the wrong place. He has been too true to himself not to know where he belongs." Her face flushed and her voice was tinged with bitterness. "Who are you to say that my husband has been lost in this city of fifty thousand inhabitants, which sends out into the world each year its scores of young men, which has its problems of life and living no less acute than any great city? Who are you, who is any one, to say what is big and what is small in this world? Who will presume to anticipate the future summing up of what we, to whom this age has been intrusted, have stood for and accomplished? Isn't it possible that in the final reckoning the ideals and works of some man whom the world now ignores, or deems beneath notice, will be found to have been no less potent, no less constructive than the acts



of statesmen, or the manipulations of captains of industry?"

The two looked at each other in silence. She had been very eloquent. Now she bore on:

"I say to you, Mr. Trowbridge, that this is the way to judge William Hardy's life, now and in the future, and I say to you, too, that, wealthy as you are, and as powerful in many ways, yet in the deep, real things, the things that count now and in eternity, the things that mean something to humanity and the things that mean something to one's inner self, William Hardy is a bigger man than you are."

He laughed, but was flushing.

"Well—thanks."

"If you don't understand what I mean," she said, a trifle sharply, "then I am sure I can have nothing more to say—except this: that before you set me down as a fanatic, an idealist, a dull, unimaginative plodder of quiet places, I want you to know that in this little city there are homes, many of them, which are the happier to-night and every night because of what he has done and said and been. There are clean lives, more honorable lives, decent, helpful, inspiring lives being lived not only in Bolton, but throughout this country, because of him. There are wealthy men in this city, men of *great* wealth, men whose power and influence extend throughout the State, but when you compare them with William Hardy, where are they? Oh," she ran on, seeing a slight smile, "you think that is wifely pride." She tossed her hands. "Well, I don't ask you to accept my words. Go out of here and ask—ask the first man, woman, or child you meet."

"I don't have to do that," he replied gently. "I know it already. That's the reason I want him."

She twisted her hands helplessly.

"Then I haven't said anything to convince you?"

He regarded her with hard, shrewd eyes.

"I don't know; let's see about that."

Something seemed to tell her what was coming, and she braced herself to meet it.

"You have been pretty closely associated with the work Bill has been doing, haven't you?"

There was no appeal in the glance she sent at him.

"Yes," she said simply.

"You have lived your lives almost as one——"

"Absolutely as one, Mr. Trowbridge."

"Yes, he told me that. You——" he hesitated a second—"let us face the cold, hard fact, Mrs. Hardy—you feel that you share everything with him, his thoughts, his work, his whole life; you feel that here in Bolton he needs you—that you are indispensable——?"

"I hope I am."

"And you feel, perhaps, you wouldn't be——"

She arose abruptly.

"You needn't say anything more, Mr. Trowbridge. I understand—understand perfectly. You think I have been speaking from selfish motives——"

He looked at her without replying.

"You think that in his new life in New York, in the press of affairs, in the distractions of business and social interests, I should lose my place in his life—at least you surmise that I have been speaking to you from a selfish view-point, with all this in mind. I don't ask you to believe that you do me an injustice; I doubt, big as you are, you are big enough for that."

"I don't say that your attitude was a conscious one, Mrs. Hardy. I don't think it was. I merely ask you, honestly, if there isn't the possibility that your position was dictated by the instinct, as it were, of self-preservation. Not," he added, "that I do not feel that you too would enjoy increased power to do your work through his larger success."

She stood before him with regal dignity.

"I am not afraid of William Hardy—so far as his relations with me are concerned—no matter where he is, or what he does. But, as I said, I don't ask you to believe this, because I know you can't. In any event, I cannot argue further. You have quite disarmed me." She glanced at him. "And you will speak to him as you said?"

His jaws squared.

"I most certainly shall," was his reply.

"Very well"—she turned to go—"I have nothing more to say. I assure you that by neither word, look, nor deed shall I do anything to interfere with his judgment upon the thing you intend to pro-



pose to him. Will is coming now; I hear his step on the porch. I shall go to my room in a very few minutes. No one will interrupt you."

As the sound of Hardy's key fumbling in the latch came to them, the woman walked out into the hall and Trowbridge, settling down in his chair, lighted a cigar. He glanced after her as she went out. She had a magnificent carriage and figure, and despite her gray hair the vigor of youth was hers. A compelling personality, he decided, and a remarkably quick and intelligent mind. His gaze wandered about the library, so restful, so homelike, with its air of having developed with the persons who occupied it. The Trowbridge house on Fifth Avenue, as he now saw it, was a place from which to go somewhere, to Europe, to the country place in Long Island, to Tuxedo—anywhere. His wife was abroad now. He recalled that she had not written him in three weeks, nor he her. Well—a real wife, one of the old-fashioned sort, such as Hardy had, such as his mother had been, was a rare thing these days. His thoughts would have wandered on further, but Hardy's big, fresh personality was filling the apartment.

"Well, Sam," he spoke in his joyous, laughing voice, "that was a shame to leave you this way—after all these years. But, by George, it was all in a good cause. Well, how have you been getting on? Do you know, Sam, I always hoped you two would meet sometime."

"Yes?" Trowbridge laughed. "Oh, we've been getting on famously—I think we talked every minute, didn't we, Mrs. Hardy?"

She didn't reply.

"Will," she said, after a brief silence, "I am going to leave you to chat with Mr. Trowbridge. You must have a lot to say——"

"Nothing that I don't want you to hear," interpellated her husband.

"Oh, certainly," she smiled. "I know that. But I'm rather tired and I have some correspondence—if you don't mind——?"

"Tired!" He was at her side. "That's a new one from you—you're not sick?"

She laughed at him.

"No, you old goose, certainly not." She rumbled his shock of hair playfully,

nodded slightly to Trowbridge, and left the room.

"A wonderful woman, Sam," said Hardy, advancing to a chair and picking up a cigar. "I wish you could get to know her better."

Trowbridge smiled a trifle grimly.

"I think I've got to know her pretty well," he said. He took out his watch. "Bill, we've got a lot to say—and my car is picked up at eleven o'clock."

Hardy stretched himself in his chair and smiled across the table at his old chum.

When Mary Hardy reached her room at the head of the stairs, she didn't go to her desk as she intended. Instead, she threw herself upon a divan in the window alcove, staring vacantly toward the half-opened door leading to the hall through which came the sound of the men's voices. She had not meant to leave the door ajar, but somehow she had been unable to close it. Now she lay with that indistinct murmur drifting from below, straining her ears tensely to catch some drift of what was being said. It was torture. It seemed to her that she would scream if the suspense continued. She arose and stole quietly to the head of the stairs, catching clearly now the quick, staccato tone of Trowbridge's voice and the bluff, full-lunged replies of her husband.

She had a right to listen; their happiness, their very lives were at stake—yet something in her conscience made her shut the words out of her ears, made her turn and flee guiltily to her room. She closed the door tightly and began pacing the apartment with a measured step, thinking. Was Samuel Trowbridge right? He was a keen man, a man undoubtedly of marvellous powers of perception. Had he read her better than she had read herself? Had selfishness dominated her attitude in the interview down-stairs with this man? If this were so, she was willing now to know it. For it was her husband's future that was in the scales and she would sooner die than know that she had decided the balance with false weight.

Her thoughts went back over all the years, years out of which William Hardy's great, vital, compelling personality arose and swept over her in a strong resurgent tide. Yet withal she could see, could feel



the part she had played. He was an enthusiastic man, unthinking in his ardor when fully enlisted. She had helped him here because she had been able to temper his zeal, giving him at important times that clearness of vision so necessary to his success in great undertakings. This was the truth; it would be unjust to herself to blink it. And there had been little, sharp corners in his character, a few, that had needed smoothing and rounding—necessarily so in his life and in the life of every man of his sort who has been obliged to make himself in the midst of a stormy, hard-fighting, give-and-take youth. From her, therefore, had come some, at least, of the softening, refining influence that, yes, that made him all that he was to-day. Some good woman, perhaps, has done the same for every good and worthy man. Some other woman might have done it for William Hardy—perhaps. She felt she had a right to this reservation. At all events, she had been the woman in this case.

And through all she had stood shoulder to shoulder with him. Well—admitted; yet all this did not dispose of Trowbridge's charge, rather gave countenance to it, in fact. She could see that. And she did love it all—the life they had laid out between them—the knowledge that like him she was living in utter fulness, justifying her being in the eyes of God and the world and herself.

Ah, it was bitter to think of giving it all up! Yet again, that was selfish, selfish if there was truth in what Trowbridge had said about her husband's larger life and larger usefulness. And who was she, after all, to say that there was not truth in it? There might well be. Well, as a matter of fact, was there not truth? The hidden voice rang this question in her ears persistently. Knowing William Hardy as she did, wasn't that man down-stairs right? Hadn't the time come for her to stand aside?—the time that sooner or later comes into the lives of all? Possibly, probably. All right; she could be brave. There would be no word from her—not a syllable.

She groaned aloud and, throwing herself down upon the couch, buried her burning face in her hands.

The passage of time meant nothing to

her, and it seemed but a few minutes when she caught her husband's voice calling to her.

"Mary! Sam is going."

There seemed no unusual note in his voice. She dabbed hastily at her hair and hurried down. Trowbridge was in the hall, watching her gravely as she descended the stairs. And she fancied she caught a mocking light in his cold gray eyes.

"If you don't mind, Mary, I'm going to ride to the station with Sam. The cab will bring me back directly."

"Why, of course, you must go." She put out her hand, facing the railroad man with brave eyes.

"Good night, Mr. Trowbridge."

He smiled slightly.

"Can't it be 'Sam'?" he asked. "It sounds queer to have Bill Hardy's wife mistaking me. And then, you know," he added, "I expect we shall see more of each other in the future than in the past."

Her breath caught, but she smiled.

"Good night, Sam," she said.

They were gone. As the door closed, a great sob escaped her, and she stood in the hallway, staring vacantly without tangible thought.

She was still there when her husband returned. He caught her in his arms and spun her around, peering playfully at the side of her face.

"Have your ears been burning, girl?" he asked. "When I came in a while ago I fancied Sam and I were to talk of old times. Well," he laughed, "we did. But most of the time we talked of you——"

"Of me——!"

"Yes, of you, Mary. You must have made quite an impression. He asked me endless questions about you—I suppose I should say *our* work. He—by George!—he even went into our life and our affairs. Talk about Bob Steelton as a cross-examiner! Well"—he led her into the library and threw himself into a chair—"do you know, Mary, that between us we discovered that my life here in Bolton had been pretty nearly as much you as me? I mean outside the home——"

"William!"

"It's true. By George, it's true!" He shook his head doggedly.



She smiled, standing erect and rigid.

"I am glad you think so, William——"

"And Sam Trowbridge," he supplemented, "saw it, too."

She looked at him curiously. Was he paving the way for what he had to say? It was precisely the tactful way in which he would approach it. But she wanted no evasion.

"William"—she eyed him sternly—"what I want you to tell me is what Sam Trowbridge said to you about yourself; I want every detail."

Hardy frowned.

"Well, the fact is," he said thoughtfully, "I don't recall anything very specific, except, of course, he was very

flattering, handsomely so—" He hesitated.

"Will, what else? Go on," she said sharply.

"The fact is, Mary, he—he wants us to spend next month with him at his country house in Long Island—and—and, do you know, I've got an idea, sort of a fancy, that you don't like him and won't go."

She came close to him.

"Is that all—every single thing?"

"Everything." He regarded her curiously. "Certainly, my dear girl. Why?"

Her arms were around him now.

"Nothing, honey; only I was startled when you said I didn't like him. Why, Will, I just love Samuel Trowbridge."

## THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

### XXXIII



PREMPTORILY ordered by the doctor to the sea, but with instructions to avoid for the present all excitement, sunlight, and color, Derek and his grand-

mother repaired to a spot well known to be gray, and Nedda went home to Hampstead. This was the last week in July. A fortnight spent in the perfect vacuity of an English watering-place restored the boy wonderfully. No one could be better trusted than Frances Freeland to preserve him from looking on the dark side of anything, more specially when that thing was already not quite nice. Their conversation was therefore free from allusion to the laborers, the strike, or Bob Tryst. And Derek thought the more. The approaching trial was hardly ever out of his mind. Bathing, he would think of it; sitting on the gray jetty looking over the gray sea, he would think of it. Up the gray cobbled streets and away on the headlands, he would think of it. And, so as not to have to think of it, he would try

to walk himself to a standstill. Unfortunately the head will continue working when the legs are at rest. And when he sat opposite to her at meal-times, Frances Freeland would gaze piercingly at his forehead and muse: 'The dear boy looks much better, but he's getting a little line between his brows—it *is* such a pity!' It worried her, too, that the face he was putting on their little holiday together was not quite as full as she could have wished—though the last thing in the world she could tolerate were really fat cheeks, those signs of all that her stoicism abhorred, those truly unforgivable marks of the loss of 'form.' He struck her as dreadfully silent, too, and she would rack her brains for subjects that would interest him, often saying to herself: 'If only I were clever!' It was natural he should think of dear Nedda, but surely it was not that which gave him the little line. He must be brooding about those other things. He ought not to be melancholy like this and let anything prevent the sea from doing him good. The habit—hard-learned by the old, and especially the old of her particular sex—of not wishing for



the moon, or at an events of not letting others know that you are wishing for it, had long enabled Frances Freeland to talk cheerfully on the most indifferent subjects whether or no her heart were aching. One's heart often did ache, of course, but it simply didn't do to let it interfere, making things uncomfortable for others. And once she said to him: "You know, darling, I think it would be so nice for you to take a little interest in politics. They're very absorbing when you once get into them. I find my paper most enthralling. And it really has very good principles."

"If politics did anything for those who most need things done, Granny—but I can't see that they do."

She thought a little, then, firming her lips, said:

"I don't think that's quite just, darling, there are a great many politicians who are very much looked up to—all the bishops, for instance, and others whom nobody could suspect of self-seeking."

"I didn't mean that politicians were self-seeking, Granny; I meant that they're comfortable people, and the things that interest them are those that interest comfortable people. What have they done for the laborers, for instance?"

"Oh, but, darling! they're going to do a great deal. In my paper they're continually saying that."

"Do you believe it?"

"I'm sure they wouldn't say so if they weren't. There's quite a new plan, and it sounds most sensible. And so I don't think, darling, that if I were you I should make myself unhappy about all that kind of thing. They must know best. They're all so much older than you. And you're getting quite a little line between your eyes."

Derek smiled.

"All right, Granny; I shall have a big one soon."

Frances Freeland smiled, too, but shook her head.

"Yes; and that's why I really think you ought to take interest in politics."

"I'd rather take interest in you, Granny. You're very jolly to look at."

Frances Freeland raised her brows.

"I? My dear, I'm a perfect fright nowadays."

Thus pushing away what her stoicism

and perpetual aspiration to an impossibly good face would not suffer her to admit, she added:

"Where would you like to drive this afternoon?"

For they took drives in a small victoria, Frances Freeland holding her sunshade to protect him from the sun whenever it made the mistake of being out.

On August the fourth he insisted that he was well and must go back home. And, though to bring her attendance on him to an end was a grief, she humbly admitted that he must be wanting younger company, and, after one wistful attempt, made no further bones. The following day they travelled.

On getting home he found that the police had been to see little Biddy Tryst, who was to be called as a witness. Tod would take her over on the morning of the trial. Derek did not wait for this, but on the day before the assizes repacked his bag and went off to the Royal Charles Hostel at Worcester. He slept not at all that night, and next morning was early at the court, for Tryst's case would be the first. Anxiously he sat watching all the queer and formal happenings that mark the initiation of the higher justice—the assemblage of the gentlemen in wigs; the sifting, shifting, settling of clerks, and ushers, solicitors, and the public; the busy indifference, the cheerful professionalism of it all. He saw little Mr. Pogram come in, more square and rubbery than ever, and engage in conclave with one of the bewigged. The smiles, shrugs, even the sharp expressions on that barrister's face; the way he stood, twisting round, one hand wrapped in his gown, one foot on the bench behind; it was all as if he had done it hundreds of times before and cared not the snap of one of his thin, yellow fingers. Then there was a sudden hush; the judge came in, bowed, and took his seat. And that, too, seemed so professional. Haunted by the thought of him to whom this was almost life and death, the boy was incapable of seeing how natural it was that they should not all feel as he did.

The case was called and Tryst brought in. Derek had once more to undergo the torture of those tragic eyes fixed on him. Round that heavy figure, that mournful, half-brutal, and half-yearning face,



the pleadings, the questions, the answers hurried, bringing out facts with damning clearness, yet leaving the real story of that early morning as hidden as if the court and all were but gibbering figures of air. The real story of Tryst, heavy and distraught, rising and turning out from habit into the early haze on the fields, where his daily work had lain, of Tryst brooding, with the slow, the wrathful incoherence that centuries of silence in those lonely fields had passed into the blood of his forebears and himself. Brooding, in the dangerous disproportion that enforced continence brings to certain natures, loading the brain with violence till the storm bursts and there leap out the lurid, dark insanities of crime. Brooding, while in the air flies chased each other, insects crawled together in the grass, and the first principle of nature worked everywhere its sane fulfilment. They might talk and take evidence as they would, be shrewd and sharp with all the petty sharpness of the Law; but the secret springs would still lie undisclosed, too natural and true to bear the light of day. The probings and eloquence of justice would never paint the picture of that moment of maniacal relief, when, with jaw hanging loose, eyes bulging in exultation of revenge, he had struck those matches with his hairy hands and let them flare in the straw, till the little red flames ran and licked, rustled and licked, and there was nothing to do but watch them lick and burn. Nor of that sudden wildness of dumb fear that rushed into the heart of the crouching creature, changing the madness of his face to palsy. Nor of the recoil from the burning stack; those moments empty with terror. Nor of how terror, through habit of inarticulate, emotionless existence, gave place again to brute stolidity. And so, heavily back across the dewy fields, under the larks' songs, the cooings of pigeons, the hum of wings, and all the unconscious rhythm of ageless Nature. No! The probings of Justice could never reach the truth. And even Justice quailed at its own probings when the mother-child was passed up from Tod's side into the witness-box and the big laborer was seen to look at her and she at him. She seemed to have grown taller; her pensive little face and beautifully fluffed-out corn-brown

hair had an eerie beauty, perched up there in the arid witness-box, as of some small figure from the brush of Botticelli.

"Your name, my dear?"

"Biddy Tryst."

"How old?"

"Ten next month, please."

"Do you remember going to live at Mr. Freeland's cottage?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you remember the first night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you sleep, Biddy?"

"Please, sir, we slept in a big room with a screen. Billy and Susie and me; and father behind the screen."

"And where was the room?"

"Down-stairs, sir."

"Now, Biddy, what time did you wake up the first morning?"

"When father got up."

"Was that early or late?"

"Very early."

"Would you know the time?"

"No, sir."

"But it was very early; how did you know that?"

"It was a long time before we had any breakfast."

"And what time did you have breakfast?"

"Half past six by the kitchen clock."

"Was it light when you woke up?"

"Yes, sir."

"When father got up, did he dress or did he go to bed again?"

"He hadn't never undressed, sir."

"Then did he stay with you or did he go out?"

"Out, sir."

"And how long was it before he came back?"

"When I was puttin' on Billy's boots."

"What had you done in between?"

"Helped Susie and dressed Billy."

"And how long does that take you generally?"

"Half an hour, sir."

"I see. What did father look like when he came in, Biddy?"

The mother-child paused. For the first time it seemed to dawn on her that there was something dangerous in these questions. She twisted her small hands before her and gazed at her father.



The judge said gently:

"Well, my child?"

"Like he does now, sir."

"Thank you, Biddy."

That was all; the mother-child was suffered to step down and take her place again by Tod. And in the silence rose the short and rubbery report of little Mr. Pogram blowing his nose. No evidence given that morning was so conclusive, actual, terrible as that unconscious: "Like he does now, sir." That was why even Justice quailed a little at its own probings.

From this moment the boy knew that Tryst's fate was sealed. What did all those words matter, those professional patterings one way and the other; the professional jeers: 'My friend has told you this' and 'My friend will tell you that.' The professional steering of the impartial judge, seated there above them all; the cold, calculated rhapsodies about the heinousness of arson; the cold and calculated attack on the characters of the stone-breaker witness and the tramp witness; the cold and calculated patter of the appeal not to condemn a father on the evidence of his little child; the cold and calculated outburst on the right of every man to be assumed innocent except on overwhelming evidence such as did not here exist. The cold and calculated balancing of pro and con; and those minutes of cold calculation veiled from the eyes of the court. Even the verdict: 'Guilty'; even the judgment: 'Three years' penal servitude.' All nothing, all superfluity to the boy supporting the tragic gaze of Tryst's eyes and making up his mind to a desperate resort.

"Three years' penal servitude!" The big laborer paid no more attention to those words than to any others spoken during that hour's settlement of his fate. True, he received them standing, as is the custom, fronting the image of Justice, from whose lips they came. But by no single gesture did he let any one see the dumb depths of his soul. If life had taught him nothing else, it had taught him never to express himself. Mute as any bullock led into the slaughtering-house, with something of a bullock's dulled and helpless fear in his eyes, he passed down and away between his jailers. And at once

the professional noises rose, and the professional rhapsodists, hunching their gowns, swept that little lot of papers into their pink tape, and, turning to their neighbors, smiled, and talked, and jerked their eyebrows.

#### XXXIV

THE nest on the Spaniard's Road had not been able to contain Sheila long. There are certain natures, such as that of Felix, to whom the claims and exercise of authority are abhorrent, who refuse to exercise it themselves and rage when they see it exercised over others, but who somehow never come into actual conflict with it. There are other natures, such as Sheila's, who do not mind in the least exercising authority themselves, but who oppose it vigorously when they feel it coming near themselves or some others. Of such is the kingdom of militancy. Her experience with the police had sunk deep into her soul. They had not, as a fact, treated her at all badly, which did not prevent her feeling as if they had outraged in her the dignity of woman. She arrived, therefore, in Hampstead seeing red even where red was not. And since, undoubtedly, much real red was to be seen, there was little other color in the world or in her cheeks those days. Long disagreements with Alan, to whom she was still a magnet but whose Stanley-like nature stood firm against the blandishments of her revolting tongue, drove her more and more toward a decision the seeds of which had, perhaps, been planted during her former stay among the breezy airs of Hampstead.

Felix, coming one day into his wife's study—for the house knew not the word drawing-room—found Flora, with eyebrows lifted up and smiling lips, listening to Sheila proclaiming the doctrine that it was impossible not to live 'on one's own.' Nothing else—Felix learned—was compatible with dignity, or even with peace of mind. She had, therefore, taken a back room high up in a back street, in which she was going to live perfectly well on ten shillings a week; and, having thirty-two pounds saved up, she would be all right for a year, after which she would be able to earn her living. The principle she proposed to keep before her eyes was that



of committing herself to nothing which would seriously interfere with her work in life. Somehow, it was impossible to look at this girl, with her glowing cheeks and her glowing eyes, and her hair frizzy from ardor, and to distrust her utterances. Yes! She would arrive, if not where she wanted, at all events somewhere; which, after all, was the great thing. And in fact she did arrive the very next day in the back room high up in the back street, and neither Tod's cottage nor the house on the Spaniard's Road saw more than flying gleams of her.

Another by-product, this, of that little starting episode, the notice given to Tryst! Strange how in life one little incident, one little piece of living stress, can attract and gather round it the feelings, thoughts, actions of people whose lives run far and wide away therefrom. But episodes are thus potent only when charged with a significance that comes from the clash of the deepest instincts.

During the six weeks which had elapsed between his return home from Joyfields and the assizes, Felix had much leisure to reflect that if Lady Malloring had not caused Tryst to be warned that he could not marry his deceased wife's sister and continue to stay on the estate—the lives of Felix himself, his daughter, mother, brother, brother's wife, their son and daughter, and in less degree of his other brothers, would have been free of a pre-occupation little short of ludicrous in proportion to the face value of the cause. But he had leisure, too, to reflect that in reality the issue involved in that tiny episode concerned human existence to its depths—for, what was it but the simple, all-important question of human freedom? The simple, all-important issue of how far men and women should try to rule the lives of others instead of trying only to rule their own, and how far those others should allow their lives to be so ruled? This it was which gave that episode its power of attracting and affecting the thoughts, feelings, actions of so many people otherwise remote. And though Felix was paternal enough to say to himself nearly all the time, 'I can't let Nedda get further into this mess!' he was philosopher enough to tell himself, in the unfatherly balance of his hours, that the mess was

caused by the fight best of all worth fighting—of democracy against autocracy, of a man's right to do as he likes with his life if he harms not others; of 'the Land' against the fetterers of 'the Land.' And he was artist enough to see how from that little starting episode the whole business had sprung—given, of course, the entrance of the wilful force called love. But a father, especially when he has been thoroughly alarmed, gives the artist and philosopher in him short shrift.

Nedda came home soon after Sheila went, and to the eyes of Felix she came back too old and thoughtful altogether. How different a girl from the Nedda who had so wanted 'to know everything' that first night of May! What was she brooding over, what planning, in that dark, round, pretty head? At what resolve were those clear eyes so swiftly raised to look? What was going on within, when her breast heaved so, without seeming cause, and the color rushed up in her cheeks at a word, as though she had been so far away that the effort of recall was alone enough to set all her veins throbbing. And yet Felix could devise no means of attack on her infatuation. For a man cannot cultivate the habit of never interfering and then suddenly throw it over; least of all when the person to be interfered with is his pet and only daughter.

Flora, not of course in the swim of those happenings at Joyfields, could not be got to take the matter very seriously. In fact—beyond what concerned Felix himself and poetry—the matter that she did take seriously had yet to be discovered. Hers was one of those semi-detached natures particularly found in Hampstead. When exhorted to help tackle the question, she could only suggest that Felix should take them all abroad when he had finished 'The Last of the Laborers.' A tour, for instance, in Norway and Sweden, where none of them had ever been, and perhaps down through Finland into Russia.

Feeling like one who squirts on a burning haystack with a garden syringe, Felix propounded this scheme to his little daughter. She received it with a start, a silence, a sort of quivering all over, as of an animal who scents danger. She wanted to know when, and being told—'not before the



middle of August,' relapsed into her pre-occupation as if nothing had been said. Felix noted on the hall table one afternoon a letter in her handwriting, addressed to a Worcester newspaper, and remarked thereafter that she began to receive this journal daily, obviously with a view to reports of the coming assizes. Once he tried to break through into her confidence. It was August Bank Holiday, and they had gone out onto the heath together to see the people wonderfully assembled. Coming back across the burnt-up grass, strewn with paper bags, banana peel, and the cores of apples, he hooked his hand into her arm.

"What is to be done with a child that goes about all day thinking and thinking and not telling anybody what she is thinking?"

She smiled round at him and answered:

"I know, Dad. She *is* a pig, isn't she?"

This comparison with an animal of proverbial stubbornness was not encouraging. Then his hand was squeezed to her side and he heard her murmur:

"I wonder if all daughters are such beasts!"

He understood well that she had meant: 'There is only one thing I want—one thing I mean to have—one thing in the world for me now!'

And he said soberly:

"We can't expect anything else."

"Oh, Daddy!" she answered, but nothing more.

Only four days later she came to his study with a letter, and a face so flushed and troubled that he dropped his pen and got up in alarm.

"Read this, Dad! It's impossible! It's not true! It's terrible! Oh! What am I to do?"

The letter ran thus, in a straight, boyish handwriting:

"ROYAL CHARLES HOSTEL,  
WORCESTER, Aug. 7th.

"MY NEDDA,

"I have just seen Bob tried. They have given him three years' penal. It was awful to sit there and watch him. He can never stand it. It was awful to watch him looking at *me*. It's no good. I'm going to give myself up. I must do it. I've got everything ready; they'll

have to believe me and squash his sentence. You-see, but for me it would never have been done. It's a matter of honour. I can't let him suffer any more. This isn't impulse. I've been meaning to do it for some time, if they found him guilty. So in a way, it's an immense relief. I'd like to have seen you first, but it would only distress you, and I might not have been able to go through with it after. Nedda, darling, if you still love me when I get out, we'll go to New Zealand, away from this country where they bully poor creatures like Bob. Be brave! I'll write to-morrow, if they let me.

"Your

"DEREK."

The first sensation in Felix on reading this effusion was poignant recollection of the little lawyer's look after Derek had made the scene at Tryst's committal and of his words: 'Nothing in it, is there?' His second thought: 'Is this the cutting of the knot that I've been looking for?' His third, which swept all else away: 'My poor little darling! What business has that boy to hurt her again like this!'

He heard her say:

"Tryst told me himself he did it, Dad! He told me when I went to see him in the prison. Honour doesn't demand what isn't true! Oh, Dad, help me!"

Felix was slow in getting free from the cross currents of reflection. "He wrote this last night," he said dismally. "He may have done it already. We must go and see John."

Nedda clasped her hands. "Ah! Yes!"

And Felix had not the heart to add what he was thinking: 'Not that I see what good he can do!' But, though sober reason told him this, it was astonishingly comforting to be going to some one who could be relied on to see the facts of the situation without any of that 'flimflam' with which imagination is accustomed to surround them. "And we'll send Derek a wire for what it's worth."

They went at once to the post-office, Felix composing this message on the way: 'Utterly mistaken chivalry you have no right await our arrival Felix Freeland.' He handed it to her to read, and passed it under the brass railing to the clerk, not without the feeling of shame due from one



who uses the word chivalry in a post-office.

On the way to the tube station he held her arm tightly, but whether to impart courage or receive it he could not have said, so strung-up in spirit did he feel her. With few words exchanged they reached Whitehall. Marking their card 'Urgent,' they were received within ten minutes.

John was standing in a high, white room, smelling a little of papers and tobacco, and garnished solely by five green chairs, a table, and a bureau with an immense number of pigeonholes, whereat he had obviously been seated. Quick to observe what concerned his little daughter, Felix noted how her greeting trembled up at her uncle and how a sort of warmth thawed for the moment the regularity of his brother's face. When they had taken two of the five green chairs and John was back at his bureau, Felix handed over the letter. John read it and looked at Nedda. Then taking a pipe out of his pocket, which he had evidently filled before they came in, he lighted it and reread the letter. Then, looking very straight at Nedda, he said:

"Nothing in it? Honour bright, my dear!"

"No, Uncle John, nothing. Only that he fancies his talk about injustice put it into Tryst's head."

John nodded; the girl's face was evidence enough for him.

"Any proof?"

"Tryst himself told me in the prison that he did it. He said it came on him suddenly, when he saw the straw."

A pause followed before John said:

"Good! You and I and your father will go down and see the police."

Nedda lifted her hands and said breathlessly:

"But, Uncle! Dad! Have I the right? He says—honour. Won't it be betraying him?"

Felix could not answer, but with relief he heard John say:

"It's not honorable to cheat the law."

"No; but he trusted me or he wouldn't have written."

John answered slowly:

"I think your duty's plain, my dear. The question for the police will be whether or not to take notice of this

false confession. For us to keep the knowledge that it's false from them, under the circumstances, is clearly not right. Besides being, to my mind, foolish."

For Felix to watch this mortal conflict going on in the soul of his daughter—that soul which used to seem, perhaps even now seemed, part of himself; to know that she so desperately wanted help for her decision, and to be unable to give it, unable even to trust himself to be honest—this was hard for Felix. There she sat, staring before her; and only her tight-clasped hands, the little movements of her lips and throat, showed the struggle going on in her.

"I couldn't, without seeing him; I *must* see him first, Uncle!"

John got up and went over to the window; he, too, had been affected by her face.

"You realize," he said, "that you risk everything by that. If he's given himself up, and they've believed him, he's not the sort to let it fall through. You cut off your chance if he won't let you tell. Better for your father and me to see him first, anyway." And Felix heard a mutter that sounded like: 'Confound him!'

Nedda rose. "Can we go at once, then, Uncle?"

With a solemnity that touched Felix, John put a hand on each side of her face, raised it, and kissed her on the forehead.

"All right!" he said. "Let's be off!"

A silent trio sought Paddington in a taxi-cab, digesting this desperate climax of an affair that sprang from origins so small.

In Felix, contemplating his daughter's face, there was profound compassion, but also that family dismay, that perturbation of self-esteem, which public scandal forces on kinsmen, even the most philosophic. He felt exasperation against Derek, against Kirsteen, almost even against Tod, for having acquiesced passively in the revolutionary bringing-up which had brought on such a disaster. War against injustice; sympathy with suffering; chivalry! Yes! But not quite to the point whence they recoiled on his daughter, his family, himself! The situation was impossible! He was fast resolving that, whether or no they saved Derek from this quixotry, the boy should



not have Nedda. And already his eyes found difficulty in meeting hers.

They secured a compartment to themselves and, having settled down in corners, began mechanically unfolding evening journals. For after all, whatever happens, one must read the papers! Without that, life would indeed be insupportable! Felix had bought Mr. Cuthcott's, but, though he turned and turned the sheets, they seemed to have no sense till these words caught his eyes: "Convict's tragic death! Yesterday afternoon at Worcester, while being conveyed from the assize court back to prison, a man named Tryst, sentenced to three years' penal servitude for arson, suddenly attacked the warders in charge of him and escaped. He ran down the street, hotly pursued, and, darting out into the traffic, threw himself under a motor-car going at some speed. The car struck him on the head, and the unfortunate man was killed on the spot. No reason whatever can be assigned for this desperate act. He is known, however, to have suffered from epilepsy, and it is thought an attack may have been coming on him at the time."

When Felix had read these words he remained absolutely still, holding that buff-colored paper before his face, trying to decide what he must do now. What was the significance—exactly the significance of this? Now that Tryst was dead, Derek's quixotic action had no meaning. But had he already 'confessed'? It seemed from this account that the suicide was directly after the trial; even before the boy's letter to Nedda had been written. He must surely have heard of it since and given up his mad idea! He leaned over, touched John on the knee, and handed him the paper. John read the paragraph, handed it back; and the two brothers stared fixedly at each other. Then Felix made the faintest movement of his head toward his daughter, and John nodded. Crossing to Nedda, Felix hooked his arm in hers and said:

"Just look at this, my child."

Nedda read, started to her feet, sank back, and cried out:

"Poor, poor man! Oh, Dad! Poor man!"

Felix felt ashamed. Though Tryst's death meant so much relief to her, she felt

first this rush of compassion; he himself, to whom it meant so much less relief, had felt only that relief.

"He said he couldn't stand it; he told me that. But I never thought— Oh! Poor man!" And, burying her face against his arm, she gave way.

Petrified, and conscious that John at the far end of the carriage was breathing rather hard, Felix could only stroke her arm till at last she whispered:

"There's nobody now for Derek to save. Oh, if you'd seen that poor man in prison, Dad!"

And the only words of comfort Felix could find were:

"My child, there are thousands and thousands of poor prisoners and captives!"

In a truce to agitation they spent the rest of that three hours' journey, while the train rattled and rumbled through the quiet, happy-looking land.

### XXXV

It was tea-time when they reached Worcester, and at once went up to the Royal Charles Hostel. A pretty young woman in the office there informed them that the young gentleman had paid his bill and gone out about ten o'clock; he had left his luggage. She had not seen him come in. His room was up that little staircase at the end of the passage. There was another entrance that he might have come in at. The 'Boots' would take them.

Past the hall stuffed with furniture and decorated with the stags' heads and battle-prints common to English county-town hotels, they followed the 'Boots' up five red-carpeted steps, down a dingy green corridor, to a door at the very end. There was no answer to their knock. The dark little room, with striped walls, and more battle-prints, looked out on a side street and smelled dusty. On a shiny leather sofa an old valise, strapped-up ready for departure, was reposing with Felix's telegram, unopened, deposited thereon. Writing on his card, "Have come down with Nedda. F. F.," and laying it on the telegram, in case Derek should come in by the side entrance, Felix and Nedda rejoined John in the hall.



To wait in anxiety is perhaps the hardest thing in life; tea, tobacco, and hot baths perhaps the only anodynes. These, except the baths, they took. Without knowing what had happened, neither John nor Felix liked to make inquiry at the police station, nor did they care to try and glean knowledge from the hotel people by questions that might lead to gossip. They could but kick their heels till it became reasonably certain that Derek was not coming back. The enforced waiting increased Felix's exasperation. Everything Derek did seemed designed to cause Nedda pain. To watch her sitting there, trying resolutely to mask her anxiety, became intolerable. At last he got up and said to John:

"I think we'd better go round there," and, John nodding, he added: "Wait here, my child. One of us'll come back at once and tell you anything we hear."

She gave them a grateful look and the two brothers went out. They had not gone twenty yards when they met Derek striding along, pale, wild, unhappy-looking. When Felix touched him on the arm, he started and stared blankly at his uncle.

"We've seen about Tryst," Felix said: "You've not done anything?"

Derek shook his head.

"Good! John, tell Nedda that, and stay with her a bit. I want to talk to Derek. We'll go in the other way." He put his hand under the boy's arm and turned him down into the side street. When they reached the gloomy little bedroom Felix pointed to the telegram.

"From me. I suppose the news of his death stopped you?"

"Yes." Derek opened the telegram, dropped it, and sat down beside his valise on the shiny sofa. He looked positively haggard.

Taking his stand against the chest of drawers, Felix said quietly:

"I'm going to have it out with you, Derek. Do you understand what all this means to Nedda? Do you realize how utterly unhappy you're making her? I don't suppose you're happy yourself——"

The boy's whole figure writhed.

"Happy! When you've killed some one you don't think much of happiness—your own or any one's!"

Startled in his turn, Felix said sharply: "Don't talk like that. It's monomania."

Derek laughed. "Bob Tryst's dead—through me! I can't get out of that."

Gazing at the boy's tortured face, Felix grasped the gruesome fact that this idea amounted to obsession.

"Derek," he said, "you've dwelt on this till you see it out of all proportion. If we took to ourselves the remote consequences of all our words we should none of us survive a week. You're overdone. You'll see it differently to-morrow."

Derek got up to pace the room.

"I swear I would have saved him. I tried to do it when they committed him at Transham." He looked wildly at Felix. "Didn't I? You were there; you heard!"

"Yes, yes; I heard."

"They wouldn't let me then. I thought they mightn't find him guilty here—so I let it go on. And now he's dead. You don't know how I feel!"

His throat was working, and Felix said with real compassion:

"My dear boy! Your sense of honour is too extravagant altogether. A grown man like poor Tryst knew perfectly what he was doing."

"No. He was like a dog—he did what he thought was expected of him. I never meant him to burn those ricks."

"Exactly! No one can blame you for a few wild words. He might have been the boy and you the man by the way you take it! Come!"

Derek sat down again on the shiny sofa and buried his head in his hands.

"I can't get away from him. He's been with me all day. I see him all the time."

That the boy was really haunted was only too apparent. How to attack this mania? If one could make him feel something else! And Felix said:

"Look here, Derek! Before you've any right to Nedda you've got to find ballast. That's a matter of honour, if you like."

Derek flung up his head as if to ward off a blow. Seeing that he had riveted him, Felix pressed on, with some sternness:

"A man can't serve two passions. You must give up this championing the weak



and lighting flames you can't control. See what it leads to! You've got to grow and become a man. Until then I don't trust my daughter to you."

The boy's lips quivered; a flush darkened his face, ebbed, and left him paler than ever.

Felix felt as if he had hit that face. Still, anything was better than to leave him under this gruesome obsession! Then, to his consternation, Derek stood up and said:

"If I go and see his body at the prison, perhaps he'll leave me alone a little!"

Catching at that, as he would have caught at anything, Felix said:

"Good! Yes! Go and see the poor fellow; we'll come, too."

And he went out to find Nedda.

By the time they reached the street Derek had already started, and they could see him going along in front. Felix racked his brains to decide whether he ought to prepare her for the state the boy was in. Twice he screwed himself up to take the plunge, but her face—puzzled, as though wondering at the boy's neglect of her—stopped him. Better say nothing!

Just as they reached the prison she put her hand on his arm:

"Look, Dad!"

And Felix read on the corner of the prison lane those words: 'Love's Walk'!

Derek was waiting at the door. After some difficulty they were admitted and taken down the corridor where the prisoner on his knees had stared up at Nedda, past the courtyard where those others had been pacing out their living hieroglyphic, up steps to the hospital. Here, in a whitewashed room on a narrow bed, the body of the big laborer lay, wrapped in a sheet.

"We bury him Friday, poor chap! Fine big man, too!" And at the warder's words a shudder passed through Felix. The frozen tranquillity of that body!

As the carved beauty of great buildings, so is the graven beauty of death, the unimaginable wonder of the abandoned thing lying so quiet, marvelling at its resemblance to what once lived! How strange this thing, still stamped by all that it had felt, wanted, loved, and hated, by all its dumb, hard, commonplace existence! This thing with the calm, pathetic look

of one who asks of his own fled spirit: Why have you abandoned me?

Death! What more wonderful than a dead body—that still perfect work of life, for which life has no longer use! What more mysterious than this sight of what still is, yet is not!

Below the linen swathing the struck temples, those eyes were closed through which such yearning had looked forth. From that face, where the hair had grown faster than if it had been alive, death's majesty had planed away the aspect of brutality, removed the yearning, covering all with wistful acquiescence. Was his departed soul coherent? Where was it? Did it hover in this room, visible still to the boy? Did it stand there beside what was left of Tryst the laborer, that humblest of all creatures who dared to make revolt—serf, descendant of serfs, who, since the beginning, have hewn wood, drawn water, and done the will of others? Or was it winged, and calling in space to the souls of the oppressed?

This body would go back to the earth that it had tended, the wild grass would grow over it, the seasons spend wind and rain forever above it. But that which had held this together—the inarticulate, lowly spirit, hardly asking itself why things should be, faithful as a dog to those who were kind to it, obeying the dumb instinct of a violence that in his betters would be called 'high spirit,' where—Felix wondered—where was it?

And what were they thinking—Nedda and that haunted boy—so motionless? Nothing showed on their faces, nothing but a sort of living concentration, as if they were trying desperately to pierce through and see whatever it was that held this thing before them in such awful stillness. Their first glimpse of death; their first perception of that terrible remoteness of the dead! No wonder they seemed to be conjured out of the power of thought and feeling!

Nedda was first to turn away. Walking back by her side, Felix was surprised by her composure. The reality of death had not been to her half so harrowing as the news of it. She said softly:

"I'm glad to have seen him like that; now I shall think of him—at peace; not as he was that other time."



Derek rejoined them, and they went in silence back to the hotel. But at the door she said:

"Come with me to the cathedral, Derek; I can't go in yet!"

To Felix's dismay the boy nodded, and they turned to go. Should he stop them? Should he go with them? What should a father do? And, with a heavy sigh, he did nothing but retire into the hotel.

### XXXVI

It was calm, with a dark-blue sky, and a golden moon, and the lighted street full of people out for airing. The great cathedral, cutting the heavens with its massive towers, was shut. No means of getting in; and while they stood there looking up the thought came into Nedda's mind: Would they refuse to bury poor Tryst because he had killed himself? Would they refuse to bury that unhappy one? Surely, the more unhappy and desperate he was, the kinder they ought to be to him!

They turned away down into a little lane where an old, white, timbered cottage presided ghostly at the corner. Some church magnate had his garden back there; and it was quiet, along the waving line of a high wall, behind which grew sycamores spreading close-bunched branches, whose shadows, in the light of the corner lamps, lay thick along the ground this glamorous August night. A chafer buzzed by, a small black cat played with its tail on some steps in a recess. Nobody passed.

The girl's heart was beating fast. Derek's face was so strange and strained. And he had not yet said one word to her. All sorts of fears and fancies beset her till she was trembling all over.

"What is it?" she said at last. "You haven't—you haven't stopped loving me, Derek?"

"No one could stop loving you."

"What is it, then? Are you thinking of poor Tryst?"

With a catch in his throat and a sort of choked laugh he answered:

"Yes."

"But it's all over. He's at peace."

"Peace!" Then, in a queer, dead voice, he added: "I'm sorry, Nedda. It's beastly for you. But I can't help it."

What couldn't he help? Why did he keep her suffering like this—not telling her? What was this something that seemed so terribly between them? She walked on silently at his side, conscious of the rustling of the sycamores, of the moonlit angle of the church magnate's house, of the silence in the lane, and the gliding of their own shadows along the wall. What was this in his face, his thoughts, that she could not reach! And she cried out:

"Tell me! Oh, tell me, Derek! I can go through anything with you!"

"I can't get rid of him, that's all. I thought he'd go when I'd seen him there. But it's no good!"

Terror got hold of her then. She peered at his face—very white and haggard. There seemed no blood in it. They were going down-hill now, along the blank wall of a factory; there was the river in front, with the moonlight on it and boats drawn up along the bank. From a chimney a scroll of black smoke was flung out across the sky, and a lighted bridge glowed above the water. They turned away from that, passing below the dark pile of the cathedral. Here couples still lingered on benches along the river-bank, happy in the warm night, under the August moon! And on and on they walked in that strange, miserable silence, past all those benches and couples, out on the river-path by the fields, where the scent of haystacks, and the freshness from the early stubbles and the grasses webbed with dew, overpowered the faint reek of the river mud. And still on and on in the moonlight that haunted through the willows. At their footsteps the water-rats scuttled down into the water with tiny splashes; a dog barked somewhere a long way off; a train whistled; a frog croaked. From the stubbles and second crops of sun-baked clover puffs of warm air kept stealing up into the chillier air beneath the willows. Such moonlit nights never seem to sleep. And there was a kind of triumph in the night's smile, as though it knew that it ruled the river and the fields, ruled with its gleams the silent trees that had given up all rustling. Suddenly Derek said:

"He's walking with us! Look! Over there!"

And for a second there did seem to Nedda a dim, gray shape moving square



and dogged, parallel with them at the stubble edges. Gasping out:

"Oh, no; don't frighten me! I can't bear it to-night!" she hid her face against his shoulder like a child. He put his arm round her and she pressed her face deep into his coat. This ghost of Bob Tryst holding him away from her! This enemy! This uncanny presence! She pressed closer, closer, and put her face up to his. It was wonderfully lonely, silent, whispering, with the moongleams slipping through the willow boughs into the shadow where they stood. And from his arms warmth stole through her! Closer and closer she pressed, not quite knowing what she did, not quite knowing anything but that she wanted him never to let her go; wanted his lips on hers, so that she might feel his spirit pass, away from what was haunting it, into hers, never to escape. But his lips did not come to hers. They stayed drawn back, trembling, hungry-looking, just above her lips. And she whispered: "Kiss me!"

She felt him shudder in her arms, saw his eyes darken, his lips quiver and quiver, as if he wanted them to, but they would not. What was it? Oh, what was it? Wasn't he going to kiss her—not to kiss her? And while in that unnatural pause they stood, their heads bent back among the moongleams and those willow shadows, there passed through Nedda such strange trouble as she had never known. Not kiss her! Not kiss her! Why didn't he? When in her blood and in the night all round, in the feel of his arms, the sight of his hungry lips, was something unknown, wonderful, terrifying, sweet! And she wailed out:

"I want you—I don't care—I want you!" She felt him sway, reel, and clutch her as if he were going to fall, and all other feeling vanished in the instinct of the nurse she had already been to him. He was ill again! Yes, he was ill! And she said:

"Derek—don't! It's all right. Let's walk on quietly!"

She got his arm tightly in hers and drew him along toward home. By the jerking of that arm, the taut look on his face, she could feel that he did not know from step to step whether he could stay upright. But she herself was steady and calm

enough, bent on keeping emotion away, and somehow getting him back along the river-path, abandoned now to the moon and the bright, still spaces of the night and the slow-moving, whitened water. Why had she not felt from the first that he was overwrought and only fit for bed?

Thus, very slowly, they made their way up by the factory again into the lane by the church magnate's garden, under the branches of the sycamores, past the same white-faced old house at the corner, to the high street where some few people were still abroad.

At the front door of the hotel stood Felix, looking at his watch, disconsolate as an old hen. To her great relief he went in quickly when he saw them coming. She could not bear the thought of talk and explanation. The one thing was to get Derek to bed. All the time he had gone along with that taut face; and now, when he sat down on the shiny sofa in the little bedroom, he shivered so violently that his teeth chattered. She rang for a hot bottle and brandy and hot water. When he had drunk he certainly shivered less, professed himself all right, and would not let her stay. She dared not ask, but it did seem as if the physical collapse had driven away, for the time at all events, that ghostly visitor, and, touching his forehead with her lips—very motherly—so that he looked up and smiled at her—she said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"I'll come back after a bit and tuck you up," and went out.

Felix was waiting in the hall, at a little table on which stood a bowl of bread and milk. He took the cover off it for her without a word. And while she supped he kept glancing at her, trying to make up his mind to words. But her face was sealed. And all he said was:

"Your uncle's gone to Becket for the night. I've got you a room next mine, and a tooth-brush, and some sort of comb. I hope you'll be able to manage, my child."

Nedda left him at the door of his room and went into her own. After waiting there ten minutes she stole out again. It was all quiet, and she went resolutely back down the stairs. She did not care who saw her or what they thought. Probably they took her for Derek's sister; but even if they didn't she would not have cared.



It was past eleven, the light nearly out, and the hall in the condition of such places that await a morning's renovation. His corridor, too, was quite dark. She opened the door without sound and listened, till his voice said softly:

"All right, little angel; I'm not asleep."

And by a glimmer of moonlight, through curtains designed to keep out nothing, she stole up to the bed. She could just see his face, and eyes looking up at her with a sort of adoration. She put her hand on his forehead and whispered: "Are you comfy?"

He murmured back: "Yes, quite comfy."

Kneeling down, she laid her face beside his on the pillow. She could not help doing that; it made everything seem holy, cuddly, warm. His lips touched her nose. Her eyes, for just that instant, looked up into his, that were very dark and soft; then she got up.

"Would you like me to stay till you're asleep?"

"Yes; forever. But I shouldn't exactly sleep. Would you?"

In the darkness Nedda vehemently shook her head. Sleep! No! She would not sleep!

"Good night, then!"

"Good night, little dark angel!"

"Good night!" With that last whisper she slipped back to the door and noiselessly away.

### XXXVII

It was long before she closed her eyes, spending the hours in fancy where still less she would have slept. But when she did drop off she dreamed that he and she were alone upon a star, where all the trees were white, the water, grass, birds, everything, white, and they were walking arm in arm, among white flowers. And just as she had stooped to pick one—it was no flower, but—Tryst's white-banded face! She woke with a little cry.

She was dressed by eight and went at once to Derek's room. There was no answer to her knock, and in a flutter of fear she opened the door. He had gone—packed, and gone. She ran back to the hall. There was a note for her in the

office, and she took it out of sight to read. It said:

"He came back this morning. I'm going home by the first train. He seems to want me to do something.

"DEREK."

Came back! That thing—that gray thing that she, too, had seemed to see for a moment in the fields beside the river! And he was suffering again as he had suffered yesterday! It was awful. She waited miserably till her father came down. To find that he, too, knew of this trouble was some relief. He made no objection when she begged that they should follow on to Joyfields. Directly after breakfast they set out. Once on her way to Derek again, she did not feel so frightened. But in the train she sat very still, gazing at her lap, and only once glanced up from under those long lashes.

"Can you understand it, Dad?"

Felix, not much happier than she, answered:

"The man had something queer about him. Besides Derek's been in, don't forget that. But it's too bad for you, Nedda. I don't like it; I don't like it."

"I can't be parted from him, Dad. That's impossible."

Felix was silenced by the vigor of those words.

"His mother can help, perhaps," he said.

Ah! If his mother would help—send him away from the laborers, and all this!

Up from the station they took the field paths, which cut off quite a mile. The grass and woods were shining brightly, peacefully in the sun; it seemed incredible that there should be heartburnings about a land so smiling, that wrongs and miseries should haunt those who lived and worked in these bright fields. Surely in this earthly paradise the dwellers were enviable, well-nourished souls, sleek and happy as the pied cattle that lifted their inquisitive muzzles! Nedda tried to stroke the nose of one—grayish, blunt, moist. But the creature backed away from her hand, snuffling, and its cynical, soft eyes with chestnut lashes seemed warning the girl that she belonged to the breed that might be trusted to annoy.



In the last fields before the Joyfields crossroads they came up with a little, square, tow-headed man, without coat or cap, who had just driven some cattle in and was returning with his dog, at a 'dot-here dot-there' walk, as though still driving them. He gave them a look rather like that of the bullock Nedda had tried to stroke. She knew he must be one of the Malloring men, and longed to ask him questions; but he, too, looked shy and distrustful, as if he suspected that they wanted something out of him. She summoned up courage, however, to say: "Did you see about poor Bob Tryst?"

"I 'eard tell. 'E didn' like prison. They say prison takes the 'eart out of you. 'E didn't think o' that." And a smile twisted the little man's lips that to Nedda seemed strange and cruel, as if he actually found pleasure in the fate of his fellow. All she could find to answer was:

"Is that a good dog?"

The little man looked down at the dog trotting alongside with drooped tail, and shook his head:

"'E's no good wi' beasts—won't touch 'em!" Then, looking up sidelong, he added surprisingly:

"Mast' Freeland 'e got a crack on the head, though!" Again there was that satisfied resentment in his voice and the little smile twisting his lips. Nedda felt more lost than ever.

They parted at the crossroads and saw him looking back at them as they went up the steps to the wicket gate. Amongst a patch of early sunflowers, Tod, in shirt and trousers, was surrounded by his dog and the three small Trysts, all apparently engaged in studying the biggest of the sunflowers, where a peacock butterfly and a bee were feeding, one on a gold petal, the other on the black heart. Nedda went quickly up to them and asked:

"Has Derek come, Uncle Tod?"

Tod raised his eyes. He did not seem in the least surprised to see her, as if his sky were in the habit of dropping his relatives at ten in the morning.

"Gone out again," he said.

Nedda made a sign toward the children.

"Have you heard, Uncle Tod?"

Tod nodded and his blue eyes, staring above the children's heads, darkened.

"Is Granny still here?"

Again Tod nodded.

Leaving her father in the garden, Nedda stole up-stairs and tapped on Frances Freeland's door.

She, whose stoicism permitted her the one luxury of never coming down to breakfast, had just made it for herself over a little spirit-lamp. She greeted Nedda with lifted eyebrows.

"Oh, my darling! Where *have* you come from? You must have my nice cocoa! Isn't this the most perfect lamp you ever saw? Did you ever see such a flame? Watch!"

She touched the spirit-lamp and what there was of flame died out.

"Now, isn't that provoking? It's really a splendid thing, quite a new kind. I mean to get you one. Now, drink your cocoa; it's beautifully hot."

"I've had breakfast, Granny."

Frances Freeland gazed at her doubtfully, then, as a last resource, began to sip the cocoa, of which, in truth, she was badly in want.

"Granny, will you help me?"

"Of course, darling. What is it?"

"I do so want Derek to forget all about this terrible business."

Frances Freeland, who had unscrewed the top of a little canister, answered:

"Yes, dear, I quite agree. I'm sure it's best for him. Open your mouth and let me pop in one of these delicious little plasmon biscuits. They're perfect after travelling. Only," she added wistfully, "I'm afraid he won't pay any attention to me."

"No, but you could speak to Aunt Kirsteen; it's for her to stop him."

One of her most pathetic smiles came over Frances Freeland's face.

"Yes, I could speak to her. But, you see, I don't count for anything. One doesn't when one gets old."

"Oh, Granny, you do! You count for a lot; every one admires you so. You always seem to have something that—that other people haven't got. And you're not a bit old in spirit."

Frances Freeland was fingering her rings; she slipped one off.

"Well," she said, "it's no good thinking about that, is it? I've wanted to give you this for ages, darling; it *is* so uncom-



fortable on my finger. Now, just let me see if I can pop it on!"

Nedda recoiled.

"Oh, Granny!" she said. "You *are*—!" and vanished.

There was still no one in the kitchen, and she sat down to wait for her aunt to finish her up-stairs duties.

Kirsteen came down at last, in her inevitable blue dress, betraying her surprise at this sudden appearance of her niece only by a little quivering of her brows. And, trembling with nervousness, Nedda took her plunge, pouring out the whole story—of Derek's letter; their journey down; her father's talk with him; the visit to Tryst's body; their walk by the river; and of how haunted and miserable he was. Showing the little note he had left that morning, she clasped her hands and said:

"Oh, Aunt Kirsteen, make him happy again! Stop that awful haunting and keep him from all this!"

Kirsteen had listened, with one foot on the hearth in her favorite attitude. When the girl had finished she said quietly:

"I'm not a witch, Nedda!"

"But if it wasn't for you he would never have started. And now that poor Tryst's dead he would leave it alone. I'm sure only you can make him lose that haunted feeling."

Kirsteen shook her head.

"Listen, Nedda!" she said slowly, as though weighing each word. "I should like you to understand. There's a superstition in this country that people are free. Ever since I was a girl your age I've known that they are not; no one is free here who can't pay for freedom. It's one thing to see, another to feel this with your whole being. When, like me, you have an open wound, which something is always inflaming, you can't wonder, can you, that fever escapes into the air. Derek may have caught the infection of my fever—that's all! But I shall never lose that fever, Nedda—never!"

"But, Aunt Kirsteen, this haunting is dreadful. I can't bear to see it."

"My dear, Derek is very highly strung, and he's been ill. It's in my family to see things. That'll go away."

Nedda said passionately:

"I don't believe he'll ever lose it while

he goes on here, tearing his heart out. And they're trying to get me away from him. I know they are!"

Kirsteen turned; her eyes seemed to blaze.

"They? Ah! Yes! You'll have to fight if you want to marry a rebel, Nedda!"

Nedda put her hands to her forehead, bewildered.

"You see, Nedda, rebellion never ceases. It's not only against this or that injustice, it's against all force and wealth that takes advantage of its force and wealth. That rebellion goes on forever. Think well before you join in."

Nedda turned away. Of what use to tell her to think when 'I won't—I can't be parted from him!' kept every other thought paralyzed. And she pressed her forehead against the cross-bar of the window, trying to find better words to make her appeal again. Out there above the orchard the sky was blue, and everything light and gay, as the very butterflies that wavered past. A motor-car seemed to have stopped in the road close by; its whirring and whizzing was clearly audible, mingled with the cooings of pigeons and a robin's song. And suddenly she heard her aunt say:

"You have your chance, Nedda! Here they are!"

Nedda turned. There in the doorway were her uncles John and Stanley coming in, followed by her father and Uncle Tod.

What did this mean? What had they come for? And, disturbed to the heart, she gazed from one to the other. They had that curious look of people not quite knowing what their reception will be like, yet with something resolute, almost portentous, in their mien. She saw John go up to her aunt and hold out his hand.

"I dare say Felix and Nedda have told you about yesterday," he said. "Stanley and I thought it best to come over."

Kirsteen answered:

"Tod, will you tell Mother who's here?"

Then none of them seemed to know quite what to say, or where to look, till Frances Freeland, her face all pleased and anxious, came in. When she had kissed them they all sat down. And Nedda, at the window, squeezed her hands tight together in her lap.



"We've come about Derek," John said.

"Yes," broke in Stanley. "For goodness' sake, Kirsteen, don't let's have any more of this! Just think what would have happened yesterday if that poor fellow hadn't providentially gone off the hooks!"

"Providentially!"

"Well, it was. You see to what lengths Derek was prepared to go. Hang it all! We shouldn't have been exactly proud of a felon in the family."

Frances Freeland, who had been lacing and unlacing her fingers, suddenly fixed her eyes on Kirsteen.

"I don't understand very well, darling, but I am sure that whatever dear John says will be wise and right. You must remember that he is the eldest and has a great deal of experience."

Kirsteen bent her head. If there was irony in the gesture, it was not perceived by Frances Freeland.

"It can't be right for dear Derek, or any gentleman, to go against the law of the land or be mixed up with wrong-doing in any way. I haven't said anything, but I *have* felt it very much. Because—it's all been not quite nice, has it?"

Nedda saw her father wince. Then Stanley broke in again:

"Now that the whole thing's done with, do, for Heaven's sake, let's have a little peace!"

At that moment her aunt's face seemed wonderful to Nedda; so quiet, yet so burningly alive.

"Peace! There is no peace in this world. There is death, but no peace!" And, moving nearer to Tod, she rested her hand on his shoulder, looking, as it seemed to Nedda, at something far away, till John said:

"That's hardly the point, is it? We should be awfully glad to know that there'll be no more trouble. All this has been very worrying. And now the cause seems to be—removed."

There was always a touch of finality in John's voice. Nedda saw that all had turned to Kirsteen for her answer.

"If those up and down the land who profess belief in liberty will cease to filch from the helpless the very crust of it, the cause will be removed."

"Which is to say—never!"

At those words from Felix, Frances Freeland, gazing first at him and then at Kirsteen, said in a pained voice:

"I don't think you ought to talk like that, Kirsteen dear. Nobody who's at all nice means to be unkind. We're all forgetful sometimes. I know *I* often forget to be sympathetic. It vexes me dreadfully!"

"Mother, don't defend tyranny!"

"I'm sure it's often from the best motives, dear."

"So is rebellion."

"Well, I don't understand about that, darling. But I do think, with dear John, it's a great pity. It will be a dreadful drawback to Derek if he has to look back on something that he regrets when he's older. It's always best to smile and try to look on the bright side of things and not be grumbly-grumbly!"

After that little speech of Frances Freeland's there was a silence that Nedda thought would last forever, till her aunt, pressing close to Tod's shoulder, spoke.

"You want me to stop Derek. I tell you all what I've just told Nedda. I don't attempt to control Derek; I never have. For myself, when I see a thing I hate I can't help fighting against it. I shall never be able to help that. I understand how you must dislike all this; I know it must be painful to you, mother. But while there is tyranny in this land, to laborers, women, animals, anything weak and helpless, so long will there be rebellion against it, and things will happen that will disturb you."

Again Nedda saw her father wince. But Frances Freeland, bending forward, fixed her eyes piercingly on Kirsteen's neck, as if she were noticing something there more important than that about tyranny!

Then John said very gravely:

"You seem to think that we approve of such things being done to the helpless!"

"I know that you disapprove."

"With the masterly inactivity," Felix said suddenly, in a voice more bitter than Nedda had ever heard from him, "of authority, money, culture, and philosophy. With the disapproval that lifts no finger—winking at tyrannies lest worse befall us. Yes, *we*—brethren—we—and so we shall go on doing. Quite right, Kirsteen!"



"No. The world is changing, Felix, changing!"

But Nedda had started up. There at the door was Derek.

### XXXVIII

DEREK, who had slept the sleep of the dead, having had none for two nights, woke thinking of Nedda hovering above him in the dark; of her face laid down beside him on the pillow. And then, suddenly, up started that thing, and stood there, haunting him! Why did it come? What did it want of him? After writing the little note to Nedda, he hurried to the station and found a train about to start. To see and talk with the laborers; to do something, anything that might prove that this tragic companion had no real existence! He went first to the Gaunts' cottage. The door, there, was opened by the rogue-girl, comely and robust as ever, in a linen frock, with her sleeves rolled up, and smiling broadly at his astonishment.

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Derek; I'm only here for the week-end, just to tidy up a bit. 'Tis all right in London. I wouldn't come back here, I wouldn't—not if you was to give me—" and she pouted her red lips.

"Where's your father, Wilmet?"

"Over in Willey's Copse cuttin' stakes. I hear you've been ill, Mr. Derek. You do look pale. Were you very bad?" And her eyes opened as though the very thought of illness was difficult for her to grasp. "I saw your young lady up in London. She's very pretty. Wish you happiness, Mr. Derek. Grandfather, here's Mr. Derek!"

The face of old Gaunt, carved, cynical, yellow, appeared above her shoulder. There he stood, silent, giving Derek no greeting. And with a sudden miserable feeling the boy said:

"I'll go and find him. Good-by, Wilmet!"

"Good-by, Mr. Derek. 'Tis quiet enough here now; there's changes."

Her rogue face twinkled again, and, turning her chin, she rubbed it on her plump shoulder, as might a heifer, while from behind her Grandfather Gaunt's face looked out with a faint, sardonic grin.

Derek, hurrying on to Willey's Copse,

caught sight, along a far hedge, of the big dark laborer, Tulley, who had been his chief lieutenant in the fighting; but, whether the man heard his hail or no, he continued along the hedgeside without response and vanished over a stile. The field dipped sharply to a stream, and at the crossing Derek came suddenly on the little 'dot-here dot-there' cowerd, who, at Derek's greeting, gave him an abrupt "Good day!" and went on with his occupation of mending a hurdle. Again that miserable feeling beset the boy, and he hastened on. A sound of chopping guided him. Near the edge of the coppice Tom Gaunt was lopping at some bushes. At sight of Derek he stopped and stood waiting, his loquacious face expressionless, his little, hard eye cocked.

"Good morning, Tom. It's ages since I saw you."

"Ah, 'tis a proper long time! You 'ad a knock."

Derek winced; it was said as if he had been disabled in an affair in which Gaunt had neither part nor parcel. Then, with a great effort, the boy brought out his question:

"You've heard about poor Bob?"

"Yaas; 'tis the end of *him*."

Some meaning behind those words, the unsmiling twist of that hard-bitten face, the absence of the 'sir' that even Tom Gaunt generally gave him, all seemed part of an attack. And, feeling as if his heart were being squeezed, Derek looked straight into his face.

"What's the matter, Tom?"

"Matter! I don' know as there's anything the matter, exactly!"

"What have I done? Tell me!"

Tom Gaunt smiled; his little, gray eyes met Derek's full.

"'Tisn't for a gentleman to be held responsible."

"Come!" Derek cried passionately. "What is it? D'you think I deserted you, or what? Speak out, man!"

Abating nothing of his stare and drawl, Gaunt answered:

"Deserted? Oh, dear no! Us can't afford to do no more dyin' for you—that's all!"

"For me! Dying! My God! D'you think I wouldn't have—? Oh! Confound you!"



"Ay! Confounded us you 'ave! Hope you're satisfied!"

Pale as death and quivering all over, Derek answered:

"So you think I've just been frying fish of my own?"

Tom Gaunt emitted a little laugh.

"I think you've fried no fish at all. That's what I think. And no one else does, neither, if you want to know—except poor Bob. You've fried his fish, sure enough!"

Stung to the heart, the boy stood motionless. A pigeon was cooing; the sappy scent from the lopped bushes filled all the sun-warmed air.

"I see!" he said. "Thanks, Tom; I'm glad to know."

Without moving a muscle, Tom Gaunt answered:

"Don't mention it!" and resumed his lopping.

Derek turned and walked out of the little wood. But when he had put a field between him and the sound of Gaunt's bill-hook, he lay down and buried his face in the grass, chewing at its green blades, scarce dry of dew, and with its juicy sweetness tasting the full of bitterness. And the gray shade stalked out again, and stood there in the warmth of the August day, with its scent and murmur of full summer, while the pigeons cooed and dandelion fluff drifted by. . . .

When, two hours later, he entered the kitchen at home, of the company assembled Frances Freeland alone retained equanimity enough to put up her face to be kissed.

"I'm so thankful you've come back in time to see your uncles, darling. Your uncle John thinks, and we all agree, that to encourage those poor laborers to do things which are not nice is—is—you know what I mean, darling!"

Derek gave a bitter little laugh.

"Criminal, Granny! Yes, and puppyish! I've learned all that."

The sound of his voice was utterly unlike his own, and Kirsteen, starting forward, put her arm round him.

"It's all right, Mother. They've chucked me."

At that moment, when all, save his mother, wanted so to express their satisfaction, Frances Freeland alone succeeded.

"I'm so glad, darling!"

Then John rose and, holding out his hand to his nephew, said:

"That's the end of the trouble, then, Derek?"

"Yes. And I beg your pardon, Uncle John; and all—Uncle Stanley, Uncle Felix; you, Dad; Granny."

They had all risen now. The boy's face gave them—even John, even Stanley—a choke in the throat. Frances Freeland suddenly took their arms and went to the door; her other two sons followed. And quietly they all went out.

Derek, who had stayed perfectly still, staring past Nedda into a corner of the room, said:

"Ask him what he wants, Mother."

Nedda smothered down a cry. But Kirsteen, tightening her clasp of him and looking steadily into that corner, answered:

"Nothing, my boy. He's quite friendly. He only wants to be with you for a little."

"But I can't do anything for him."

"He knows that."

"I wish he wouldn't, Mother. I can't be more sorry than I have been."

Kirsteen's face quivered.

"My dear, it will go quite soon. Love Nedda! See! She wants you!"

Derek answered in the same quiet voice:

"Yes, Nedda is the comfort. Mother, I want to go away—away out of England—right away."

Nedda rushed and flung her arms round him.

"I, too, Derek; I, too!"

That evening Felix came out to the old 'fly,' waiting to take him from Joyfields to Becket. What a sky! All over its pale blue a far-up wind had drifted long, rosy clouds, and through one of them the half-moon peered, of a cheese-green hue; and, framed and barred by the elm-trees, like some roseate, stained-glass window, the sunset blazed. In a corner of the orchard a little bonfire had been lighted, and round it he could see the three small Trysts dropping armfuls of leaves and pointing at the flames leaping out of the smoulder. There, too, was Tod's big figure, motionless, and his dog sitting on

its haunches, with head poked forward, staring at those red tongues of flame. Kirsteen had come with him to the wicket gate. He held her hand long in his own and pressed it hard. And while that blue figure, turned to the sunset, was still visible, he screwed himself back to look.

They had been in painful conclave, as it seemed to Felix, all day, coming to the decision that those two young things should have their wish, marry, and go out to New Zealand. The ranch of Cousin Alick Morton (son of that brother of Frances Freeland who, absorbed in horses, had wandered to Australia and died in falling from them) had extended a welcome to Derek. What a voyage of happiness—to see together the red sunsets in the Mediterranean, Pompeii, and the dark ants of men swarming in endless band up and down with their coal-sacks at Port Said; to smell the cinnamon gardens of Colombo; and sit up on deck at night and watch the stars and love each other. . . . To part from Nedda! Yet, who could grudge it them? Out there youth and energy would run unchecked. For here youth had been beaten!

On and on the old 'fly' rumbled between the shadowy fields. 'The world is changing, Felix—changing!' Was that defeat of youth, then, nothing? Under the crust of authority and wealth, culture and philosophy—was the world really changing; was liberty truly astir, under that sky in the west all blood; and man rising at long last from his knees before the God of force? The silent, empty fields darkened, the air gathered dewy thickness, and the old 'fly' rumbled and rolled, as slow as fate. Cottage lamps were al-

ready lighted for the evening meal. No laborer abroad at this hour! And Felix thought of Tryst, the tragic fellow—the moving, lonely figure; emanation of these solitary fields, shade of the departing land! One might well see him as that boy saw him, silent, dogged, in a gray light such as this now clinging above the hedgerows and the grass!

The old 'fly' turned into the Becket drive. It had grown dark now, save for the half-moon; the last chafer was booming by, and a bat flitting, a little, blind, eager bat, through the quiet trees. He got out to walk the last few hundred yards. A lovely night, silent below her stars—cool and dark, spread above field after field, wood on wood, for hundreds of miles on every side. Night covering his native land. The same silence had reigned out there, the same perfume stolen up, the same starshine fallen, for millions of years in the past, and would for millions of years to come. Close to where the half-moon floated, a slow, narrow, white cloud was passing—curiously shaped. At one end of it Felix could see distinctly the shape of a gleaming skull, with dark sky showing through its eyeholes, cheeks, and mouth. A queer phenomenon; fascinating, rather ghastly! It grew sharper in outline, more distinct. One of those sudden shudders, that seize men from the crown of the head to the very heels, passed down his back. He shut his eyes. And, instead, there came up before him Kirsteen's blue-clothed figure turned to the sunset glow. Ah! Better to see that than this skull above the land! Better to believe her words: 'The world is changing, Felix—changing!'

THE END





## · THE POINT OF VIEW ·

**I**T is probably only in science that an exact definition is possible. Science has to do its utmost to conquer and to expel what it terms the Personal Equation; and outside of the strict boundaries of Science, in all the Arts and more especially in the Art of Life, the Personal Equation controls and dominates. Science tries to do without personality, whereas personality is the essential element in every art. So it is that the terms employed in the arts are unscientific—that is to say, their exact content can never be declared with indisputable precision. Every apprentice in science can define *horse-power*, *foot-tons*, *kilowatts*; but no two masters of any art would agree on any definition of *romanticism* and *classicism*, of *realism* and *idealism*, or of *art for art's sake*—these are all of them chameleon terms, changing color while we look at them, meaning all things to all men—or at least meaning different things to different men.

It is all very well to define *soda-water* as “a water which contains no soda,” and *lead-pencil* as “a pencil which contains no lead.” These definitions contain only one of the necessary facts in each case; and they are therefore inadequate and unsatisfactory. It is scarcely going too far to assert that words can no more be defined in their own language than they can be translated into another language. What are the exact English equivalents of *nuit blanche* and of *chambre noire*? Only by a complex paraphrase can some part of the content of the French be conveyed over into English; and the other parts, often the most significant elements, cannot be transferred completely whatever effort we may make. At most we can succeed in indicating what the foreign term denotes; but we can never make sure that we have also suggested the most of its connotations. After all, there is not a little truth in the saying that “a translated poem is a boiled strawberry,” in which condition the fruit is found to have been bereft of most of its special flavor.

Hobbes was as sagacious as was his wont when he declared that “words are the

counters of the wise, but the money of the fool.” And Lord Morley was equally shrewd when he declared that “most definitions hang between platitude and paradox.” If the definition inclines too far toward the platitude, it lacks savor and it is likely to be devoid of point; and if it swings too far over to the precipitous verge of paradox, it awakens distrust as to its soundness. Yet the paradoxical definition is often amusing and it is sometimes stimulating, whereas the platitudinous definition is likely to be pitifully insipid. Thoreau had a fondness for paradox, and yet he came close to the confines of platitude when he defined beauty as “a finer utility whose end we do not see.” Mark Twain, on the other hand, escaped from the platitude into the paradox when he defined the classics as “the books that everybody praises and nobody reads.”

Yet here is a half-truth so briskly stated as to cause a sharp reaction. A pessimist might be moved to hint that it tended to confirm the definition of a paradox as “a truth which is serving its apprenticeship.” And if we attempt an antithetical definition of a platitude it would have to turn on its effort to express anew one of the eternal verities—those verities so old that they often appear old-fashioned, not to say out of date. Perhaps it may be admitted that this more or less complimentary definition would be put forward only by an optimist, resolute in seeing good in all things, even in the platitude foolishly despised by those who affect to consider themselves as the elect. Here there looms before us the need of defining, in their turn, optimist and pessimist; and fortunately a lover of paradox has made the attempt, holding that an optimist is “a man who believes that the devil is dead and that hell is half full of water,” whereas a pessimist is merely “a man who has just been talking with an optimist.” One of these recalls the Yankee definition of hell recorded in Lowell's preface to the “Biglow Papers,” as “a place where they don't bank the fires nights.”

This is wit—unless it is rather to be accepted as humor. Wit again is to be dis-



covered in Hobbes's definition of the papacy as "the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." It is wit again which inspired Douglas Jerrold's definition of dogmatism as "puppyism come to maturity" and his description of a conservative as "a man who refuses to look at the new moon out of respect for that ancient institution the old moon." Oddly enough, the same thought has been uttered with equal felicity of phrase by the poet Aubrey de Vere when he contended that a Tory was "a man who wanted to un-invent printing and to undiscover America."

It is to Thackeray, Jerrold's colleague on the staff of *Punch*, that we must look for the clearest definition of a snob, as "one who meanly admires mean things." And yet another aspect of snobbery was once hit off with glancing wit by Emerson; when a friend dismissed a certain woman as a snob, Emerson gently corrected him with the suave explanation that it might rather be said of her that "she is a person having a great sympathy with success."

One of the wittiest of definitions, not too bitterly flavored with paradox, is that which describes a bore as "a person who insists on talking about himself, when you want to talk about yourself." There is cause for regret that this clever saying cannot be credited to its maker; it has a certainty of stroke, and an insight into human frailty, which would have delighted La Rochefoucauld, from whose bitter-sweet aphorisms it would be possible to excerpt more than one definition neither platitudinous nor paradoxical.

FROM these more or less successful efforts to define the snob and the bore there is only a step to the more or less unsuccessful efforts to define the gentleman. The bore and the snob are accusable creatures, plain to the view of all men and reducible to formula. But the gentleman is intangible, and ultimately indefinable. The bore and the snob are revealed by their words and their deeds, whereas the gentleman can prove himself only by his spirit. It is no wonder that the multitudinous definitions shot at this shining mark have failed to pierce the centre, even if one or another may now and again have hit the margin of the target.

One of the more obvious reasons for this

diversity of definition is that the word has changed its meaning and is likely to keep on changing it as we advance in civilization. Once upon a time it had a clear and sharply limited legal content recorded by Blackstone in his commentaries; the great lawyer defined a gentleman as one "who bears coat-armour, the grant of which adds gentility to one's family." This is still a fit definition of the *gentilhomme* in France; it is probably not now a fully satisfactory definition of the gentleman in Great Britain; and it never has been an acceptable definition of the gentleman in the United States. To an American there is a pitiful snobbishness in Ruskin's remark that the principles of education propounded by Plato apply only to "the persons we call gentlemen—that is to say, landholders living on slave labor." Yet Ruskin is only putting forth a little more offensively than others an opinion often held in England. This opinion is most concretely expressed in the fabled dialogue between the English lord and the American girl, which begins with his tactful assertion that there are so few gentlemen in America, to which she responded with the question: "But who do you call gentlemen?" And when he explains that gentlemen are "men who do not work," she retorts swiftly: "But we have lots of those in America—only we call them tramps!"

Ruskin was frequent in expressing his own conviction that he was a gentleman himself, although he had no hereditary claim to be so considered, since his father was a wine-dealer. And if there is validity in Barrow's contention that a gentleman is a man characterized by "courage and courtesy," Ruskin's gentility would be put in doubt, since he was lamentably lacking in that delicate regard for the feelings of others which is the essence of courtesy. And Ruskin would plainly be excluded from the class wherein he took pride in placing himself, if we accept the definition suggested by Emerson in his delightful discussion of "Manners": "The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behavior."

Two other definitions, both due to Englishmen temporarily domiciled in America, deserve to be cited. The first declared that a gentleman is "a man who never breaks any of the unwritten laws." This contains a portion of the truth, no doubt, but it reveals itself as insular, not to term it paro-



chial. A man might be diligent and scrupulous in keeping the unwritten laws and yet quite capable of breaking the written laws which are binding also on gentlemen. The other Anglo-American definition is credited to Mr. Oliver Herford, and it is to the effect that a gentleman is "a man who never hurts any one's feelings unintentionally." There is a wasp-like sting in the tail of this epigram, not without pertinence, however, since it might easily be the bounden duty of a gentleman intentionally to inflict severe pain while remaining truly a gentleman.

IT is a saying of Confucius that "a gentleman is calm and spacious; the vulgar are always fretting"; but this is a description rather than a definition. Here again the Chinese philosopher is dealing with the external aspects; and a man might abundantly possess calm spaciousness and spacious calmness and nevertheless be void of the essential element without which the gentleman is not. This is an added illustration of the truth once enunciated by an Oxford scholar, H. N. Oxenham: "If at this day the gentleman is the creation of culture rather than of Christianity, that is because it is easier to conform to a conventional standard of good taste than to an inward law." And even if we are led yet a little farther away from the discussion of definitions, it is impossible not to quote here three lines from Tennyson's "Princess" which sum up the case with a felicity as unforgettable as the truth is undeniable:

"Kind nature is the best; those manners next  
That fit us like a nature second hand,  
Which are indeed the manners of the great."

In other words, a gentleman is like a poet in that he is born, not made; and like the poet, again, the gentleman has to be made after he is born; he has to learn the unwritten laws so that he may not be in danger of breaking them unintentionally.

Thus it is that the quest for a complete and final definition of the gentleman is forever foredoomed to failure. We are lucky if we carry with us a touchstone for testing the true gold of the true gentleman; and we cannot help being unlucky if we waste time in the vain effort to find a formula for the constituent elements of this touchstone. But since any honest attempt at definition

or description may help us to get a little nearer to the central truth, there may be advantage in here quoting two pertinent passages, one recent and American, the other British and half a century old. The first is ex-President Eliot's declaration that "the really cultivated man must be quick of perception, responsive but independent, self-reliant but deferential, loving truth and candor, courageous but gentle, not finished but perfected, not exclusive, sectarian, or partisan." The one comment that this admirable description demands is, that if the man of culture can only obey this counsel of perfection he will stand revealed not only as a man of culture, but also as a gentleman.

The second is to be found in Cardinal Newman's address on "Liberal Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Religion." It is too long for full quotation here, and the selection of the more salient passages must suffice: "It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him. . . . He has his eyes open on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. . . . He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. . . . He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. . . . He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. . . . He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. . . . He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization."

THE United States Bureau of Education has turned its attention to rural schools and issued a bulletin of suggestions. The standards are high, and presumably in accord with the latest medical



theories of sanitation, ventilation, and hygiene. So, the common drinking cup is an abomination; dry sweeping should not be tolerated; the trees and plants round the schoolhouse should be grouped artistically, and so on. The investigation was evident-

The Standardized  
Country School

ly scientific, and the proposed requirements tabulated in the bulletin follow precisely and inevitably.

But, after science is satisfied, what is going to happen to the children who attend these renovated country schools? Will they graduate a race of supermen, a monument to the intelligent application of science to education? Or will they get mad somewhere along the line, and complicate the system by insisting on developing individualities that will throw the machine out of gear?

Those trees, now, that must be grouped artistically: what kind of trees are they going to be? Apple-trees are nice. One can climb apple-trees; and sometimes apples grow on them; and they have blossoms in the spring; nor are they inferior to any other trees as a goal in prisoner's base or hide-and-seek. Hickories have decided virtues, too, particularly in the nutting season; and between times they are comfortable, shaggy things with interesting bark which furnishes a home for various disgusting and fascinating insects, which are absolutely essential for an entire line of experiment conducted by every country boy.

And what might grouping trees artistically mean? Kind of a miniature Versailles, where little Anatole, lifting an individual drinking-cup of scientifically pure water from the strictly hygienic font, can turn toward *les belles demoiselles*, with a wave of his elegantly manicured hand, and murmur: "À vos beaux yeux, mes Petites?" I trow not. Grouping trees artistically means putting them where they will not interfere with Tom's view, from his desk, of the cows on yonder hill. Tom finds it inadvisable to put all the allotted time on his academic labors. He has various inventions he is perfecting from time to time, and divers instruments for use in his experiments and researches must be fashioned and tested. No time like

the study-hour for these important occupations; and it is unsurpassed, too, as a period for the indulgence of those reflections and meditations with which Tom is accustomed to refresh his mind when it becomes slightly jaded.

Like all fine machines, Tom's mind seems to need considerable rest; and Tom is careful to provide it with enough. His teacher says he is lazy; but the board of education knows better. 'Tis the ventilation is poor, and that causes drowsiness. Very good. Tom is relieved that the fault is not his; but now they come and install some modern apparatus supplying exactly so many cubic feet of oxygen per pupil, and behold, what a burst of efficiency! Tom has no time to himself at all now, no time to think, no time for visions, no time for those satanic machinations which formerly characterized the progress of his education. He is adaptable and docile and does what he is told. He is a model citizen. When he grows up he will not throw papers in the street, and when beggars accost him he will have them arrested. He will be efficient, scientific, successful.

Successful? Well, he will make money and be a producer. Perhaps he will never write poetry nor paint pictures; but, after all, poets and artists are an economic loss, aren't they? Just as Tom has cleared his desk of that unique collection of string, pieces of glass, that enormous dead cockroach, and his very valuable and complete set of hen's teeth, with the inauguration of the new régime, so he has cleared his mind of its illusions and visions of no utilitarian value and many silly aspirations also. If he stays in the country he may become a selectman in time; if he goes to the city they will use him in a bank somewhere. He is standardized and reliable.

But do all Toms become such supermen? Can the future be secured for all children by scientific instruction? Alas, not all. A few are incorrigible. Some of these grow up to be just plain tramps; but usually they are elected president, and pass an old age blasted with criticism and notoriety. It is much easier to conform at once.



# · THE FIELD OF ART ·

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER, N.A.

## THE MAN AND HIS WORK

NO artist in America was more admired both as a man and a painter than John White Alexander. His influence for good, his unfailing kindness and appreciation of the work of other painters, his readiness to give his much-needed strength to help others and for the advancement of the cause of American art in general made him a unique figure in the world of art of which he was such a distinguished member. It seemed fitting that this department should give expression to a sense of his loss and appreciation of the man and his work by some of his fellow painters and associates in the National Academy, of which he was long the honored president; and to include Dr. Edward Robinson, the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a long-time friend, with whom, as one of the trustees, he co-operated in many ways. Mr. Alexander's beautiful pictures are in many private collections and in the chief museums and many public buildings throughout the country.

OTHERS will write about his art, in which the refinement which was the chief characteristic of his nature found such graceful and sensitive expression in both line and color. Others again will tell of his useful work as president of the National Academy of Design, and of his untiring though disappointed efforts to secure for the city of New York an adequate building for the exhibition of contemporary art, the need of which he saw so clearly and so truly.

To all that they may say I should like to add a word about his great value as a public servant, as a citizen who, recognizing that he was fitted by training and by natural equipment to be of assistance to his community in developing its higher interests, accepted the responsibilities which he thought such qualifications entailed with the conscientiousness that carried him far beyond the limits of his strength. It was in

this capacity that I saw him most frequently and most intimately in the eight or nine years of our association, and during that time I never knew him to decline a duty or a responsibility which he thought he ought to accept, however unimportant it might seem to others or however removed from his own professional work. If he thought he could help, that settled it. As he threw himself heart and soul into whatever he undertook, and did the work well, the number of such calls upon his energy naturally grew to be well-nigh infinite; for, as some one once said to me, "New York is a merciless place; it will take all it can force a man to give, and leave him no pity in return." With him the forcing was too easy a process, and the burden grew to be much heavier than his modicum of strength could bear, but in spite of the advice and warning of his friends he could not be induced to lighten it, and so went on wearing himself out, largely for others. It might be an individual, it might be an institution, it might be a "movement"; whatever it was, if the object appealed to him—and it generally did—he was always ready to give his name, and his name meant himself up to the very limit.

As president of the National Academy he was an *ex officio* trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, a position which might have been regarded as perfunctory, but it certainly was not by him. During the time of his service he was one of the most interested and valuable of our trustees, serving regularly on three important committees, not only by attending their meetings—often when it was too obviously a physical effort for him to do so—but occupying himself with their affairs between whiles, interested especially with all that had to do with the representation of American art in the museum, and all that we could do for our artists by bringing to them examples of the earlier arts. And no one worked more zealously to keep its standard high than he did. With this in view all personal considerations

As a Servant  
of the Public



were swept aside, although we knew that this was sometimes at a sacrifice.

When I call up his image, the picture that has come to mind most frequently since his death is of the opening of my office door and the appearance of the tall, frail figure, the delicate, intellectual face, too drawn and weary during the last months, with the question: "Are you too busy to talk with me, Robinson?" To a protest that he did not look as though he ought to talk much business just then, would come the reply that he was a little tired, but otherwise all right, and the intimation that nothing further was to be said about his health; whereupon he plunged at once into the matter that had brought him and discussed it until it was settled, or until he had agreed as to how it was to be settled. Those visits were always an inspiration to me as models of a devotion to duty where the flesh was certainly weak, however willing the spirit—to a duty which had no glory or reward except the satisfaction to the man himself for having done his part toward the whole. A city is indeed happy which can count such men among her talented citizens, and would be still happier if Nature would sometimes endow them more equally with her physical and spiritual gifts than she chose to do in his case.

EDWARD ROBINSON.

IN the last ten years of the artistic activities of America no one name has been better known than that of John White Alexander—probably no one name has been so well known. As a practitioner he has been very eminent and even more so as a leader. Above all, he has been known as a leader in many different directions. He was an artist of distinguished and personal talent, and in addition he loved action, believed in progress, and was eager to take part in every

movement which looked either toward the development of new methods or the promotion of those already in force. He gave his

whole heart to his beloved Academy of Design, and yet found time to spare for the numerous societies which sought him as a member and nearly always as an officer. He was president of the National Academy of Design for many years, and at one time or another he was the standard-bearer, as president, of the Society of Mural Painters, the MacDowell Club, the Federation of Fine Arts, and the School Art League. He took par-

ticular delight in the latter society and in the opportunity which it afforded for appealing to the children of New York—the awakening of their interest, the laying of solid foundations for a life's interest in the arts. When the children grown older became artists, his sympathy was as ready, and it went out especially to the younger painters, to the men and women whom he accounted as particularly interesting in the present and as eventual Academicians of the future. His all-round sympathy for varying views and methods made him a valuable member of the purchasing committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and extension of sympathy to music and the drama carried him into the activities of the MacDowell Club. He was more than generous with his abundant yet frail vitality, and often when not yet recovered from a sharp fit of illness he went on to the platform to speak for some one of the many causes which he sustained. His effectiveness both upon the platform, in committee, and in daily companionship was greatly enforced by his personality. He was full of a kindly optimism which looked forward unfalteringly to a continuous and progressive headship of the Academy in American art, and he was at all times keenly alert to anything and everything which he believed might honorably conduce toward that headship. He was very genial and withal gentle, for, although he by no means lacked vivacity when aroused, he usually was of a pleasant serenity which many and severe illnesses could not ruffle. In his art, he was quick of observation and rapid of execution. He had a strong decorative sense of line which served him in his portraits as much as in his other works. In fact, a certain distinction which was in his features was reflected also in his canvases both as to line and color.

His life, save for his illnesses, was happy, successful, and enviable; he was loved by his comrades; and his passing leaves a vacancy which cannot be completely filled.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

AS elegance rather than strength was the note of Mr. Alexander's art, so it was eminently the note of his person. One could not look at his tall, slight figure, his delicate hands, or, above all, at his head, with its high-bred features, pointed beard, and curling mustache, without seeing in him a born

His Physical  
Aspect and  
Many Interests

His Work in  
Behalf of  
American Art



aristocrat and wishing that he could be painted by Van Dyke.

In his later years, and it was only in those years that I knew him, this elegance was more and more accompanied by an air of fragility. There was fire and energy in his look, but his physique was so slight that one wondered more and more at the prodigious amount he accomplished and at the tasks he was willing to impose upon himself. Most artists who have attained to anything approaching his degree of success have found that the production of their own work takes all and more than all the strength that they possess. Alexander could produce portraits and pictures and mural paintings and yet find time and energy for a dozen causes, spending himself royally as if his supply of vitality were inexhaustible.

I have never known of how many societies he was president, or working member, and he did not take his duties lightly or enjoy the official honors of his position while others did the work. His efforts to secure a suitable exhibition building for the National Academy of Design were most conspicuous, but during the years so largely occupied with this heart-breaking task he was working with almost equal fervor for the Metropolitan Museum, the School Art League, the MacDowell Club, and the National Institute and American Academy of Arts and Letters; was a trustee of the Public Library and president of the Mural Painters. Yet he could design scenery and costumes or arrange *tableaux vivants* for charity.

This multifarious activity he kept up to the end, in spite of rapidly failing health, and it was his art that he gave up first, for he had virtually ceased to paint during the last year or two of his life. Sickness might force him to decline commissions for portraits or mural paintings; it could not, to the end, force him to abandon his meetings and his committee work. He may have felt that what he could do in painting had been done. His reputation was world-wide, and a few more canvases could add neither to it nor to the meaning of his work. But if there was nothing more to do for himself there was everything to do in securing opportunity for American artists and recognition of American art.

If there was any element of ambition or of love of personal distinction in his labors for the cause of art it was a not ignoble ambition—the ambition to earn distinction by

service and to be known not merely as a brilliant painter but as an important figure in the development of our civilization. That distinction he amply earned. He wore himself out in the service of his fellows, and they will long hold him in affectionate remembrance.

KENYON COX.

ALEXANDER came to us silently, and as silently has he passed away. Though in disposition quiet, gentle, and sensitive, he rose naturally to the top, and rightly assumed leadership. Beneath his serenity there was a hidden strength.

In Munich, in Paris, in New York, he made a real impression, primarily through his art but also—and especially here—through his personality. His Art

And yet he was never "hail-fellow-well-met." Some of his friends even thought him cold and reserved, and failed to see the flood of generous sympathy that manifested itself, not so much in comradeship as in the desire and effort to help the cause of art and those that struggled for attainment.

Though long associated with him in the project nearest to his heart—the housing of the National Academy of Design—it was only in the last few years that I came to know and appreciate his fine qualities, and to realize that my regard for him had become affection. His prophetic question, "Who will be the next?" asked at the Academy meeting as he finished reading the obituaries of those Academicians who had died last year, was answered only too truly by my fears.

His relation to the Academy can be characterized by the single word "devotion." It was a devotion to all its ends, but especially to that one which, alas! he was not permitted to achieve. How strange that the great city of New York, the centre of American art, possessed of an organization which furnishes the majority of all the best works in the exhibitions throughout the Union—how strange that it should let so valuable an asset go uncared for, unsheltered! But Alexander's eloquent appeals will yet bear fruit.

Alexander possessed great technical ability. His paintings show beauty of composition, still greater beauty of line; but to me the most interesting feature is the quality of his large areas of shadow, which, though flat and thinly painted, are never



naked or unfinished but full of implied detail. He had a fixed style, one in which his materials, notably his coarse canvas, played an important part. It was a style which lent itself to decoration—eminently mural, and yet adapted to the easel as well as to the wall, to portraiture as well as to pictorial subjects. It was native to him that all painting should be decorative. So every canvas had its color scheme, seldom vivid, always refined, consistent, restrained.

But there is no need to dwell on his talent; we all know its charm. His art was clean, pure, and healthy, and was representative of himself. It rose at times to lofty planes. The portrait of Worthington Whittredge now in the Century Club, and that of Doctor McCosh in the Faculty Hall at Princeton University, are fine examples. The latter brings back to me not only the refined, noble features, but also the soul and intellect of the great man who won my esteem and affection in college. It is Doctor McCosh himself; but it is also a portrait of John W. Alexander. He has painted himself into that picture, and it will be hard for me to disassociate those two when I look at that canvas. Alexander's was also a noble soul, and his features, sensitive and refined, were likewise chiselled by inward reflection. High ideals and hopes belonged to both.

He has come and gone—will the place know him no more? On the contrary, he has sown seed that must yet bear fruit. An influence so high and so wide-spread does not die.

HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER.

IN the death of John Alexander the whole world of art, as well as the National Academy of Design, can unite in mourning. He was a figure who stood almost alone, a gentleman approachable by all—a fellow painter or the rawest of students had equal attention. As a painter he had made, and was, his own school.

His portraits of men have the strength and character of the sitters, and those of women the qualities we love and look for. He tried to make beauty more beautiful, and the ugly less ugly. He did not try for the sensational, but his paintings add charm and distinction to the walls of most of our museums and galleries, and they will live. He followed Frederick Dielman in sowing

the seed from which the new Academy building, the "salon" of America, is to grow, and his later life was dedicated to the smoothing of differences, and to harmonizing the interests of the art world, so that all might advance together and become a power that was bound to call for and receive recognition from the country at large. But his enthusiasm was greater than his strength, and many times I have seen him consult his little book filled with engagements, to find a date to give some small art club or society that had called upon him; none were ever refused if he had it. I admired him as a painter and loved him for himself. In thinking of John, I recall the closing lines of a little verse sent by Elihu Vedder, which I read at the last meeting of the Academy—they seem to have been written for him. "On earth he lived; he did not merely stay."

HARRY W. WATROUS.

The following is a list of some of Mr. Alexander's best-known work:

"Woman in Gray," Luxembourg, Paris; "Study in Black and Green," "Portrait of Walt Whitman," and "The Ring," Metropolitan Museum, New York; "Pot of Basil," Boston Museum of Fine Arts; "The Blue Bowl," Rhode Island School of Design, Providence; "Portrait of Fritz Thaulow," Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia; "The Quiet Hour," Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; "Portrait of Rodin," Cincinnati Museum; "Girl in Pink," Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; "Phyllis," St. Louis Museum; "Sunlight," Art Institute of Chicago; "Dr. Holmes," Harvard University, Cambridge; portraits of Dr. McCosh and Mrs. McCosh and Dr. Patton, Princeton University; Dr. Chandler and Dr. Van Amringe, Columbia University, New York; Mrs. Wheaton, Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.; Mrs. Whitman, Radcliffe College, Cambridge; Mrs. Wooley, Mount Holyoke (Mass.) College; Dr. Hyde, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.; "A Worker," National Gallery, Washington; "A Ray of Sunlight," Society of Fine Arts, Minneapolis. Mural paintings: "Evolution of the Book," six lunettes, Library of Congress, Washington; "Evolution of the State," fourteen lunettes, Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa.; "Apotheosis of Pittsburgh," "Fire," "Crowning of Labor," seventy-five panels, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.







*Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Sidney M. Chase.*

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, PHILADELPHIA, 1787, WASHINGTON PRESIDING.

Alexander Hamilton addressing the convention in his famous speech.

(In background) Robert Morris, Oliver Ellsworth, Elbridge Gerry, Edmund Randolph, and James Madison.  
(In foreground) George Read, James Wilson, and Benjamin Franklin.

[The fourth of twelve American historical frontispieces.]



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII

OCTOBER, 1915

NO. 4

## GENERAL JOFFRÉ: THE VICTOR OF THE MARNE

BY CAPTAIN X, OF THE FRENCH STAFF



I was in the early days of last September, those stirring and crowded days that preceded the great battle of the Marne. My division, retreating from Belgian Luxembourg by way of Mézières and Rethel, had just reached Vitry-les-Reims, some five miles north of Rheims.

"This," I said to myself, "marks the end of our retreat. The Rheims forts, old as they are, will give us a fairly good base; and protected by them we shall give battle and win."

Notwithstanding our steady retirement, nothing could have been better than the morale of our army. Twice already our division had been pitted in serious and bloody battle against the Saxon army of von Hausen. On each occasion, though confronted by forces superior to our own, we had inflicted heavy losses on the enemy and remained the uncontested masters of the field. Nevertheless, after each battle the order to retreat (dictated, as we well knew, by considerations based on the situation along the entire front) had been given two or three hours later; and off we had started in the night, down the dark country roads, through the sleeping villages, abandoning to the invader yet another portion of the sacred soil of France.

"This time at least," said I to myself, "we shall stand firm and keep a solid grip above Rheims."

And now, at about eleven o'clock at night, the head of the staff suddenly sent

for me. "We are to evacuate Rheims," he said, "and continue our retreat. You must start at once for Tauxières and get our staff quarters ready. The division will begin to march at midnight."

I listened with a heavy heart. But there is this much good in the soldier's trade, that it leaves no time for discouragement. I had only ten minutes in which to wake my orderly and my chauffeur, to pack my belongings, and be off.

It was a moonless night, but beautifully, divinely clear. The air trembled with soft, warm breezes. I took my place beside the chauffeur to help him find the road, which neither of us knew. Not a soul was stirring in the streets of Rheims. In the deep silence of the night not even a footfall awakened the deserted squares, and there were no lights in any of the houses. It was like an abandoned town. In my perplexity as to the right road I aimed for the cathedral, whose huge yet slender mass stained the night sky with a darker shadow. The lofty towers seemed almost to touch the stars, and a mysterious serenity, emanating from them, enveloped the ancient city.

I stopped at the door of one of the hotels in front of the cathedral and rang the bell. After a long delay the sleepy porter appeared. I asked him to show me the road, and he pointed it out, and then asked: "Captain, are our troops falling back? Are the Germans coming?" I had not the heart to lie to the poor fellow after waking him up at that hour. "The Germans will be here to-morrow

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evening," I said. "But we shall come back and drive them out again."

As we climbed the slope among the famous vineyards, through Verzenay and Verzy, and began to cross the great forest of Rheims, my mind was full of dark thoughts, and of feelings of doubt and anguish. Should we succeed in holding our own against this terrible foe, who had prepared his campaign down to the smallest details, who was spending men and ammunition recklessly, hurling against us ten, even a dozen, times in succession the close formations of his battalions, spreading panic in the country by ruthlessly burning every village in his path and shooting down the harmless inhabitants? In proportion as we retreated and as he advanced, his military strength and his certainty of victory were both bound to increase, like an avalanche gathering bulk as it sweeps down the mountainside. And as to our own soldiers, would not this continuous retreat finally affect their spirits and destroy the self-confidence, the obstinate invincible faith in the destinies of France, which was the one condition of victory whenever the great battle began?

These disquieting thoughts continued to haunt me as we drove on through the night. But little by little, with the first approach of dawn, my sombre presentiments vanished. What mattered a few leagues of countryside, a few villages, and even towns, temporarily abandoned to the enemy? France, I saw, was not a mere expanse of territory, not only groups of houses or monuments of stone. The France of to-day is her army, and the army's spirit remains unsubdued. Never had indifference to fatigue, to suffering, and even to death, complete self-effacement, complete surrender of one's self, attained a higher degree in officers and in men. Never had the flower of heroism so magnificently bloomed. And the spirit of the average citizen at home was the same as the soldier's. From Paris, where one hears the very heart-beat of France, one of our comrades had sent me the day before the report of a little incident that had struck me as worthy of the great traditions of Greece and Rome. As my friend came out of the church of the Madeleine and paused on the upper steps of the por-

tico, a poorly but neatly dressed little boy, not more than ten years old, came up to him and pushed into his hand a bit of paper on which was written: "We must not despair; France cannot be beaten." My friend ran after the child and asked who had told him to distribute the paper. He learned that for two days and nights the boy's whole family—his mother, his two sisters and an aged relative—had been steadily at work in their poor lodgings, writing several thousands of the papers which the lad was handing to passers-by.

From the humblest soldier to the highest chiefs the entire French army has complete unflinching faith in its commander-in-chief. From the very first engagements his firm and resolute hold upon the reins had inspired his troops with courage and confidence. The result of our first encounters with the enemy had not been what we had hoped. The incompleteness of our organization, our lack of heavy artillery, our inadequate information as to the German army, all these deficiencies were cruelly evident in the early battles. Nor did all our generals display in the same degree the qualities of intelligence and energy required of a great military leader—for the simple reason that in times of peace it is all but impossible to prognosticate a general's worth in war. Only the test of battle gives the true measure of a general's merits. This or that brilliant reputation, won during the big manœuvres, falls to pieces with the first crack of the rifle and the bursting of the first shells; while an officer on whom only slight hopes have been founded may display at the first test the qualities of a born leader.

From the outset, whenever General Joffre detected in his generals the slightest weakness of character or talent he promptly and pitilessly removed them. It mattered not if the delinquents were among his oldest comrades, his closest friends: they were at once replaced by those among their subordinates who, during the first battles, had established their military aptitude and their general superiority; and the entire army, by its silent verdict, its mute approbation, never failed to ratify these appointments.



One of my chiefs had seen General Joffre at the general headquarters two days before our retreat from Rheims. He had brought back from the visit an impression of absolute confidence. "I mean to deliver the big battle," the general had said to him, "in the most favorable conditions, at my own time, and on the ground I have chosen. If necessary I shall continue to retreat. I shall bide my time. No consideration whatever will make me alter my plans."

I recalled all this as the motor rushed along through the night, and as I repeated to myself the words of the commander-in-chief, glorious with their hint of hope, our retreat seemed less unbearably painful. Since wait we must, we would wait.

We had not to wait long. Three days later, on the morning of September 5th, just as we reached a point a little to the north of Fère-Champenoise, a sensational order was brought to us. The retreat of the French armies was at an end. That very evening preparations for a general attack were to be made, and on the morrow the whole army, from Paris to the Vosges, was to assume the offensive.

The morning of the 6th of September marks a capital date in the history of the world. It was the beginning of the great battle of the Marne. That morning General Joffre issued to our soldiers the great Order of the Day, which was read along the entire front. It reveals the unshakable confidence of the chief in his soldiers, and of the soldiers in their general:

"At the moment of engaging a battle on which the fate of the country hangs it is necessary to remind every one that the time has passed for looking backward. Every effort must be made to attack and to drive back the enemy. Troops that can no longer advance must at all costs stand their ground, and let themselves be killed on the spot rather than retreat. In the present circumstances no weakness can be tolerated."

For four days and four nights the battle raged. On the evening of the fourth day every one of the German armies was in full retreat. At certain points the retreat had turned into a rout. General Joffre

and his army had won the biggest victory of all time.

It is not too much to assert that a victory so complete, a recovery so startling, is without a parallel in military history. The only analogy it suggests is that of a wrestler, already down, with shoulders all but touching, who, leaping suddenly to his feet, takes his antagonist by the throat, throws him and makes him bite the dust. It is not surprising that some people believed in a miracle. But there are no miracles in battle. Miracles in war are due, nine times out of ten, or even ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to the heroism of the men and the genius of their chiefs.

General Joffre plays an open game. He is never afraid to show his hand. When he had won the victory of the Marne he himself undertook to show how he had won it. He has just published the series of his "General Orders" during the days before the great battle, from the 25th of August to the 6th of September, 1914. These despatches are official documents of indisputable authenticity and authority. They contain the irrefutable and naked truth, and they confirm the contention that the great battle of the Marne was clearly foreseen, and planned in all its details, by the commander-in-chief.

The first of General Joffre's orders is dated August 25th; but before dwelling on its importance and significance it is necessary to outline briefly the respective situations, at that date, of the French and German armies.

The French War Office was well aware of the plan of the German general staff, which consisted in making a violent attack through Belgium, with the purpose of turning our left flank. All our officers knew that the German army would violate the neutrality of Belgium; but the enveloping movement of the German armies was made on a scale, and with an offensive dash, that entirely exceeded our expectations. We had not supposed it possible that the Germans, on the first day, could bring their entire reserves into action. But that was what they did; and the striking force of their army corps was thereby more than doubled. Their reserve corps were ready to support the



active army; and these reserves were exactly as well trained, as well equipped, and as abundantly provided with heavy artillery as their active force.

For years past the German Government had been spending at least twenty millions of marks a year to maintain, among their continental neighbors, and especially in France, a horde of spies who had penetrated everywhere and ferreted out all the secrets of our War Office. A country as peaceful and republican as France has neither the money nor the resources, even if it had the inclination, to indulge in such extravagances of espionage. The German aim was to finish with France within a few weeks, in order to have a free hand to deal with Russia, while the latter country was still struggling with the difficulties of mobilization. At the outset, therefore, the Germans left a relatively small force on the Russian frontier: four corps of the active army (out of twenty-five and a half) and a few formations of the reserve. All the rest—that is to say, about fifty army corps, or two million five hundred thousand men—were thrown at once against France.

France, owing to her inferior population, was unable to provide so big an army to face this formidable onset. The fact of this inferiority is one which cannot be too insistently dwelt upon. The French forces, at the opening of the war, must have been numerically inferior by at least a million men; while the British army, at the same date, numbered three divisions, or from seventy to eighty thousand men at the most.

What, in presence of the German plan, was to be the French retort? A plan based on the principle of the immediate offensive was held to be best suited to our national temperament and the well-known dash of our soldiers. Four simultaneous attacks were contemplated. The first was through upper Alsace toward Mulhouse; and Mulhouse was captured by us, then lost, and then a third time retaken. But this was only a secondary episode of the war.

Our second attack was through Lorraine and the passes of the Vosges, in the direction of Saarbourg and Saverne. After some successes on this frontier our troops, in the region of Morhange, came

upon largely superior forces and very strong positions which the Germans had had ample time to fortify. Heavy artillery, with which the enemy was abundantly provided, played an important part in these early engagements. We had to retire. Lunéville was taken and Nancy threatened by German guns.

Our third plan of attack was through Belgian Luxembourg, and here too we had to beat a retreat.

Finally, our army on the left wing, supported by the British, was to assume the offensive in Belgium, and make a flanking attack on the German army, while the latter sought, by an enveloping movement, to cross the Meuse between Liège and Namur. A little delay in carrying out this plan threw away our chance of success. The battle of Charleroi, where the Anglo-French armies were engaged against very large forces, was a virtual defeat. Germany had pitted against us the main bulk of her forces, and the English and French armies were compelled to begin a rapid retreat. This released Von Kluck's army, which was left free to plunge headlong, fifty kilometres at a stride, on its march to Paris.

Such was the general situation about the 22d of last August; such the imminent peril which General Joffre had to face. No heavier burden, no more formidable responsibility, ever weighed on human shoulders. A moment's discouragement, an instant's hesitation, and France would have been lost, and Europe and the rest of the world left to discover the meaning of such a disaster as the triumph of Germany.

General Joffre did not have that moment's hesitation. He showed himself the immediate master of a situation of unparalleled danger. He might have chosen to dispute with the invader every inch of French territory; but such a plan would have entailed the gravest risks. It would have necessitated giving battle at once and in the most unfavorable conditions. Our army on the left, operating with the British army, would not have had time to pull itself together; and, given the immense number of men that the Germans were able to put into the field, our forces would have been exposed to an overwhelming defeat.



The commander-in-chief's plan was of a much higher kind. He decided squarely to refuse battle both with his left wing and his centre and, while withdrawing these two armies, to carry out a fresh concentration of his forces which should quietly shift them from the east to the west. While Von Kluck was rapidly pushing southward, Joffre, with the object of turning his right flank, as rapidly formed a fresh army under the command of General Maunoury. Here is the order of the day (dated August 25) which embodies this project.

"In the region of Amiens a fresh group of forces will be created by the units transported by rail (Seventh Corps), the Fourth Division of Reserves, and perhaps another active army corps, formed between the 22d of August and 2d of September."

Such was the origin of the army of Maunoury, which, by menacing Von Kluck's forces, played so important a part during the battle of the Marne. The creation of this army was entirely due to the foresight of General Joffre.

Two days later, on August 27, the commander-in-chief formed, at the very centre of the line, another army, which he placed under the command of one of our most eminent chiefs, General Foch. The creation of the Maunoury army on the left, and of the Foch army in the centre—these are the two acts which contain in germ the victory on the Marne.

It will be seen by the indisputable evidence of the dates above given that, ten days before the great battle, General Joffre had made all his preparations for it. The fresh shifting of our forces, the mobilization by rail of the various army corps, was affected without a hitch, and it only remained to await developments. Once Von Kluck had advanced sufficiently to uncover his right wing, thus exposing it to the attack of Maunoury's army, the battle could begin.

The right moment arrived on the 4th of September. On that day cavalry reconnaissances and the reports of the aviators showed that Von Kluck had turned southeast, toward Meaux and Coulommiers, well off the straight road to Paris. Instantly, on the afternoon of September 4, General Joffre gave the order to at-

tack. The main lines of this order are as follows:

I. Advantage must be taken of the precarious situation of the first German army (Von Kluck) to bring to bear against it the forces of the Allied armies on the extreme left. All arrangements will be made on September 5, in view of an attack on the 6th.

II. The disposition of forces to be effected on the evening of the 5th of September will be:

(a) All the forces at the disposal of the sixth army (Maunoury), northeast of Meaux, must be ready to cross the Ourcq between Lizy-sur-Ourcq and May-en-Multien, in the general direction of Château-Thierry. For this operation the elements of the first cavalry corps in the neighborhood will be placed under General Maunoury's orders.

(b) The British army on the Changis-Coulommiers front facing eastward will be ready to attack in the general direction of Montmirail.

(c) The fifth army (General Franchet d'Espérey), in slightly closer formation on the left, will take its position along the general line Courtacon-Isternay-Sézanne ready to attack in the general direction of south-north. The second cavalry corps will secure the connection between the British and the fifth army.

(d) The ninth army (General Foch) will cover the right of the fifth army and hold the southern approaches of the Marshes of St. Gond. A portion of its forces will take up their position on the plateau north of Sézanne.

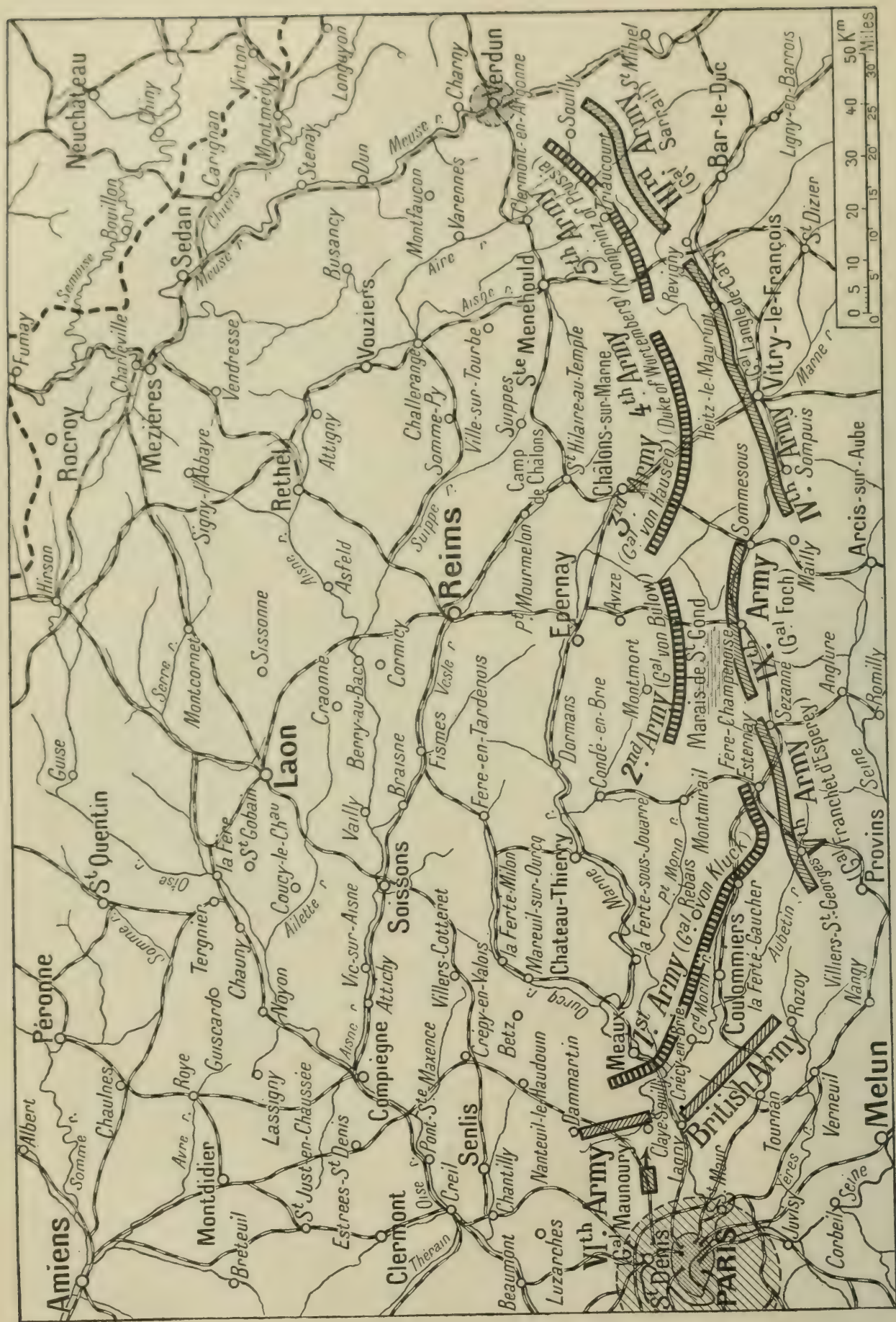
III. The offensive will be taken by these various armies on the morning of the 6th of September.

(Signed) J. JOFFRE.

On the morrow the fourth army, under General Langle de Cary, and the third army, under General Sarrail, received instructions in harmony with these general orders.

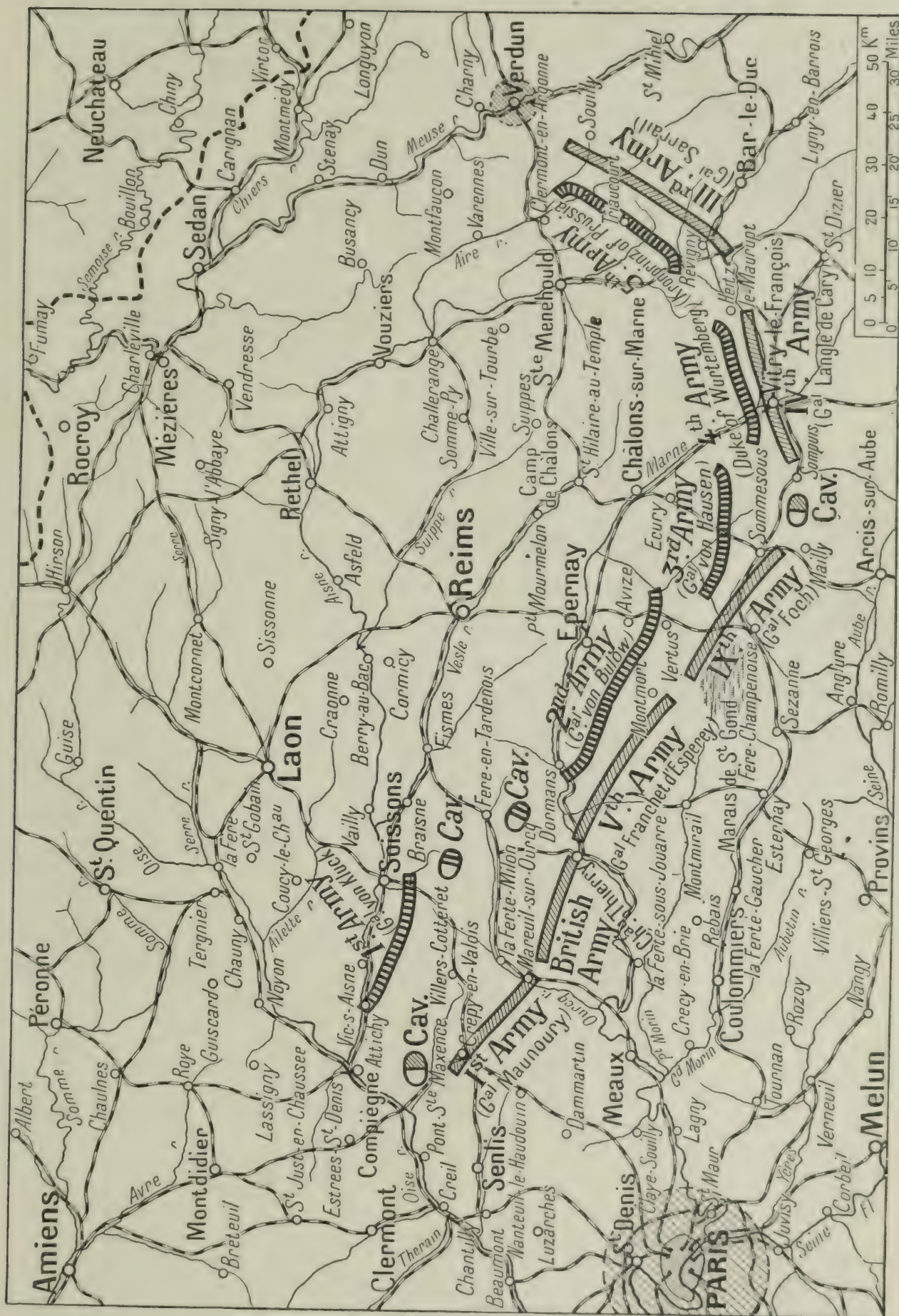
All preparations had been made and all the orders given. Everything which it was humanly possible for a great commander to do in anticipation of a great battle had been done. The result depended on the capacity of the chiefs and the valor of the troops.





The battle of the Marne.  
Position of the armies, September 5, 1914.





The battle of the Marne.

Position of the armies, September 10, 1914.



Picture for a moment what must have been the state of mind of General Joffre on the 6th of September, the tragic hour on the eve of the great battle! Here was a man of great moral elevation, of pure and ardent patriotism, intensely alive to the terrible responsibility weighing upon him; a character of the old heroic mould, modest and reticent, disdainful of vulgar ambition and self-advertisement; and this man was aware that in the battle which was to be fought on the morrow the very existence of France was at stake. If the battle was lost, Paris would be taken and France conquered for all time.

General Joffre knew the tragic and desperate nature of the crisis confronting him. With the fullest consciousness of that crisis, and moved by intense emotion, he despatched to the government at Bordeaux a telegram which, when it is made public, will show France that her chief is made of the stuff of Plutarch's men.

The gist of the message was as follows: General Joffre informed the President of the Republic that he had done all he could to save the state, that the die was cast, and that it only remained to await results. His tone was calm and confident. He affirmed his conviction that the impending battle would be fought under conditions favorable to France. He described the enemy as being held in a vice between Paris and Verdun; he declared that the spirit of the troops had never been better, and he summed up by saying that the preponderance of chances was on our side.

The wonderful forecast embodied in this despatch was soon to be realized. At the appointed moment all our armies opened a simultaneous attack. Maunoury's army on the Ourcq so completely shattered one of Von Kluck's divisions that the German commander, threatened with immediate envelopment, was suddenly compelled to shift his forces to meet the British army. The British army and that of General Franchet d'Espérey, taking advantage of this retreat, plunged straight ahead, drove the German corps back by a vigorous thrust, and in this way gained a good deal of ground toward the north. At the same time all our armies were advancing along the entire line from

west to east, each army fastening itself to the one preceding it with the successive forward jerks of a parrot climbing along a stick.

Those were soul-thrilling days. We who lived through them, in actual contact with them, knew that they marked a dividing line in our experience, and that henceforward all we did and were would gravitate about that central moment of our lives.

The Germans instantly saw the danger menacing them. They made a frantic effort to break through the centre of our line, between Sézanne and Fère Champenoise, in the region of the marshes of St. Gond. The Imperial Guard and all the picked troops were massed at that point. Their object was to overthrow Foch's army. By a series of repeated onslaughts, led with the most reckless violence, they attempted to pierce our lines and cut our armies in two. Once this result obtained, they would only have had to fall back against our left and right to compass our defeat.

At one time, on the third day and on the morning of the fourth (September 8 and 9), it looked very much as if they might succeed. They had pushed back the whole right wing of the army of Foch. The Guard had occupied Fère Champenoise. But the left of Foch's army still clung desperately to the outskirts of the plateau overlooking the marshes of St. Gond. In vain the Germans multiplied their attacks and wore themselves out in prodigious onslaughts. The Moroccan division, under General Humbert, held fast to every inch of ground, replying to each German thrust by a still more furious assault. Not for a single instant did General Foch admit the possibility of retreat. At a critical moment one of his officers came to him. "General, my troops are worn out!"

"So are the Germans. Attack!" was the curt reply.

At the most crucial period of the struggle General Foch conceived and executed a manœuvre which, together with Maunoury's movement, was one of the determining causes of victory. The right of Foch's army had given way, while the left was still holding out. Instantly he transferred an excellent division from left



to right, taking the Germans by an unexpected flanking movement and checking their advance.

The Germans, far from being able to pierce our centre, were by this time in the gravest peril. On their right wing the situation of Von Kluck's army was becoming more and more critical: it was in imminent danger of envelopment. Everywhere the Germans' losses had been terrible—some of their regiments lost a third of their strength. More than once I have heard General Joffre say that this prodigious slaughter was one of the main causes of the German retreat.

On the evening of September 9 the Kaiser was compelled to sign the general order for the retreat of the whole of his armies. Good-by to Paris, and the hope of a triumphal entry! The very troops which, a few days before, had swept so arrogantly through our villages now traversed them again with lowered heads. In many instances the retreat turned into a veritable rout. The German troops seemed astounded by the sudden disaster—the repulse was a staggering one. Two days after the battle the proprietor of the principal hotel at Châlons-sur-Marne told me a characteristic anecdote. A German general staff had taken up its quarters in the hotel, which happens to be well known for its cellar. The general was a Royal Highness who was treated by the staff with the profoundest deference. On the evening of September 9 the officers had all gone to bed after an excellent dinner and much riotous drinking. Toward midnight there were hurried steps in the passages and the prince and his staff, hastily roused, rushed out of their rooms in their night-clothes. "We must be off at once!" shouted his Highness. "Order the motors! The French are here!" In fifteen minutes the hotel was empty—the whole general staff had vanished, forgetting, in their panic, several cases of champagne of a vintage they had found greatly to their taste. The moral of the story is that the French troops arrived only two days later.

The victory of the Marne is immense, gigantic in character. It took place along a front of four hundred kilometres, which should be viewed as a whole—that is to

say, from Paris to the Vosges—and not be studied at any isolated point of the line. The tendency to view it in that way has misled many people ignorant of all the facts of the campaign. They think only of the army of Maunoury and its manœuvre. They forget all the other elements at work, and imagine it was that single manœuvre which determined the victory. To do this is like looking through the small end of a telescope. It is as if some one at a concert, who happened to be seated close to the violin or the violoncello, should conclude that the merits of the symphony were due to those two instruments alone. As a matter of fact, the applause is due to the leader of the whole orchestra, that is to say, to General Joffre. This is the inevitable inference to be drawn from any rational examination of the facts.

It is also said that but for Von Kluck's inexplicable manœuvre in turning to the southeast on September 4, instead of immediately attacking Paris, the victory of the Marne could not have been won, the capital would have fallen, and the war soon afterward have come to a disastrous end. All these assertions are equally mistaken. If Von Kluck was really in a position, on September 4, to end the war at a single blow, and did not do it, he is undoubtedly the most inefficient general who has ever commanded a German army. And, if this is the case, it is hard to see why the Kaiser keeps him in command and showers honors and decorations on him, when he ought obviously to have been court-martialed and shot.

It implies an unparalleled ignorance of military matters to suppose that the general at the head of one of the six or seven German armies then invading France was free to make so important a move without first getting into touch with the German general staff. The truth is, Von Kluck could not dream of besieging Paris before getting well rid of those of our forces, in front and on his flank, which would have certainly fallen on him while he was engaged in the attack on the capital. He could not, and he had no right to, act otherwise than he did. It is an absolute rule of German strategy that the enemy's army must first be destroyed before the investment of a fortified place



is attempted. In the present instance this rule was imperative. For (as will some day be known) there was already too big a gap, there was in fact a veritable hole, between the army of Von Kluck and the other German army on his left. General Joffre, as has been seen, has not hesitated to publish the series of his military orders previous to the battle of the Marne. Whenever his example is followed in Germany, and the orders of the German general staff are published, it will be seen which of the two series of documents is distinguished by clearness and precision, and which is confused and vague.

The German orders given before the battle of the Marne happen to be in the possession of our staff, and I have had the privilege of reading them. At that time the German general staff used ciphered radiograms, and as we had discovered the cipher all the communications of the German headquarters were immediately known to us. In the early days of the war the German War Office had but one purpose—to act rapidly and to strike hard. Strategic scruples did not hamper the German generals any more than diplomatic scruples hampered the German statesmen. The different German armies were engaged in a sort of steeplechase toward the centre of France. The fastest was to win the prize. The Germans were so confident in the force of their momentum that they fancied they could overwhelm and shatter everything they encountered. This confidence naturally grew in proportion as the French armies retreated. The Germans believed they were driving the French before them in headlong rout. They have never been brilliant psychologists, and the fine shades of the French temperament escaped their perspicacity, and doubtless always will. The fact is illustrated by the attitude and the utterances of Von Kluck on Sunday, September 6, at Coulommiers. The picture is curious enough to claim a moment's attention, and we possess definite proof of its accuracy. Never have German pride and self-sufficiency broken out with finer effect. It is really worth while to record the attitude of Von Kluck on the day of the battle of the Marne.

The French soldiers had evacuated Coulommiers the night before. During

the night the German troops arrived, battalion after battalion, and were immediately sent on toward the south. It was Sunday afternoon. The few inhabitants left in the little town had shut themselves into their houses. Suddenly a hundred or more German soldiers carrying revolvers rushed into the main street, knocking at all the doors and shouting: "Shut the windows, the staff is coming!" A quarter of an hour later, in a magnificent 60 h.-p. car, his Excellency General von Kluck arrived. He took up his quarters in the finest house in the town. One of his officers, who had preceded him, had already ordered dinner: two dishes of meat, peas and pork (his Excellency's favorite dish), washed down with champagne, and a good deal of it. The general enjoyed his dinner and, when it was over, settled himself down in a big armchair in the doorway. He summoned the fine military band which always accompanies him. "Some French airs," he commanded: "Only French airs—*Carmen*, *La Mascotte*." The band played *La Mascotte* and *Carmen*, and Von Kluck's satisfaction increased. "Why don't the people turn up to listen to my band? They've never heard a better one!" He sent an imperious summons to his aged hostess, who presented herself in fear and trembling. "Don't be afraid, madam," he said affably. "Where are your husband and children?" The poor woman said that her husband was dead and that her three sons were in the army. "Oh, well, they'll be Germans," returned Von Kluck consolingly; "and so will you. The half of France is going to be German, and it's the best thing that could happen to it. You'll see what we'll make of you when you've had a course of German discipline and culture. You French have a lot of showy qualities: what you want is discipline. We're going to defeat your army—the job is half done now—and by the end of the week we shall be in Paris." With this he allowed the poor lady to retire.

The entire German army, from the soldiers to the generals, share the views of this typical chief. This is why it has made such a reckless expenditure of energy, striking right and left to the point of exhaustion in its uncontrollable frenzy of



destruction. At the outset of the war the whole German army shared Von Kluck's conviction that everything would be over in a few weeks. One day our regiment had been fighting from dawn until sunset, withstanding seven or eight German attacks. Our men were utterly done up—they hardly had the strength to prepare their evening meal. We were all sure that that night the Germans, who were bound to be as tired as we were, and who had suffered enormous losses, would leave us time to get a few hours' sleep. But at about ten o'clock a terrible fusillade burst out suddenly all along the line of outposts—the quick-firing guns had begun the music which is so like the staccato notes of a mowing-machine bent on business. And thereupon there followed an astounding, terrifying impression—a great shower of luminous fusees burst out from beyond the German lines, shedding over the entire battle-field the fantastic shifting gleams of Bengal fires. Then search-lights, suddenly unmasked, sent a flood of blinding light along our front; and at the same moment we saw a German column, at least three battalions strong, charging toward our lines. The men advanced in close formation, four by four, as if on parade. We saw distinctly the subalterns and the officers, driving forward with the flat of their swords some soldiers who had fallen out of line. The regimental band was playing, fifes screaming, drums rolling. The whole astounding spectacle—the music, the illuminations, the brilliant search-lights, and the massed battalions—called forth from the colonel who was standing at my side: "It's the finest show I ever saw in my life!"

Our outposts had hastily retired. Almost instantly our machine guns opened an infernal fire against this magnificent target. The rifles came to the aid of the machine guns and were joined by our "75," which was still trained for action. Every shot made its mark in those serried columns. We saw whole lines go down: it was like a gigantic game of nine-pins. This attack, for all its insane temerity, was absolutely without result, and almost the whole regiment must have been wiped out. During the four days and four nights of the battle of the Marne the Germans again and again rushed on

death in the same way—the losses they suffered were appalling. Military critics, in Germany as well as in France, hold it to be an axiom that a troop which has lost by fire a quarter of its men is incapable of continuing the struggle, and the case of the Prussian Guard at St. Privat is often cited as an instance. The cautious and reasonable Joffre is no spendthrift of his soldiers. At the battle of the Marne he indulged in no such luxury of hecatombs, and his self-restraint did not deprive him of victory.

Photographs and portraits have made the face of the commander-in-chief familiar to the whole world. The impression he produces is one of massive force and vigor. He is tall and robustly built, and there is great straightforwardness and kindness in his calm face crowned with white hair. I have often seen him at the general headquarters. They are situated in a delightful little town not far from Paris, a town known to all Americans who come to France; and the general staff is lodged in a famous building familiar to visitors from overseas. The first impression received on entering the headquarters is one of quiet and repose. Once I was summoned there at the very moment when a great battle was being fought in Flanders. From the particular spot in which I stood all orders were being sent out and there all the information from the whole front converged. The general staff headquarters is both the heart and the brain of that gigantic organism, an army of three million men. One would have expected a scene of intense activity, a general sense of hurry and confusion; but nothing could less resemble what I saw. In the hall a few officers were passing to and fro with bundles of papers under their arms. In one corner a group of soldiers, bent over a table, were sealing some big envelopes. A lift took me to an upper story. I went down a narrow passage where two orderlies were on duty, and was ushered into the office of General Pellé, who is the right arm of the commander-in-chief. He wore the khaki of our Moroccan troops, whom he commanded before the war, and his handsome face looked somewhat thin and drawn from prolonged vigils and overwork.



General Pellé was for some time our military attaché in Berlin. He is thoroughly acquainted, not only with the German army, but with the German people. Our "Yellow Book" contains a report by him, written in 1912, which is a marvel of perspicacity, and even of prophetic insight. After a few moments' talk, he told me that General Joffre would receive me at once, and without further ceremony he opened a door on the opposite side of the room and led me into the great general's presence. The room was very small and furnished like an ordinary sitting-room in a small hotel. "The four feet square of my cabinet," said Richelieu; Joffre, too, might speak of his "four feet square."

The commander-in-chief was sitting at a small table on which there were two or three sheets of paper and a map. There is a look in his steel-blue eyes that all his photographs and portraits fail to show. It is a look that admits of no reply: there is finality in his glance. The minute and searching precision with which he questioned me about the object of my visit showed me that he knew in its smallest details every sector of the interminable front extending from the North Sea to the Vosges, from Nieuport almost up to Mulhouse. He listened attentively to my explanations, and put into a few words, the fewest possible, his observations and orders; then, with a vigorous handshake, he turned to other duties.

General Joffre gets up every morning at five o'clock and is always in bed by nine in the evening. Strict orders are given not to wake him except in cases of emergency. Self-command and insight are the dominant qualities of a great military chief, and neither of these qualities is possible without a good sleep. As often as possible the general gets away from his headquarters to visit the front and inspect his troops. I recall a day, two weeks after the victory of the Marne, when we were near Rheims, at the fort of Montbré. From the outworks, which formed a splendid observatory, we had a view of the entire battle-field. As we were watching the results of our gun-fire on the German trenches just across the valley, suddenly, without warning, General Joffre arrived with General Foch. He had come

to congratulate our chief, General H——, on his magnificent conduct during the battle of the Marne, and a few cordial moving words conveyed his joy in his officer's achievement.

Two powerful limousines for his officers and a third motor for detectives form the entire escort of the commander-in-chief. On his arrival at any particular point he reviews with the utmost care and precision the battalions under arms. He inspects everything, questions the soldiers, bestows decorations, showing an unflagging diligence in the fulfilment of this part of his duties, which brings him in constant personal contact with his men. After these inspections and reviews General Joffre and a dozen or more officers meet at a short military luncheon in some small town. The talk on these occasions is perfectly free from constraint, all the officers present frankly exchanging their impressions. The general himself does not say much—he has often been called "Joffre the Silent." But he does not dislike to hear others talk and has no objection to laughter and gayety; in fact, he is not without his own quiet sense of humor. I once heard it remarked in his presence that the moustaches and hair of many of our generals had grown suddenly white since the war. "It's the worry, the fatigue, the responsibility," somebody suggested. "No doubt," the chief agreed; "and perhaps also the lack of certain indispensable toilet articles."

The conclusion to be drawn from all the conversations and all the isolated sayings of General Joffre is that he possesses an unshakable belief in the successful issue of the present war. This robust faith emanates from him like a powerful current. It is a pity that all those who criticise and lament—their number in France is luckily not great—all the fault-finders and unbelievers—cannot be given a bath of confidence at our general headquarters. They would come back cured.

General Joffre does not admit for an instant that there can be the slightest doubt as to our victory, our complete and comprehensive victory. And his faith in the outcome is based on the fact that, over and above the daily incidents and accidents of the struggle, he perceives its deep realities and profound determining



causes. These causes are all in our favor. Even taking matters at the worst, as far as we are concerned, even supposing that we never succeed in breaking through the German lines and in driving the enemy back a kilometre; even in that case (and it is unthinkable) there remains for Germany the certainty of ultimate defeat and disaster. To consider only the question of reserves of soldiers, leaving aside the whole matter of money and other economic considerations, the resources of Germany and Austria are strictly limited. The day is at hand when these resources will be exhausted. Those of the Allies, on the contrary, are almost infinite; and victory is mathematically assured to them.

Germany, seventeen years ago (the calculation should be made from that date, since it is impossible to enlist soldiers under seventeen years of age) had fifty-five millions of inhabitants: in other words, a third more than France. Since the beginning of the war she has formed twice as many army corps as we have, and this virtually means that, relatively to the figure of her population, she has accomplished a far greater military effort than we. For instance, while France out of a thousand inhabitants enlisted one hundred soldiers, Germany out of the same number enlisted from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and thirty. These figures are indisputable. Germany has drawn much more largely on her reserves than France, and they are bound to be much sooner exhausted.

During the first months of the war the force left by Germany on the Russian front was relatively small—it represented scarcely an eighth part of her total strength. But as the Austrian army began to weaken and the menace of the Russian invasion of Hungary became more pressing, Germany had to come to the rescue of her ally. It was impossible for her to withdraw any considerable number of troops from the western front, as she has been inaccurately said to have done. She transferred only some cavalry divisions which were not particularly useful to her, and a certain amount of heavy artillery; but she placed on the Russian front a considerable portion of the fresh formations then being created in Germany. It is only necessary to consider

the furious onslaughts in Poland and in Galicia, where battles last for more than a month, to know that relatively few of those fresh troops will ever be in a condition to be brought back to the French or the Italian frontiers. In fact, by August or September every time we kill or wound a German soldier on our front Germany will have increasing difficulty in finding a substitute; and the time will eventually come when it will be impossible for her to find any. That moment will strike the hour of her defeat.

The whole aggressive plan of campaign of Germany was based on a short sharp assault lasting a few weeks or a few months. That was why she did not scruple to expend her maximum force at the outset. At the very first shock she utilized everything she could dispose of; and hereafter her strength, instead of increasing, must steadily diminish. Our own, on the contrary, is in almost all respects as steadily increasing. We have abundant reserves of men, since, in contradistinction to the German method, we have made only a small number of new formations. The English army is constantly growing, Italy is flinging into the *mêlée* her fresh troops, numbering, at the minimum, one million five hundred thousand men; and there still remains the inexhaustible reservoir of Russia. We are manufacturing more and more shells, and every day proves more emphatically the preponderating part which ammunition plays in the present war. Finally, our heavy artillery, which was deficient at the outset, is daily becoming more considerable.

These are only some of the reasons, all as solid as granite, on which the robust optimism of General Joffre is based. When people speak to him in discouraging tones he merely shrugs his broad shoulders and smiles. The one thing to beware of, in his opinion, is impatience. Germany is virtually a besieged citadel. She is holding firm to the very last moment, she seems to be making light of her enemies, she never ceases to proclaim her invincibility. But some day the citadel will fall, and all will be over.

Immediately after our victory on the Marne the Germans took to the trenches. That fact was of itself more than a half-confession of failure. For it should be



noted that they might have retreated a little farther (as we ourselves had done two weeks before), and then manoeuvred in such a way as to deliver a new battle which, if they had won it, would have given them decisive results. Instead of that they condemned themselves to the wearing-out process of trench warfare, which precluded all possibility of a quick and resounding success. The hope of such a success is over for all time. It is no longer within their power to inflict on us the violent shattering blow they were so confident of dealing. All the attacks they have attempted since the battle of the Marne have been checked: the effort to invest Verdun at the end of September, the advance on Calais, the battle of the Yser in September and October, the offensive movement against Soissons in January. Since this last attack, that is to say for more than six months, they have not made a single serious assault against the French front. Since January they have left to us the initiative and held themselves strictly and entirely on the defensive. They explain this inactivity by saying that they want to finish with the Russians once for all in order to be free to return with all their forces against the French. This explanation may satisfy the credulity of strategists beyond the Rhine, but two minutes' reflection will show what it is worth. There is no such thing as finishing "once for all" with the Russians. However badly they may now and then be beaten (and Germany has inflicted more than one serious defeat on them), the Russian forces invariably pull themselves together again and are ready almost at once to begin the struggle all over again. As Prince von Bülow has put it, "Fighting the Russians is like pounding a pillow."

The Austro-Germans have just driven the Russians back about two hundred kilometres in Galicia. There can be no doubt as to the reality of the victory, but it is a victory that can have no lasting consequences. The Russians, instead of giving battle on the Dunajetz, are fighting on the Dniester; that is all!

Now, suppose that instead of this advance of two hundred kilometres on the eastern front Germany had been able to progress, say, some fifteen kilometres on

the French front; that she had been able, for instance, to take Compiègne or Amiens. Would not the moral and material consequences of such an advance have been of a very different importance? Obviously, if Germany has not tried to do this, it is because she feels she is in no position to undertake it.

Such considerations as these determine the confidence of General Joffre. Whenever he speaks (and he talks as little as possible) it is with such arguments as these that he develops his views, which may be summed up thus: "We have only to keep to the path that we are now following to be sure of victory." For more than a month now, in the region about Arras, our armies have had an unbroken series of successes. It is true that they have been merely local successes; but some day one of these *local successes* will suddenly assume the character of a *general success*; and once Germany begins to be beaten her defeat will be rapid. The battle of the Marne marked the first short act of the war; the second act, played in the trenches, is a painful business, and is continuing longer than one would have supposed; but it is possible that the third and last act will be as short as the first.

In the solitude of St. Helena Napoleon, who was not entirely without experience in such matters, often put to himself the question: "What are the qualities that make a great general?" It is rare—so he concluded—to find in one and the same man all the necessary attributes. The first essential for a general is that his intelligence or talent should be in stable equilibrium with his character or courage. The general (to use Napoleon's phrase) should be "carré," that is, "four-square"; by which he meant that he should be well-balanced. It was another of Napoleon's sayings that a general who has more intelligence than character resembles a ship which carries too much sail: at the slightest whiff of wind it risks capsizing. He often cited as an instance his adopted son, Eugène Beauharnais, whom he sought, by advice and by daily correspondence, to form for a military career. According to Napoleon, Prince Eugène was not marked by any excep-



tional gifts; but his faculties were so evenly balanced that he was nevertheless an excellent general.

Nothing could be truer than these observations; and they are marvellously applicable to General Joffre. The striking thing in his character is just this admirable balance, typically French. His moral and intellectual qualities, his brains and his character, are in perfect equilibrium; and he is above all, and to the full extent of the word, what our seventeenth century called a "grand honnête homme." He is quite without ambition, utterly disinterested, and without any desire for popularity or self-advertisement. His one dream, when he has beaten Germany and given back to France her former frontiers, with the place due to her among nations, is to retire to his little home in the Pyrenees and end his days in peace. Among the German generals who have been pitted against him none can for a moment be compared with him. Joffre won the victory of the Marne. Apart from their partial successes at the outset, the German generals who have fought in France have secured not one single victory. Only one German general has to his credit certain really big suc-

cesses: Marshal von Hindenburg has more than once terribly beaten the Russians. But if Hindenburg is compared to Joffre an impartial judgment must give the French general the palm. The Russian army, when it is opposed to the German army, is in many important respects in a condition of unquestionable inferiority. It has at its disposal only a very rudimentary system of railways, and the railway is of capital importance in modern warfare. Its supply of ammunition has also, up to the present time, been utterly inadequate; and, owing to this double superiority, Hindenburg has been able securely and rapidly to concentrate his army corps against the Russians, and then to break through their lines by crushing them under a rain of shells. These considerations should never be left out of account in estimating his military merit. Hindenburg, if I may use a French phrase, has always "played on velvet," whereas Joffre has had to deal at every point with an army much better organized and infinitely better prepared than the French army. This fact proportionately enhances the praise to which he is entitled.

PARIS, June, 1915.

## THE WAY

By Alice Duer Miller

THERE is a magic pathway through the wood,  
There is a current in the troubled stream,  
A happy course to steer, if one but could,  
A meaning to the dream.

And some in love and some in dogma find  
The hint eternal as they kiss or pray;  
Some through the crystal circle of the mind  
Discern the way.

And some no hint, no pattern of the whole,  
Nor star, nor path, nor channel can perceive—  
Attempt no answer to the questing soul  
And yet believe

There is a magic pathway through the wood  
A quiet current in the troubled stream,  
A happy course to steer, if one but could,  
A meaning to the dream.

## SONNETS

By John Masefield

### THE END

THERE on the darkened deathbed dies the brain  
That flared three several times in seventy years.  
It cannot lift the silly hand again,  
Nor speak, nor sing, it neither sees nor hears.  
And muffled mourners put it in the ground  
And then go home, and in the earth it lies  
Too dark for vision and too deep for sound,  
The million cells that made a good man wise.  
Yet for a few short years an influence stirs,  
A sense or wraith or essence of him dead,  
Which makes insensate things its ministers  
To those beloved, his spirit's daily bread.  
Then that, too, fades; in book or deed a spark  
Lingers; then that, too, fades; then all is dark.

### THE WORLDS' BEGINNING

So in the empty sky the stars appear,  
Are bright in heaven marching through the sky,  
Spinning their planets, each one to his year,  
Tossing their fiery hair until they die;  
Then in the tower afar the watcher sees  
The sun, that burned, less noble than it was,  
Less noble still, until by dim degrees  
No spark of him is specklike in his glass.  
Then blind and dark in heaven the sun proceeds,  
Vast, dead, and hideous, knocking on his moons,  
Till crashing on his like, creation breeds,  
Striking such life, a constellation swoons.  
From dead things striking fire a new sun springs—  
New fire, new life, new planets with new wings.

### WHICH ?

It may be so with us, that in the dark  
When we have done with Time and wander Space,  
Some meeting of the blind may strike a spark,  
And to Death's empty mansion give a grace.  
It may be, that the loosened soul may find  
Some new delight of living without limbs,  
Bodiless joy of flesh-untrammelled mind,  
Peace like a sky where starlike spirit swims.  
It may be that the million cells of sense,  
Loosed from their seventy years' adhesion, pass  
Each to some joy of changed experience,  
Weight in the earth or glory in the grass.  
It may be that we cease; we cannot tell.  
Even if we cease, life is a miracle.





Golotz, Lothair, and Riber.

Group taken from lower half of Plate No. 3, Pollock's characters in the "Miller and His Men."

## A MORAL FROM A TOY THEATRE

By Brander Matthews



IN 1881, when William Ernest Henley was hard put to it to make a living, Sir Sidney Colvin kindly recommended him for the editorship of the monthly *Magazine of Art*. Among the contributors whom the new editor called to his aid was Robert Louis Stevenson; and among the contributions the latter made to the former's magazine was the highly characteristic and self-revelatory essay, entitled "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," now included in the volume called "Memories and Portraits." In this playful paper Stevenson makes one of his many returns to his boyhood, whose moods he could always recapture at will with the assistance of that imaginative memory which was one of his special gifts; and he was able to replevin from the dim limbo of things half forgotten his longing delight in the toy theatre, the scenes for which and the necessary properties and the several characters themselves in their successive dresses were to be procured printed on very thin cardboard, so that the proud possessor might cut them out at will. If the youthful capitalist had accumulated twopence he could acquire these treasures already resplendent in their glowing hues; and yet Stevenson

held that the lad was happier who parted with only a single penny, reserving the half of his fortune for the purchase of the paints wherewith he might himself vivify his scenery and his properties and cause his characters to start to life emblazoned in the primary colors which please the puerile mind.

These sheets of thin cardboard with thin little pamphlets containing the text of the pieces to be performed in the toy theatre were originally known as Skelt's Juvenile Drama; and one Skelt seems to have been its originator, probably in the early part of the nineteenth century. Apparently he parted with his precious stock in trade to one Park, who passed it on in due season to one Webb, who transmitted it to one Redington, until at last it descended to its present owner, one B. Pollock, of 73 Hoxton Street, London, N. Stevenson affected to think that Skelt's Juvenile Drama had "become, for the most part, a memory"; yet it survives now in the second decade of the twentieth century as Pollock's Juvenile Drama; and Mr. Pollock proclaims that he has republished some score plays and that he keeps them always in print, plain and colored. He offers furthermore to supply "Drop Scenes, Top Drops, Orchestras, Foot and Water Pieces, Single Portraits,



*First Scene when Set*

Taken from upper half of Plate No. 1, which is the title-page of the series, this section of which is also a guide for the setting of the first scene in the "Miller and His Men."

Combats Fours, Sixes, Twelves, Sixteens, Fairies, Horse Soldiers, Clowns, Rifles, Animals, Birds, Butterflies, Houses, Views, Ships, &c., plain and colored,  $\frac{1}{2}$  d. sheet plain, 1 d. sheet colored."

It is from the covers of "the book of the words" of the "Miller and His Men" that this enticing proclamation is taken: The "Miller and His Men," "adapted only for Pollock's characters and scenes," and accompanied by "7 Plates characters, 11 Scenes, 3 Wings, Total 21 Plates." The persons of the drama, and the scenes wherein that drama is played out to its fiery end, are all in the bolder manner of the Old Masters, who sought broader effects and willingly neglected petty details. How bold and how broad the manner and the effects can best be judged by an honest transcription from the final page of the book of words, wherein the terse and tense dialogue, single speech clashing with single speech, is accompanied by stage directions for the instruction of the Young Masters who are about to produce the sublime spectacle:

*Enter Grindoff left hand, plate 4.*

*Enter Karl and Friberg, swords drawn,*

*plate 4, followed by the Troops, right hand, plate 7.*

*Grindoff:* Ha! ha! I have escaped you, have I?

*Karl:* But you are caught in your own trap.

*Grindoff:* Spiller!—Golotz! Golotz! I say!

*Count:* Villain! you cannot escape us now! Surrender, or instantly meet thy fate!

*Grindoff:* Surrender! I have sworn never to descend from this place alive!

*Enter Lothair, as Spiller, 3rd dress, left hand, plate 7.*

*Grindoff:* Spiller, let my bride appear.

*Exit Lothair.*

*Enter Kelmar, right hand, plate 1.*

*Enter Ravina with torch, plate 7.*

*Ravina:* Before it is too late, restore Claudine to her father's arms!

*Grindoff:* Never!

*Ravina:* Then I know my course!

*Enter Lothair with Claudine, left hand, plate 6.*

*Kelmar:* My child! Ah, Grindoff, spare her!

*Grindoff:* Hear me, Count Friberg; if



you do not withdraw your followers, by my hand she dies!

*Count:* Never, till thou art yielded to justice!

*Grindoff:* No more—this to her heart!

*Lothair:* And this to thine!

*Exit Lothair and Claudine, and Grindoff.*

*Re-enter Grindoff and Lothair fighting, plate 6, fight and exit.*

*Grindoff to be put on wounded, plate 7.*

*Re-enter Lothair with Claudine, plate 6.*

*Lothair:* Ravine, fire the train!

*Scene changes to explosion, Scene II, No. 9.*

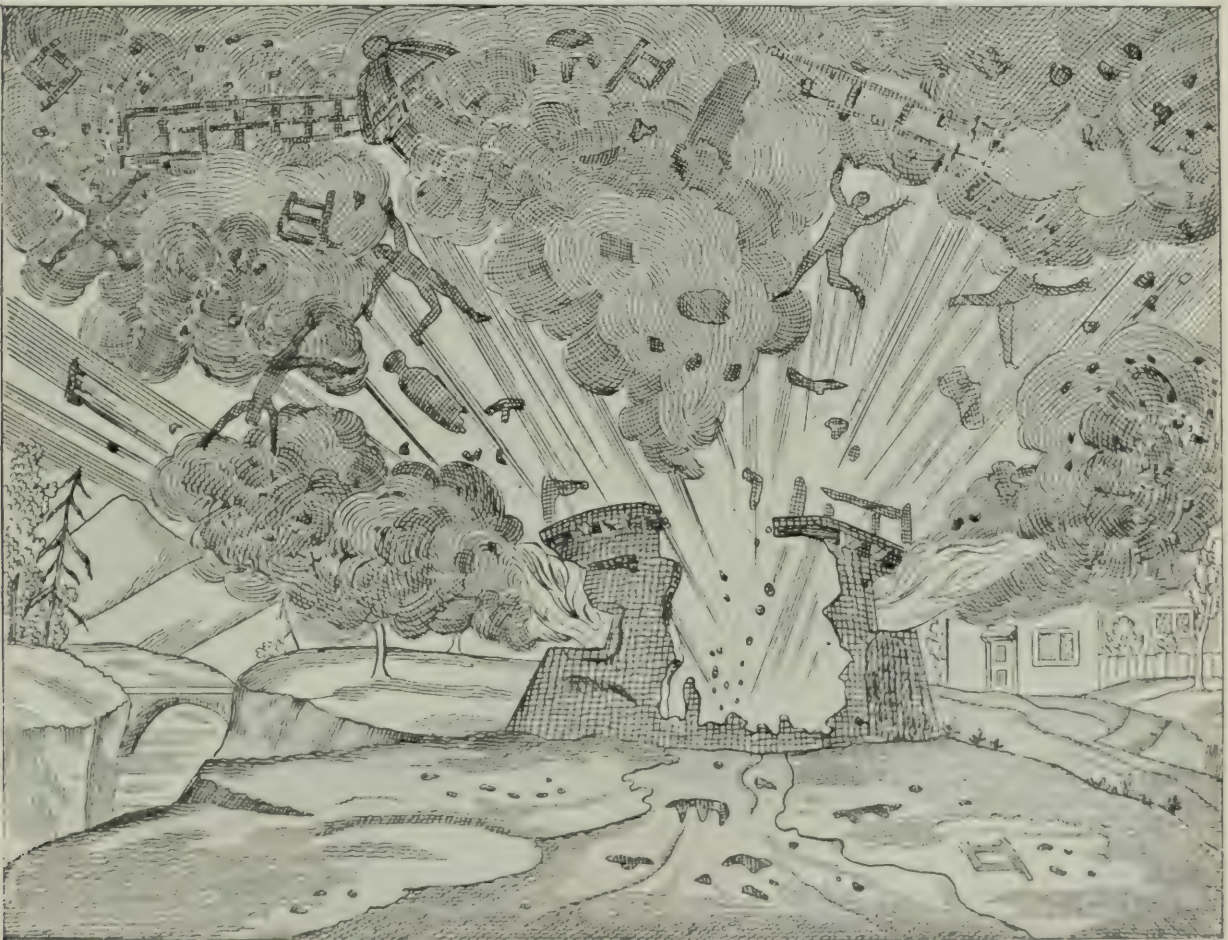
The words are striking and the actions are startling; and it is no wonder that plate 7 and Scene II, No. 9, filled with joy the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson when he was a fervid Scot of fourteen. In his manly maturity, when he had risen to an appreciation of portraits by Raeburn and when he had sat at the feet of that

inspired critic of painting, his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, he admitted that he had no desire to insist upon the art of Skelt's purveyors. "Those wonderful characters that once so thrilled our soul with their bold attitude, array of deadly engines and incomparable costume, to-day look somewhat pallidly," he confessed regretfully; "the extreme hard favor of the heroine strikes me, I had almost said with pain; the villain's scowl no longer thrills me like a trumpet; and the scenes themselves, those once incomparable landscapes, seem the efforts of a prentice hand. So much of fault we can find; but on the other side the impartial critic rejoices to remark the presence of a great unity of gusto; of those direct clap-trap appeals which a man is dead and buriable when he fails to answer; of the footlight glamour, the ready-made, bare-faced, transpontine picturesque, a thing not one with

Scene II

POLLOCK'S SCENES IN THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

No. 9



London, Published by B. Pollock, 73 Hoxton Street Hoxton

Explosion of the mill.

A back drop in the "Miller and His Men," Scene II. In the "Twopence" edition this cut is brilliantly colored.



cold reality, but how much dearer to the mind!"

"Transpontine" is a Britishism for which the equivalent Americanism is "Bowery." The plays which Skelt vended for the enjoyment of romantic youth were not of his own invention nor were they the work of his hirelings; they were artfully simplified condensations of melodramas long popular in London at the theatres on the Surrey side of the Thames and in New York at the Bowery. In French's Stand-

side of the Thames to the Bowery bank of the Hudson, and that the Skeltic temperament was purely melodramatic, its bass notes being transposed to adjust it to the clear treble of boyhood. It is greatly to be regretted that no inquiring scholar has yet devoted himself to the task of tracing the history of English melodrama as Professor Thorndike has traced the history of English tragedy. Of course, there have always been melodramatic plays ever since the drama began to assert itself as an in-



A group of the principal characters from Pollock's Juvenile Drama, the "Miller and His Men," cut out and assembled as called for in Scene 10, a part of which is quoted in the text.

In the "Twopence" edition this cut is brilliantly colored.

ard Drama, the Acting Edition, to be obtained in yellow covers for fifteen cents, one may find the "Miller and His Men," a Melo-Drama in Two Acts, by F. Pocock, Esq., author of the "Robber's Wife," "John of Paris," "Hit or Miss," "Magpie and the Maid," etc., "with original casts, scene and property plots, costumes, and all the stage business." And the list of properties required for the final scene helps to elucidate what may have been cryptic in the dialogue quoted from the compacted adaptation of Skelt:

*Scene 4: Slow match laid from stage in C. to mill. Lighted torch for Ravina. Red fire and explosion 3 E. L. H. Wood Crash 3 E. L. H. Six stuffed figures of robbers behind mill, L. H. Eight guns, swords, and belts for hussars. Disguise cloak for Lothair. Fighting swords for Lothair and Wolf. [Wolf is evidently another name for Grindoff.]*

Thus we see that the pleasant country of the Skelts stretched from the Surrey

dependent form of art. There is a melodramatic element in the "Medea" of Euripides as there is in the "Rodogune" of Corneille; and in the Elizabethan theatre the so-called tragedy-of-blood is nothing if not melodramatic. Yet the special form of English melodrama that flourished in the later years of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of the nineteenth deserves a more careful study than it has yet received. Apparently it was due partly to a decadence of the native type of drama represented by Lillo's "George Barnwell," and partly to the stimulation received first from the emotional pieces of the German Kotzebue and afterward from the picturesque pieces of the French Pixérécourt. And not to be neglected is the influence immediately exerted on the popular plays of the latter part of the period covered by the vogue of the romances of Scott and of Cooper.

Although these plays were devoid of literary merit, of style, of veracity of char-



acter-delineation, of sincerity of motive, they were not without theatrical effectiveness, or they could never have maintained themselves in the theatre. As Sir Arthur Pinero has seen clearly, "a drama which was sufficiently popular to be transferred to the toy theatres was almost certain to have a sort of rude merit in its construction. The characterization would be hopelessly conventional, the dialogue bald and despicable—but the situations would be artfully arranged, the story told adroitly and with spirit." In other words, the compounders of these melodramas were fairly skilful in devising plots likely to arouse and to maintain the interest of uncritical audiences. Probably they were unfamiliar with Voltaire's assertion that the success of a play depends mainly upon the choice of its story, and it is unlikely that they had any knowledge of Aristotle's declaration that plot is primarily more important than character; but they accomplished their humble task as well as if they had been heartened by

these authorities. These ingenious and ingenuous pieces were not contributions to English dramatic literature and they are not enshrined in its annals; but they were effective stage-plays nevertheless and they had, therefore, an essential quality lacking in the closet dramas which Shelley and Byron were composing in those same years.

In the illuminating lecture on Stevenson as a writer of plays delivered by Sir Arthur Pinero in 1903 before the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, the confessions contained in "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" are skilfully employed to explain

Stevenson's flat failure as a playwright. Many of his ardent admirers must have wondered why it was that he ventured four times into dramatic authorship only to undergo a fourfold shipwreck. Yet Sir James Barrie, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett, essayists and novelists at first as Stevenson was, strayed successfully from prose fiction into the acted drama. Was not Stevenson as anxious for this



Riber and Karl.

Group taken from lower half of Plate No. 4, Pollock's characters in the "Miller and His Men."



Grindoff and banditti carousing.

Lower half of Plate No. 5, Pollock's characters in the "Miller and His Men."



theatrical triumph as any one of these? Was he not as inventive, as responsive to opportunity, as ready to master a new craft? Why then did he fail where they have succeeded?

For these baffling questions Sir Arthur Pinero has an acceptable answer. Stevenson was unable to establish himself as a play-maker, first, because he did not take the art of play-making seriously; he did not put his full strength in it, mind and soul and body, contenting himself when he was a man with playing at play-making as he had played with his toy theatre when he was a boy. The second cause of his dramatic disappointment was due to the abiding influence of this toy theatre and to the fact that the pieces he attempted were planned in rivalry with the "Miller and His Men" and therefore that they were hopelessly out of date before they were conceived. (There is a third reason, not mentioned by Sir Arthur, and yet suggesting itself irresistibly to any one who knew the editor of the *Magazine of Art* personally: all four of Stevenson's attempts at play-writing were made in collaboration with Henley, who was the least equipped by temper and by temperament for the practise of dramaturgy.)

Yet even if Stevenson had worked alone and even if he had taken the new art seriously, he could never have won a place among the playwrights until he had fought himself free from the sinuous coils of Skeltory. In his youth he had saved his pence to purchase the accessories of Skelt's Juvenile Drama with boyish delight in the acquisition of things longed for to be possessed at last. When he had purchased Plate 7 and Scene 11, No. 9, he thought they were his possessions. But, of a truth, he was their possession, even if he did not know his slavery. As a man he was subdued to what he had worked in as a boy; and when he wanted to write plays of his own, he had no freedom to follow the better models of his own day; he was a bondman to Skelt, a thrall to Park, a minion to Webb, a chattel to Redington and to Pollock. "What am I?" he asked in his self-revelatory essay, humorously exaggerating, no doubt, yet subconsciously stating the exact truth: "What am I? What are life, art, letters,

the world, but what my Skelt has made them? He stamped himself upon my immaturity." And the impression was then so deep that it could not be effaced in maturity. The boy in Stevenson survived, instead of dying when the man was born.

The art of play-writing, like the art of story-telling, and, indeed, like all the other arts, demands both a native gift and an acquired craft. Its basic principles are the same ever since the drama began; but its immediate methods vary at different times and in different countries. While every artist must say what it is given him to say, he can say it acceptably only by acquiring the method of speech employed by his immediate predecessors. However original he may prove himself at the end, in the beginning he can only imitate the methods and borrow the processes and avail himself of the practises which the elder craftsmen are employing successfully at the moment when he sets himself to learn their trade. He must—to use the apt term of the engineers—he must keep himself abreast of "state of the art." This is what the great dramatists have ever done: Sophocles follows in the footsteps of Æschylus as Shakespeare imitates Marlowe and Kyd, and as Molière went to school to the adroit and acrobatic Italian comedians.

Now, the state of the art when Stevenson turned to the theatre was in accord with the picture-frame stage of to-day, with a single set to the act and without the soliloquies and the confidential asides to the audience which may well have been proper enough on the platform-stage of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Even in the lower grade of play-house, where rude and crude melodramas were performed, the method and the manner of the "Miller and His Men" had long departed. The pleasure that melodrama can give is perennial, but its processes vary in accord with the changing conditions of the theatre. The door was open for Stevenson to write melodrama, if he preferred that species of play, and if he desired to varnish it with literature as he was to varnish the police novel or mystery story in "The Wrecker." But if he sought to do this he was bound to inform himself as to the state of the art at the in-



stant of composition. If he shut his eyes to the changed conditions of the theatre since the "Miller and His Men" had won a wide popularity in the playhouse, then warning from the sad fate of Lamb, so he might have found his profit in considering the happy fortune of Victor Hugo, who also had a taste for melodrama. When



Plate No. 7, complete as published, ready to be cut out and put into use in the toy theatre.

he made an unpardonable blunder, for the battle was lost before he could deploy his forces. He might have been forewarned by the failure of Charles Lamb in a like attempt. When Lamb's Elizabethan imitation "John Woodvil" was rejected for Drury Lane by John Philip Kemble as not "consonant with the taste of the age," its exasperated author cried, "Hang on the age! I'll write for antiquity!" But those who write for antiquity cannot complain if they do not delight their contemporaries. It is to their contemporaries, and not to antiquity or to posterity, that every true dramatist has appealed.

And as Stevenson might have taken

the leader of the French romanticists felt that it was incumbent upon him to conquer the theatre which the classicists held as their last stronghold, he was swift to consider the state of the art. He sought immediate success upon the stage; and the most successful plays of that period in France were the melodramas of Pixérécourt and of his followers; and therefore Hugo sat himself down to spy out the secrets of their craft. He made himself master of their methods and he put together the striking and startling plots of "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" in strict accord with their formulas, certain that he could varnish with literature their melodramatic actions. So glittering was his



varnish, so brilliant was his metrical rhetoric, so glowing were his golden verses, that he blinded the spectators and kept the most of them from peering beneath at the arbitrary and artificial skeleton of supporting melodramatic structure. To-day, after fourscore years, we can see just what it is that Hugo did; and his plays, superb as they are in their lyric adornment, stand revealed as frank melodramas, lacking sincerity of motive and veracity of character-drawing. But when Hugo wrote them they were, in Kemble's phrase, "consonant with the taste of the age," and the best of them have not yet worn out their welcome in the theatre.

Stevenson did not heed the warning of Lamb and he did not profit by the example of Hugo. "Deacon Brodie" was born out of date; so was "Admiral Guinea"; and all the varnish of literature which the two collaborators applied externally and with loving solicitude availed naught. It is due to his entanglement in the strangling coils of Skeltery that Stevenson did not take the drama seriously. He seems to have looked at it as something to be tossed off lightly to make money in the interstices of honest work. In his stories, long and short, he strove for effect, no doubt, but he was bent also on achieving sincerity and veracity. In his plays he made little effort for either sincerity or veracity, so far at least as his plot was concerned; and he thought he could lift these concoctions to the level of literature by the polish of his dialogue and by qualities applied on the outside instead of being developed from the inside. He seems to have believed that in the drama at least he could attain beauty by constructing his ornament instead of by ornamenting his construction, ignoring or ignorant of the fact that, in the drama, the construc-

tion, if it only be solid enough and four-square to all the winds that blow, needs no ornament and is most impressive in its stark simplicity.

In his boyhood Goethe had also played with a toy theatre; and it was a puppet-show piece which first called his attention to the mighty theme of his supreme poem; but the great German poet, captivated as he may have been by his youthful experience, was able in his manhood to free himself from its shackles. He came in time to have a profound insight into the principles of dramatic art and of the dramaturgic craft. In his old age he talked about the theatre freely and frequently to Eckermann; and there are few of his utterances which do not furnish food for reflection. Here is one of them:

"Writing for the stage is something peculiar; and he who does not understand it had better leave it alone. Every one thinks that an interesting fact will appear interesting on the boards—nothing of the kind! Things may be very pretty to read, and very pretty to think about; but as soon as they are put upon the stage the effect is quite different; and that which has charmed us in the closet will probably fall flat on the boards. . . . Writing for the stage is a trade that one must understand, and requires a talent that one must possess. Both are uncommon, and where they are not combined we have scarcely any good result."

That Stevenson had the native gift of the dramatist is indisputable; and Sir Arthur Pinero in his lecture was able to make this clear. But "writing for the stage is also a trade that one must acquire"; and when Stevenson sought to acquire it he apprenticed himself to Skelt, not to Sardou; to Redington and Pollock, not to Augier and Dumas and Ibsen.





# TRAINING DAY

a ballad by

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

with drawings  
by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



SEPTEMBER'S crops were stored away,  
The barn and outhouse filling,  
When Colonel Warner sent to say  
That all the boys were drilling.

So I put on my captain's rig,  
And over that my duster,  
And strapped my sword and hitched my gig,  
And drove to join the muster.

*(Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy;  
Mind the music and the step  
And with the girls be handy!)*



Along the pike to Camden Town  
 The companies were coming,  
 In red and gray and blue and brown,  
 A-fifing and a-drumming;

The Redmont Horse in white-faced suits,  
 With swords like butchers' cleavers,  
 The Snowdon Grays and Lee's Recruits  
 In black-and-orange beavers.

And they were led by Captain Lee  
 Beneath a sky-blue pennant;  
 (They chose him captain after he  
 Had licked the first lieutenant).





And cobblers, clerks, and farmers' sons  
 Came, glad to leave their labors,  
 With blunderbusses, squirrel guns,  
 And cutlasses and sabres,—

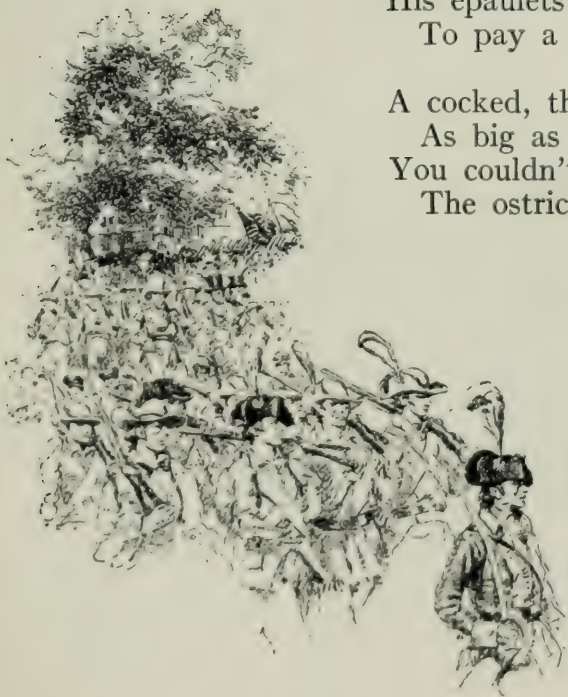
The short and tall, the lean and fat,  
 All jumbled up together,  
 On every head a soldier-hat,  
 In every hat a feather.

And some were striding up the road  
 On shanks as thin as crow-legs;  
 And some of them were pigeon-toed  
 And more of them had bow legs.

And there were barefoot mountain men,  
 Their boots hung 'round their shoulders,  
 And there was Major Peter Wrenn,  
 A sight for all beholders!

His long-tailed coat was blue-and-buff,  
 His scarlet sash was han'some!  
 His epaulets had gold enough  
 To pay a prince's ransom;

A cocked, three-cornered hat he wore  
 As big as Gran'ma's bonnet,  
 You couldn't hardly see him for  
 The ostrich-plumes upon it.





I reckoned as he puffed about  
 As proud as Yoakum's turkey,  
 He'd pranked himself to cut me out  
 With pretty Polly Durkee.



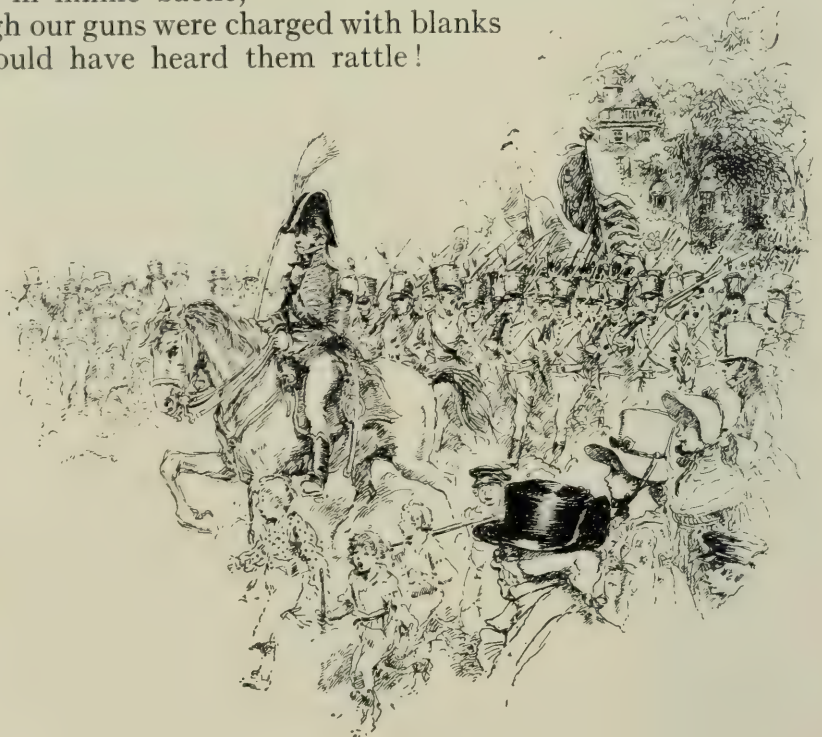
When into Camden Town we came  
 And on the Green assembled,  
 The cannon roared with smoke and flame,  
 The very heavens trembled.

Our colonels rode with tossing plumes  
 And ruffles stiff with starching;  
 The air was thick with powder fumes  
 And dust of squadrons marching.

'Twas "Shoulder arms!" and "Right about!"  
 And "Use your priming-wire!"  
 And "'Tention! take your cartridge out  
 And ram her down and fi-er!"



Our colonels formed opposing ranks,  
 To join in mimic battle,  
 And though our guns were charged with blanks  
 You should have heard them rattle!



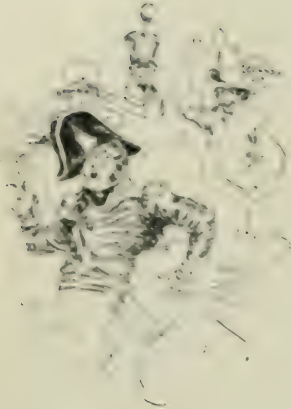




And when with bay'nits all a-gleam  
We plunged amid the smother,  
You should have heard the ladies scream  
For fear we'd kill each other!

But when the fight was at an end  
The companies disbanded,  
Among the booths their cash to spend  
So free and open-handed.

For there were pies and cookies spread  
And watermelon wagons,  
And heaping trays of gingerbread  
And jolly cider-flagons,



And scent of corn-roasts filled the air—  
And there, so fine and perky,  
Was Major Peter Wrenn—and there  
Was pretty Polly Durkee!

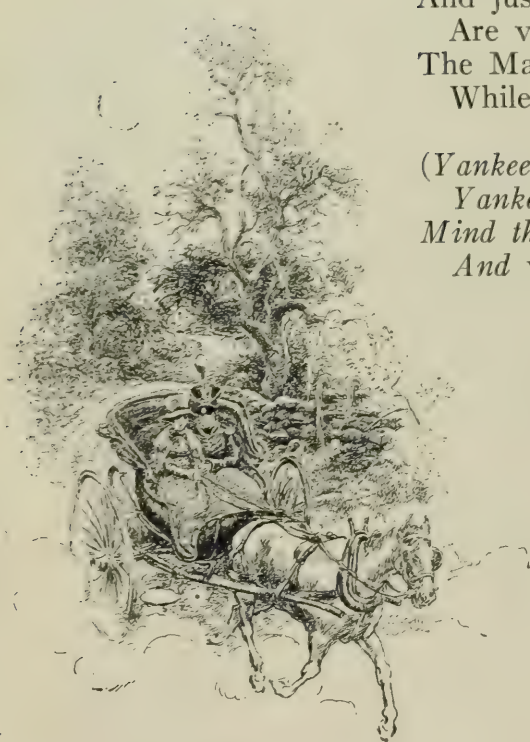
I meant to thrash him there and then,  
So mad was I to spy him,  
That good-for-nothing Peter Wrenn  
With Polly walking by him;

But some one of the mountain batch  
That plume their caps with goat-tails  
Crept up and touched a lighted match  
To Major Peter's coat-tails!

The Major must have pocketed  
Some powder or a cartridge,  
For—"Bang!" his coat-tails rocketed—  
He scuttled like a partridge.

And just to show how pomp and pride  
Are vanity and folly,  
The Major had to run and hide  
While I drove home with Polly!

*(Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy;  
Mind the music and the step  
And with the girls be handy!)*





# THE KING'S HART

By Armistead C. Gordon

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS



"**W**HAT is dat you ladies was talkin' 'bout?" queried Uncle Jonas as he entered the Kingsmill kitchen at the uncertain hour in the late summer day that he was wont to denominate "de shank o' de ebenin'." "'Pears ter me like I been heered my name tuk endurin' o' de conversashun."

He looked around interrogatively.

"You pow'ful biggity, Jonas," replied Ommirandy. "You always thinkin' somebody is talkin' 'bout you. Warn't nobody eben thinkin' 'bout you. We was talkin' 'bout dat ole fox-houn', Vulcan, layin' out dar by de lilac-bush. Philadelphia say dat dawg got a better nose fur pot-licker dan he got fur foxes."

The old woman spoke in a kindly and conciliatory tone, and with as benignant an expression as her buccaneer face was capable of. She had been feeling sorry for Uncle Jonas ever since the recent episode with Baytop, and had been assiduous in seeking to apply the balm of an unusual gentleness to his bruised spirit.

This effort on Ommirandy's part, however, had been followed by the strange result of setting Uncle Jonas on a loftier pedestal of self-esteem than he had ever before occupied, and his growing bump-tiousness had been recently commented on by all the visitors to the kitchen with more or less of surprise and disfavor.

"Dat ole nigger can't stan' prosperity," Ommirandy had said to Delphy the day before. "Ef anybody give him a good word, he dar-upon go an' give hisse'f two."

"Dat sutn'y is so, Ommirandy," replied the cook, who was beating batter in a big wooden tray to make the corn-dodgers for the white folks' supper. "Give him a inch, he gwi' take a ell; an' Unc' Jonas, he ain't nuver been no pusson fur ter say no harm o' hisse'f, nohow."

The old man's renewed and growing

self-assertion was apparent in the consequential air with which he walked across the kitchen floor and assumed his accustomed seat.

"Dat houn' dawg, what you-all men-shun, he remine me o' gre't days here at Kingsmill in de ole times. He de onlies' survivin' one o' de breed Ole Mars' useter keep. He gittin' purty ole. He Venus's puppy, an' Venus she deceaseded soon arter de war was over."

"He mighty nigh ole ez Baytop, I reck'n," observed Delphy maliciously, and Evadne snickered.

Uncle Jonas took no notice of the objectionable remark.

"I mought tell you-all ladies an' Simon some s'prisin' stories 'bout dem fox-houn's what Ole Mars' useter hunt wid in his day an' gennyrashun. I mought tell you-all some pow'ful tales 'bout 'em, ef I was a mine ter, an' you-all ladies an' Simon keered 'bout hearin' uv 'em."

He spoke with an air of mingled confidence and deference that immediately won them all, except Ommirandy, who regarded with swift suspicion this new pose of the patriarch as a story-teller.

"Yas, sir," responded Simon. "Some o' dem foxes is over dar 'bout de plum-bush graveyard in de west fiel' now. I sho' would like ter hear 'bout de ole ones."

"Aun' Janey, she say de dawgs got up one o' dem graveyard foxes at Ole Town a day lars' week. She say he must 'a' come fur her Dominicker chickens," interjected Evadne.

"Ef you-all, Simon an' Eva-Adny, wants me ter tell you-all any o' dem tales, dar's got ter be not so much talkin'," observed Uncle Jonas grimly.

As he spoke, Tiberius appeared on the kitchen doorstep. The old man, who sat facing the door, started at the apparition of his grandson, and immediately accosted him in a voice of severe reprobation.

"Looky-here, Tibe, what you doin' up



*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

"Dat ole nigger can't stan' prosperity."—Page 419.



here? Don't you know you ain't got no biz'ness roun' de Gre't House dis time o' day? Yo' mammy lookin' fur you dis minnit."

Tibe surveyed the company with a significant grin, and remained silent.

"Ain't you hear me, Tiberius? Howcome you ain't been home an' feed dem pigs? You know dem pigs is foot-fo'mos' in de trough, a-squealin' fur dey vittles dis minnit. Whar you been, boy, anyhow?"

Tibe rolled his eyeballs back until only the whites of his eyes were visible, and opened his mouth, and leaned against the door-jamb in a simulated collapse, ostensibly due to surprise and wonder at the question. Recovering himself, he looked at his grandfather, and impudently responded:

"Howcome you ax me dat, gran'pap? You knows whar I done been."

"Don'tche-don'tche-don'tche sass me, boy!" stammered Uncle Jonas, looking about him anxiously.

"I done been whar you sont me, dat's whar!" concluded Tiberius. "You knows whar I done been."

"Well, I gwi' sen' you somewhar's else right dis minnit. I gwi' sen' you back home whar you b'long as swif' as you kin hustle. You git away f'om dis here kitchen jes' as fas' an' fur as de law allows you. You hear me? You go tell Janey I say I gwi' stay here ter supper."

"I done got it, gran'pap," said Tibe.

The old man's agitation was again evident. He arose and took a step in the direction of the door.

"Ef you don't shet yo' mouf an' git away f'om here, I gwi' smack one side o' yo' jawbone off!" he shouted. "You scan'lous scound'el!"

The boy backed out of the doorway, keeping his gaze all the while fixed on his grandfather.

"It gwi' be dar whar you said, gran'pap," called Tiberius, still grinning.

"I wush ter Gord I could git a holt o' sump'n ter fling at you!" exclaimed the enraged old man, looking desperately around the kitchen for a missile.

"Don't you tetch dat rollin'-pin, Unc' Jonas! I gotter make de water-crackers," said Delphy.

"Ef he was ter hit dat boy wid dat pin, it 'ud be one mo' bad little nigger gone fur

good out o' Ole Town," commented Ommirandy serenely.

"I niver could ketch him ef I was ter chase him," explained Uncle Jonas, as he resumed his seat; while Tiberius leisurely sauntered past where old Vulcan lay at the foot of the lilac-bushes, and took his bare-foot way in the direction of the quarters.

"Dat boy is gwine ter 'rive at de gal-lus 'fo' he arrive at de polls, Simon," said the patriarch. "You watch him an' see. Janey, she don't niver lay no han's on ter him, an' he gits away f'om me."

"Dat boy, he's a right smart bad boy," acquiesced Simon. "But I reck'n he jes' mischeefus, Unc' Jonas."

The apology for Tiberius met with no acceptance from his grandparent.

"You needn' tell me nothin' 'bout mischeefus. Dat boy got de debble in him bigger'n dem gadaroun' swines dat Mis' useter read ter we-all 'bout in de loom-room out'n de Book. He gwi' git hung, ur git in de pen', ur git drowned in de ribber like dem pigs done. It's one ur de t'other."

"What was dat he was talkin' 'bout?" queried Delphy, depositing in succession a swift series of corn-dodgers on the griddle. "Whar you been sont him, Unc' Jonas?"

The question was plainly objectionable, and was summarily ignored.

"As I was a-sayin'," said Uncle Jonas, fixing Delphy with a look of malevolence, "I mought tell you-all dat tale 'bout Ole Mars' an' Mr. Speeshy in de days befo' de war, ef you-all was minded fur ter lissen ter it."

The tentative offer was accepted in a mute acquiescence by the assembly, that was interrupted by the staccato whisper of Evadne to Ommirandy, who sat next to her.

"What dat he tryin' ter hide f'om we-all, Ommirandy?"

"You shet yo' mouf, gell, an' lissen," responded the old diplomat under her breath. "When Jonas start ter tell a story, he gwi' tell a gall-buster. I ain' niver heerd him try it befo'. He gwi' git in trouble. You hear me!"

She was as full of curiosity as were the others to learn the meaning of the cryptic conversation that had just taken place between the patriarch and his grandson,



but she knew that the immediate moment was not the psychological one for its disclosure. Also, she knew that Jonas would tell her all about it, in confidence, within twenty-four hours.

"G'long an' say yo' say, Jonas, ef you gwineter. We-all can't wait here all night."

"Well," said the old man, hanging upon the nail above his chair his walking-stick that he usually kept between his knees when seated, and looking around at the company with a self-sufficient air and a complacent smile that filled Ommirandy with secret amusement. "Well, marm, ez how you is done ax me ter tell it, Sister M'randy, I ain't gwineter disapp'int you. You-all didn' know Ole Mars' like I knowed him."

Once more his eyes travelled from Simon to Delphy and from Delphy to Evadne and from Evadne to Ommirandy and back again to Simon.

A savory smell arose from the corn-dodgers on the griddle, and Delphy went to inspect them, holding a broad-bladed kitchen knife in one hand, and pulling back her skirts from the hot hickory fire with the other.

"Eben Sister M'randy here, she jes' seed Ole Mars' 'roun' de Gre't House. She ain't nuver knowed him like me. I done been all over Kingsmill plantashun wid him, fishin', part'idge-shootin', fox-huntin', all on 'em."

He swelled with consequential importance.

"G'long, Jonas," said the old woman good-naturedly. "You got one o' yo' braggin' spells on you. Dey ain't nobody on dis place know Ole Mars' an' Mis' samer'n I knowed 'em. You foolish!"

"Well, marm," consented Uncle Jonas, "dat mought be 'roun' 'bout de house. But I knowed him when he was a fox-hunter. An' he was a sho' 'nuf fox-hunter, Ole Mars' was. Dat what I gwi' tell you-all 'bout now. Mars' Jeems, he don't pay no 'tention whatsomedever ter fox-huntin' no mo' like Ole Mars' done useter. Dem was de days when we knowed all 'bout foxes, an' huntin'-dawks, an' jumpin' hosses."

Delphy turned from the corn-dodgers and murmured, "Baytop!" in a tone in-

audible to all save Evadne, for whom it was intended.

"Dem days done perish," continued Uncle Jonas solemnly.

He paused, as if in contemplation of the glories of the vanished past.

"Looky-here, Jonas," said Ommirandy. "Quit p'radin' yo'se'f, an' g'long an' tell 'bout de fox, ef you gwineter. Supper got ter go in pres'ny."

"You-all knows dey's two kines o' foxes," proceeded the old man, thus admonished. "De two kines is de red fox an' de gray fox."

"Dat dey is," interpolated Simon, who was listening with rapt interest. "Dat dey is."

"De gray fox," said Uncle Jonas, "he ain't nothin' in de worl' but a gre't big cat. He kin clime a tree like a squ'r'l, he kin jump out'n a tree like a 'coon, an' he heap smarter'n a cat. He wise like de evil one."

The kitchen company hearkened with grave attention. Simon's black and shining face wore an expression of charmed interest mingled with one of a deep knowledge of foxes and their habits.

"Now, dese here ole red foxes," said the patriarch, "dey diff'unt f'om de gray. I remembrance dar was wunst a red fox over in King William dat Ole Mars' useter love ter talk about. Dat fox was a smart vilyun, wid a long body. Ole Mars' say of'entimes de niggers in King William, 'long de roadside ur in de fiel', would call out ter de fox-hunters: 'You-all marsters is a runnin' de ole long-body fox! We see him when he lope de fence.' Den de hunters dey would turn 'roun' an' go home. Dey knowed 'twarn't no use fur ter chase de long-body red."

"Dat 'twarn't!" exclaimed Simon, laughing, and slapping his leg. "Dar now! Dey ain't nuver gwi' ketch him!"

"I hear Mr. Sinjinn tell 'bout a fox down in de Souf-Side, when he was a boy, dat was a red fox an' had a white belt 'roun' his middle——"

"Now, Jonas," protested Ommirandy, interrupting the old man in the midst of his discourse, "you know dat's a lie you's tellin'. You ain't heered nobody say dat. You knows dey ain't no fox wid a white belt in de Souf-Side, ur nowhars else."



"Fo' Gord, Sister M'randy," he protested, "I hear Mr. Sinjinn set right out dar on de front po'ch o' de Gre't House an' tell Mars' Jeems 'bout dat very fox. He say 'twas wid de belted fox, like Ole Mars' tell 'bout de red fox in King William, when dat creetur git in front o' de houn's 'twas time fur de hunters ter go home. Mr. Sinjinn, he say when dat belted fox run, he move like de win' blowin' over de top uv a ripe wheat-fiel', kinder billow-like."

He paused for a moment to note the effect of his embellishing simile.

"Dat de way a fox run," commented Simon delightedly. "Up an' down, up an' down, jes' ez easy."

He illustrated the movement with both hands.

"I been hear some fine tales 'bout fox-huntin' f'om de gent'mun what came here in Ole Mars's time, befo' de war an' endurin' o' de war. Mars' Jeems, he don't 'pear ter keer nothin' 'bout foxes, 'scusin' he do keep ole Vulcan here yit."

He cast an apprehensive look at Ommirandy.

"You kin jes' leave young Mars' Jeems out o' dis fox tale," she said with asperity. "He ain't got no time fur ter be foolin' wid houn' dawgs an' varmints. He got bofe o' his han's full tryin' ter git vittles an' clo'es fur you niggers here on dis plantation, what de Yankees came down here an' try ter take away f'om him, let alone 'stroyin' an' ruinin' de whole place. You jes' disremembrance young Mars' Jeems, whilst you tellin' dis here fox yarn. I ain't gwi' set here an' hear no flingin' off on him."

"Ole Mars' useter say dat all o' dese here fox-houn's dat's been here at Kingsmill sence long befo' de war is got some bulldog blood in 'em 'way back yonder," continued Uncle Jonas, subtly evading Ommirandy's sudden condemnation. "Dat howcome Vulcan nose look blunt like it do, I reckon."

"You gittin' pow'ful bumpshus agin, anyhow," muttered Ommirandy in a low voice, like the departing echo of a midsummer thunder-storm.

"Vulcan blunt his nose stickin' it in whar it ain't got no biz'ness," said Delphy diplomatically. "He always is arfter pokin' it inter de pot-licker pot."

"Well, Jonas, when you gwi' tell de story? Here you's been ramblin' an' roamin' an' excursionin' roun' an' roun', 'twel you 'pear like you done furgit what you sot out ter tell about."

"I gwi' tell it pres'ny, Sister M'randy. Yes, marm. I gwi' git ter it pres'ny. Gimme time, marm, gimme time," said Uncle Jonas.

"Mis' Nancy ain't gwi' gim *me* no time when she ring dat bell. I orter be in dar dis minnit, gittin' out de butter an' de sugar."

"Well, I had a heap mo' fur ter tell you-all 'bout de bline hoss Doctor Cheetham useter ride fox-huntin'. But Sister M'randy she done shet me off. Ole Mars' been tell me 'bout Doctor Cheetham. He was one o' dese here country doctors dat dey says is de fines'. He had one o' dese big up-stan'in' ches'nut hosses, what he had rid fox-huntin' fur many's de year. Ole Mars' say Doctor Cheetham's ches'nut hoss he went bline when he was 'bout fo' year ole. Dey ain't no doubt dat de hoss was bline. He sho'ly was. He was bline as a leatherwing bat. Evvybody what knowed de hoss knowed dat. De doctor, he done teach dis hoss, wid his fus' experiunce, when he could see, fur ter jump ditches an' fences an' gates an' anything. De doctor, he would ride de bline hoss thoo de thick woods, turnin' him 'zackly like you-all would turn a boat out dar in de ribber. When de hoss would come ter a fence, de doctor he would pull de bline hoss up short, an' de hoss he would stick out his nose an' tetch de top o' de fence, an' den step back a little an' go over. When dey come ter a ditch, de doctor, he jes' press de hoss's sides wid his knees, an' de bline hoss would jump f'om 'way back."

"Um-huh!" ejaculated Ommirandy. "I done heerd enough. I'm gwine!"

"Fo' Gord, Sister M'randy, dat what Ole Mars' tell me 'bout Doctor Cheetham an' de bline hoss. Ole Mars' say he knowed it was so, 'case he done seed it. Ole Mars' say he writ out de tale fur one o' dese here papers, an' de paper writ back an' say dey didn' b'lieve it, an' dat dey warn't gwine ter print it, 'scusin' Ole Mars' swar ter it an' make a alfydivit. Ole Mars' he say ter de newspaper man, ef he didn' choose ter b'lieve his word agin



nothin', he could go ter hell, an' he warn't gw' swar ter no alfydivit. He said when he done any sw'arin', he sw'ared at folks, an' not ter alfydivits. Dat de way Ole Mars' cuss. I been hear him."

"I gotter go," said Ommirandy. "It's gittin' mos' dus'. Too much talk makes de mule balk."

"Is dat so?" queried Uncle Jonas, peering into the fading twilight of the open door. "Den I mus' be movin' soon, too, arfter Delphy gimme a little sump'n ter eat."

"I gw' give you some o' dese here corn-dodgers an' a piggin o' buttermilk," said Delphy.

"Dat's good enough fur de king," said Uncle Jonas. Then, without pause, he went on:

"Ladies an' gent'mun"—bowing to Simon—"I gw' tell you de tale dis minnit. Befo' de war an' endurin' o' de fus' years o' de war, dar was two perticklar foxes on de Kingsmill plantation dat Ole Mars' an' de hunters useter chase. One was a big red fox dat lived up de ribber, an' de t'other one was a silver-gray fox what lived over beyant whar Yellowley's sto' is now. You-all know whar dey say dat fox-den is, not fur f'om de colored graveyard in de wes' fiel'. Well, sir, dar was a nest uv 'em over dar in de hillside in dem days, an' de folks dat knowed 'bout foxes useter tell me dat dar was five ur six o' dem gray foxes lived in dat fox-den at wunst. Dey say dat when one uv 'em was out o' de den, an' got hard pushed by de dawgs, he would run back ter de den, an' anuther one uv 'em dat was f'esh would git out an' take de dawgs away. Ole Mars' he useter say he was sho' dat one pack o' houn's would chase five ur six o' dem foxes out o' dat den in one day an' think 'twas de same fox all de time."

"Dem was mighty strange foxes up dar by dat graveyard," said Ommirandy. "I remembrance what dey useter say 'bout 'em. I been hear 'bout dem foxes in de ole times dat dey was de sperrits o' de niggers dat was buried over dar under dem plum-bushes in de berrin'-groun'. Dey useter say dat de bigges' one was de ghos' o' a Affigan king dat was fetched over here inter slavery f'om de ole country, hunnerds o' years ago. He was de one

dey say went in de smoke-house fur ter git some meat fur hisse'f, an' nuver come out no mo'. De niggers useter say de white folks got his meat, an' dat he gw' git any meat he kin what b'long ter de white folks. Dey useter tell me dat dem foxes was sho'ly sperrits."

The faces of the old woman's auditors grew grave under the spell of an antique racial superstition.

Uncle Jonas affected to brush aside the threatening gloom.

"I dunno nothin' 'bout no fox sperrits," he said. "I been hear dat was a sho' nuf Affigan king what harnt de smoke-house. Ole Mars' in dem days b'long ter de hard-money party, an' he name dat red fox up de ribber 'Ole Bullion,' an' de silber-gray fox, what live in de hole wid de t'others, he name him 'Mr. Speeshy.' Ole Mars' he nuver fool wid dat red fox much. He knowed 'twarn't no use. But he an' de gent'muns what come here useter chase de gray fox, an' his bredderen an' sisteren, out o' dat den, ter beat de ban'. Dey made life hard fur 'em. But Mr. Speeshy he was mighty nigh a tougher creetur ter ketch up wid dan de ole red. De hunters would run him down ter de ribber bank, an' he would slip away f'om de houn's an' disappear in de water. He run onter de boat here one time down at de wharf, an' hide in de boxes an' bags, an' git out at de nex' landin' five mile down de ribber jes' like a passenger. Wunst he come in de yard here at Kingsmill, wid de dawgs right arfter him, an' he run in de cat-hole in de smoke-house do', an' dar ain't nobody uver see him come out o' dat smoke-house f'om dat day ter dis."

There was a tense and superstitious silence as Uncle Jonas paused in his narrative to note the attitude of mind of his auditors.

"Affigan king," said Ommirandy, at length, relieving the tension.

"Sometimes he would run half a mile on top of a worm fence, an' de houn's would lose track on him. I is heerd dat one time he clum' a tree an' sot up in de crotch an' watch de whole percession go by. But Ole Mars' ain't tell me dis, an' darfo' I ain't sw'arin' ter it. I dunno whether it happen ur not."

"I was waitin' 'ter see ef you was gwine ter put dat off on Ole Mars', dat's





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

"What de matter, Unc' Jonas? What you holl'in' 'bout?"—Page 429.

you done furgit it in de troubles endurin' o' de war times. Mo'n dat, marm, you was wid Mbs' in Richmon' at de time when it happen."

"Um-huh!" she grunted, mollified but sceptical.

"Fo' Gord, it's de truic, Sister M'randy," protested Uncle Jonas. "You ax Mars' Jeems when you go in de house. He done hear his pa tell 'bout it. It happen when he was in de Richmon' hoss-spittle."

"Mis' Nancy done ring dat bell twice fur ter fetch in supper," said Delphy. "Here, Eva-Adny!"

"I gwine ter de house now," said Om-mirandy.

As she went out of the door Uncle Jonas, reaching up, took down his crook-handled walking-stick from the nail, and followed her. The darkness of the balmy summer night was coming on apace, and the scent of flowers was in the outer air.

"Sister M'randy," the old man called, and she waited for him at the corner of the kitchen.

"I jes' wante 'splain ter you, marm, 'bout howcome I talk ter Tiberius dat way I talk ter him. I don't want dem t'other niggers ter know nothin' 'bout it, 'specially Delphy an' Simon. Dey bofe on 'em smokes, an' I don't want 'em ter know. Mr. Sinjinn he gimme ten cents dis mornin', an' I sont dat boy over ter Yellowley's sto' fur ter buy me a poke o' sto' smokin' terbacker; an' I tole him ter be keerful an' not let nobody know dat mought want me ter divide up. Dat howcome I was mad wid him when he come dar ter de kitchin do' p'radin' hisse'f an' showin' off."

The old woman listened patiently.

"I done instruc' dat nigger boy fur ter take dat poke o' terbacker an' put it in de cat-hole o' de smoke-house do', jes' as fur in as his arm would reach, so I kin go dar an' git it, 'fo' I go home. I gwi' git my supper here, but fust I gwi' git de poke an' put it in my pocket. I gwi' set out dar on de choppin'-block in de night a'r fur a little while, an' lef' Delphy an' Simon ter dish up supper an' talk 'bout Mr. Speeshy."

"Name o' Gord, Jonas," said Om-mirandy when the garrulous old man had concluded. "Howcome you tell de

boy ter put de terbacker in de cat-hole?"

"Don't you know, marm," replied Uncle Jonas, with confidence, "dat all de niggers on dis here place think de smoke-house is harnted? Ain't you jès' now heerd me tell Simon an' Delphy 'bout de fox goin' in dat cat-hole an' nuvermo' is been seed ter come out? Ain't you heerd me say dat dem graveyard foxes was s'posed ter be sperrits by de ole folks?"

"Looky here, Jonas, you ain't nuver said dat. I jes' now tole you dat myse'f," she objected. "You gittin' dotey!"

"Yes, marm, you did. Dat's so. But ain't you been hear Ole Mars' an' Mars' Jeems, too, talk 'bout de oberseer what kill de nigger dar, a hunnerd an' mo' years ago, dat dey say was a Affigan king an' was stealin' hams an' middlin' out'n de smoke-house?"

"'Twas de fox was de king," she insisted.

"Howsomedever dat mought 'a' been," he responded, "dat was howcome I tell Tibe ter put it dar. I ain't feared o' no harnts. It 'ud take sump'n wusser'n a graveyard fox sperrit ur a Affigan nigger king's ghos' nuther fur ter skeer me," he said boastingly. "But I know Delphy an' Simon ain't a-gwine dar arfter it."

"Good-night, Br'er Jonas," said Om-mirandy. "I don't 'spec' ter git back ter de kitchen ter-night."

"Good-night, marm," responded Uncle Jonas. "I'd 'vide de poke wid you, ef you was a smoker, which you ain't."

"Jonas is a turrible liar," was the old woman's unuttered thought, as she saw him go toward the smoke-house. "He wudden' gimme none o' dat terbacker ef I was gwine ter be hung."

She turned and walked lesiurely in the direction of the mansion, from which the energetic tinkling of a small bell was distinctly audible. When she had gone something over half the distance, she heard a blood-curdling and prolonged howl that inevitably made cold chills chase each other down her marrow-bone.

"Fo' Gord, de Affigan king done got him!" she said, and hurriedly retraced her steps. "'Pride goeth befo' de fall,' Mis' useter read ter us out'n de Book in de loom room."



Before she had reached the kitchen she saw the flickering and feeble flames of two or three lit candles moving like lightning-bugs in the vicinity of the smoke-house. Delphy and the kitchen company had gone out to see what had happened to the old man.

When Ommirandy, in a glow of expectancy, arrived at the smoke-house, she beheld dimly by the uncertain illumination of the tallow dips the undignified and prostrate figure of Uncle Jonas, lying face downward before the door. His attitude was that of an Eastern hierophant at the feet of his graven idol. His right arm, thrust inside the cat-hole, was invisible.

"What de matter, Unc' Jonas? What you holl'in' 'bout?" Delphy was pleading in agonized inquiry, while the others stood around uttering various and incoherent sounds of helpless wonder and sympathy.

"De harnt got me! De harnt got me! I carn't git away f'om him. He got me by de han' inside o' de do'. Ow-ow-ow!" yelled Uncle Jonas, in crescendo howls.

With the old man's ululation, the harnt's grip appeared suddenly to relax. He scuffled to his feet, and without sound or sign of explanation, disappeared in the new-fallen night.

"Dat little nigger in dar, sho' as dey's a Gord in heaven," said Ommirandy to young Mars' Jeems, who, aroused by Uncle Jonas's yells, had hurried out to learn the meaning of the racket.

"Who?" he queried.

"Tibe," she answered. "I seen him 'bout twelve o'clock ter-day on de back po'ch, by de water-bucket, foolin' wid Mis' Nancy's key-barsket."

Young Mars' Jeems laughed aloud.

"Open the door, Tiberius," he called; and at the summons Uncle Jonas's grandson appeared in the garish light of the tallow candles, with an unhallowed grin on his small and simian countenance.

"Go home, you scoundrel!" said young Mars' Jeems to the boy, "and tell Janey I say to larrup you."

Tibe swiftly followed his vanished grandparent into the murk darkness that lay toward Old Town.

"He say he orter licked Tibe hisse'f lars' night," said Ommirandy to Delphy next morning. "He say he know Janey ain't nuver gwi' do it, an' dat boy ain't got no business actin' dat-a-way ter his gran'pa."

"Umph!" said Delphy. "Mars' Jeems, he ain't gwi' do nothin' ter Tibe. He think Tibe de smartes' little nigger at Kingsmill."

"Dat's de trufe, Philadelphia," said Ommirandy, smoothing out the creases in her apron. "He jes' like Ole Mars'. Ole Mars' he let Mr. Speeshy go 'case he was smart; an' young Mars' Jeems, he let Tibe go 'case Tibe is smart. Dey jes' alike. All dese here generations o' white folks at Kingsmill is jes' alike."

"Ommirandy," said Delphy, turning the breakfast waffles, "I wonder which o' dem harnts Unc' Jonas thought done got him—Mr. Speeshy ur de Affigan king?"

"I dunno nothin' 'bout dat; but when Jonas fine out 'twas Tiberius, Tibe gwi' think Gennul George Washin'ton is done git *him*. Jonas gwi' set up o' nights 'twel he ketch Tibe 'sleep, 'long o' dat prank."

"Dat de onlies' way he gwi' uver ketch him," said Delphy, pouring the melted butter on the pile of waffles.

## THE MYSTERY

By William Stanley Braithwaite

HE could not tell the way he came,  
Because his chart was lost:  
Yet all his way was paved with flame  
From the bourne he crossed.

He did not know the way to go,  
Because he had no map:  
He followed where the winds blow,—  
And the April sap.

He never knew upon his brow  
The secret that he bore,—  
And laughs away the mystery now  
The dark's at his door.

# IN LORRAINE AND THE VOSGES

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

NANCY, May 13th, 1915.



ESIDE me, on my writing-table, stands a bunch of peonies, the jolly round-faced pink peonies of the village garden. They were picked this afternoon in the garden of a ruined house at Gerbéviller—a house so calcined and convulsed that, for epithets dire enough to fit it, one would have to borrow from a Hebrew prophet gloating over the fall of a city of idolaters.

Since leaving Paris yesterday we have passed through streets and streets of such murdered houses, through town after town spread out in its last writhings; and before the black holes that were homes, along the edge of the chasms that were streets, everywhere we have seen flowers and vegetables springing up in freshly raked and watered gardens. My pink peonies were not introduced to point the stale allegory of unconscious Nature veiling Man's havoc: they are put on my first page as a symbol of conscious human energy coming back to replant and rebuild the wilderness. . .

Last March, in the Argonne, the towns we passed through seemed quite dead; but yesterday new life was budding everywhere. We were following another track of the invasion, one of the huge tiger-scratches that the Beast flung over the land last September, between Vitry-le-François and Bar-le-Duc. Etrepy, Pargny, Sermaize-les-Bains, Andernay, are the names of this group of victims: Sermaize a pretty watering-place along wooded slopes, the others large villages fringed with farms, and all now mere scrofulous blotches on the soft spring scene. But in many we heard the sound of hammers, and saw brick-layers and masons at work. Even in the most mortally stricken there were signs of returning life: children playing among the stone heaps, and now and then a cautious older face peering out of a

shed propped against the ruins. In one place an ancient tram-car had been converted into a café and labelled: "Au Restaurant des Ruines"; and everywhere between the calcined walls the carefully combed gardens aligned their radishes and lettuce-tops.

From Bar-le-Duc we turned northeast, and as we entered the forest of Commercy we began to hear again the Voice of the Front. It was the warmest and stillest of May days, and in the clearing where we stopped for luncheon the familiar boom broke with a magnified loudness on the noonday hush. In the intervals between the crashes there was not a sound but the gnats' hum in the moist sunshine and the dryad-call of the cuckoo from greener depths. At the end of the lane a few cavalrymen rode by in shabby blue, their horses' flanks glinting like ripe chestnuts. They stopped to chat and accept some cigarettes, and when they had trotted off again the gnat, the cuckoo and the cannon took up their trio. . .

The town of Commercy looked so undisturbed that the cannonade rocking it might have been some unheeded echo of the hills. These frontier towns inured to the clash of war go about their business with what one might call stolidity if there were not finer, and truer, names for it. In Commercy, to be sure, there is little business to go about just now save that connected with the military occupation; but the peaceful look of the sunny sleepy streets made one doubt if the fighting line was really less than five miles away. . . Yet the French, with an odd perversion of race-vanity, still persist in speaking of themselves as a "nervous and impressionable" people!

This afternoon, on the road to Gerbéviller, we were again in the track of the September invasion. Over all the slopes now cool with spring foliage the battle



rocked backward and forward during those burning autumn days; and every mile of the struggle has left its ghastly traces. The fields are full of wooden crosses which the ploughshare makes a circuit to avoid; many of the villages have been partly wrecked, and here and there an isolated ruin marks the nucleus

ruins seem to have been simultaneously vomited up from the depths and hurled down from the skies, as though she had perished in some monstrous clash of earthquake and tornado; and it fills one with a cold despair to know that this double destruction was no accident of nature but a piously planned and meth-



Street covered with stones from shelled buildings.

of a fiercer struggle. But the landscape, in its first sweet leafiness, is so alive with ploughing and sowing and all the natural tasks of spring, that the war scars seem like traces of a long-past woe; and it was not till a bend of the road brought us in sight of Gerbéviller that we breathed again the choking air of present horror.

Gerbéviller, stretched out at ease on its slopes above the Meurthe, must have been a happy place to live in. The streets slanted up between scattered houses in gardens to the great Louis XIV château above the town and the church that balanced it. So much one can reconstruct from the first glimpse across the valley; but when one enters the town all perspective is lost in chaos. Gerbéviller has taken to herself the title of "the martyr town"; an honour to which many sister victims might dispute her claim! But as a sensational image of havoc it seems improbable that any can surpass her. Her

odically executed human deed. From the opposite heights the poor little garden-girt town was shelled like a steel fortress; then, when the Germans entered, a fire was built in every house, and at the nicely-timed right moment one of the explosive tabloids which the fearless Teuton carries about for his land-*Lusitanias* was tossed on each hearth. It was all so well done that one wonders—almost apologetically for German thoroughness—that any of the human rats escaped from their holes; but some did, and were neatly spitted on lurking bayonets.

One old woman, hearing her son's death-cry, rashly looked out of her door. A bullet instantly laid her low among her phloxes and lilies; and there, in her little garden, her dead body was dishonoured. It seemed singularly appropriate, in such a scene, to read above a blackened doorway the sign: "Monuments

"Funérailles" and to observe that the house the doorway once belonged to had formed

how, peering through a door into the stable-yard, they saw that the soldiers sus-



Mr. Liégeay in his dining-room.

the angle of a lane called "La Ruelle des Orphelines."

At one end of the main street of Gerbéviller there once stood a charming house, of the sober old Lorraine pattern, with low door, deep roof and ample gables: it was in the garden of this house that my pink peonies were picked for me by its owner, Mr. Liégeay, a former Mayor of Gerbéviller, who witnessed all the horrors of the invasion.

Mr. Liégeay is now living in a neighbour's cellar, his own being fully occupied by the debris of his charming house. He told us the story of the three days of the German occupation; how he and his wife and niece, and the niece's babies, took to their cellar while the Germans set the house on fire, and

out through the opening to feed the fire in the yard.

Finally, on the third day, when they

suspected they were within and were trying to get at them. Luckily the incendiaries had heaped wood and straw all round the outside of the house, and the blaze was so hot that they could not reach the door. Between the arch of the doorway and the door itself was a half-moon opening; and Mr. Liégeay and his family, during three days and three nights, broke up all the barrels in the cellar and threw the bits



Mr. Liégeay at his cellar door.

began to be afraid that the ruins of the house would fall in on them, they made a dash for safety. The house was on the edge of the town, and the women and children managed to get away into the coun-



try; but Mr. Liégeay was surprised in his garden by a German soldier. He made a rush for the high wall of the adjoining cemetery, and scrambling over it slipped down between the wall and a big granite cross. The cross was covered with the hideous wire and glass wreaths dear to French mourners; and with these opportune mementoes Mr. Liégeay roofed him-

light out there on the terrace, to read my paper by on summer evenings. Yes, we were too well off. . .” That was all.

Meanwhile all the town had been red with horror—flame and shot and tortures unnameable; and at the other end of the long street a woman, a Sister of Charity, had held her own like Sœur Gabrielle at Clermont-en-Argonne, gathering her flock



Ruins of General Lyautey's house in Crévic.

self in, lying wedged in his narrow hiding-place from three in the afternoon till night, and listening to the voices of the soldiers who were hunting for him among the grave-stones. Luckily it was their last day at Gerbéviller, and the German retreat saved his life.

Even in Gerbéviller we saw no worse scene of destruction than the particular spot in which the ex-mayor stood while he told his story. He looked about him at the heaps of blackened brick and contorted iron. "This was my dining-room," he said. "There was some good old panelling on the walls, and some fine prints that had been a wedding-present to my grand-father." He led us into another black pit. "This was our sitting-room: you see what a view we had." He sighed, and added philosophically: "I suppose we were too well off. I even had an electric

of old men and children about her and interposing her short stout figure between them and the fury of the Germans. We found her in her Hospice, a ruddy, indomitable woman who related with a quiet indignation more thrilling than invective the hideous details of the bloody three days; but that already belongs to the past, and at present she is much more concerned with the task of clothing and feeding Gerbéviller. For two thirds of the population have already "come home"—that is what they call the return to this desert! "You see," Sœur Julie explained, "there are the crops to sow, the gardens to tend. They had to come back. The government is building wooden shelters for them; and people will surely send us beds and linen." (Of course they would, one felt as one listened!) "Heavy boots, too—boots for field-labourers. We



want them for women as well as men—like these.” Sœur Julie, smiling, turned up a hob-nailed sole. “I have directed all the work on our Hospice farm myself. All the women are working in the fields—we must take the place of the men.” And

The last time I looked out on the great architectural setting of the Place Stanislas was on a hot July evening, the evening of the National Fête. The square and the avenues leading to it swarmed with people, and as darkness fell the bal-

anced lines of arches and palaces sprang out in many coloured light. Garlands of lamps looped the arcades leading into the Place de la Carrière, peacock-coloured fires flared from the Arch of Triumph, long curves of radiance beat like wings over the thickets of the park, the sculptures of the fountains, the brown-and-gold foliation of Jean Damour’s great gates; and under this roofing of light was the murmur of a happy crowd carelessly celebrating the tradition of half-forgotten victories.

Now, at sunset, all life ceases in Nancy and veil after veil of silence comes down on the deserted Place and its empty perspectives. Last night by nine the few lingering lights in the streets had been put out, every window was blind, and the moonless night lay over the city like a canopy of velvet. Then, from some remote point, the arc of a searchlight swept the sky, laid a fugitive pallour on darkened palace-fronts, a gleam of gold on invisible gates, trembled across the black vault and vanished, leaving it still blacker. When we

came out of the darkened restaurant on the corner of the square, and the iron curtain of the entrance had been hastily dropped on us, we stood in such complete night that it took a waiter’s friendly hand to guide us to the curbstone. Then, as we grew used to the darkness, we saw it lying still more densely under the colonnade of the Place de la Carrière and the clipped trees beyond. The ordered masses of architecture became august, the



One of the “bowels.”

I seemed to see my pink peonies flowering in the very prints of her sturdy boots!

May 14th.

Nancy, the most beautiful town in France, has never been as beautiful as now. Coming back to it last evening from a round of ruins one felt as if the humbler sisters sacrificed to spare it were pleading with one not to forget them in the contemplation of its dearly-bought perfection.



spaces between them immense, and the black sky faintly strewn with stars seemed to overarch an enchanted city. Not a footstep sounded, not a leaf rustled, not a breath of air drew under the arches. And suddenly, through the dumb night, the sound of the cannon began.

May 14th.

Luncheon with the General Staff in an old bourgeois house of a little town as sleepy as "Cranford." In the warm walled gardens everything was blooming at once: laburnums, lilacs, red hawthorn, Banksia roses and all the pleasant border plants that go with box and lavender. Never before did the flowers answer the spring roll-call with such a rush! Upstairs, in the Empire bedroom which the General has turned into his study, it was amusingly incongruous to see the sturdy provincial furniture littered with war-maps, trench-plans, aeroplane photographs and all the documentation of modern war. Through the windows bees hummed, the garden rustled, and one felt, close by, behind the walls of other gardens, the untroubled continuance of a placid and orderly bourgeois life.

We started early for Mousson on the Moselle, the ruined hill-fortress that gives its name to the better-known town at its foot. Our road ran below the long range of the "Grand Couronné," the line of hills curving southeast from Pont-à-Mousson to St. Nicolas du Port. All through this pleasant broken country the battle shook and swayed last autumn; but few signs of those days are left except the wooden crosses in the fields. No troops are visible, and the pictures of war that made the Argonne so tragic last March are replaced by peaceful rustic scenes. On the way to Mousson the road is over-

hung by an Italian-looking village clustered about a hill-top. It marks the exact spot at which, last August, the German invasion was finally checked and flung back; and the Muse of History points out that on this very hill has long



A French palisade.

stood a memorial shaft inscribed: *Here, in the year 362, Jovinus defeated the Teutonic hordes.*

A little way up the ascent to Mousson we left the motor behind a bit of rising ground. The road is raked by the German lines, and stray pedestrians (unless in a group) are less liable than a motor to have a shell spent on them. We climbed under a driving grey sky which swept gusts of rain across our road. In the lee



of the castle we stopped to look down at the valley of the Moselle, the slate roofs of Pont-à-Mousson and the broken bridge which once linked together the two sides of the town. Nothing but the wreck of the bridge showed that we were on the edge of war. The wind was too high for going, and we saw no reason for believing

official patterning, like the work of huge ants who had scarred it with criss-cross ridges. We were told that these were French trenches, but they looked much more like the harmless traces of a prehistoric camp.

Suddenly an officer, pointing to the west of the trenched hill said: "Do you



A war grave.

that the wood just behind the Hospice roof at our feet was seamed with German trenches and bristling with guns, or that from every slope across the valley the eye of the cannon sleeplessly glared. But there the Germans were, drawing an iron ring about three sides of the watch-tower; and as one peered through an embrasure of the ancient walls one gradually found one's self reliving the sensations of the little mediæval burgh as it looked out on some earlier circle of besiegers. The longer one looked, the more oppressive and menacing the invisibility of the foe became. "*There they are—and there—and there.*" We strained our eyes obediently, but saw only calm hillsides, dozing farms. It was as if the earth itself were the enemy, as if the hordes of evil were in the clods and grass-blades. Only one conical hill close by showed an odd arti-

see that farm?" It lay just below, near the river, and so close that good eyes could easily have discerned people or animals in the farm-yard, if there had been any; but the whole place seemed to be sleeping the sleep of bucolic peace. "*They are there,*" the officer said; and the innocent vignette framed by my field-glass suddenly glared back at me like a human mask of hate. The loudest cannonade had not made "them" seem as real as that! . . .

At this point the military lines and the old political frontier everywhere overlap, and in a cleft of the wooded hills that conceal the German batteries we saw a dark grey blur on the grey horizon. It was Metz, the Promised City, lying there with its fair steeples and towers, like the mystic banner that Constantine saw upon the sky. . .



Through wet vineyards and orchards we scrambled down the hill to the river and entered Pont-à-Mousson. It was by mere meteorological good luck that we got there, for if the winds had been asleep the guns would have been awake, and when they wake poor Pont-à-Mousson is not at home to visitors. One understood why as one stood in the riverside garden of the great Premonstratensian Monastery which is now the hospital and the general asylum of the town. Between the clipped limes and formal borders the German shells had scooped out three or four "dreadful hollows," in one of which, only last week, a little girl found her death; and the façade of the building is pock-marked by shot and disfigured with gaping holes. Yet in this precarious shelter Sister Theresia, of the same indomitable breed as the Sisters of Clermont and Gerbéviller, has gathered a miscellaneous flock of soldiers wounded in the trenches, civilians shattered by the bombardment, *éclopés*, old women and children: all the human wreckage of this storm-beaten point of the front. Sister Theresia seems in no wise disconcerted by the fact that the shells continually play over her roof. The building is immense and spreading, and when one wing is damaged she picks up her protégés and trots them off, bed and baggage, to another. "*Je promène mes malades*," she said calmly, as if boasting of the varied accommodation of an ultra-modern hospital, as she led us through vaulted and stuccoed galleries where caryatid-saints look down in plaster pomp on the rows of brown-blanketed pallets and the long tables at which haggard *éclopés* were enjoying their evening soup.

May 15th.

I have seen the happiest being on earth: a man who has found his job.

This afternoon we motored southwest of Nancy to a little place called Méné-sur-Belvitte. The name is not yet intimately known to history, but there are reasons why it deserves to be, and in one man's mind it already is. Méné-sur-Belvitte is a village on the edge of the Vosges. It is badly battered, for awful fighting took place there in the first month of the war. The houses lie in a hollow, and just beyond it the ground rises and spreads into

a plateau waving with wheat and backed by wooded slopes—the ideal "battle-ground" of the history-books. And here a real above-ground battle of the old obsolete kind took place, and the French, driving the Germans back victoriously, fell by thousands in the trampled wheat.

The church of Méné is a ruin, but the parsonage still stands—a plain little house at the end of the street; and here the curé received us, and led us into a room which he has turned into a chapel. The chapel is also a war museum, and everything in it has something to do with the battle that took place among the wheat-fields. The candelabra on the altar are made of "Seventy-five" shells, the Virgin's halo is composed of radiating bayonets, the walls are intricately adorned with German trophies and French relics, and on the ceiling the curé has had painted a kind of zodiacal chart of the whole region, in which Méné-sur-Belvitte's handful of houses figures as the central orb of the system, and Verdun, Nancy, Metz, and Belfort as its humble satellites. But the chapel-museum is only a surplus expression of the curé's impassioned dedication to the dead. His real work has been done on the battle-field, where row after row of graves, marked and listed as soon as the struggle was over, have been fenced about, symmetrically disposed, planted with flowers and young firs, and marked by the names and death-dates of the fallen. As he led us from one of these enclosures to another his face was lit with the flame of a gratified vocation. This particular man was made to do this particular thing: he is a born collector, classifier, and hero-worshipper. In the hall of the "presbytère" hangs a case of carefully-mounted butterflies, the result, no doubt, of an earlier passion for collecting. His "specimens" have changed, that is all: he has passed from butterflies to men, from the actual to the visionary Psyche.

On the way to Méné we stopped at the village of Crévic. The Germans were there in August, but the place is untouched—except for one house. That house, a large one, standing in a park at one end of the village, was the birth-place and home of General Lyautey, one of France's best soldiers, and Germany's worst enemy in Africa. It is no exag-



generation to say that last August General Lyautey, by his promptness and audacity, saved Morocco for France. The Germans know it, and hate him; and as soon as the first soldiers reached Crévic—so obscure and imperceptible a spot that even German omniscience might have missed it—the officer in command asked for General Lyautey's house, went straight to it, had all the papers, portraits, furniture and family relics piled in a bonfire in the court, and then burnt down the house. As we sat in the neglected park with the plaintive ruin before us we heard from the gardener this typical tale of German thoroughness and German chivalry. It is corroborated by the fact that not another house in Crévic was destroyed.

May 16th.

About two miles from the German frontier (*frontier* just here as well as *front*) an isolated hill rises out of the Lorraine meadows. East of it, a ribbon of river winds among poplars, and that ribbon is the boundary between Empire and Republic. On such a clear day as this the view from the hill is extraordinarily interesting. From its grassy top a little aeroplane cannon stares to heaven, watching the east for the danger speck; and the circumference of the hill is furrowed by a deep trench—a "bowel," rather—winding invisibly from one subterranean observation post to another. In each of these earthy warrens (ingeniously wattled, roofed and iron-sheeted) stand two or three artillery officers with keen quiet faces, directing by telephone the fire of batteries nestling somewhere in the woods four or five miles away. Interesting as the place was, the men who lived there interested me far more. They obviously belonged to different classes, and had received a different social education; but their mental and moral fraternity was complete. They were all fairly young, and their faces had the look that war has given to French faces: a look of sharpened intelligence, strengthened will and sobered judgment, as if every faculty, trebly vivified, were so bent on the one end that personal problems had been pushed back to the vanishing point of the great perspective.

From this vigilant height—one of the intentest eyes open on the frontier—we

went a short distance down the hillside to a village out of range of the guns, where the commanding officer gave us tea in a charming old house with a terraced garden full of flowers and puppies. Below the terrace, lost Lorraine stretched away to her blue heights, a vision of summer peace: and just above us the unsleeping hill kept watch, its signal-wires trembling night and day. It was one of the intervals of rest and sweetness when the whole horrible black business seems to press most intolerably on the nerves.

Below the village the road wound down to a forest that had formed a dark blur in our bird's-eye view of the plain. We passed into the forest and halted on the edge of a colony of queer exotic huts. On all sides they peeped through the branches, themselves so branched and sodded and leafy that they seemed like some transition form between tree and house. We were in one of the so-called "villages nègres" of the second-line trenches, the jolly little settlements to which the troops retire after doing their shift under fire. This particular colony has been developed to an extreme degree of comfort and safety. The houses are partly underground, connected by deep winding "bowels" over which light rustic bridges have been thrown, and so profoundly roofed with sods that as much of them as shows above ground is shell-proof. Yet they are real houses, with real doors and windows under their grass-eaves, real furniture inside, and real beds of daisies and pansies at their doors. In the Colonel's bungalow a big bunch of spring flowers bloomed on the table, and everywhere we saw the same neatness and order, the same amused pride in the look of things. The men were dining at long trestle-tables under the trees; tired unshaven men in shabby uniforms of all cuts and almost every colour. They were off duty, relaxed, in a good humour; but every face had the look of the faces watching on the hill-top. Wherever I go among these men of the front I have the same impression: the impression that the absorbing undivided thought of the Defence of France lives in the heart and brain of each soldier as intensely as in the heart and brain of their chief.

We walked a dozen yards down the



road and came to the edge of the forest. A wattled palisade bounded it, and through a gap in the palisade we looked out across a field to the roofs of a quiet village a mile away. I went out a few steps into the field and was abruptly pulled back. "Take care—those are the trenches!" What looked like a ridge thrown up by a plough was the enemy's line; and in the quiet village French cannon watched. Suddenly, as we stood there, they woke, and at the same moment we heard the unmistakable Gr-r-r of an aeroplane and saw a Bird of Evil high up against the blue. Snap, snap, snap barked the mitrailleuse on the hill, the soldiers jumped from their wine and strained their eyes through the trees, and the Taube, finding itself the centre of so much attention, turned grey, tail and swished away to the concealing clouds.

May 17th.

Today we started with an intenser sense of adventure. Hitherto we had always been told beforehand where we were going and how much we were to be allowed to see; but now we were being launched into the unknown. Beyond a certain point all was conjecture—we knew only that what happened after that would depend on the good-will of a Colonel of Chasseurs-à-pied whom we were to go a long way to find, up into the folds of the mountains on our south-east horizon.

We picked up a staff-officer at Headquarters and flew on to a battered town on the edge of the hills. From there we wound up through a narrowing valley, under wooded cliffs, to a little settlement where the Colonel of the Brigade was to be found. There was a short conference between the Colonel and our staff-officer, and then we annexed a Captain of Chasseurs and spun away again. Our road lay through a town so exposed that our companion from Headquarters suggested the advisability of avoiding it; but our guide hadn't the heart to inflict such a disappointment on his new acquaintances. "Oh, we won't stop the motor—we'll just dash through," he said indulgently; and in the excess of his indulgence he even permitted us to dash slowly.

Oh, that poor town—when we reached it, along a road ploughed with fresh obus-

holes, I didn't want to stop the motor; I wanted to hurry on and blot the picture from my memory! It was doubly sad to look at because of the fact that it wasn't quite dead; faint spasms of life still quivered through it. A few children played in the ravaged streets; a few pale mothers watched them from cellar doorways. "They oughtn't to be here," our guide explained; "but about a hundred and fifty begged so hard to stay that the General gave them leave. The officer in command has an eye on them, and whenever he gives the signal they dive down into their burrows. He says they are perfectly obedient. It was he who asked that they might stay. . ."

Up and up into the hills. The vision of human pain and ruin was lost in beauty. We were among the firs, and the air was full of balm. The mossy banks gave out a scent of rain, and little water-falls from the heights set the branches trembling over secret pools. At each turn of the road, forest, and always more forest, climbing with us as we climbed, and dropping away from us to narrow valleys that converged on slate-blue distances. At one of these turns we overtook a company of soldiers, spade on shoulder and bags of tools across their backs—"trench-workers" swinging up to the heights to which we were bound. Life must be a better thing in this crystal air than in the mud-welter of the Argonne and the fogs of the North; and these men's faces were fresh with wind and weather.

Higher still . . . and presently a halt on a ridge, in another "black village," this time almost a town! The soldiers gathered round us as the motor stopped—thronged of *chasseurs-à-pied* in faded, trench-stained uniforms—for few visitors climb to this point, and their pleasure at the sight of new faces was presently expressed in a large "*Vive l'Amérique!*" scrawled on the door of the car. *L'Amérique* was glad and proud to be there, and instantly conscious of breathing an air saturated with courage and the dogged determination to endure. The men were all reservists: that is to say, mostly married, and all beyond the first fighting age. For many months there has not been much active work along this front, no great adventure to rouse the blood and wing the



imagination: it has just been month after month of monotonous watching and holding on. And the soldiers' faces showed it: there was no light of heady enterprise in their eyes, but the look of men who knew their job, had thought it over, and were there to hold their bit of France till the day of victory or extermination.

Meanwhile, they had made the best of the situation and turned their quarters into a forest colony that would enchant any normal boy. Their village architecture was more elaborate than any we had yet seen. In the Colonel's "dug-out" a long table decked with lilacs and tulips was spread for tea. In other cheery catacombs we found neat rows of bunks, mess-tables, sizzling sauce-pans over kitchen-fires. Everywhere were endless ingenuities in the way of camp-furniture and household decoration. Farther down the road a path between fir-boughs led to a hidden hospital, a marvel of underground compactness. While we chatted with the surgeon a soldier came in from the trenches: an elderly, bearded man, with a good average civilian face—the kind one runs against by hundreds in any French crowd. He had a scalp-wound which had just been dressed, and was very pale. The Colonel stopped to ask a few questions, and then, turning to him, said: "Feeling rather better now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. In a day or two you'll be thinking about going back to the trenches, eh?"

"I'm going now, sir." It was said quite simply, and received in the same way. "Oh, all right," the Colonel merely rejoined; but he laid his hand on the man's shoulder as we went out.

Our next visit was to a sod-thatched hut, "At the sign of the Ambulant Artisans," where two or three soldiers were modelling and chiselling all kinds of trinkets from the aluminium of enemy shells. One of the ambulant artisans was just finishing a ring with beautifully modelled fauns' heads, another offered me a "Pickelhaube" small enough for Mustard-seed's wear, but complete in every detail, and inlaid with the bronze eagle from an Imperial pfennig. There are many such ring-smiths among the privates at the front, and the severe, somewhat archaic design

of their rings is a proof of the sureness of French taste; but the two we visited happened to be Paris jewellers, for whom "artisan" was really too modest a pseudonym. Officers and men were evidently proud of their work, and as they stood hammering away in their cramped smithy, a red gleam lighting up the intentness of their faces, they seemed to be beating out the cheerful rhythm of "I too will something make, and joy in the making." . .

Up the hillside, in deeper shadow, was another little structure; a wooden shed with an open gable sheltering an altar with candles and flowers. Here mass is said by one of the conscript priests of the regiment, while his congregation kneel between the fir-trunks, giving life to the old metaphor of the cathedral-forest. Near by was the grave-yard, where day by day these quiet elderly men lay their comrades, the *pères de famille* who don't go back. The care of this woodland cemetery is left entirely to the soldiers, and they have spent treasures of piety on the inscriptions and decorations of the graves. Fresh flowers are brought up from the valleys to cover them, and when some favourite comrade goes, the men, scorning ephemeral tributes, club together to buy a monstrous indestructible wreath with emblazoned streamers. It was near the end of the afternoon, and many soldiers were strolling along the paths between the graves. "It's their favourite walk at this hour," the Colonel said. He stopped to look down on a grave smothered in beady tokens, the grave of the last pal to fall. "He was mentioned in the Order of the Day," the Colonel explained; and the group of soldiers standing near looked at us proudly, as if sharing their comrade's honour, and wanting to be sure that we understood the reason of their pride. . .

"And now," said our Captain of Chasseurs, "that you've seen the second-line trenches, what do you say to taking a look at the first?"

We followed him to a point higher up the hill, where we plunged into a deep ditch of red earth—the "bowel" leading to the first lines. It climbed still higher, under the wet firs, and then, turning, dipped over the edge and began to wind in sharp loops down the other side of the ridge. Down we scrambled, single file,



our chins on a level with the top of the passage, the close green covert above us. The "bowel" went twisting down more and more sharply into a deep ravine; and presently, at a bend, we came to a fir-thatched outlook, where a soldier stood with his back to us, his eye glued to a peep-hole in the wattled wall. Another turn, and another outlook; but here it was the iron-rimmed eye of the mitrailleuse that stared across the ravine. By this time we were within a hundred yards or so of the German lines, hidden, like ours, on the other side of the narrowing hollow; and as we stole down and down, the hush and secrecy of the scene, and the sense of that imminent lurking hatred only a few branch-lengths away, seemed to fill the silence with mysterious pulsations. Suddenly a sharp noise broke on them: the rap of a rifle-shot against a tree-trunk a few yards ahead.

"Ah, the sharp-shooter," said our guide. "No more talking, please—he's over there, in a tree somewhere, and whenever he hears voices he fires. Some day we shall spot his tree."

We went on in silence to a point where a few soldiers were sitting on a ledge of rock in a widening of the "bowel." They looked as quiet as if they had been waiting for their boots before a Boulevard café.

"Not beyond, please," said the officer, holding me back; and I stopped.

Here we were, then, actually and literally in the first lines! The knowledge made one's heart tick a little; but, except for another shot or two from our arboreal listener, and the motionless intentness of the soldier's back at the peep-hole, there was nothing to show that we were not a dozen miles away.

Perhaps the thought occurred to our Captain of Chasseurs; for just as I was turning back he said with his friendliest twinkle: "Do you want awfully to go a little farther? Well, then, come on."

We went past the soldiers sitting on the ledge and stole down and down, to where the trees ended at the bottom of the ravine. The sharp-shooter had stopped firing, and nothing disturbed the leafy silence but an intermittent drip of rain. We were at the end of the burrow, and the Captain signed to me that I might take a cautious peep round its corner. I looked

out and saw a strip of intensely green meadow just under me, and a wooded cliff rising abruptly on its other side. That was all. The wooded cliff swarmed with "them," and a few steps would have carried us across the interval; yet all about us was silence, and the peace of the forest. Again, for a minute, I had the sense of an all-pervading, invisible power of evil, a saturation of the whole landscape with some hidden vitriol of hate. Then the reaction of unbelief set in, and I felt myself in a harmless ordinary glen, like a million others on an untroubled earth. We turned and began to climb again, loop by loop, up the "bowel"—we passed the lolling soldiers, the silent mitrailleuse, we came again to the watcher at his peep-hole. He heard us, let the officer pass, and turned his head with a little sign of understanding.

"Do you want to look down?"

He moved a step away from his window. The look-out projected over the ravine, raking its depths; and here, with one's eye to the leaf-lashed hole, one saw at last . . . saw, at the bottom of the harmless glen, half way between cliff and cliff, a grey uniform huddled in a dead heap. "He's been there for days: they can't fetch him away," said the watcher, reglueing his eye to the hole; and it was almost a relief to find it was after all a tangible enemy hidden over there across the meadow. . .

The sun had set when we got back to our starting-point in the underground village. The chasseurs-à-pied were lounging along the roadside and standing in gossiping groups about the motor. It was long since they had seen faces from the other life, the life they had left nearly a year earlier and had not been allowed to go back to for a day; and under all their jokes and good-humour their farewell had a tinge of wistfulness. But one felt that this fugitive reminder of a world they had put behind them would pass like a dream, and their minds revert without effort to the one reality: the business of holding their bit of France.

It is hard to say why this sense of the French soldier's single-mindedness is so strong in all who have had even a glimpse of the front; perhaps it is gathered less



from what the men say than from the look in their eyes. Even while they are accepting cigarettes and exchanging trench-jokes, the look is there; and when one comes on them unaware it is there also. In the dusk of the forest that look followed

us down the mountain; and as we skirted the edge of the ravine between the armies, we felt that on the far side of that dividing line were the men who had made the war, and on the near side the men who had been made by it.

## "TEN THOUSAND HORSES"

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HE looked blankly at the envelope which lay before him on the café table. Dully he read the name upon it as if it were the name of another, though it was his own.

Alan Harwood, Esq.,  
American Embassy,  
7 Rue de Chaillot,  
Paris,  
France.

So this was the end of a dream. When he glanced at the page which he held in his hand he anticipated something unpleasant. The fact was more uncomfortable than he had expected. The dismissal as correspondent of the newspaper for which he had come to Europe was brief, emphatic, and conclusive. He had made the venture largely upon his own responsibility, entering into no regular contract with the journal into whose service he had been taken, merely with the understanding that he would supply what material might be possible. The quantity and quality of the news which he was able to send back had not been satisfactory. With so much going on about him which the world was burning to hear, he could telegraph or write nothing. The forbidden land of the "war zone" was as inaccessible to him as Mars. A small boy without the price of admission gazing helplessly at the big tent was as powerless, and he recognized that he felt much of the same fury of exasperation as he thought of the inaccessible wonders beyond.

The end had come. The chimera had

vanished. The will-o'-the-wisp which he had pursued had gone out. He looked aimlessly before him. The rain was dripping heavily from the awning of the Café de la Paix above his head. Nevertheless, the throng pressed by in the same endless stream of varied humanity always there at the hour of the *apéritif* at that most marvellous corner of Paris and of the world.

A man, yellow-gloved, with a monocle and sealskin coat, was followed by a blind beggar led by a black *caniche*. Two *trot-tins de modiste* in simple black frocks and hatless, passed a young woman who, heedless of the dripping pavement, tripped onward in silk stockings and thin, high-heeled shining shoes. A lavender-and-red *chasseur à cheval* saluted a superior officer with four bands of gold about his cap, seated at a neighboring table. A small girl with bright, fresh face darted through the crowd crying shrilly, "La Liberté," "La Presse," and holding out the sheets for who might buy. An Arab in flowing robes walking with stately calm brushed against a group of darkly uniformed Belgian officers with soft, pointed hats, serious-faced and soldierly. Next followed on the instant three slouchy figures in the shabby and nondescript habiliments of the Foreign Legion. Some young Americans, the drivers of cars at the American Ambulance at Neuilly, came briskly up, easily to be mistaken in their brown uniforms for English officers until the small bronze shields with the stars and stripes above the visors of their caps became visible; while in and out among the rest mingled the usual heterogeneous multitude



of Paris—a long-haired *rapin* from the Latin quarter, a bent wreck of humanity gathering the cast-away stubs of cigarettes, a well-to-do tradesman on his way to his customary game of dominoes in his accustomed *brasserie*, the stout mother of a working family with a basket on her arm, and a bright-eyed, slim slip of a girl holding the edge of her apron.

The representatives of all the world were there—and of Paris which is a world in itself. Members of all the branches of service of three armies were there—for only from among the hosts of the Allies no Russians were to be seen, since the soldiers of the Czar were gathered away off on the far Eastern fighting line. Harwood looked and his spirit rose in hot revolt as he thought of the hour and the place, and how in the midst of momentous happenings and in the very heart of the press of events he was obliged to sit motionless and helpless and a mere looker-on at the mighty panorama of history.

Not far off, and indeed so near as almost to be within sound of the guns, men were standing and struggling in the trenches in ceaseless battle in which the gain of a score of yards, and almost feet, was a victory. Overhead the cruisers of the air floated, continually on the watch for hostile approach and ready on the instant to give chase to the aerial enemy. The men with the silver wings upon their sleeves were always the most noticed among the soldierly throng, though for dash and daring they yielded nothing to the drivers of the *auto blindé*, the steel-screened car whose director in a reconnoissance or foray needed even more nerve and steadiness of eye and hand than the guiders of the scouting aircraft. The heavy and impenetrable hordes of the Kaiser were being held, but being held and no more, and though Paris breathed again after the terror of imminent capture, it only breathed brokenly and spasmodically, with the fear of danger ever near, and girding itself hourly in the knowledge of the need of further and greater effort—Paris which was so strangely itself, and yet not itself; a Paris dark by night and grave by day; a Paris in which but half the lights of the Avenue de l'Opéra were lit after sunset; a Paris in which the shops of the jewellers in the Rue de la Paix were

closed, and, above, the curtains drawn across the windows of the great dress-makers; a Paris in which pale-faced women in black and soldiers with bandaged heads and hobbling upon crutches were at every turn; a Paris without theatres, and in which the restaurants closed their doors at ten o'clock; a Paris even without its wonted and vaunted bread and still a Paris in which the thrill and stir of life were more active and strong and wild than ever, for, with the strain, all in it were exalted beyond and above themselves, since the war-madness had got into the hearts and heads until no one within all its gates was wholly normal; a Paris which in all its extent was a wild maelstrom of human passion and aspiration and anxiety as always, only now more vivid and intensified by the exalting conditions; a Paris where suffering and joy were as continually close together, but more accentuated than before, by the rapid shifting of hurrying existence; a Paris where the customary multitude of his own countrymen was singularly absent, but in which there passed before Harwood's eyes a mad, confused gathering from all the ends of the earth—men, brought there in the mere longing and love for the fighting, who had come to offer their sword to any cause; other adventurers of another sort who hoped and strove to snatch gold and financial booty for themselves out of the continental chaos; diplomatists or would-be diplomatists having or claiming that they held the secrets of nations; inventors with wild, weird patents to sell to any government that would buy; shady capitalists on the lookout for a possible bargain in anything from a new government loan to an old master; and with them all the womankind belonging to or accompanying or following such an arriving flock of birds of such feather, whether birds of prey or birds of rich and valuable plumage.

There he was in the midst of it, and what purpose did it serve for him? The chance for the career which he had hoped to make was at an end. A blue and crackling fifty-franc note was all he had in money—and his romance——

Harwood stood again in memory by the rail of the outward-bound ship, as he



had steered but a few short weeks before. On the deck below, a crowd of third-class passengers—Italian reservists in great part—surrounded one of the number who, mounted on a hatchway, played a concertina, while half a dozen others in pairs executed heavily but gayly a primitive tango. The moon shone clearly above, and the sea slipped by the sides of the vessel as if it were a sheeny silken stuff drawn rapidly backward on either hand. He was aware of a figure near him, and looked up to find himself gazing into the brightest, kindest, most entrancing brown eyes he had ever beheld.

"They are going home," spoke a soft voice throbbing past him on the warm breeze.

"And we," he said, answering more the implied meaning than the words themselves. "are not."

He had felt, himself, something of the isolation of departure as the ship passed out to sea, and he had listened to the mournful tolling of the bell of the buoy with which departing travellers are sent on their way. The mutual and momentary homesickness had drawn them both together, and they suddenly found themselves united in one of those friendships, intimacies of the sea, which have no beginning and take heed of no end, but in common acquiescence accept the duration of a voyage as sufficient unto itself. They had talked by day after he had wrapped her up in her deck-chair; they had walked and talked on the lighted deck after dinner amid the procession of promenaders that filled the ship with a sudden evening animation. They talked of all and everything except themselves. Indeed, he had only known her name when he had worked it out by a process of elimination in the printed list from among the small number of the passengers. "Miss Jane White." A name commonplace enough, yet he found that it had caused him to reflect. A name that anyone might have had, but still one that in its uncompromising simplicity evoked an impression of unnaturalness and even produced a sensation of hesitating acceptance. Yet why should he wonder? He had seen her passport. Once in the idle intercourse of a sunny day in mid-Atlantic he had shown her the one he carried, and she unhesi-

tatingly displayed her own. They had laughed together about her description as given in it. "Age, 24 years." "Stature, 5 feet and 6 inches." "Forehead, broad." "Eyes, brown." "Nose, curved."

"They could not exactly," she commented when they had got so far, "say 'snub' in a document of state."

"Or tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," he replied. "They were evidently puzzled."

"Mouth, medium." "Chin, square." "Hair, black." "Complexion, fair." "Face, oval."

"Yet," he said as he finished reading, "how little a picture it gives of you—as," he added in a lower tone, "you look to me."

Harwood, intent upon what he hoped would be the important events before him, had spoken but few words with any of the varied collection of beings crossing with him—a few sentences with a pearl-dealer from Tahiti, some remarks exchanged with a professional bicycle-rider returning from a contest in Madison Square Garden, a brief talk with a priest from the Saskatchewan. That was all. But one day when the sea was calm, a woman had appeared who claimed his attention. Without unnatural vanity Harwood could not deny to himself that the expression which formed itself in his mind described the situation. He found himself meeting her constantly. Repeatedly he encountered her on the stairs and in the doorways. Often when he came to a standstill, she stood still also. Not without experience of much that the world contains, he could find but little cause for self-congratulation in such unquestionable or questionable notice. The type was unmistakable. The tired eyes told their tale. The worn and yellowing and made-up face proclaimed the worn and yellowing and made-up soul. The small lines and seams about the mouth indicated a heart scarred and rent, and caused Harwood to think of a photograph which he had seen of the moon's fissured and arid surface.

Also, with the aid of the passenger-list, he learned without seeking that she was registered as Mme. Morton Graham. Half in idleness and half in compulsory politeness, he had fallen into the habit of desultory conversation. During one of



these unsought colloquies she made the statement which confused him.

"Of course you know about her," she said, as his eyes strayed, as they had a way of straying, to a particular passing figure.

"Miss White?" he asked.

"You believe that," she replied, with a dry laugh. "I was taken in at first, too, though I thought that there was something familiar about the face. I should not have been quite sure, though, if it had not been for my friend—" and she indicated a demure, middle-aged, mouse-like person who accompanied her, at times apparently in the capacity of duenna, but who at others, with her docile and humble services, acted almost as a maid. "You knew her at once, didn't you, Tabby?"

The colorless companion nodded obediently.

"Tabby saw her at the time of the trial. I had seen her pictures when they were constantly in all the newspapers of the country. Don't you remember? She is the heroine of the great jewel robbery and trial last spring in Chicago. She was the stenographer in the house of old Schureman, the multimillionaire, and when his wife's four-hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklace disappeared she was suspected and brought to trial. Though nothing could be proved, not a person ever had a doubt that she had taken it and given it over to her confederates. Her real name is Mildred Carter, but after all the tremendous notoriety connected with it, I suppose that she did not like exactly to travel under it, and got up this alias. Certainly that isn't her real name."

She paused and again referred to her companion.

"Tabby, quite by accident, of course, picked up one of her books which had fallen from her chair, and the name written in it was something quite different."

"It wasn't Mildred Carter," purred the confidante, "but I hadn't time to see exactly what it was."

"She probably has had lots of them. Of course, she is pretty, and all the men stare at her—though I think, for the most of those on board, the attraction of her prettiness is heightened by her story. There's nothing all of you like so much about a

woman who isn't bad-looking as a mystery, and particularly a doubtful mystery."

Harwood, raging, had protested. His declaration of disbelief was met by such bland certainty that he had walked away shaken in his own convictions. The next time he was with Miss White he had spoken and carried himself, as he believed, without any difference of manner, but by quickness of perception or unusually keen feminine instinct she had noticed a change. After that afternoon she avoided him, and he— He had found himself in half a dozen minds at once. Probability undoubtedly commanded him to discredit what he had heard. Reason urged him to remember the time and the place. One furtive person, he knew, had been regarded askance as a spy. He himself in the smoking-room had noticed a sleek individual who, undetected except by himself, had cheated at cards. Caught up at hazard by events, he could not tell by whom he was surrounded. Why might she not easily be one of those whose antecedents could not bear investigation? Nevertheless, a feeling within him kept telling him that he was yielding to a hysteria of which he had seen evidences already in others, and was allowing his calm judgment to be influenced in ways that would not have been possible under other circumstances.

Only once again had he had any word with her, and that was as they were nearing the French coast. She had come up to him quite frankly as he stood upon the darkened deck. The ship was running without lights. Not a gleam penetrated through the iron-curtained windows of the upper cabins. Below, in each state-room, the electric bulbs had been unscrewed and removed. The glow at the masthead that had marked the vessel in crossing the ocean was extinguished. No red or green showed at the sides. They were in waters where boats had recently been sunk, and the same might happen to them.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "To say good-by."

"Not good-by," he urged.

"We said good-by three days ago when you did not want to talk to me any more."

"I did," he declared. "I——"



"Of course you know about her," she said.—Page 445.

"I understand," she interrupted. "That woman had told you things. I know, because there was a nice little old lady who was very cordial and kind with me at first, and then she suddenly changed. I thought there was something, and I simply dragged it out of her. Mrs. Morton Graham had told her the same story that she had told you."

"I didn't believe——"

"You doubted, and I won't stand that," she declared spiritedly. "It's good-by. You are not convinced yet. At least, I am not convinced that you are."

"I am now."

"Then——" she paused in their rapid exchange of words. "No. No. You'll have to prove that."

"I shall see you again."

"That depends on you."

"How——"

"It's for you to find the way." She forced herself to laugh. "Didn't one of the great French warriors or generals say once: 'Let those who love me follow me.'"

Before he could reply she was away. He hastened after her, but she disap-

peared through a cabin door. The next morning by the first light of dawn he caught sight of her in the inextricable confusion of the Havre dock. He was checked by the need of showing his passport, and when he had reached the shore she had again disappeared. During a day he lingered at Havre wandering aimlessly about the busy foreign streets striving to find her. She was at none of the hotels, and on the afternoon of the second day, realizing the uselessness of his search, he had taken the evening train for Paris.

"Ten thousand horses."

The words, spoken without marked but with unmistakable English accent, aroused Harwood. He turned quickly to glance up the long, double rank of café tables. At the one directly next to him he saw and recognized the speaker. As their eyes met he realized that he himself had been recognized.

"Ah, Harwood," said the man, who nodded to him as he leaned toward him. "How are you? I see you heard me," he added carelessly. "You don't happen to have ten thousand horses about you?"



"Search me," Harwood replied.

"Ah, one of your capital Americanisms. There's nothing like your people for hitting it off."

Harwood looked at the person who addressed him. The figure in the khaki uniform was small and spare. The face had a certain clearness of cut that was distinctly intellectual, with almost a gentle sweetness about the lines of the mouth. The absolute and calm composure, however, proved the possession of worldly experience and the power of quick and ready action. Harwood had known Jimmy Carstairs for some weeks and saw in him at once an almost perfect type of the soldier of fortune. He had left China, but a short time before, with twelve Chinese dogs of a rare and delicate breed, for which he easily would have received a thousand dollars apiece in New York if he had succeeded in bringing them there alive. In spite of cotton-wool wrappings and the utmost care, they had, alas, died and the speculation had failed. That he was an aviator Harwood knew, for the fact was established beyond question that a part of his anatomy consisted of four aluminum ribs which had been required as the result of a fall to replace those which he had received by nature. At the present time he was serving as a volunteer driver of an ambulance of the American hospital at Neuilly, and Harwood had met him at a supper in the Latin quarter when Carstairs had sung or chanted, without any voice at all but in a manner unquestionably effective, a number of native songs of the South Sea islanders.

"There's millions in it," said Carstairs, leaving the man beside whom he sat and placing himself in the empty chair next to Harwood—"and I think that's good American too—or at least thousands."

He bent forward with the air of confidential mystery which was habitual with him.

"The agent of the Italian Government is here at the Hôtel Regina. He came yesterday with a mission to buy horses and other things. Italy is certainly going to enter the war within a month. I saw him through some friends of mine. I have undertaken to supply him with the geegees. I have his promise that until five

o'clock to-morrow he will do nothing about the matter, and take nothing that is offered to him. I think I am safe. There are thirty men in Paris at this moment selling those ten thousand horses. Only they haven't got them. That is, none of them unless a Canadian outfit that is represented by Mrs. Morton Graham——"

"Is she here?" Harwood exclaimed; "and is she in it?"

"I tell you there are nearly as many women as men in this game here. And you may believe that if there is anything going on that is, well—*sub rosa*—you understand me, with something to be got out of it—that Mrs. Morton Graham has a hand in it. Wonderful woman. I first met her in Borneo where she was busy with something about rubies. We were by the way of being pretty good pals there, but it's war to the knife now. She's got old Blanco's ear—he's the Italian emissary—and if I don't have those horses before five to-morrow, she'll get up something that will go through. Clever; not a good word for any one, particularly a pretty woman. I'm afraid of her, and I haven't got the horses. I made such a big talk to Blanco, though, I convinced him—almost convinced myself. I'll divide a hundred thousand dollars with anybody who will produce the animals—who can agree to supply them, and give bonds for their delivery. Over fourteen hands, and not more than one gray in five."

"You might as well expect me to get you zebras from the Zambesi."

"I know," replied Carstairs with unwonted despondency. "It's a hopeless lookout. Not that there aren't other things," he continued, cheering up at once. "Do you understand me? Here's a contract for sixteen thousand yards of blue velvet for the collars of uniforms, if I could only find it." He drew a package of papers from his pocket. "Thirty thousand cans of tinned beef. I'd know what to do with them if I had them. Men are making fortunes here every hour. These are only the small pickings. There is a Russian seventy-five-million-dollar contract absolutely going begging. The stock exchange—Monte Carlo—they're only child's play to the gamble that's on here at present."





"You don't happen to have ten thousand

"While you have to stand and look on with your hands in your pockets."

"Instead of in some other fellow's pockets, do you understand me?" said Carstairs, thrusting the papers into his coat. "Well, our turn may come next. I've taken a fancy to you. Do you understand? See here, Alan. You don't mind my calling you Alan. Here's a queer thing. My fingers just touched it." He

produced a small piece of rough jade on a polished part of which a dragon, surrounded by some mystical figures, was exquisitely carved. "I've carried it with me for a long time. I got it at the sack of Peking. A Chinaman who was the agent of a mandarin dogged me for over a year trying to get a chance to stick me in the back and get it. Finally, however, he got the knife of another 'Chinaman in his side





horses about you?"—Page 446.

in some quarrel. It's well known over there, for it's hundreds of years old. There's a superstition that's always been attached to it from which it gets its importance. It's a sort of a talisman. Do you understand me? It brings good fortune. Whoever gives it to a friend brings him good luck in receiving it, and, what is more, has good luck himself from the giving. One of those regular complicated

bits of Oriental mysticism, rather psychological in a way. There are very few people to whom any one wishes to do a good turn even on the chance of having it themselves. Don't think I'm cynical, but you know the world. I'm going to give it to you. Of course it's all nonsense."

"The willingness on your part to give it isn't, at least," said Harwood, taking the stone and looking at it curiously. "I



don't exactly like taking anything so valuable."

"It isn't worth anything for any one who doesn't know what it is, and it will be a pleasure to me. Besides, who can tell if it mightn't bring about the turn of the tide for me?"

"All right," replied Harwood, dropping the gift into his pocket. "It's awfully kind of you—a stranger like me."

"That's my way. Act on impulse. Do you understand me? See you again. Got to go back to my friend here. He's the young Marquis di Frasculi. Here with Signor Blanco, who has the government contracts in charge. Never let him out of my sight, so that I'll know all that's going on. There's nothing in it, but I shall be at the Hôtel Regina until five o'clock tomorrow and put up a fight until the last minute. Good-by until we see each other again."

Carstairs stood up with a nod and Harwood rose also and moved away. Some of the *baragues* had been left along the boulevards from Christmas, and he strolled on looking at their contents. Here a man drew a crowd with lighters for cigars and cigarettes. At the next booth a woman sold the "*dernière création de Paris*," as she declared glibly—a helmeted soldier which at the touch of a spring went up in pieces in the air. Harwood kept on, inattentively examining the endless variety of pretty and ingenious contrivances. The picturesqueness and animation of it all were a part of the topsy-turvy, helter-skelter, and unnatural world in which he was. Nothing seemed strange. The incongruous had lost all effect of incongruity. The improbable even had assumed a character of reasonableness. He laughed shortly as he thought with what easy acceptance and almost acquiescent faith he had received Carstairs's ridiculous present. An odd encounter and interview, but then what was not to be expected? He felt of the gift in his pocket, almost to convince himself of the reality.

He had reached the turning of the Rue Royale, and he kept on along the broad, tumultuous thoroughfare. His thoughts, for they were never long away from her, went back to Jane White—Mildred Carter, whoever she was. That, too, fell into

all the phantasmagoric fantasy of it all. She, though, was real, and his feeling was real, and the longing to see her was real, a longing which he now knew as a real love. He had made vain and fitful efforts in Paris to obtain some news of her, after his failure in Havre. Where was she more naturally to be found? But with all the vast city to search, what could he do?

Before him opened the softly hazy extent of the Place de la Concorde, dotted with rows of orange lights. The obelisk rose against the sky where the sunset had not wholly faded. Night had nearly fallen and objects and people were not easily distinguishable. He turned to the right, intending to cross to the Champs-Élysées, when a figure caught his sight coming out of the darkness of the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli. She had passed before he realized in his surprise what had happened. He started back and in a moment he was beside her. At the first glance he thought that she was paler and thinner than when he had first met her.

"I've searched for you everywhere," he exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm such a very small needle in such a big haystack," she replied, walking more slowly.

"I'm so glad," he declared, "though I wish that I had found you instead of come upon you by accident."

"Why?"

"Because then you would have known that I didn't believe all that silly nonsense—but you will take my word for it."

"Why should I now more than then?"

"Because I tell you. Can't you see it's true?"

They had crossed the Rue Royale and were walking along the Rue de Rivoli in the direction of the Louvre.

"Tell me about yourself," she replied evasively.

"Come over there," he said, pointing across the way. "There is not such a crowd."

On the sidewalk bounded on the right by the high iron railings of the gardens they were almost alone.

"It has not been only a chapter of accidents, but a whole book of misfortunes," he said. "I've failed and lost my job. My newspaper writes it will have none of me. I'm down and out, and reached the





"Here we are," she said hurriedly. "There is a taxi."—Page 454.

end of everything, unless"—he added, laughing in his happiness of being with her—"you happen to know where I can get ten thousand horses."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. The thin and precarious thread on which my fortune now hangs is spun out of the power, and chance, of being able to produce ten thousand horses within twenty-four hours, only one gray among five of them. At least, that is the only gleam of light now illuminating a darkened world. I am informed it would be worth fifty thousand dollars to me."

"You are joking."

"Perhaps I am. I rather think I am. I don't know anything any more. What's true and possible has got so mixed up with what is unreal and insane that I don't know one from the other. A man, however, has just assured me the Italian Government is in the market for that number of mounts."

"It sounds almost as if there were something in it," she answered slowly.

"Doesn't it? Who knows, though?" he went on. "Perhaps it's just one of the pieces of the whole fantastic kaleidoscope. But it is not a question of me. It's you—you. Tell me about yourself."

"Do you think that you deserve that I should?"

"Yes."

"My story has been very much the same as yours."

"In what way?"

"I've loved—I won't tell you what—and lost; and here I am."

"Here we are," he said recklessly.

"Yes, alone, if not in London then in Paris, without a bit of good fortune to call our own."

"I don't know," he replied, following the whim of the moment. "Perhaps I've got one bit left. Meeting you would almost tend to prove that it wasn't all moonshine. Let's play the whole mad



gone out to the end. Here," he cried, "sizing the piece of jade and holding it out to her. "This was just given to me with the statement that whoever gave it to another would bring good luck to the other and have good luck himself."

"You want to give it to me?" she said, taking the stone and examining it closely in the faint light.

"I'd rather bring you something good," he said, "than have it myself. To bring you good would be the best thing in the world for me. I've thought of it always—of you——"

"Listen," she commanded. "I am going to take it. Of course I don't believe in it, but I want it because you want to give it to me. And now I want something else."

"What?" he asked eagerly.

"Time to think."

They had reached the station of the "Métro." The red lights over its entrance were directly above them. Before he could speak, or realized what she was about, she darted down the steps. He ran after her. She had, however, been so quick in action that by the time he reached the little window she had bought her ticket. He threw down the last silver piece which he possessed and, not waiting for the change, seized the ticket held out to him and hastened after her. He saw her at the end of the long, dismal subterranean corridor. He reached the stairs and hurried down them. Just as he got to the foot of the flight, the gate closed. She had been in time to pass through it, and he caught sight of her entering a car of the train which was just starting. When he was free to go upon the platform, he stood still for a moment and then turned back. To take the next train was useless. At which of the many stations before the last she might descend, he could not know. By the time his train would have reached the final one at the Porte Maillot, if that was her destination, she would have disappeared.

That evening his resources only permitted him to go to a "Duval" for dinner. When he reflected, he discovered that he had eaten nothing since the preceding day but some bread and butter, with his coffee in the morning, and the need of something sustaining was not to be mistaken. The

kindly, quick-eyed, white-capped Frenchwoman who brought him what he ordered speedily discovered that something was amiss with the moody young man at the table, and was doubly attentive in her solicitous ministrations. Unconsciously soothed by her hovering kindness and her friendly "*Bon soir, monsieur*," he wandered into the darkened, deserted streets of war-time Paris. How far he walked he never could remember. At what hour he entered his hotel he could not recollect. The weariness of body, together with a weariness of spirit, speedily brought him the sleep which in youth, even in the greatest distress, is not long delayed.

A tap at the door aroused him. He took the *pneumatique* which he received to the window. As he tore open the pale-blue envelope his heart gave a leap. With a glow of premonitory gladness he glanced at the signature. The words were few, but sufficient to send his spirit up with a bound. They were without beginning and had only the name at the end he longed to see:

"I have known where you were all the time. Meet me in the Bois at the end of the lower lake nearest the Porte Dauphine to-morrow, Thursday, afternoon at four o'clock.

"JANE WHITE."

He looked at his watch. The hands marked half past ten. In his mental and physical exhaustion he had slept into the morning. Five hours and a half intervened, however, before he could be with her. How to get through the eternity of time? He had his coffee at his hotel. Then he issued forth to tramp Paris again. He saw the late-stirring city arouse itself from its morning calm into the early activities of the afternoon. The pedestrians increased in number on the sidewalks. Automobiles began to draw up before the shops and restaurants. The shadow of the Column moved more than half-way across the Place Vendome. Still he walked, unable in his restlessness to remain quiet. When at length he felt that he might turn his steps toward the place of rendezvous, there was, nevertheless, a long remaining interval to pass before the desired moment. However, the walk to the Bois



would occupy him, and with the sense that every step was bringing him nearer to the spot, the delay was less unbearable.

At the Porte Dauphine he only gave a glance at the trees felled as a barrier across the way, and at the trenches in the hard roadbed. They were a part of the preparations made when Paris was in imminent danger, but they were of the past, as he felt all was of the past. The coming meeting was everything, and on it and on its promises for the future the whole of life depended.

He tried to go more slowly through the Bois, knowing that as it was he must arrive much too soon. The winter was passing. Already he had noticed the green budding of a branch on the Champs-Élysées and heard the song of spring from a bird in the Tuileries gardens. A small troop of cavalry cantered down a by-path, the red of their dress and the color of the moving horses showing picturesquely through the tree-trunks. Every now and then an automobile stopped from which descended children and dogs, in charge of voluble nurses, brought there for air and exercise. A couple sat on a bench whose looks as well as their clasped hands showed the tender nature of the relationship. The sun was shining with the enveloping softness of the commencement of the French spring. A bugle sounded melodiously afar off.

He quickened his steps involuntarily. The hour appointed was still distant, but he felt that waiting on the spot would be more tolerable. He consulted his watch, as he had a hundred times since noon. He was there with twenty minutes to wait. He looked up and saw her.

She came toward him with both hands extended. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining with a brightness he had never seen.

"Oh, you are here too," she laughed.

"I never expected you now," he exclaimed joyfully.

"I simply couldn't stand the suspense after all was arranged," she explained blindly and rapidly. "It seemed as if it might bring things quicker if I were here. There's so much to tell you."

"I—" he began.

"Listen!" she interrupted. "You may think I'm crazy, with all the rest of the

craziness. But I'm not. It's all real and actual, and indeed very matter-of-fact and businesslike." She was almost panting in her excitement, and her words were uttered with broken rapidity. "I've got the horses."

"Horses!" he exclaimed blankly.

"Yes, don't you remember? Oh, don't tell me that it was not true."

"Oh, yes, what I said last night. That was all so, as far as it went."

"It was a chance? It is a chance?" she demanded earnestly.

"Perhaps," he said. "I don't know. It's all wild."

"Yes, but with all the impossible here there is always the possible. I have the horses. What was to be done with them?"

"The agent of the Italian Government was to be told that the contract could be filled. The time limit was five o'clock."

"Where is he?"

"At the Hôtel Regina."

"Where is that?"

"In the Rue de Rivoli, near the Louvre."

"There isn't a moment to lose," she declared. "We can't get a taxi here?"

"If we could, it wouldn't be allowed to pass the barrier, just as none is allowed to come out."

"Then we've got to find one inside of one of the gates. Come," she cried. "We can talk as we walk—run."

She started off at a rapid pace, which was indeed almost a run, so that he was obliged to take long steps to keep up with her.

"It is all crazy," she gasped, "but then there never is anything so crazy as the truth. I am not Jane White, or Mildred Carter. I'm just a girl from a little place out in Oklahoma. I read about the war until it got into my blood and into my brain. It's the greatest thing that ever was in history, and it seemed that I could not be living at the same time and not see some of it or be a part of it."

"That's just the way I felt," he declared.

"Well, I haven't a relative or belonging in the world except my Uncle Dick, who has one of the largest ranches in the Southwest, and who wouldn't hear of my going. I was staying with some great friends of mine in Cincinnati—a young married couple who are very important people



there. Constance would have loved to go herself, and was ready to help me and make for everything. I don't know, but I felt that in some way Uncle Dick might find out and stop me, or hear and come after me. By the help of Constance, my friend, through the agents of the steamship company—they believed everything she said without question when she identified me—I got the passport from Washington in the name of Jane White. It seemed a part of the adventure. It was the beginning of the madness, and here and there some of the madness of the war has got into the United States. Then I saw you on the ship."

"And I—" he essayed to speak.

"Wait! Wait! I wanted to see if you would try to find me. I wanted you so to try."

"I did."

"I know, and you couldn't, and Fate or something was kind. Then I met you last night. You looked so unhappy, and so glad to see me; and I was so glad, for I was unhappy. I've tried nursing in one of the French hospitals, and it's awful and I can't bear it, and I'm running short of money and I didn't know what to do. I was homesick and all nerve-racked, and oh, I was so glad to see you—see you anyhow! You told me about the horses, and I said I wanted to think. I had arranged to have letters sent to me telling me about Uncle Dick and what was happening, for I could not be without hearing, and I knew that he had got together and had fixed it so that he could have more horses than that to send to Europe. The deal, though, had fallen through. The horses are all at Galveston or near there, ready to be shipped."

"But—" he interposed.

"Wait. I know a great deal about business. I have not been Uncle Dick's confidante for so long for nothing. Oh, how I want to see him again, for I know he has missed me! My mother was Uncle Dick's sister, and my father was the most intimate friend for years of the great American banker here. I always kept him in reserve and I knew that he would do anything for me. I brought letters he had written to my father before my father died. I went to him this morning and explained everything. He is willing to

guarantee the delivery of the horses, and has done it. I have the papers here," she drew from her muff a document. "What do you think of me?"

"Wait! 'Wait!' as you say," he laughed. "I'll tell you what I think and feel and—a great deal."

The spirit which had animated her seemed suddenly to be lost. Her head sank a little and she blushed violently.

"Here we are," she said hurriedly. "There is a taxi."

He opened the door and she sprang into the vehicle. In an instant he was with her.

"I told him to go as fast as he could to the Hôtel Regina. I said '*ventre à terre*.' I don't know whether that is good French when used for an automobile. But he seemed to understand."

She laughed contentedly and a little hysterically with him as the taxi started on its way.

"We ought to do it easily," he said after he had assured himself of the time.

They sped down the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne. Neither spoke, but the silence arose from a mutual consciousness of much to be said for which they were waiting the moment and the place. She gazed out of the window as the buildings of the wide, splendid avenue flashed past, and from time to time he looked at her. The Arc de Triomphe in all its impressive magnificence rose before them. They swung round the broad space to the right and kept on with the wonderful vista before them which is to be seen by those who go toward the Paris of the past. The wheels whirled steadily. Suddenly, though, there was a break in the rough rhythm. The car came to a stop. The driver, descending, busied himself with the engine. Harwood jumped out. He came back immediately to the door.

"He says it doesn't '*marche*.' We're stuck," he announced.

"We've got to get another," she declared, and she jumped out and stood beside him. "One must come in a moment."

They watched eagerly. In that city and at that spot there is no need to wait long for a conveyance, but with their impatience the delay appeared interminable. At length a car passed, to which they sig-



nalled. It stopped and they hurried into it. Once more they were on their way.

"Shall we be too late?" she inquired apprehensively.

"I think we can make it yet," he replied hopefully.

Without the restriction of a speed limit and with the promise of ample reward, they were whirled across the "Rond-Point," and very quickly found themselves passing the statue representing Strasbourg, covered and festooned with withering garlands.

"It's not far now," he encouraged her.

How much time they had to spare when the taxi drew up at the curb before the Hôtel Regina he could not tell, but he knew that they were in time. He did not stop to pay the man, but followed her through the revolving door into the hall.

"Now, where is Carstairs?" he exclaimed.

That night the three dined together in a corner of a great restaurant. In their ordinary workaday dress they felt almost intruders on the gay scene where tables all about them were occupied by richly clad women and by men who were in uniform or were dressed in the last perfection of modish habiliments.

"Never mind," said Carstairs; "we pulled it off. To-morrow, if we like, we can look like any of these lilies of the field or orchids of the hothouse. I thought it was all up as I stood there in the room and saw the hands of the clock creeping toward five. Old Blanco was fussing at the table, but I was going to hold him to the last instant. Not that I thought there was any chance. And then you burst in, and mademoiselle—" he bowed. "Medusa hadn't anything over Mrs. Morton Graham in the way of expression. Talk about calling spirits from the vasty deep! It's nothing to calling up those horses out of space."

"You haven't forgotten this?" she asked gayly, taking the bit of jade out of the small black bag.

"By Jove, I had," he said, looking at the carved figure and symbols. "I wonder if there is anything in it after all. If there was, though, it couldn't be much more curious than all we're seeing every day."

"I'm going to give it back to you."

"No! No!" he objected. "I'd like you two to keep it. When there is anything you wish, you can give it back and forth to one another. I may be premature," he went on with a twinkle in his eye, "but— You understand me?"

She did not blush or look down, but, without constraint and quite naturally, placed her hand on Harwood's, which rested on the table.

"Yes, I understand," she said easily and simply.

"Jimmy!" Harwood exclaimed. "You've brought me all the good luck and good fortune, and the greatest happiness a man ever had in the world. I hope you'll have some."

"Oh, I'm a rolling stone," replied Carstairs with a far-away look in his usually hard eyes. "My happiness is all behind—gone—lost beyond recall." He seemed to rouse himself. "Let me know when and where the wedding is, and I'll send a regular wedding present."

Outside the restaurant, where the attendant was waiting with the big red umbrella open, for the rain had begun to fall, they paused for adieus.

"Good-by," Carstairs said.

"Oh, no," she objected.

"Of course I'll see you again—have to see you about business—but I may be off at any time. There's more chance for something active in Servia than here, and I've accepted an offer to go. May start at any minute."

Jimmy Carstairs nodded and strode away up the darkened avenue, where the scattered lights were reflected brokenly on the shining pavement, toward the Place de l'Opéra and the Paris he knew so well, and onward to take up the stormy life which his recklessness craved, and which could only end when the unquiet spirit was at rest in some unimaginable grave.

Neither of those left behind spoke for a moment until he broke the spell:

"It's what he likes the best. It's late. I'll take you to your hotel and come early to-morrow, and then——"

"Let's go home," she urged suddenly.

"Let's go back to America at once, out of all this excitement and fever."

"Yes," he assented emphatically.

"That's just what we'll do. We'll go home."



# ON THE BRITISH BATTLE LINE

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Was correspondent of *The New York World*, *The London Daily Mail*, and *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* with the Allied Armies

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



LONG a road in the outskirts of that French town which is the British headquarters a youth was running. He was of considerably less than medium height, and fair-haired and very slender. One would have described him as a nice-looking boy. He wore a jersey and white running-shorts which left his knees bare, and he was bare-headed. Shoulders back and chest well out, he jogged along at the steady dog-trot adopted by athletes and prize-fighters who are in training. Now in ordinary times there is not anything particularly remarkable in seeing a scantily clad youth dog-trotting along a country road. You assume that he is training for a cross-country event, or for a seat in a varsity shell, or for the feather-weight championship, and you let it go at that. But these are not ordinary times in France, and ordinary young men in running-shorts are not permitted to trot along the roads as they list in the immediate vicinity of British headquarters. Even if you travel, as I did, in a large gray car, with an officer of the French General Staff for companion, you are halted every few minutes by a sentry who turns the business end of a rifle in your direction and demands to see your papers. But no one challenged the young man in the running-shorts or asked to see *his* papers. Instead, whenever a soldier caught sight of him that soldier clicked his heels together and stood rigidly at attention. After you had observed the curious effect which the appearance of this young man produced on the military of all ranks it suddenly struck you that his face was strangely familiar. Then you all at once remembered that you had seen it hundreds of times in the magazines and the illustrated papers. Under it was the caption, "His Royal Highness the Prince

of Wales." That young man will some day, if he lives, sit in an ancient chair in Westminster Abbey, and the Archbishop of Canterbury will place a crown upon his head, and his picture will appear on coins and postage-stamps in use over half the globe.

Now the future King of England—Edward VIII they will doubtless call him—is not getting up at daybreak and reeling off half a dozen miles or so because he particularly enjoys it. He is doing it with an end in view. He is doing it for precisely the same reason that the prize-fighter does it—he is training for a battle. To me there was something wonderfully suggestive and characteristic in the sight of that young man plugging doggedly along the country road. He seemed to epitomize the spirit which I found to exist along the whole length of the British battle line. Every British soldier in France has come to realize that he is engaged in a struggle without parallel in history—a struggle in which he is confronted by a formidable, ferocious, resourceful, and unscrupulous opponent, and from which he is by no means certain to emerge a victor—and he is, therefore, methodically and systematically preparing to win that struggle just as a pugilist prepares himself for a battle in the prize-ring.

The British soldier has at last come to a realization of the terrible gravity of the situation which faces him. You don't hear him singing "Tipperary" any more or boasting about what he is going to do when he gets to Berlin. He has come to have a most profound respect for the fighting qualities of the men in the spiked helmets. He knows that he, an amateur boxer as it were, is up against the world's heavyweight professional champion, and he perfectly appreciates that he has, to use his own expression, "a hell of a job"



in front of him. He has already found out, to his cost and to his very great disgust, that his opponent has no intention of being hampered by the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensberry. One of these days, therefore, when he gets quite ready, he is going to give that opponent the surprise of his life by landing on him with both feet, spikes on his shoes and brass knuckles on his fingers. Meanwhile, like the young prince in the running-shorts, he has buckled down with grim determination to the task of getting himself into condition.

I suppose that if I were really politic and far-sighted I would cuddle up to the War Office and make myself solid with the General Staff by confidently asserting that the British army is the most efficient killing-machine in existence, and that its complete and early triumph is as certain as that the sparks fly upward; neither of which assertions would be true. It should be borne in mind, however, that the British did not begin the building of their war-machine until about twelve months ago, while the German organization is the result of upward of half a century of unceasing thought, experiment, and endeavor. But what the British have accomplished in those twelve months is one of the marvels of military history. Lord Kitchener came to a war office which had long been in the hands of lawyers and politicians. Not only was he expected to remodel an institution which had become a national joke, but at the same time to raise a huge volunteer army. In order to raise this army he had to have recourse to American business methods. He employed a clever advertising specialist to cover the walls and newspapers of the United Kingdom with all manner of striking advertisements, some pleading, some bullying, some caustic in tone, by which he has proved that, given patriotic impulse, advertising for people to go to war is just like advertising for people to buy automobiles or shaving soap or smoking tobacco. It was not soothing to British pride—but it got the men. Late in the spring, after half a year or more of training, during which they were worked as a negro teamster works a mule, those men were marched aboard transports and sent across the Channel. England now

has an army of approximately 750,000 men in France. But it is a new army. It is without experience, and it is without experienced regiments to stiffen it and give it confidence, for the army of British regulars which landed in France last August has ceased to exist. The old regimental names remain, but the officers and men who composed those regiments are to-day in the hospitals or the cemeteries. The losses suffered by the British army in Flanders are appalling. The West Kent Regiment, for example, has been three times wiped out and three times reconstituted. Of the Black Watch, the Rifle Brigade, the infantry of the Household, scarcely a vestige of the original establishments remains. Hardly less terrible are the losses which have been suffered by the Canadian contingent. The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry landed in France 1,400 strong. To-day only 150 remain. The present colonel of the regiment was a private in the ranks last October.

The machine that the British have knocked together, though still a trifle wobbly and somewhat creaky in the joints, is, I am convinced, eventually going to do the business. But you cannot appreciate what it is like or what it is accomplishing by reading about it; you have to see it for yourself, as I did. That corner of France lying between the forty miles of British front and the sea is to-day, I suppose, the busiest region in the world. It reminded me of the Canal Zone during the rush period of the Canal's construction. It is as busy as the lot where the Greatest Show on Earth is getting ready for the afternoon performance. Down the roads, far as the eye can see, stretch long lines of London motor-buses, sombre war-coats of elephant gray replacing the staring advertisements of teas, tobaccos, whiskey, and theatrical attractions, crowded no longer with pale-faced clerks hurrying toward the City, but with sun-tanned men in khaki hurrying toward the trenches. Interminable processions of motor-lorries go lumbering past, piled high with the supplies required to feed and clothe the army, practically all of which are moved from the coast to the front by road, the railways being reserved for the transport of men and ammunition; and



the ambulances, hundreds and hundreds of them, hurrying their blood-soaked cargoes to the hospitals so that they may go back to the front for more. So crowded are the highways behind the British front that at the cross-roads in the country and at the street crossings in the towns are posted military policemen with little scarlet flags who control the traffic just as do the policemen on Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The roads are never permitted to fall into disrepair, for on their condition depends the rapidity with which the army can be supplied with food and ammunition. Hence road gangs and steam-rollers and sprinkling-carts are at work constantly. When the war is over France will have better roads and more of them than she ever had before. There are speed-limit signs everywhere—heretofore practically unknown in France, where any one who was careless enough to get run over was liable to arrest for obstructing traffic. At frequent intervals along the roads are blacksmith-shops and motor-car repair stations, to say nothing of the repair cars, veritable garages on wheels, which, when news of an accident or breakdown is received, go tearing toward the scene of trouble as a fire-engine responds to an alarm of fire. At night all cars must run without lights, as a result of which many camions and motor-buses have met with disaster by running off the roads in the darkness and tipping over in the deep ditches. To provide for this particular form of mishap the Army Service Corps has designed a most ingenious contrivance which yanks one of the huge machines out of the ditch, and sets it on the road again as easily as though it were a stubborn mule. Upon the door of every house we passed, whether château or cottage, was marked the number of men who could be billeted upon it. There are signs indicating where water can be obtained and fodder and pasturage and petrol. In every town and village are to be found military interpreters, known by a distinctive cap and *brassard*, who are always ready to straighten out a misunderstanding between a Highlander from north of the Tweed and a *tirailleur* from Tunisia, who will assist a Gurkha from the Indian hill country in bargaining for poultry with a Flemish-

speaking peasant, or instruct a Senegalese straggler how to get back to his command. An officers' training-school has been established at St. Omer, which is the British headquarters, where those men in the ranks who possess the necessary education are fitted to receive commissions. Nothing has been left to chance. Every possible contingency has been foreseen and provided for. You would think, from the businesslike fashion in which they are conducting it, that the British had been doing nothing but making war for a century.

The thoroughness of the British is exemplified by the bulletins which are issued every morning by the Intelligence Department for the information of the brigade and regimental commanders. They resemble ordinary handbills and contain a summary of all the information which the Intelligence Department has been able to collect during the preceding twenty-four hours as to what is going on behind the German lines—movements of troops, construction of new trenches, changes in the location of batteries, shortage of ammunition, condition of the roads; everything, in short, which might by any conceivability be of value to the British to know. For example, the report might contain a sentence something like this: "At five o'clock to-morrow morning the Prussian Guard, which has been holding position No. ———, to the south of Ypres, will be relieved by the 47th Bavarian Landsturm"—which, by the way, would probably result in the British attacking the position mentioned. The information contained in these bulletins comes from many sources—from spies in the pay of the Intelligence Department, from aviators who make reconnoissance flights over the German lines, and particularly from the inhabitants of the invaded regions, who, by various ingenious expedients, succeed in communicating to the Allies much important information—often at the cost of their lives.

The great base camps which the British have established at Calais and Havre and Boulogne and Rouen are marvels of organization, efficiency, and cleanliness. Canvas cities, with macadamized streets and sewers and telephone systems and electric lights, and accommodations for a hundred thousand men apiece, have



sprung up on the sand-dunes of the coast as though by the wave of a magician's wand. Here, where the fresh, healing wind blows in from the sea, have been established hospitals, each with a thousand beds. Huge warehouses have been built of concrete to hold the vast quantity of stores which are being rushed across the Channel by an endless procession of transports and cargo steamers. So efficient is the British field-post system, which is operated by the Army Post-Office Division of the Royal Engineers, that within forty-eight hours after a wife or mother or sweetheart drops a letter into a post-box in England that letter has been delivered in the trenches to the man to whom it was addressed. In order to prevent military information leaking out through the letters which are written by the soldiers to the folks at home, one in every five is opened by the regimental censor, though, if the writer is able to get hold of one of the precious green envelopes, whose color is a guarantee of private and family matters only, he is reasonably certain that his letter will not be read by other eyes than those for which it is intended. Nor does the field post confine itself to the transmission of letters. I know a lady who sent her son in Flanders a box of fresh asparagus from their Devonshire garden on Friday, and he had it for his Sunday dinner. And this reminds me of an interesting little incident which is worth the telling. A well-known American business man, the president of one of New York's street-railway systems, has a son who is a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. When the father was about to return to America last summer his son's battery was stationed in a particularly hot corner to the south of Ypres. The father was desperately anxious to see his son before he sailed but he knew that the chances were almost infinitesimal. Nevertheless he wrote a note to Lord Kitchener explaining the circumstances, adding that he realized that it was probably quite impossible to grant such a request. He left the note himself at York House. Before he had been back in his hotel an hour he was called to the telephone. "This is the secretary of Lord Kitchener speaking," said the voice. "He desires me to say that you shall cer-

tainly see your son before returning to America, and that you are to hold yourself in readiness to go to the continent at a moment's notice." A few days later he received another message from the War Office: "Take to-morrow morning's boat from Folkestone to Boulogne. Your son will be waiting for you on the quay." The long arm of the great war minister had reached out across the English Channel and had picked that obscure second lieutenant out from that little Flemish village, and had brought him by motor-car to the coast, with a twenty-four hours' leave of absence in his pocket, that he might say good-by to his father.

The maxim that "an army marches on its belly" is as true to-day as when Napoleon uttered it, and the Army Service Corps is seeing to it that the belly of the British soldier is never empty. Of all the fighting men in the field, the British soldier is far and away the best-fed. He is, indeed, almost overfed, particularly as regards jams, marmalades, puddings, and other articles containing large quantities of sugar, which, so the army surgeons assert, is the greatest restorer of the muscular tissues. Though the sale of spirits is strictly prohibited in the military zone, a ration of rum is served out at daybreak each morning to the men in the trenches. After twenty-four hours in the trenches under shell-fire not even the most rigid prohibitionists refuse. The British troops are not permitted to drink unboiled or unfiltered water, each regiment having two steel water-carts fitted with Birkenfeldt filters from which the men fill their water-bottles. As a result of this precaution, dysentery and diarrhoea, the curse of armies in previous wars, have practically disappeared, while, thanks to compulsory inoculation, typhoid is unknown. It is impossible to overpraise the work being done by the Royal Army Medical Corps, which has, among its many other activities, so improved and speeded up the system of getting the wounded from the firing-line to the hospitals that, as one Tommie remarked, "You 'ears a 'ell of a noise, and then the nurse says, 'Sit hup and tike this broth.'"

But, no matter how systematically the Army Service Corps may deliver marmalade and cartridges to the men in the



trenches, and no matter how promptly the Army Medical Corps may get the wounded from those trenches into the surgeons' hands, the thing that really counts, when all is said and done, is the spirit of the men themselves. The British soldier of this new army has none of the rollicking, devil-may-care recklessness of the traditional Tommie Atkins. He has not joined the army from any spirit of adventure or because he wanted to see the world. He is not an adventurer; he is a crusader. With him it is a deadly serious business. He has not enlisted because he wanted to or because he had to, but because he felt he ought to. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he has left a family, a comfortable home, and a good job behind him. And, unlike the stay-at-homes in England, he doesn't make the mistake of underrating his enemy. He knows that the headlines which appear regularly in the English papers exultantly announcing "another British advance" are generally buncombe. He knows that it isn't a question of advancing but of hanging on. He knows that he will have to fight with every ounce of fight there is in him if he is to remain where he now is. He knows that before the Germans can be driven out of France and Belgium, much less across the Rhine, all England will be wearing crape. He knows that there is no truth in the reports that the enemy is weakening. He knows it because hasn't he vainly thrown himself in successive waves against that unyielding wall of steel? He knows that it is going to be a long war—probably a very long war indeed. Every British officer or soldier with whom I have talked has said that he expects that the spring of 1916 will find them in virtually the same positions that they hold now. They will gain ground in some places, of course, and lose ground in others, but a year, so the men who are doing the fighting believe, will see no radical alteration in the present western battle line. All this, of course, will not make pleasant reading in England, where the government and certain sections of the press have given the people the impression that Germany is already beaten to her knees and that it is all over but the shouting. Out along the battle-front,

however, in the trenches, and around the camp-fires, you do not hear the men discussing "the terms of peace we will grant Germany," or "What shall we do with the Kaiser?" They are not talking much, they are not singing much, they are not boasting at all, but they have settled down to the herculean task that lies before them with a grim determination, a bulldog tenacity of purpose, which is eventually, I believe, going to prove the deciding factor in the war. Nothing better illustrates the spirit of the British soldier than the inscription which I saw on a cross over a newly made grave in Flanders: "Tell England, ye that pass this monument, that we who rest here died content."

The question that has been asked me more frequently than any other is why the British, with three-quarters of a million men in the field, are holding only forty miles of battle-front, as compared with seventeen miles held by the Belgians and nearly five hundred held by the French. There are several reasons for this. It should be remembered, in the first place, that the British army is composed of green troops, while the French ranks, thanks to the universal-service law, are filled with men all of whom have spent at least three years with the colors. In the second place, the British sector is by far the most difficult portion of the western battle-front to hold, not only because of the configuration of the country, which offers little natural protection, but because it lies squarely athwart the road to the Channel ports—and it is to the Channel ports that the Germans are going if men and shells can get them there. The fighting along the British sector is of a more desperate and relentless nature than elsewhere on the Allied line, because the Germans have a deeper hatred for the English than for all their other enemies put together. This explains why so few German prisoners are being taken by the British, and *vice versa*.

It was against the British, remember, that the Germans first used their poison-gas. I happened to be on the British front at the time, and it was from one of the survivors that I heard the story. The first warning which the British had was



a cloud of greenish-yellow vapor which suddenly appeared above the German trenches. Driven by the wind, it drifted forward as fast as a man could walk, rising to a height of about six feet and leaving the grass withered and yellow of a pig, which were strapped over their faces to render them immune from the gas fumes, together with their spiked helmets and the huge goggles that they wore, giving them an appearance that was peculiarly sinister and inhuman. Rendered



*From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.*

Far as the eye can see stretch long lines of London motor-buses in war-coats of elephant gray, crowded with sun-tanned men in khaki hurrying toward the trenches.—Page 457.

behind it. In two minutes it was on the trenches. The air was full of a sickening operating-room odor—the sweet, heavy smell of ether. All along the British line men inhaled that poisonous odor and collapsed. Some of them tried to hold their breath, but the gas cloud enveloped them in its stifling embrace. Still they hung on, dazed, gasping for breath, half blinded, waiting for the German rush which they knew must follow. Meanwhile the German batteries had opened a furious bombardment, raining shells upon the communication trenches by which the British might have retired. It was death to retreat and death to stay. Then came the German onset. Behind the wall of vapor advanced a dim line of gray-clad figures, the strange contrivances of rubber and metal, resembling the snout

reckless by the rum and ether which is served out to German soldiers about to make an attack, they dashed forward, hoarsely cheering. But the line of panting, coughing, retching Englishmen stood firm. Their rifles and machine guns vomited a blast of lead which halted the oncoming Germans as abruptly as though they had run head first into a stone wall. Before the storm of shrapnel which the British batteries turned loose upon them they scattered as leaves are scattered by an autumn wind. In three minutes it was all over, and such of the Germans as were not stretched upon the field or draped in grotesque and horrid attitudes upon the wire entanglements were back in their trenches again. But the poison-gas had proved its deadliness. If the German losses were heavy, the scenes in the Brit-



ish trenches were appalling. Everywhere lay men who were dead or dying—not from wounds but from strangulation. The faces of those that were dead were blue and bloated, like the face of a drowned man. Those that were still alive drew their breath in great, choking, agonizing sobs, as though the effort to breathe was tearing their very vitals. I saw them a little later in the hospital, and I shall never forget the scene: a long line of men with blackened and distorted features, the sweat standing in glistening beads upon their foreheads as they fought for breath, heaving, choking, panting, gasping, like fish which have been thrown out upon the bank to die. Have you ever seen a man hanged? Well, I have. And that was the way these men were dying, only slowly, much more slowly. All that was lacking was the rope.

According to the present British system, the soldiers spend three weeks at the front and one week in the rear—if possible, out of sound of the guns. The entire three weeks at the front is, to all intents and purposes, spent in the trenches, though every third day the men are given a breathing spell. *Three weeks in the trenches!* I wonder if you at home in America have any but the haziest notion of what that means. I wonder if *you*, Mr. Lawyer; *you*, Mr. Doctor; *you*, Mr. Business Man, can conceive of spending your summer vacation in a ditch four feet wide and eight feet deep, sometimes with mud and water to your knees, sometimes faint from heat and lack of air, in your nostrils the stench of bodies long months dead, rotting amid the wire entanglements a few yards in front of you, and over your head steel death whining hungrily, ceaselessly. I wonder if you can imagine what it must be like to sleep—when the roar of the guns dies down sufficiently to make sleep possible—on foul straw in a hole hollowed in the earth, into which you have to crawl on all fours, like an animal into its lair. I wonder if you can picture yourself as wearing a uniform so stiff with sweat and dirt that it would stand alone, and underclothes so rotten with filth that they would fall apart were you to take them off, your body so crawling with vermin and so long unwashed that you are an offense to all

whom you approach—yet with no chance to bathe or to change your clothes or sometimes even to wash your hands and face for weeks on end. I wonder how your nerves would stand the strain if you knew that at any moment a favorable wind might bring a gas cloud rolling down upon you to kill you by slow strangulation, or that a shell might drop into the trench and leave you without an arm or without a leg, or that a *Taube* might let loose upon you a shower of steel arrows which would pass through you as a needle passes through a piece of cloth, or that a mine might be exploded beneath your feet and distribute you over the landscape in fragments too small to be worth burying. I am perfectly aware that this makes anything but pleasant reading, my friends, but if men of gentle birth, men with university educations, men who are accustomed to the same refinements and luxuries that you are, can endure these things, why, it seems to me that you ought to be able to endure reading about them.

The breweries, mills, and factories immediately behind the British lines have, wherever practicable, been converted into bath-houses to which the men are marched as soon as they leave the trenches. The soldiers strip and, retaining nothing but their boots, which they deposit beside the bathtub, they go in, soap in one hand and scrubbing-brush in the other, the hot bath being followed by a cold shower. The underclothes which they have taken off are promptly burned and fresh sets given them, as are also clean uniforms, the discarded ones, after passing through a fumigating machine, being washed, pressed, and repaired by the numerous Frenchwomen who are employed for the purpose, so as to be ready for their owners the next time they return from the trenches. At one of these improvised bath-houses thirteen hundred men pass through each day.

The effect of some of the newer types of high-explosive shells is almost beyond conception. For sheer horror and destruction those from the Austrian-made Skoda howitzer, known as “Pilseners,” make the famous 42-centimetre shells seem almost kind. The Skoda shells weigh two thousand eight hundred pounds, and their usual curve is four and



a half miles high. In soft ground they penetrate twenty feet before exploding. The explosion, which occurs two seconds after impact, kills every living thing within a hundred and fifty yards, while scores of men who escape the flying metal

Willie," or those from the new "noiseless" field-gun recently introduced by the Germans, which gives no intimation of its approach until it explodes with a shattering crash above the trenches. Is it any wonder that hundreds of officers



*From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.*

British field kitchens on the march in Flanders.

The Army Service Corps is seeing to it that the belly of the British soldier is never empty.—Page 459.

are killed, lacerated, or blinded by the mere pressure of the gas. This gas pressure is so terrific that it breaks in the roofs and partitions of bomb-proof shelters. Of men close by not a fragment remains. The gas gets into the body cavities and expands, literally tearing them to pieces. Occasionally the clothes are stripped off, leaving only the boots. Rifle-barrels near by are melted as though struck by lightning. These mammoth shells, such as the "Pilseners" and "Jack Johnsons," travel comparatively slowly, however, usually giving enough warning of their approach so that the men have time to dodge them. Their progress is so slow, indeed, that sometimes they can be seen. Far more terrifying is the smaller shell which, because of its shrill, plaintive whine, has been nicknamed "Weary

and men are going insane from the strain that they are under, and that hundreds more are in the hospitals suffering from neuritis and nervous breakdown? Is it any wonder that, when their term in the trenches is over, they have to be taken out of sight and sound of battle and their shattered nerves restored by means of a carefully planned routine of games and sports, as though they were children in a kindergarten?

Have you any clear picture in your mind, I wonder, of what happens to a soldier between his being wounded in the trenches and his being taken by hospital ship across to England? Suppose we take the case of Private Henry Hawkins. A German shrapnel explodes in the trench where Hawkins is on duty, and a splinter of jagged steel tears away his



arm. His comrades rip out the first-aid packet, which every soldier carries sewn into the lining of his tunic, and endeavor to stanch the bleeding, word meanwhile being passed along the trenches that the services of the medical officer are needed. Each regiment has one and sometimes two medical officers on duty in the trenches. The losses of the Army Medi-

phone from the trenches to headquarters. The wounded Hawkins, who by this time has probably lost consciousness from pain and loss of blood, is carried on a stretcher to the dressing-station, where his wound is examined and redressed by the light of electric torches. Though the dressing-station is, wherever possible, established behind a farmhouse, hedge, or such other shelter as the region may afford, it is, nevertheless, in extreme danger. In Flanders, not long ago, the flashing of the torches attracted the attention of the German gunners, who dropped a shell squarely into the middle of a dressing-station, killing half a dozen surgeons and stretcher-bearers and putting a like number of the wounded out of their misery. His wound attended to, the stretcher on which Hawkins lies is carried, usually over very rough ground, to the point on the road where the ambulances are wait-



*From a photograph by Mennisse, Paris.*

Dead German in the wire entanglements in front of a trench in northern France.

Bodies, long months dead, rotting amid the wire entanglements.—Page 462.

cal Corps have been extremely heavy, for in this war the surgeons work under conditions of great difficulty and danger. The medical officer dresses Hawkins's wound, gives him a hypodermic to lessen the pain, and otherwise makes him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. If there is a dugout at hand, Hawkins is taken into it. If not, he is laid in such shelter as the trench affords, and there he has to lie until night comes and he can be removed in comparative safety, for in the flat country of Artois and Flanders it is out of the question to remove the wounded except under the screen of darkness, and even then it is an extremely hazardous proceeding, as the German gunners do their best to drop shells upon the stretcher parties. As soon as night falls a first-aid dressing-station is established at a point as close as possible behind the trenches, the number of surgeons, dressers, and stretchers sent out depending upon the number of casualties as reported by tele-

ing. As soon as an ambulance receives its bleeding freight it races off to the field-hospital, which is always under canvas and always within range of the enemy's batteries if not under actual fire. During the battle of Bethune one of the British field-hospitals was so persistently shelled by the Germans that it had to move three times in a single night. At the field-hospital Hawkins's wound was more carefully examined, a giant magnet was held against it to draw out any lingering fragments of steel, and the next morning he was pronounced able to be removed to the clearing hospital a few miles farther back of the lines. Most surgeons, I might remark in passing, agree that the British system involves altogether too much moving of a wounded man and that the clearing hospital should be eliminated. After twenty-four hours in the clearing hospital, where his wound was again dressed, and where he was given his first square meal, Hawkins was carried aboard



a hospital train containing hundreds of other wounded, the stretcher on which he had been carried from the trenches was slipped into leather loops which permitted it to swing like a hammock with the motion of the train, and thus he was hurried to the great, cool, airy hospital on the sand-dunes of the coast. A few weeks later, his empty sleeve pinned across his breast, he walked down the gangway of the hospital ship which had brought him across the Channel onto English soil and set about finding work which a one-armed man could do.

To the surgeons and nurses at the front the people of England owe a debt of gratitude which they can never fully repay. The soldiers in the trenches are waging no more desperate or heroic battle than these quiet, efficient, energetic men and women who wear the red badge of mercy. They have no sleep save such as they can snatch between the tides of wounded or when they drop on the floor from sheerest exhaustion. They are working under as trying conditions as doctors and nurses were ever called upon to face. They treat daily hundreds of cases, any one of which would cause a London physician to call a consultation. They are in constant peril from marauding *Taubes*, for the German airmen seem to take delight in choosing buildings flying the Red Cross flag as targets for their bombs. In their ears, both day and night, sounds the din of near-by battle. Their organization is a marvel of efficiency. That of the Germans may be as good but it can be no better.

In order that I may bring home to you in America the realities of this thing called war I want to tell you what I saw one day in a little town called Bailleul. Bailleul is only two or three miles on the French side of the Franco-Belgian frontier, and it is so close to the firing-line

that its windows continually rattle. The noise along that portion of the battle-front never ceases. It sounds for all the world like the clatter of a gigantic harvester. And that is precisely what it is—the harvester of death.

As we entered Bailleul they were bringing in the harvest. They were bringing it in motor-cars, many, many, many of



*From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.*

Dug-out in the first-line trenches near Arras.

Imagine what it must be like to sleep in a hole hollowed in the earth, into which you have to crawl on all fours, like an animal into its lair.—Page 462.

them, stretching in endless procession down the yellow roads which lead to Lille and Neuve Chapelle and Poperinghe and Ypres. Over the gray bodies of the motor-cars were gray canvas hoods, and painted on the hoods were staring scarlet crosses. The curtain at the back of each car was rolled up, and protruding from the dim interior were four pairs of feet. Sometimes those feet were wrapped in bandages, and on the fresh white linen were bright red splotches, but more often they were incased in worn and muddied boots. I shall never forget those poor, broken, mud-encrusted boots, for they spoke so eloquently of utter weariness and pain. There was something about them that was the very essence of pathos. The owners of those boots were lying on stretchers which were made to slide into the ambulances as drawers slide into a bureau, and most of them were suffering agony such as only a woman in childbirth knows.





*From a photograph by Meunisse, Paris.*

Red Cross men getting wounded out of a bombarded town in Flanders.

The soldiers in the trenches are waging no more desperate or heroic battle than these quiet, efficient, energetic men who wear the red badge of mercy.—Page 465.

This was the reaping of the grim harvester which was at its work of mowing down human beings not five miles away. Sometimes, as the ambulances went rocking by, I would catch a fleeting glimpse of some poor fellow whose wounds would not permit of his lying down. I remember one of these in particular—a clean-cut, fair-haired youngster who looked to be still in his teens. He was sitting on the floor of the ambulance leaning for support against the rail. He held his arms straight out in front of him. Both his hands had been blown away at the wrists. The head of another was so swathed in bandages that my first impression was that he was wearing a huge red-and-white turban. The jolting of the car had caused the bandages to slip. If that man lives little children will run from him in terror, and women will turn aside when they meet him on the street. And still that caravan of agony kept rolling by, rolling by. The floors of the cars were sieves leaking blood. The dusty road over which they had passed no longer needed sprinkling.

Tearing over the rough cobbles of

Bailleul the ambulances came to a halt before some one of the many doorways over which droop the Red Cross flags, for every suitable building in the little town has been converted into a hospital. The one of which I am going to tell you had been a school until the war began. It is officially known as Clearing Hospital Number Eight, but I shall always think of it as hell's antechamber. In the afternoon that I was there eight hundred wounded were brought into that building between the hours of two and four, and this, mind you, was but one of many hospitals in the same little town. As I entered the door I had to stand aside to let a stretcher carried by two orderlies pass out. Through the rough brown blanket which covered the stretcher showed the vague outlines of a human form, but the face was covered, and it was very still. In a week or two weeks or a month, when the casualty lists were published, there appeared the name of the still form under the brown blanket, and there was anguish in some English home. In the hallway of the hospital a man was sitting upright on a bench, and two surgeons were work-





*From a photograph by Meurisse, Paris.*

Unloading wounded at a hospital in northern France.

The clearing hospitals must always be ready to receive that unceasing scarlet stream which, day and night, night, and day, comes pouring in, pouring in. —Page 468.

ing over him. He was sitting there because the operating-rooms were filled. I hope that that man is unmarried, for he no longer has a face. What a few hours before had been the honest countenance of an English lad was now a horrid welter of blood and splintered bone and mangled flesh.

The surgeon in charge took me upstairs to the ward which contained the more serious cases. On a cot beside the door was stretched a young Canadian. His face looked as though a giant in spiked shoes had stepped upon it. "Look," said the surgeon, and lifted the woollen blanket. That man's body was like a field which has been gone over with a disk harrow. His feet, his legs, his abdomen, his chest, his arms, his face were furrowed with gaping, angry wounds. "He was shot through the hand," explained the surgeon. "He made his way back to the dressing-station in the reserve trenches, but just as he reached it a shell exploded at his feet." I patted him on the shoulder, and told him that I too knew the land of the great forests and the rolling prairies, and that before long

he was going back to it. And, though he could not speak, he turned that poor, torn face of his and smiled at me. He must have been suffering the torments of the damned, but he smiled at me, I tell you—he *smiled at me*.

In the next bed, not two feet away—for the hospitals in Bailleul are very crowded—a great brawny fellow from a Highland regiment was sitting propped against his pillows. He could not lie down, the surgeon told me, because he had been shot through the lungs. He held a tin cup in his hand, and quite regularly, about once a minute, he would hold it to his lips and spit out blood. Over by the window lay a boy with a face as white as the pillow-cover. He was quite conscious, and stared at the ceiling with wide, unseeing eyes. "Another shrapnel case," remarked a hospital attendant. "Both legs amputated, but he'll recover." I wonder what he will do for a living when he gets back to England. Perhaps he will sell pencils or boot-laces on the flags of Piccadilly and hold out his cap for coppers. A man with his head all swathed in strips of linen lay so motion-

less that I asked if he was living. "A head wound," was the answer. "We've tried trepanning, and he'll probably pull through, but he'll never recover his reason." "Can't you see him in the years to come, this splendid specimen of man-

hurts, it hurts—it hurts me so—my wife—the kiddies—for the love of Christ, doctor, give me a hypodermic and stop the pain—say good-bye to them for me—tell them—oh, I *can't* stand it any longer—I'm not afraid to die, doctor, but I just



From a post-graph by Meurisse, Paris.

A military funeral in Flanders.

hood, his mind a blank, wandering, helpless as a little child, about some English village?

I doubt if any four walls in all the world contain more human suffering than those of Hospital Number Eight at Bailleul, yet of all those shattered, broken, mangled men I heard only one utter a complaint or groan. He was a fair-haired giant, as are so many of these English fighting men. A bullet had splintered his spine and, with his hours numbered, he was suffering the most awful torment that a human being can endure. The sweat stood in beads upon his forehead. The muscles of his neck and arms were so corded and knotted that it seemed as though they were about to burst their way through the sun-tanned skin. His naked breast rose and fell in great sobs of agony. "Oh God! oh God!" he moaned, "be merciful and take me—it

can't stand this pain—oh God, dear God, *won't you please let me die?*"

When I went out of that room the beads of sweat were standing on *my* forehead.

They took me down-stairs to show me what they call the "evacuation ward." It is a big, barnlike room, perhaps a hundred feet long by fifty wide, and the floor was so thickly covered with blancketed forms on stretchers that there was no room to walk about among them. These were the men whose wounds had been treated and who, it was believed, were able to survive the journey by hospital train to one of the base hospitals on the coast. It is a very grave case indeed that is permitted to remain for even a single night in the hospitals in Bailleul, for Bailleul is but a clearing-house for the mangled, and its hospitals must always be ready to receive that unceasing scarlet stream which, day and



night, night and day, comes pouring in, pouring in, pouring in.

Those of the wounded in the evacuation ward who were conscious were for the most part cheerful—as cheerful, that is, as men can be whose bodies have been ripped and drilled and torn by shot and shell, who have been strangled by poisonous gases, who are aflame with fever, who are faint with loss of blood, and who have before them a railway journey of many hours. This railway journey to the coast is as comfortable as human ingenuity can make it, the trains with their white enamelled interiors and swinging berths being literally hospitals on wheels, but to these weakened, wearied men it is a terribly trying experience, even though they know that at the end of it clean beds and cool pillows and soft-footed, low-voiced nurses await them.

The men awaiting transfer still wore the clothes in which they had been carried from the trenches, though in many cases they had been slashed open so that the surgeons might get at the wounds. They were plastered with mud. Many of them had had no opportunity to bathe for weeks and were crawling with vermin. Their underclothes were in such loathsome condition that when they were removed they fell apart. The canvas stretchers on which they lay so patiently and uncomplainingly were splotted with what looked like wet brown paint, and on this horrid, sticky substance were swarms of hungry flies. The air was heavy with the mingled smells of antiseptics, perspiration, and fresh blood. In that room was to be found every form of wound which can be inflicted by the most hellish weapons the brain of man has been able to devise. The wounded were covered with coarse woollen blankets, but some of the men in

their torment had kicked their coverings off, and I saw things which I have no words to tell about and which I wish with all my heart that I could forget.

We went out from that place of unforgettable horrors into the sunlight and the clean fresh air again. It was late afternoon, the birds were singing, a gentle breeze was whispering in the tree-tops; but from over there, on the other side of that green and smiling valley, still came the unceasing clatter of that grim harvester garnering its crop of death. On the ground, in the shade of a spreading chestnut-tree, had been laid a stretcher, and on it was still another of those silent, bandaged forms. "He is badly wounded," said the surgeon, following the direction of my glance, "fairly shot to pieces. But he begged us to leave him in the open air. We are sending him on by train to Boulogne to-night, and then by hospital ship to England." I walked over and looked down at him. He could not have been more than eighteen—just such a clean-limbed, open-faced lad as any girl would have been proud to call sweetheart, any mother son. He was lying very still. About his face there was a peculiar grayish pallor, and on his half-parted lips had gathered many flies. I beckoned to the doctor. "He's not going to England," I whispered; "he's going to sleep in France." The surgeon, after a quick glance, gave an order, and two bearers came and lifted the stretcher, and bore it to a ramshackle outhouse which they call the mortuary, and gently set it down at the end of a long row of other silent forms.

As I passed out through the gateway in the wall which surrounds Hospital Number Eight I saw a group of children playing in the street. "Come on," shrilled one of them, "let's play soldier!"



## "COGGIE"

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON



WE had seen them in all tints and shades of the verdant, and we were accustomed to various degrees in their texture, but this one was different. When you hear a young lady say that a man "is different" you can stack up your whole pile that the case is serious, and that's whatever about "Coggie." He was different in a way that stunned all Mangin, and Mangin was right in the vortex of where and when civilization first struck down along the broken land of the Llano Estacado.

He came in the stage from Verdon, Verdon being our railroad station away over yonder. Those of us who happened to be sitting in the shade of our palatial residences that afternoon, saw the stage coming across the mesa ahead of time, and Jimmie Darragh, the popular and much-esteemed driver, was touching up the ponies in a way that showed something had happened to excite him. We all knew that Jimmie was somewhat easily stampeded, but we'd never seen him abuse his ponies, and with that in mind, most of us percolated the circumambient toward the post-office to investigate.

So it happened that when Jimmie pulled the ribbons an expression that showed mild curiosity was visible upon the intelligent countenances of the assembled multitude.

We had arrived, as I said, with our minds filled with the thought that Jimmie had had a startling adventure, but after one look into the stage—it was an old ambulance—the thought of adventure vanished; for seated beside Jimmie was the stunningest gentleman fashion-plate ever. From travelling-cap to wide-welt shoes, and with the sweetest of canes more than an inch thick, carefully held at the precise angle—well, he was in no wise lacking save only in poise. Fashion-plates are al-

ways calm, but the gentleman fidgeted, more or less, as if in doubt as to his reception by the proletariat. Sidling up to the editor of the Staked Plains *Ranger*—William Atkinson, Esq.—I said:

"It's a bug-hunter fresh from college—plumb fresh—and he has been sent here to make a collection for the dear old mater. He's right in your line, see, barring the fact that he's a little raw."

"No," said the editor, "it can't be so. He shows too much interest in *Homo sapiens*—that's us, see? We'll classify him provisionally with *Tetragonia expansa*, one of the *Mesembryanthemææ*, or what an ignoramus like you would call one of the foreign table-greens, namely, New Zealand spinach. Of course, further study may show us in error."

Our editor, as we were proud to say, was a scientist himself. His sanctum had a shelf on which were a score of volumes on plants alone, not to more than mention the huge quarto volumes which told about the "Classification of Cambrian Formations" and all that sort. Naturally, I had to defer to his opinion, and I was about to say so when Colonel Jared Wilson, the talented proprietor of the Mangin Livery and Sale Stable, remarked casually:

"'Tain't according to reason that Jimmie should ruin a good team all on account of one passenger, and yet—um—most any of *us* would have been anxious to get shut of——"

At that, Jimmie interrupted the smooth flow of words.

"Gwan, now," he said; "'twan't no joshin' matter. As we was after raisin' the flats this side of Fraser, what did I see but Limber Jim come lopin' out of the mesquite and headin' off the United States mail, with me knowin' there was three registered letters in it for Major Calvin. He was ridin' the t'oroughbred he got off Sheriff Dentison, and that's how I



knowed who it was the moment he come clear of the brush. Hold-up, eh? Looked like, and to add to me embarrassment, I was feelin' responsible for the gentleman on the seat here——"

Colonel Jared's jaws opened, but before he could chip in, Jimmie headed him.

"Hold on, colonel," he said; "don't go cutting me out of the bunch yet. It looked like a hold-up, and I'll admit I was nighhand to stampeded by my responsibilities, but all that me bold robber done was to look at us, grin wide, and as he crossed the trail say: 'How d'y, boys?' After that he kept right on without lookin' back once. What d'ye think of that? Didn't look back *once*! Chance for me to earn all the bounties that's been offered for him, dead or alive, eh? That's whatever, but fool me had put the Winchester under the seat while I was changing horses at Fraser and left it there. I plumb forgot to take it up again. But you bet I'll never get left another time like that."

The appearance of Limber Jim on the Verdon trail was somewhat exciting. For more than a year he and a partner had been riding the range from the Cimarron to the Rio Grande and holding up all kinds of outfits. The sheriffs and deputy marshals that had gone after the pair had come back with excuses instead of prisoners, and even the Rangers had failed to locate their quarry, so far. We almost forgot the passenger for the moment, and Colonel Jared asked:

"See where his partner crossed the trail ahead of him? They say he does the scouting when any work's in hand. Limber Jim's eyes are bad."

"Nary," replied Jimmie; "I'd ha' seen it if it was there, but not a hoof had crossed the trail but Limber Jim's. Besides, I seen in yesterday's *Dallas Leader* that a man supposed to be the partner was arrested in the Chickasaw Nation while on his way up from the Wichitas. If that's so, then Limber Jim's riding the range alone. Mangin'll hear from him some fine night, too, and that's whatever. But now as to this gentleman." (Here he paused and nodded to the passenger.) "His name's Mr. Benson Coggeshall and he's from Boston, or some'eres there-away. He's come out here lookin' for

investments, and I was thinkin'—I may say that when Limber Jim crossed the trail I was *thinkin'* what a shame it'd be if *he* got the gentleman's wad when there was them in Mangin as needed it more."

The statement that a capitalist had arrived in search of investments changed the whole aspect of nature. We even overlooked the impudence of the last remark. A jump of two dollars and ninety-seven cents in the price of steers could not have added a more roseate hue to the outlook. We all felt cordial and we aimed to let the gentleman know that Mangin's reputation for hospitality had been well earned. We shook hands and told him to consider himself the guest of the town. And then some of us who were well loaded with salable town lots engaged supper at the hotel—the Winsor Palace—in order to make opportunity for a better acquaintance.

"I'm from Concord, not Boston," the young man said, in reply to the questions while we were at the table. "My people own a fine little garden-farm—mostly asparagus—just outside the village limits. It's a notable place for asparagus, is Concord. But I seemed cut out for a mercantile career and I made some little money at it—very fortunately, too, for my health began to fail and at last our family physician advised me to seek a region with at once a maximum of sunshine and a minimum of moisture in the air."

"You hit the right trail for both when you came this way," said the editor. "A brief examination of our flora will show you that it is distinctively that of the semi-arid region, while the relative humidity of our atmosphere is the lowest found in my records as supplied by the department at Washington."

"Thank you, sir!" he replied. "I am sure that the Mangin air has already begun to affect my system. But of course I am here for business, too. It happened that when I had determined to leave home I saw an account printed in a Boston paper describing the wonderful fields of salt to be found along the upper waters of the stream upon which your—ah—village stands, and it occurred to me that I might, perhaps, make a turn by gathering some of this hitherto waste product and shipping it to market. What do you gen-



men think of the prospect of success in such a venture?"

We all gazed hard at the wall and for a full minute no one said a word. Then Colonel Jared Wilson, after clearing his throat twice, said:

"The salt is sure there, Mr. Coggeshall, and if you'd like to prospect the field, I've got just the rig you'll need. It's a sixteen-foot buckboard, fit to carry grub and water for a week, and I'll warrant I won't spill your freight no matter what the condition of the gulches."

"Thank you, sir; I shall be glad to hire the rig, I am sure," said Mr. Coggeshall; "but I don't quite comprehend what you say about carrying provisions and water. Would you please——"

"Sure thing," said the colonel. "The salt is a long day's drive up the Salt Fork, and so we'll have to make a dry camp for at least one night, and then after the prospecting we'll drive back next day."

"Will we really have to carry water as well as food?" continued the tenderfoot.

"Water? Well, that's whatever. Everything's so plumb full of alkali up there that the dew'll form a crust over the outfit the night we're sleeping out. It's a Bad Land, and no mistake, sir, and I reckon I may as well tell you now that it would cost ten times as much to freight that stuff down to Mangin, here, as it would sell for at the best market east of the Mississippi. I reckon you didn't figure on the cost of teaming on the Llano Estacado, did you, Mr. Coggeshall?"

"Why, no, sir, no. I didn't think of using wagons. You see, sir, I am of a family the boys of which for two hundred years in America have been taught to hand, reef, and steer—ah, to handle ships and boats, you know. I planned to build barges at the salt beds and float them down, say, to New Orleans."

We shouted, then. It was plumb mirthful. But after he had recovered his wind, Colonel Wilson said:

"You certainly must have followed a long trail to reach Mangin, Mr. Coggeshall. You'd find a toboggan better for freighting goods down the streams of this country than any boat you ever saw. The rivers are just sloughs of quicksands and—huh! what's the use? I'll take you for a drive around, to-morrow, and *show*

you. But if you are looking for investments you've struck it all right in coming here. Of course, you've heard how we're situated?"

Mr. Coggeshall said he had not.

"So?" continued the colonel. "Well, then, Mangin is the county-seat of Forks County, Texas. It is the most remarkable county in Texas, a region of inexhaustible resources. It's going to fill up like a beehive in flower time. It would be full now, but for one thing. The National Government has filed a claim on the county as part of the Indian Territory, and until the case has been passed on by the Supreme Court there is no such thing as a title to a claim. You see, I aim to be square with you. At first glance, the lack of title seems to set the brake on prosperity, but the truth is, on the contrary, that it is the basis of our unequalled opportunity."

We interrupted the colonel with hearty applause at that. His eloquence compelled us. Then he continued:

"Because of the unsettled conditions and the necessities of various citizens you can buy claims to the best lots in town at your own price, and you can stake a ranch claim on virgin soil ten feet deep. That's the way I'm fixed, and these other gentlemen are all holding down claims. You can't do better than sit in with us. Why, I'll sell you the best business site in town for eight hundred dollars cash and guarantee it'll bring eight thousand dollars in two years. Don't that take your breath?"

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said Mr. Coggeshall. "Such profits as that have never been made in Concord; but I, ah, deeply regret to say that while I should hasten to take advantage of the opportunity thus generously afforded me, I have not enough capital. After buying, I should not have enough money left to enable me to live in the style befitting a gentleman until the court decides the case. I regret to see, too, that I shall be unable to engage in the salt business. But now it occurs to me that I might do something in furs. I trapped and shot more than eighty dollars' worth of fur last winter without neglecting my work at the store. Now, I presume that in a wild country like this——"





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.*

We shook hands and told him to consider himself the guest of the town.—Page 471.

Wow! The prolonged applause that interrupted the speaker at that moment brought tears to the eyes of all the audience," to quote the *Ranger's* account of the supper. Finally, after wiping his eyes on his napkin, Colonel Wilson said to Darragh:

"Jimmie, it's our buy. You can order anything you like, with a good cigar on top. You've done us all up with your Boston capitalist in search of investments."

Nevertheless, inside of a week we all cottoned to the tenderfoot, and were calling him "Coggie" just as if he'd been one of us since we surveyed out the town site. He was that kind of a chap. Even when he asked some of the cowboys from the Koko ranch whether they balanced the winter ration with silage or dry fodder, he escaped. They'd tossed men in a blanket for less, but they let him come clear. Why, we found ourselves explaining things to him with diagrams, so he'd sure understand.

But this is not to say he didn't get joshed—well, scarcely. Our leading citizens planned a number of receptions to his honor so as to give the young ladies a chance. Mrs. Major Merriweather Calvin gave the first. Miss Orphie Calvin, her daughter, was just the brightest as well as the prettiest little chick that ever crossed the quicksands of Red River, and she'd been aching to meet the tenderfoot.

The moment Coggie looked at her, I allowed that he realized the truth of my superjacent remark about her. Anyway, when he was introduced he just couldn't say a word. So, as he didn't seem likely to recover soon, Mrs. Calvin passed him on to me and I roped him into a corner with some he'd met already. There, inside of a minute, he began telling us how the people gave donation visits to the sky pilots of Concord. He sure knew Concord all right, if one could size the range by the details of his yarn. Then the trail forked and he turned to lawn parties. From them he led us on to the story of a series of games of croquet—"professional croquet, please remember"—for the championship of Boston's suburbs, and when at last he reached the climax in the final stroke of the mallet that

gave him the championship, we were all plumb hysterical.

In the next issue of the *Ranger*, the editor ended his account of that little gathering as follows:

"We classified it provisionally as one of the *Mesembryanthemæ*, but now we think it must be either *Barbarea vulgaris* or *B. præcox*. If we are wrong again—if it is not one of the cresses—it certainly is a plant whose raw flavor gives zest to the banquet. We fancy that Limber Jim must have had a sort of clairvoyant faculty when he crossed the trail, on that memorable day—his wide-jawed grin betokened some such faculty, anyway."

For a little more than two weeks Coggie added to the hilarity of life in Mangin, and then left us in a way that bankrupted our simple vocabulary. As I said, Miss Orphie was the queen of the Llano Estacado. She had so many devoted admirers that we didn't expect a thing but gun-play, sooner or later. But in spite of the dangers along his trail, Coggie paid court to her without flinching, and the more she joshed him, the more courage and hope he seemed to have. Finally, as Miss Orphie was walking with him out on the mesa, on a warm afternoon in November, he begged her to listen to him just for once without laughing, and tell him if she could ever regard him as anything but a guy? As she told us herself afterward, his voice had a different tone from what she had heard before—didn't seem like the same man—but as he went on to argue his case she held him up.

"See here, Coggie," she said, "what's the use? You're a plumb good fellow, but I'm no circus girl that I should marry a clown. You're just about right for one of the salesladies you used to meet at the lawn parties. You'd have to show yourself a right good plainsman before I'd so much as listen to any such *palabra* as you want to give me now."

"I think you are right, Miss Orphie," he said, "but what shall I do to win your respect?"

"How can I tell?" she continued with a laugh. Then her eyes happened to fall on the Wichita Mountains showing up pretty as pictures, and pointing to them she said:

"There you are, Coggie! I have it! Over there among the Wichitas is where



Limber Jim hangs out. You've heard all about him. He's terrible, even if he did grin when he saw you. His partner is just like him. Why, they held up the First post-office wide open, and they came back afoot with their own irons on. Papa says that seven Rangers—think of that! *seven Rangers!*—are riding the range now



"There you are, Coggie! I have it! Over there among the Wichitas is where Limber Jim hangs out."—Page 474.

National of Verdon one day at noon with nothing but dummy bombs. Sheriff Dennison, the best man in the Panhandle, went after them and never came back. Two post-office detectives took their trail after the two had busted the Comanche

and will stay in the game till they get them or all get killed up. Now, what you're to do is to bring either of them in before the Rangers locate the trail.

"You do that, and I'll be proud to say I know you." Then, chuckling good and

heartily, she added: "I *might* listen to you, but I won't promise."

"Do you mean it, Miss Orphie? If I bring in Limber Jim, will you be proud to say you know me?" His voice had a ring to it that showed her he was very much in earnest, but she laughed again as she continued:

"That's whatever, Coggie. Bring either one, dead or alive, and it's a go; but if you should bring both alive—hoo-e-e-e!" Her laugh was heard half a mile away. Coggie listened unabashed, until she stopped, and then, in the same eager voice, said:

"It's a bargain, Miss Orphie. I'll go and try. I'll start in the morning."

Women are queer, sometimes, eh? Well, *rather*. Coggie's words or voice, or both, made her look him in the eye, and in an instant she was as fierce as a tiger-cat.

"No, sir, you shan't do anything of the kind. See here, you don't have to. It ain't—oh, if you only knew *anything*! Why, it's just plain suicide for you to go. Do you think I really want to send you to your own funeral?"

"Miss Orphie," said Coggie, "I mean to show you that I'm more of a man than you think, and then we'll see what's next."

A little later, Coggie was telling Colonel Jared Wilson about the proposed expedition, and the colonel's jaw dropped as he listened.

"Say, pard, don't do it," he said. "There ain't nothing harmful about you, and we don't want to lose you. Why, I never see a young feller take to the range like you have. I shan't let you go a dog-goned step."

Finding him determined, however, the colonel said:

"Take a prospector's outfit. They never harmed a poor man what attended to his own business. If you happen to meet up with them while you're poking around the Wichita croppings, they may cotton to you same as we have. Anyway, you'll have a chance to live and learn what a plumb idiot you are for thinking you have a chance to measure up with the two best men the plains ever saw."

He started next morning after breakfast. He toted a bundle of meal and bacon on his back with a camp kit on top the bundle, and a big gun on his *left* hip.

Half the town saw him off. We'd never so much as dreamed of such foolishness, but all he said when we remonstrated was that if anybody ever got the drop on him he'd "take the medicine without complaining."

At noon, we saw the smoke of a fire about ten miles to the eastward, and judged that Coggie had stopped to eat dinner, and make a signal to let us know he was there, as he had said he would do. On seeing the smoke, Colonel Jared said that any one fool enough to make signals when on the trail of road agents needed killing, but he just couldn't help "feeling sorry for the cuss," anyway.

It was with equally kind feelings that Editor Atkinson said to the colonel next day:

"Let's make up a bunch and go over to-morrow for a look. If he's alive yet, he'll be plumb happy to see us; and if he's dead, we can locate the body by the buzzards and bring it in for burial."

This proposition was approved by so many that a score of us prepared for the expedition. But we didn't go. I turned out the next morning at the first streak of light, and met Jimmie Darragh, who was obliged to feed his ponies early for the trip to Verdon. As we walked toward the stable where we both kept our horses, we were talking about the expedition, and Jimmie, being plumb sorry he couldn't join, turned for a look out across the mesa toward the mountains. At the first glance, he stopped short and said:

"Huh! There's a bunch of Kokos coming in for an early morning guzzle. What! They're no Kokos, not much! I'd know the lope of that off pony with one eye shut; it's Sheriff Dennison's t'oroughbred, and Limber Jim's sure in the saddle with his partner cantering alongside. Now, whatever are they coming to this busted town for?"

It was even so. It seemed as if Jimmie had forgot his anxiety to earn rewards by shooting bandits; anyhow, we both just stood there with our eyes bulging while the horsemen came down the street as far as Major Calvin's house, when they turned, leaped their horses over the fence, and pulled up close to the end of the house. Then Jim's partner leaned over, tapped on the window of Miss Orphie's bedroom, and began to talk.





*Drawn by W. Herbert Duntou*

'They were just touching up their ponies when a bunch of men appeared around the rear corner of the house with guns ready. — Page 478.

"I humbly beg pardon, Miss Orphie," he began, "for disturbing you at such an unseemly hour; I do indeed! Do you recognize my voice? I am 'Coggie.' I told you I would try and bring in Limber Jim before the Rangers got him, and here he is, Miss Orphie, and he's alive, too, very much so, I may say. His partner's here, too, Miss Orphie. I'm his partner, as you shall see, if you will peek around the window-shade. You see, Miss Orphie, I came to Mangin prospecting—um—we calculated to raid your pa, see? But after meeting you, Miss Orphie, I changed my mind—lost it altogether, Limber Jim says. Anyway, I just had to bring him in, and you know why. And I'll come again, some time. Good-by!"

Turning to Limber Jim, he nodded, and they were just touching up their ponies when a bunch of men appeared around the rear corner of the house with guns ready.

Rangers? Yes, sir! You've guessed it first try. They were the bunch Miss Orphie had mentioned to Coggie. They'd come in during the night, and stopped with the major. Lucky coincidence? Maybe so—maybe they'd learned enough of Coggie's doings in Mangin to just naturally expect him to come in. They're a somewhat knowing outfit, the Rangers are. Anyway, they gathered in the bandits, who, in due time, pleaded guilty and were sent to the pen for stealing the

sheriff's horse—three years each. Mis-carriage of justice when they weren't hanged? Who knows? There was no testimony to show that the sheriff was dead, let alone murdered. The bandits said he was ashamed to return after they'd held him up, and everybody in court believed them.

It was just as our learned editor said in his able and most interesting summary of the whole case:

"Whatever a band of vigilantes might do when real mad, you can't expect a jury to hang a man on a mere surmise. What's more, we know of two citizens of this town that would have turned 'Coggie' loose without examination or trial. We're one of the two. We've no call to speak for the other citizen, who can speak well for herself, but for ourselves, we may say that 'Coggie' is some able—some efficient. He's got efficiency roped and branded. And we're always willing to give a man like him a chance to turn square when he wants it as much as 'Coggie' does—well, rather.

"By the way, did we say that 'Coggie' was to be classed among the cresses—something raw consumed as a relish? We seem to remember. But it was an error due to insufficient observation and study. A revision is necessary, for we now see beyond a doubt that he is an elegant specimen of *Prunus persica*—a peach of an unusually succulent quality."







Sitting sideways on their patient donkeys.—Page 48r.

## PORTUGAL'S BATTLE ABBEYS AND COIMBRA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



ON a Sunday morning we set out from Lisbon to visit Portugal's battle abbeys—her monumental trilogy, her splendid triptych, as I like to call them: Alcobaça, singing the praises of her rude conquistador Affonso Henriques; Batalha, built by John the Great, hero of Aljubarrota; and Thomar, stronghold of the inspired disciples of Henry the Navigator. They lie away from the railway lines and from this fact are a little inconvenient of access, but to me that is an added attraction rather than a drawback, for no tourist caravan breaks the spell nor disturbs the harmony of the impression.

As you leave the capital, the train skirts the sea for several hours, not indeed within sight of its breakers, for these are hidden by intervening dunes, but through pine woods, up-hill and down, and across sandy plains. Even this short bit of railroad is replete with souvenirs—those, for exam-

ple, that cluster round Pena Castle high perched to the left upon Cintra's mountain and about the huge convent-palace of Mafra, built by the pietistic John V. Then you thread the steep declivities of Torres Vedras, into whose flanks Wellington dug those stupendous trenches—marvels of military art—that stopped Masena's onward march forever and turned the tide of Napoleon's career. An hour later you spy Obidos, the feudal stronghold of Diniz the Good, rising proudly upon a hill, clad in all the majesty of its walls and towers, its long lines of battlements securely enfolding the vassal town that looked to it for protection.

Then, in a lovely valley, the big pink Hotel Lisbonense tells of the continued vogue of the famous sulphur baths, the Caldas da Rainha, whose hospital, capable of sheltering some four hundred patients, was founded nearly five centuries ago by Leonor, wife of John II. Here you may alight if you wish, and drive to



ESPANHA

The tomb of Dom Pedro, Alcobaça.

Alcobaça, but we preferred to go by rail as far as Vallado.

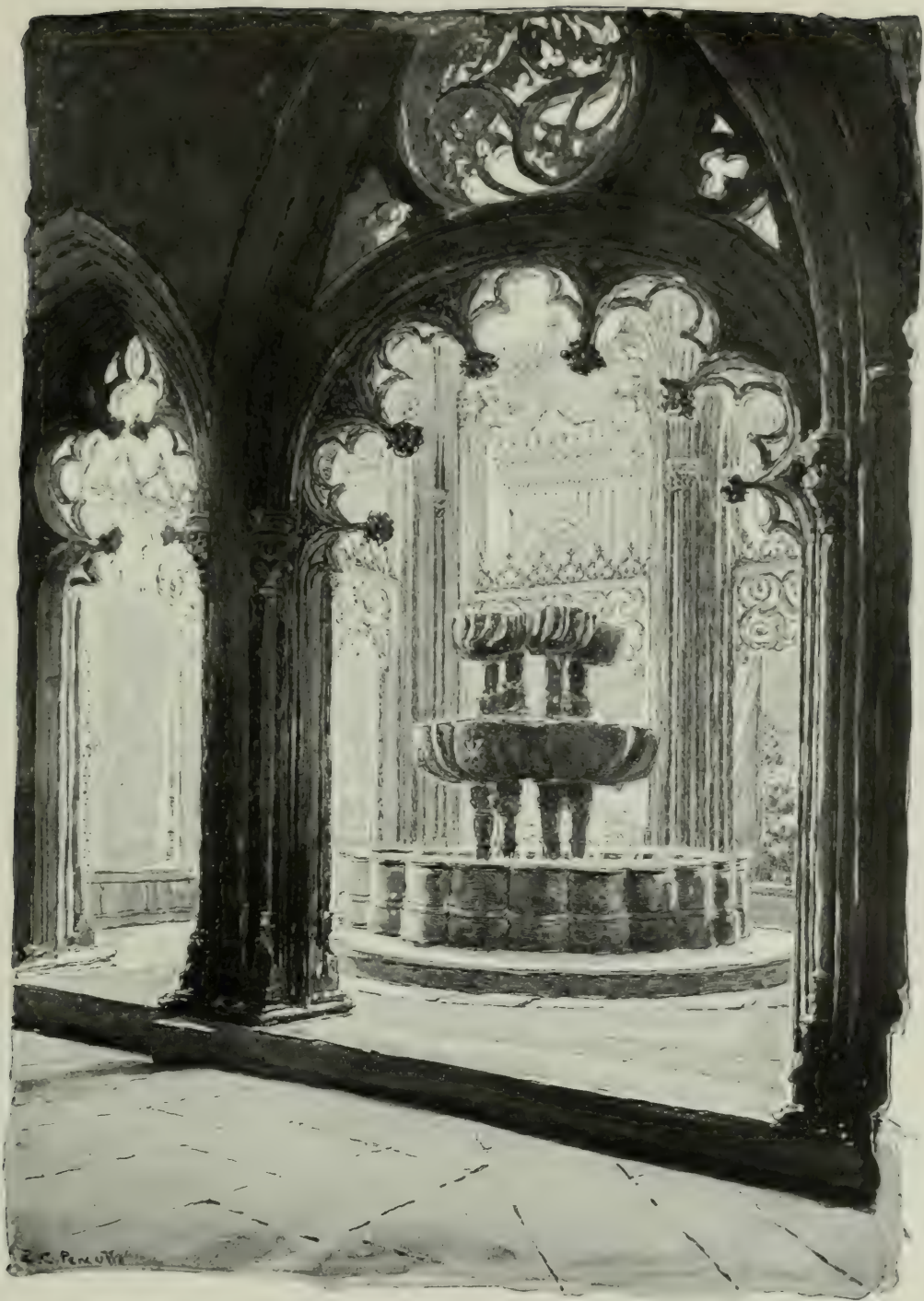
I had not written ahead for a carriage, trusting rather to luck. So when we left the station, and I saw half a dozen vehicles drawn up before it I thought that all was well. What was my surprise, however, to find each of them engaged! A party now issued from the little station and divided itself among them, while we, at almost noon, saw visions of ourselves

stranded here for hours with no carriage nearer than Alcobaça itself.

I spoke to one of the men (they were a distinguished-looking group), and he said that perhaps they could double up so as to leave one cab free. And so they managed and we were able, after all, to bundle our persons and our luggage into a vehicle and join the procession of shouting jehus in a cloud of dust.

The road was gay with peasants return-





An angle of the cloisters, Batalha.

ing from Alcobaça, so we knew it must be market-day. What bright pictures they made, these pretty girls, sitting sideways on their patient donkeys, their heads done up in fresh kerchiefs, their lithe bodies in crisp gingham, and the cotton cloths printed with capricious colors for which the country hereabouts has long been noted! Old men and young in bag caps and tight breeches walked with them, carrying long staves to guide their calves

and the clean pink pigs that squealed along the road. We crossed the little Alcoa near a waterfall and soon clattered into Alcobaça.

Before the great Cistercian Abbey and all about it under the plane-trees the market was in progress, pottery and glassware, vegetables and fruits, in tempting profusion, but we rattled on through it to the modest hotel.

When we entered the little dining-room



Batalha.

Of a sudden the towers and gables and crested roofs of Batalha's great monastery-church stood disclosed before us.—Page 485.

for a tardy luncheon, we found our party of the station seating itself at a long table much beflowered that stretched through the middle of the room. One of the men stared at me and I at him, for there was something familiar about his face. Then we both uttered an exclamation, for we had been fellow students at the Academy in Paris years before. He asked us to join his party—members of the National Association of Portuguese Architects—who had come to visit the monastery, and introduced us to several of its members, men of distinction, one of whom I remember was in charge of the restorations of the Jeronimos at Belem, another of Lisbon Cathedral, as well as winner of the competition for the great monument to the Marquis de Pombal which is to close the vista at the end of the Avenida.

Of course we accepted his invitation with pleasure. After the inevitable champagne that closed the lunch the mayor sent flowers to the ladies, and a delegation waited outside to take us through the convent.

This was founded far back in the time of Affonso Henriques, first king of Portugal. Step by step with his crusaders he had been driving the Moors from the north, from one stronghold to another. Santarem, key to the Tagus, was now his objective, and he vowed to Saint Bernard of Clairvaux that, if he was successful in taking it, he would erect a monastery upon the spot at which he that day lay in camp, and would give to it and to the Cistercian order all the land that stretched between it and the sea. He won, and the monastery was founded by the monks of Clairvaux called hither to build it.





The Castle, Leiria.

Crowning its steep hill, the great castle of Diniz the Good loomed grandly against the sky, smiling condescendingly down upon the humble houses of the town.—Page 488.

It became in time one of the richest and largest convents in Christendom, with perpetual masses celebrated by a thousand monks. The church, though grand, is heavy and stern, its nave walled in by massive columns that completely screen the tall narrow aisles. Some of its chapels are garish and dilapidated, but others contain monuments of great beauty and interest.

Affonso Henriques was not buried here, but his near successors were—Affonso II and Affonso III in modest tombs in the transept, and Pedro I and his beloved Inez de Castro in a separate chamber near by. The unhappy story of this pair is the favorite love-theme in Portuguese poetry. Knowing of the prince's deep passion, jealous enemies had Inez murdered when he was away at the wars. Upon his return, hardened in character

and known as Peter the Severe, he first revenged himself cruelly upon her murderers. Then he had her body brought here to Alcobaça with great pomp and set upon a throne, while he and his courtiers did homage to her

“Que, depois de ser morta, foi Rainha.”  
 (“Was queen only after her death.”)

He commanded that he be buried with his feet toward hers, so that the first object to meet his gaze upon arising on judgment-day would be his beloved one, so cruelly parted from him on earth.

These two tombs are exquisitely sculptured; his later and perhaps finer than hers, but hers imbued with a naïve spirit of tender solicitude, the tribute of the nameless workman who carved its rich niches and filled them with touching epi-

sodes of the martyrdom of the saints and the scenes of the last judgment. Many of the little figures, Tanagra-like in their charming grace, are dressed in the picturesque costume of the day.

Alcobaça's sacristy, once piled with rich vestments; its sunlit gardens; its spacious and gruesome hall of relics; its extensive cloisters, of which there were no less than five; and the vast dormitories that stretch interminably about each of them, all proclaim the ancient splendor of the place. Its fame, however, never rested upon its artistic treasures, for its monks dazzled rather by the opulence and extravagance of their life. If you wish a picture of it, visit the kitchens.

Never have I seen such a vast temple of cookery, and never do I expect to see such another—such a perfect apotheosis of kitchens! All the tales of gluttonous cenobites, all the Rabelaisian stories of Pantagruel and Gargantua come to mind and seem surpassed as you gaze aloft at its soaring vaults that rise high as the groined roof of a cathedral. In its centre stand gigantic ovens capped by an enormous conical chimney that rivals the famous one at Cintra. Near by, against the lateral wall, is a fireplace, a perfect cavern large enough to roast a spitted ox, while along the walls fountains of water gush from sculptured lion-heads into huge basins the size of Roman baths, in which vegetables and fruits, and the complicated *batteries de cuisine* were washed.

Down the entire length of the chamber runs a rivulet, one of the affluents of the Alcoa, a runnel of limpid water ever fresh and pure, while in a piscina, at its lower end, the river fish kept swimming until popped into the pots. Beckford saw the place in its full glory, and gives a glowing account of its plethora: its cart-loads of game and venison, its mountains of sugar and jars of purest oil (and such oil as they have in Portugal), and its "pastry in vast abundance," skilfully prepared by lay brothers "singing all the while as blithely as larks in corn-fields."

Now, alas, Alcobaça's glory has departed! Its cloisters are used as barracks, and all that is cooked in these glorious kitchens are rations of bean soup and the like delicacies of the modern soldier.

That night I tried my first hard Portuguese bed. When I say hard I mean hard

as a rock. As I contemplate the kings and queens in effigy stretched upon their granite tombs in peaceful slumber, their heads resting on stone pillows, I think of them as true Portuguese sleeping their eternal sleep upon the same couches that they used to occupy in life!

Early in the morning, a day or two later, a carriage stood before the inn waiting to take us on to Batalha. The road first leads up a long hill and from the top you look back upon the great monastery nestled in its comfortable valley well sheltered from inclement winds. Then you cross a plateau and shortly rattle into the cobbly streets of Aljubarrota.

What memories this village name evokes! What a thrilling period of Portuguese history!

As you look down over the field, you can picture the Castilians in all the pomp of their steel accoutrements and the pride of their ten pieces of artillery, the first ever used in the peninsula, drawn up against the little Portuguese army, one-fifth their size, that had been hastily gathered together by John of Aviz.

Upon the eve of the battle, Assumption Day, he made a vow that if he won he would build a church, the fairest in the land, to Our Lady of Victory. He routed the Spaniards, and Batalha, Battle Abbey, was the result. When we had looked over the battle-field, we saw the bake-shop in the little square, where the baker's wife killed seven Spanish soldiers with her oven-peel, and thus gave to the Portuguese language one of its famous sayings: "As full of the devil as the baker's wife of Aljubarrota."

Then we drove on again through the odorous pine woods of a rather deserted country. But few houses were to be seen, and when we did approach a habitation the children indulged in a new form of begging. They would kneel by the roadside, their hands clasped as if in prayer and their roguish eyes turned heavenward. As we approached, they would jump to their feet and run along by the carriage holding out suppliant hands. But as they were both rosy-cheeked and neatly clothed these touching appeals failed to arouse our sympathy, but stirred us rather to mirth.

Finally, we began to descend, and came at length upon a monumental bridge adorned with parapets and pinnacled but-



tresses, and then of a sudden the towers and gables and crested roofs of Batalha's great monastery-church stood disclosed before us. What an amazing pile it is, pinnacles silhouetted against the clear blue sky. Cold English ecclesiologists, like Fergusson, find less to admire in it than do the more warm-blooded French



The Market, Leiria.

tucked away in a quiet valley miles from anywhere—a metropolitan cathedral lost in a wilderness!

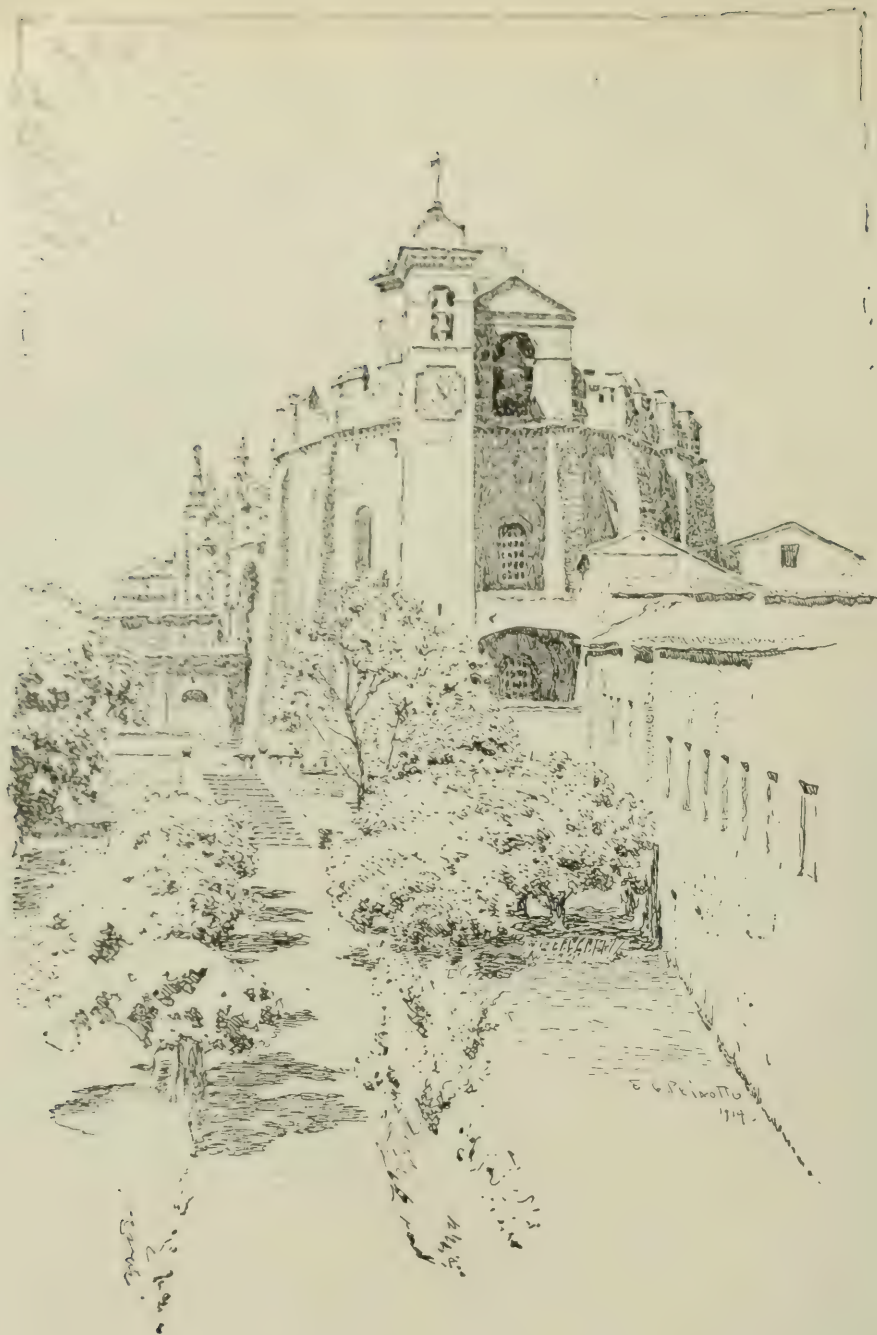
Time has imparted to its pale limestone a glorious golden tone that, in the southern sun, fairly glows in contrast with the dense green woods that surround it. As you come nearer, however, the effect is somewhat disappointing. Its low situation, combined with its simple façade and long flat roofs devoid of spires, fails at first to give it the uplift and spring of the great Gothic churches.

But the more you view it from other angles, the more beauty you discover in its varied surfaces, in the lift of its weather-beaten buttresses, in the delicate traceries of its tall lancet windows and the richness of its pierced battlements and crocketed

authorities who readily yield to the fascination of its picturesque appeal. And surely I shall side with these, and, despite its evident faults, vote it comparable to any of the greatest churches of Europe.

Its nave is truly superb, simple, grave, and peculiarly pure and solemn, its great golden walls and aisles unbroken by chapel or ornament. Near the west door, however, opens a square chamber, the Capella do Fundador, an exquisite chapel, whose stilted arches, with cusps and capitals painted in the Hispanic taste, spring high in air to support a tall octagonal lantern, fitting like a crown over the tombs of the greatest family of the house of Aviz.

Directly under the dome, gazing upward at its groined vaults, lie the founders of the house: John I, surnamed the Great,



Church of the Templars, Thomar.

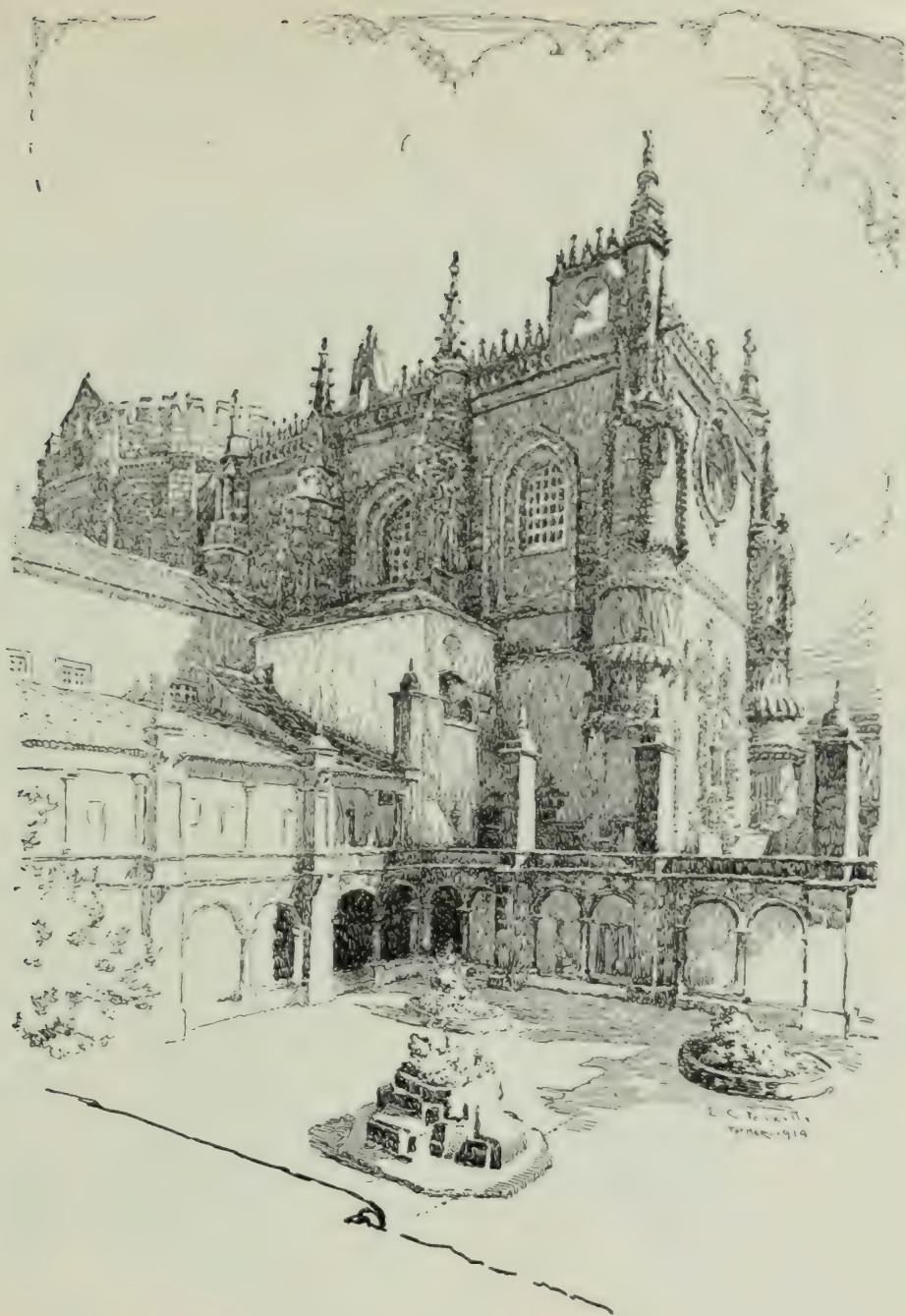
and his wife Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, he clad in his tabard inscribed with the royal arms, she holding her prayer-book. Side by side their effigies lie, hand clasped in hand, and as we looked at them a long shaft of light shot down from one of the painted windows overhead and touched the grave recumbent figures with glory, with a halo almost miraculous, that shone like silver in the glowing chapel.

In niches along the wall repose their noble children "*inclita geração, altos infantes*": John the master of Santiago; Peter the Traveller; Fernando the Martyr,

who died a hostage in the prisons of Fez, rather than allow his country to exchange him for Ceuta; and the great Henry, surnamed the Navigator, the hero of Portuguese maritime exploration. His monument, the only one adorned with an effigy—a wrinkled, clean-shaven, thoughtful face—bears as its motto "*talent de bien fere.*"

John's eldest son, named Duarte for England's king, is buried with his queen directly in front of the high altar. He it was who dreamed of the *Capellas Imperfeitas*, those marvels of ivory-like carving designed as a mausoleum for himself and





Church of the Knights of the Order of Christ, Thomar.

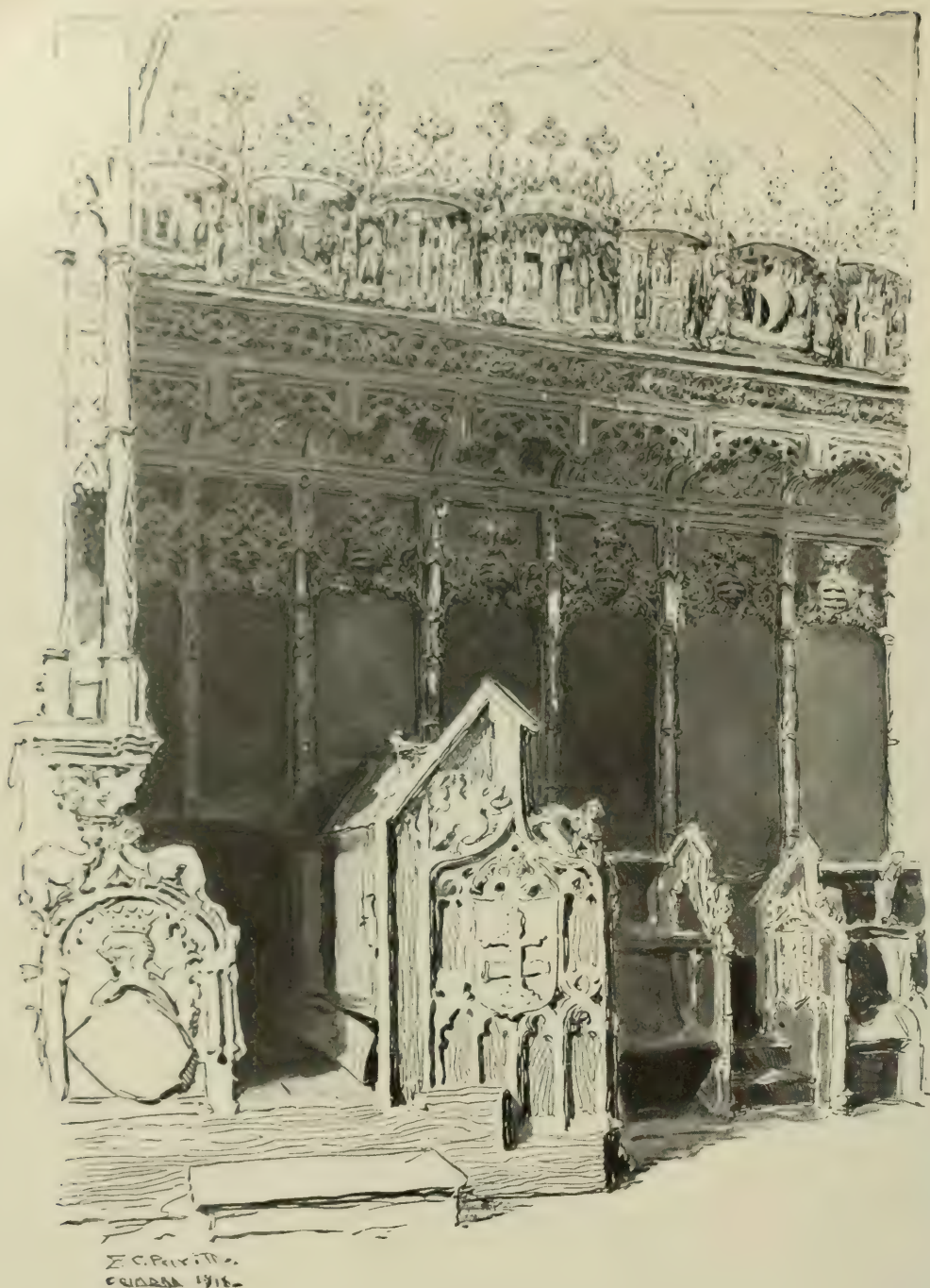
for his children. As their name implies, they never were completed. Their pillars rise almost to the spring of the vaulting that was to roof them in, but the giant vaults were never constructed, for Manoel at the critical moment transferred his zeal and his riches to the buildings at Belem.

The ten chapels that were to receive the tombs surround a great central chamber, occupying a place at the extreme east end of the cathedral, though not now connected with the main church, the entire group forming a sort of Lady Chapel like those in the English cathedrals. In its earlier portion this chapel is Gothic, but its later

additions fall into the Manueline style in its full exuberance.

But the varied architectural features of Batalha are too manifold to describe. Its exquisite chapter-house; the delicate fountain-court, a perfect labyrinth of enrichment; the mazes of its lesser cloisters and vast stone roofs, form an ensemble that would be difficult to match and truly fit it for the major theme in this trilogy of battle abbeys that we had set out to see.

So it was with singular regret at the shortness of our stay that we drove on toward Leiria when the afternoon shadows began to lengthen. The road lay at



Choir stalls in the convent church of Santa Cruz, Coimbra.

first through woods, and then we began to catch glimpses of the lovely valley of the Liz, a favorite theme in Portuguese song and story. And truly a charming countryside it is—a veritable

*"Jardim á beira-mar plantado."*

The little houses, neat and trim, the peasantry, self-respecting and apparently happy, the climate clement, the vegetation luxuriant, the fields well cared for—what more could be desired!

Next morning I found myself a willing prisoner at my hotel-window watching the world go by. No theatre could provide so good an entertainment. In the background the river swung round a bend and upon its stony bed the women had spread their clothes to dry, while they, knee-deep in the water, beat their linen upon the rocks. To the left, crowning its steep hill, the great castle of Diniz the Good loomed grandly against the sky, smiling condescendingly down upon the



humble houses of the town that peeped up at it over acacias and plane-trees.

Across the broad foreground a procession of people went by, each to his allotted task—from left to right the peasants, setting forth for their fields with hoe or rake on shoulder, each man with his basket

the hill—small wonder that the people looked happy and content.

Later on we walked through the market, admiring the quaint costumes of the peasants. Then we climbed the hill to the castle. This is the splendid ruin of an early mediæval stronghold, still preserving



Coimbra, from the banks of the Mondego.

linked into the handle, each woman carrying hers upon her head. Students in groups of two or three, hatless, in long black coats, walked arm in arm toward the seminary; while girls, lithe and straight as young Greek goddesses, balanced tall amphoræ upon their heads as they went to draw water from the fountain adjoining the hotel. From right to left the country people flocked in to town (for it was market-day), each woman mounted upon her patient donkey heaped with panniers, upon which she sat sideways, her black-velvet tambourine-shaped hat cocked forward and to one side, and perched upon a gay kerchief that hung to her waist. The men, sober and black in bag-cap and sash, drove their animals before them, and once in a while a great ox-wain would go creaking by, preceded by its driver with his goad in hand. The donkey-bells tinkled, the chimes sounded from the steeple on

among tottering walls and towers that make one shiver at their instability, its pure Gothic chapel, its towering keep, and its old casements flanked by their stone window-seats that overlook the rich and lovely valley.

Diniz the Good, the "Re Lavrador," poet and friend of poets, whose *ritournelles* and *pastorellas* set the fashion for all the earlier bards of his kingdom, made this castle his favorite residence. And certainly he must have loved the spot, he the "Husbandman," who taught his subjects that the arts of peace were equal to those of war, giving to them their constitution, their laws, and founding for them their great University of Coimbra.

To the westward still stretches the vast Pinhal Real, the royal pine woods, planted by his orders to solidify the shifting sand-dunes and purify the air, and later to yield the stout timbers that were to build



the ships that carried the flag of Portugal to the very ends of the earth. Their broad sombre masses make striking contrast to the bright vineyards and olive orchards that stretch off to the hills which, fainter and yet more faint, fringe the horizon in every direction.

Leiria proved so attractive that, though we had only thought to spend the night, we lingered for another day or two. Then, finally, we made another early start for our drive to Thomar, third poem of the trilogy, third panel of the triptych. These drives in central Portugal are truly delightful. The little open carriage, the horses' steady pace, the soft fragrance of the air, the ever-changing and ever-pleasant pictures along the way, make an ideal mode of travel far from the noisy railway and the dust of automobiles. The scenery is not spectacular in any way—just lovely country, peaceful and idyllic. Rows of oaks and eucalypti ranged against the sky, cork-trees by the roadside, vineyards perched on rocky terraces, vales of olive groves, and, most of all, pine woods, sun-drenched and balsamic, on the risings—such are the features of the landscape. Villages seem few for populous Europe, but the farms, when you come upon them, are homelike, freshly painted, and clean.

For some hours we drove along, crossing many steep ridges until, toward noon, Ourem's Castle came in sight, perched high on a fat, round hill. This we skirted, through vineyards and olive orchards, until we entered the long street of a town, Villa Nova d'Ourem, where we drew up before a very modest *hospedaria*. Notwithstanding its humble appearance, we found a neat, cool room up-stairs and had a good, plain luncheon.

As soon as the noonday glare had somewhat subsided we were off again for another two hours. Then, at a turning, Thomar's church and castle suddenly rose before us. It seemed too late to climb up the hill that evening, so we loitered instead in the fragrant gardens that skirt the Nabão, a little stream that seems to run right through these pleasure-grounds, feeding numerous picturesque wheels that dip its water into sluices and carry it off to the thirsty fields.

When, next morning, we did ascend to the castle, we found it a fine old ruin that overlooks a vast panorama. From its

battlements you may follow the course of one river after another—the Nabão, the Zezere, the Isna—as they wind through orchard and vineyard to their junction with the mighty Tagus.

The merlons of its ramparts, pierced with loopholes in the shape of a cross standing on a circle, show that it was built for the Templars, this being their emblem—the cross upon the earth. Their day passed, the infidel was driven from the country forever, and, relieved of the nightmare of the Moor's return, a new brotherhood arose and installed itself in the castle—the Order of Christ. Headed by its grand master, Henry the Navigator, its members put their strength to a new endeavor and dreamed their dreams of conquest and exploration, unveiling one by one the secrets of the ocean, finding the water routes to the uttermost ends of the earth, adding far countries to the crown of their sovereign.

The church that adjoins the castle reflects both these periods. Its earlier portions, rugged and battlemented, suggest the warlike spirit of the Templars, built like a fortress, an outpost fronting the enemy. Its later portions voice the dreams of the Knights of Christ, and remain perhaps the supreme record of the most heroic and patriotic period of Portugal's history, when these knights constituted the vanguard of their country's civilization, supplying the wealth to back Prince Henry's enterprises and send one expedition after another over the seas, the sails of the caravels emblazoned with the special cross that was the sign of their order.

Each stone of the church speaks of some feat of these navigators; every detail of its ornament chants a song of the sea and the whole edifice is a poem of patriotism written upon stone by its genial architect, João de Castilho.

To read its story you must forget cold architectural measurements and look at the church as a vast fabric of symbols. Then, upon its buttresses, you will discern the corals and pearls of the tropic seas; upon its string-courses you will find ropes twisted through cork floaters; in the reveals of its rose window the sails of the caravels belly in the wind, restrained by taut cordage and, capping its battlements, pierced by a frieze of armillary spheres, emblem of hope and of the king, the



crosses of the Order of Christ form the cresting against the sky.

The extravagant climax is reached in the chapter-house window, a fantasy in limestone, a bit of submarine architecture

The main entrance to the church is much more restrained and is perhaps the most beautiful doorway in the country, reminding one of the same architect's design at Belem, but finer both in conception and

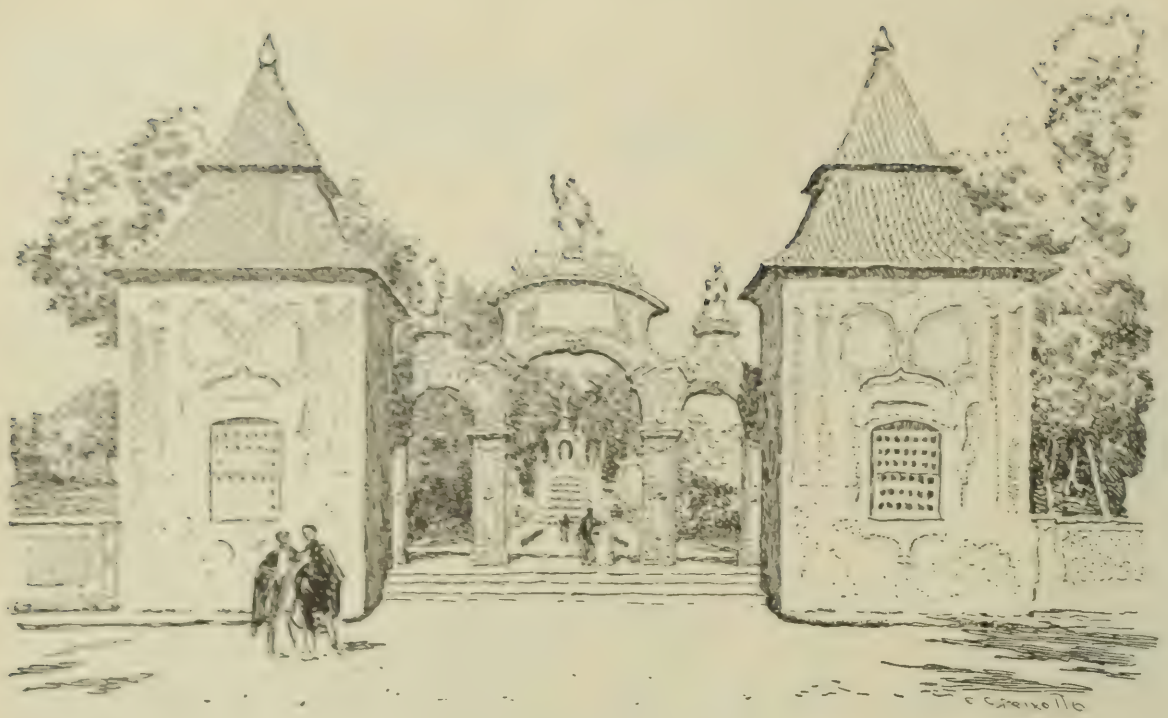


Arco de Almedina, Coimbra.

worthy to grace a palace of the Nereids at the bottom of the sea: corals and sea-kelp, moving wave forms, bits of anchors and broken chains, shells and anemones, conches and cockles blended together in a strange medley of forms too intricate to describe and too delicate to draw that contrast beautifully with the vast plain surfaces that surround them.

execution. The interior befits the meeting-place for holy knights recalling some temple of the Grail. The knights worshipped in the *coro alto* to which a staircase ascends from the great cloister, and one can readily picture the chevaliers, two and two, mounting its narrow steps in dignified procession.

The cloisters are of vast extent, but ow-



Quinta de Santa Cruz, Coimbra.

ing to their late date offer little of artistic interest, except perhaps the little cemetery courtyard gay with flowers and Moorish tiles. From one of the large cloisters you step out upon a terrace overlooking a lovely vale. The convent wall edges the hill beyond, and all between stretch the gardens of the knights—bouquets of stately pines and rich masses of foliage—while in the quinta nearer the monastery, now the property of the Count of Thomar, oleanders, oranges, and loquats bloom amid masses of handsome flowers.

Thomar is the swan-song of the Portuguese builders—the last outpouring of their soul, the final burst of glory before misfortune overtook their country and a Spanish Philip built the cold Palladian cloister that proclaims the death of the country's greatest hopes.

You drive four miles to the railway station, and then only an hour or two in the train brings you to Coimbra, which city is to Portugal what Salamanca is to Spain or Oxford or Cambridge to England—for many centuries the seat of its great university.

So, naturally, one's first steps are bent up the steep streets of the walled city to the place where the university sits enthroned upon the topmost summit. Its

extensive buildings, of no particular æsthetic interest, surround a beautiful quadrangle adorned with trees and shrubs. At its southwestern angle is a little terrace, a shady spot and a favorite corner with the students. And who can wonder? Hung high above the city you look down upon its old roofs and upon a great bow of the Mondego, "river of the muses," flowing through the loveliest valley imaginable. Soft hills embowered in groves and greenwoods encompass it—range after range of varied silhouettes, fainter and more misty in the moist air as they recede, until they help to buttress the slopes of the Estrella, the Mountains of the Stars, that rear their purple silhouettes against the sky.

Boats with tall white sails work their way through the sand-bars toward the sea. A delightful peace pervades the scene and stirs to meditation. The students read or study on the benches in this angle and once in a while raise their eyes and look toward the distant mountains.

They are a fine-looking lot, these students—most of them tall and well set up, and many, especially those from north Portugal, surprisingly blond. They all wear the same costume, the long black frock coat that buttons to the neck and



gives them an ecclesiastical air, and a wide, cape-like cloak, also black, that they drape picturesquely over their arms or throw over their shoulders according to the weather. This official garb was once supplemented by a black knitted cap which they did not like, so all now go bareheaded. They carry their papers in portfolios, from which hang long knots of ribbons, whose colors denote the courses they are following—law, medicine, and the like.

Once the capital of the kingdom, Coimbra possesses a number of interesting monuments. Its cathedral dates from the early period when it upon the west, Toledo in the centre, and Saragossa to the east were the Christian outposts against the infidel. Its color, a deep golden brown, is like that of an old warrior tanned by the wars. Squarely seated upon its platform, its walls pierced only by narrow windows that resemble loopholes, its roofs and parapets embattled, it recalls the day when praying and fighting went hand in hand, and its rough-hewn stones sheathe it as in a bronze cuirass chased with the delicate tracery of its south door added at a later epoch.

Its interior, too, is severely plain, though adorned with the only fine reredos that I saw in Portugal, and with side chapels that contain a notable array of old blue tiles.

We spent some charming days in Coimbra. We wandered in the thoroughfares of the upper town, admiring the picturesque corners, the old city gates, and the great palaces with their complicated escutcheons. We lingered upon the broad terraces of the botanical gardens, whose flora is, perhaps, as varied as any in existence. We wandered in the avenue that skirts the river.

And one morning we crossed the Mondego to visit the Quinta das Lagrimas, the Garden of Tears, and evoke sad memories of Inez de Castro, whose story Camöens has woven into one of the most touching episodes of his immortal *Lusiads*. From the sunlit road you enter a park, almost wild, with thickets of bamboo, araucarias, and flowers in profusion and an old gardener silently working in a vegetable-patch. Then you pass a Gothic ruin with

an ivy-grown portal and come upon a square pool of water deeply shaded by giant cedars and sycamores.

Into one of its corners a tiny stream issues from a fissure in the rock, and the faint murmur of its trickle is the only audible sound. But the immortal lines of Camöens, chiselled upon a stone near by, make the place eloquent of the death of gentle Inez:

"Vede que fresca fonte rega as flores,  
Que lagrimas são a agua, e o nome amores."\*

On a Sunday afternoon we took tea with some friends in their home overlooking a panorama of the river valley and its many lovely hillsides. For our benefit they had assembled upon the table all the dainties of the Portuguese pastry-cook: *ovos molles*, *quejadas*, or cheese cakes, from Cintra, crystallized *cabaço*, and even the *bôlo de mel*, or honey-cake, from Madeira.

After tea they asked in a group of students—our host was taking his last year in the law school—who, with their beloved *guitarras* and *violas*, in the darkened room, sang their romances, their *fardos* and languishing love-songs, for here in Coimbra the serenades form an integral part of the college life.

I should say the students frequent the cafés but little and the book-shops much (especially a handsome one down by the river provided like a library with comfortable seats and tables strewn with journals). They are great practical jokers, and their farces and serenades form their principal diversion.

Upon our last afternoon we walked once more to the cathedral and watched the sun gild its ruddy front with its last dying rays. Then down to the river and to our hotel. At midnight we were awakened by the sound of music—guitar and viola and a sweet voice singing, and we recognized in the still night the voices of the other afternoon, first a light tenor, then a deeper barytone. What a fitting ending to this pleasant journey; what a happy climax to our stay in Coimbra, city of the muses!

\* See yon fresh fountain flowing mid the flowers,  
Tears are its water and its name "Amores."

—Burton's translation.



# MISGIVINGS OF A MALE SUFFRAGETTE



I AM a feminist; yet of late I have had a doubt—an ingrowing doubt that hurts me. Step by step as I have been more deeply convinced of the need of a revolution in the economic, social, and even moral position of women, I have felt a deeper misgiving as to the lines upon which it is proceeding.

This is a personal experience—made up of observations of necessity fragmentary; of doubts for which I can give at best half a reason; of convictions the ardor of which may seem unwarranted. Yet perhaps there will be a gain in reality. To me certainly the experiences I am to record have opened up a wholly new view of the crisis. And even as I have been recording them evidence has appeared that the world is groping toward a similar conclusion.

## I

My adherence to the cause came from the motive which, I believe, is commonest among American men—respect, even reverence, for women. In our family the boys were disciplined; but we gave the feminine members whatever they cared to take—leisure, education, freedom in matters of opinion and of social conduct. In much the same spirit we were for giving them the vote. My mother was one of the earliest suffragists, comrade of Susan Anthony and Frances Willard, and I was orthodox from the cradle.

My active interest in the cause did not begin until I was married. My wife, like most New York suffragists, was a recent convert, aflame with ardor, and insisted that I come up-town and lend my countenance to the spring parade. I argued that the parade was intended to impress those who were not yet convinced. Then I got down to the root of the matter.

One of Mary's comrades was marching without her husband's permission, and was so in awe of the dominant male that she did not dare let him know it. My

wife was filled with a fine rage against what she called the slaveholding patriarch (Watson was twenty-eight), and with a fine sympathy for the "servile" deceit of a sister. I was to dignify the occasion with my presence, so that if a crisis came we could overawe the reactionary. For Watson was my subordinate in the office, and was up for election to a club in which I served on the admissions committee.

If we are charged, my wife and I, with a petty personal tyranny, I can only reply that after the parade Mrs. Watson made a clean breast of it; that Watson opened his mind to discussion of the question, and is to-day an avowed suffragist. As far as it goes it is stupendously efficient, the feminine way of doing things!

Yet I felt misgiving; the seed of doubt stirred painfully. I would cheerfully have argued with the man till the cows came home and our wives perished of boredom; but I shall never enjoy the step from the sublime to the particular.

The parade, however, was pure sublime. The masculine humorists, and the very serious anti-suffragists, pictured the paraders as square-jawed viragoes, as vain sisters impelled by a thirst for notoriety, even as brazen hussies conspicuously flirting with the male voter. They threw up their hands in horror at the ribaldry of the masculine crowd, and at the fact that women could expose themselves to it. But in the anti-suffragists and their animadversions I can only see the spirit of that crowd at its worst. They voice an unseeing, unreasoning prejudice. And they are only the less respectable because they profess to be inspired by a love of decency.

There were fine women among the marshals—women who sat their horses with the air of calm command and looked the city in the eye, so to speak, with the confidence of potential conquerors. Upon their mood the leers and jeers from the gutter fell as softly as the sands of an hour-glass amid the hush of eternity. The women in the ranks marched simply, and for



the most part with downcast eyes. They were not used to appearing in public, and were overcome with a sort of physical modesty, an atavistical shame. Yet their step was firm; and in every simple, set line of their faces could be read a heroic purpose. One of the marchers, as I knew, had come out though at that moment her father lay dead. If ever I saw heroism, self-effacement in devotion to a cause, it was then and there.

Beside my wife walked Mrs. Watson, white but undismayed. There was nothing that I would not have done at that moment to show Watson where he got off—and on.

In point of fact I discussed the parade with him, man to man, and he promised to come out and see it next year.

Therefore I promised to march—the logic of the sequence is obvious.

We were late in leaving the office, and as we hurried up a side street toward the avenue I almost lost my recruit. The uniform of the paraders was white; and beneath the shoulders of men lined up across the side street we saw ragged groups of white-clothed figures moving down the avenue. What we saw most plainly, however, was that the legs of these figures were bare. Watson stopped short and clutched me, and we looked again. There was no doubt of it! The mainstays of the procession were nothing but pink and well-turned limbs—limbs and outward flourishes, in fact, for not a few of the white-clothed figures were running. The line of male bystanders cheered as they ran. “Good God!” said Watson—“and my wife is among them!”

I cannot deny that my own heart turned over; but in a moment, of course, I understood. An evening paper had offered a prize for a Marathon race, and these were the belated stragglers. The suffrage parade could not start till they had finished.

From that moment, however, I knew that women are not our equals—perhaps not even our superiors! They are different creatures, quite. Having arrived at this conclusion, I found full confirmation of it in biology. The progress of evolution has come through a differentiation and specialization of sex function, which for the good of the race must be in-

creased, not done away with. But after that Marathon such reasoning was superfluous, quite.

We had sent out a ringing call for men to join the parade. There was, to be sure, a crack in the ring, for we promised not to start unless we could muster at least one hundred. Only fifty-eight turned out. We were ordered to form in a side street in front of a club of which many of us were members, the windows of which were crowded. We stood on one foot, then on the other—too proud to hang our heads, too shamefaced to look up at the windows. As I think back on it, I seem to have looked inward, for all I remember is a whirling chaos of sensation, the color of which is dark-brown. As I had felt an illogical rage at the sight of that Marathon, I now felt an illogical shame.

It has been widely reported that, owing to some mix-up during the march, one of our company carried a transparency which read: “Men can vote: Why not we?” This, of course, is one of the works of the justly celebrated Ben Trovato; but the same satirical point was made right and left. One urchin shouted this finely alliterative phrase: “Willie, when ye die will yer wife them w’iskers!” It was from him that I learned to call myself a male suffragette. One cry was unceasing: “*You* go home and ’tend the baby!” Most of us were married, and some had a child or two; but the majority had no offspring to go home and “’tend.”

The popular verdict, you see, is that the women in our cause are masculinized, and the men feminized. But the verdict does not stand the test of analysis. Those women showed a far finer spirit than men of their class have ever thrown into a cause; and there was as obvious a limitation upon our femininity. No! In their exaltation and our pusillanimity alike there was something that escaped me then.

During the entire parade only one incident ministered in any way to a sense of masculine dignity. I fell into conversation with a policeman. “Sure, I’ll give ut ’em, the dear craytchers,” he said with affable magnificence; “there’s nothin’ they can’t have off me fer the askin’!”

As Mary and I talked over the afternoon’s adventures, I told her of this. I



was trying to believe it was an indication that the mass of men were beginning to come over to the cause.

I got small thanks for my pains. Her eyes flamed and the blood mounted in her cheeks. "*Give it us!*" she echoed. "*Off him!* Are we creatures of the harem to be given things or denied them—and by an ignorant policeman? It is our right—the eternal justice of democracy—and we are going to *take it!*"

I have never seen my wife look more handsome; but if I had said what was in my heart I should have found myself in the dread category of patriarchs, sultans, and policemen. And in point of fact was there any essential difference between the big cop's attitude and that to which I had been born and bred? The modern feminism postulates equality—postulates it theoretically, dogmatically, implacably. The same doctrine would as well justify the cry of "Marathons for women! Marathons for women!"

All this, perhaps you say, is only the record of a mind that is groping, fumbling. I answer that it is—that that's why I have set it down. In a few weeks more the State of New York, of which I am a citizen, will vote on a suffrage referendum; and the result will perhaps determine the fate of the cause in many other States. Of my fellow citizens who are to vote nine-tenths are similarly groping, fumbling.

Some of us are seriously determined to establish in our laws an equality that nature makes light of; some are lightly condescending to bestow a privilege that may have the most serious political consequences. And the ultimate cause of it all, the mainspring of what we call feminism, is an aroused passion of womanhood which is perhaps similarly groping; fumbling, but which will not be quenched until the present order is subverted, quite. What does it mean? Where is it leading? That is the most important question in the world to-day.

## II

I GOT nearer to the heart of the matter one day when we were playing bridge with the Watsons. A lady in the opposing camp had insisted that if the question be

submitted to a referendum it must be to a referendum not of men but of women. She gloried in the indifference of "all true wives and mothers" to public affairs, and told how delighted her husband was when he came home and found the atmosphere of unworldly domesticity, sweet and serene, personified in herself.

"The thing that made me a suffragist," said our hostess, "is the smirking idiocy of the antis!"

I doubt if the suffragist lives who has not voiced this sentiment. But I was not prepared for Watson's counter to it.

"Yet a minority who call themselves intelligent," he said, "are demanding in the name of justice that the vote be forced upon a majority of smirking idiots."

"Come, now," I retorted, "do you really believe that woman's spear is in the home?" I suppose it was with satirical intention that I misquoted the phrase.

Watson's eyes twinkled. "Her spear is in the home," he said—"and she uses it."

"Is it true," I asked, bowing to his wife, "that your spear knows no husband?"

"And yours?" he asked, bowing to Mary. "Who was it prodded up Alphonso here to haul me out to that parade?"

I made haste to get back to serious discussion.

The phrase had piqued me, however. What is the precise truth about woman's sphere and her spear?

I need scarcely retell the story of how, during the last century and a half, every labor that makes a woman's life economically productive in the middle classes has been removed from the home. The era of household industries has given way to the era of collective organization. Even the care of children is taken out of the mother's hands the moment it becomes intellectually interesting. The trained nurse and the trained teacher step in. To realize what this portends one has only to read Olive Schreiner's eloquent and impassioned "*Woman and Labor*," or William Hard's vehement and well-informed "*Woman of To-morrow*." There is a void in the lives of our women, a void which their nature abhors, and they are going out into market-place and forum to regain their economic function. That is



the basic fact in modern feminism, and the reason why it has arisen in the middle classes—or so it seemed to me then.

I put the case squarely up to Watson.

"Where an issue is merely personal," he admitted, "women are invincible. You know what they did in San Francisco? A man was charged with assault upon a woman, and the judge put his bail so low that he jumped it. Woman's spear had just been taken out of the home—a bright, new, shiny spear known as the recall. They went after that judge, and they got him. Meantime across the bay in Berkeley there was a referendum on the question of issuing bonds for playgrounds sorely needed by the children. Only an infinitesimal number of women voted. The mayor, who had been strong for suffrage in the recent election, and had personally swung enough votes to decide the question for the entire state, publicly called them down. The referendum was just as bright, new, and shiny as the recall, and the welfare of children was at stake; but the issue was abstract—so nebulous to them that they couldn't see it with a telescope! I greatly fear me, Alphonso, that the circumference of woman's sphere is determined by the radius of her spear."

I began to doubt whether we had done a good job in prodding Watson with that spear. Man, being the reasoning sex, has only to argue a question to convince himself.

Being myself a man, I set out to demolish Watson.

"You remember also what the Woman's Municipal League did to one ripper bill? How about it, eh?" I thought I knew what his answer would be, for he had covered the matter in our paper.

The bill threatened to put the night court into Tammany politics. The leaders of the League, women prominent in the best element of society, had gone to Albany to protest, and had been given fair words—but no action. They went again and received words somewhat less fair—and still nothing done. On the third trip they were received with thinly veiled contempt. The tiger was fiercely bent upon battenning its hungry ribs at the cost of unfortunate women. Then the ladies of the League threatened war. The Albany Solons asked with a sneer what they intended

to do. The answer was a call to the women of the East Side—to the mother, wife, and daughters of every Tammany heeler—to assemble in Cooper Union and hear about it. That threw a scare into the tiger. On the morrow a leading brave called to protest earnestly if ungrammatically that the boys in Albany meant no harm. He was politely shown the door. Then came a chief who protested with equal ardor and superior grammar that he himself would go to Albany and arrange matters. Even more politely he was shown the door. Finally, a man came who had held high civic office and was everywhere current socially. He asked indulgence for the rude manners of his predecessors and, in the friendliest tone, advised the ladies not to excite the wigwam unduly. To twist the tail of the tiger only enrages him; but speak him fair and he purrs and purrs. This emissary brought the word of the big chief Himself that the ripper bill would be killed. The ladies asked with a smile if he would furnish a bond that it stay dead. They intended to take part themselves in the obsequies. So the women of the East Side assembled and listened to their sisters under the skin—and as long as the present generation lasts no politician will dare to suggest that the judge who presides over the women's court shall be appointed for any cause except merit.

"Did you ever know a time," I asked, "when the sphere of women had a bigger radius?"

"You are aware, I suppose," Watson retorted, "that the League is non-partisan in suffrage, and that personally the women who cowed the tiger are 'smirking idiots of antis'?"

"The fact remains, however, that what women have done women can do. And with the vote they can do it harder."

"What makes you think that?" he asked. "The ladies of the League say that if they had been voters the braves would have told their wives that there was nothing in it all but politics—that the swells were blackguarding them as usual in order to lay hands upon the emoluments of office. Have you ever noticed that the best cause when it gets into politics is fought out on its lowest level? That is the history of party government in every democracy.



But if women keep out of politics they can stand unimpeached, as these women did, in the full dignity of womanhood." He paused, and then asked with a sudden gleam: "Have you ever heard of the village idiot of Banbury?"

I had not.

"They knew he was an idiot because he used to scratch where it didn't itch."

"What did I hear you say?" interjected Mrs. Watson. She had been teaching Mary a new step in the hesitation—and was lost to all minor matters. Otherwise our doubts would long ago have been resolved; for those of the true faith, as I once heard one of them say, can answer doubts such as ours in their sleep, or under an anæsthetic.

"Why, your friend Rollo Bright-eyes," said Watson, "has been arguing that all productive industry has been taken out of the home. But it seems to me there's one exception. Children also, if we can believe an old wives' tale, are a product of woman's labor. Yet in proportion as women have been relieved of one job they have thrown up the other. While they spend their lives on clothes, on dancing, on votes for women, the generations of the future are recruited from the slums."

He paused, as if to gather courage, and then shot this at me: "Or is your idea that, since the one sure power in the modern world is political, women are only waiting to take this other labor out into the forum?"

Perhaps I should be ashamed to admit that I burst out laughing. "Why not," I said, "since you thought them capable of parading as a Marathon?"

"You made it three hearts half an hour ago," Mrs. Watson interrupted, "and I doubled you. What on earth are you two men talking about?"

### III

WHAT Watson said made me think—made me think, as the French say, like the devil. The result was a conviction that, metaphorically at least, this matter of child-bearing will have to be taken out into the forum.

For what conceivable reason has the great mass of productive labor been removed from the lives of women, except

that they may pursue with energy and ardor undivided their exclusive and all-important function? Is it possible that the social and economical changes which seem to us so blind are wiser than we—that our thinking has lagged pitifully behind them?

Children of the well-born and well-bred are the only vital wealth of any nation. Ruskin was right about that; and the world is ceasing to smile at his economic doctrine. Of what use are the utmost material gain, the most perfectly devised institutions, if the men and women who inherit them are enfeebled in blood, defective in upbringing? Darwin himself pointed out that the one sure result of our philanthropic democracy is to waste our resources and reduce our stamina; yet, while we follow him in thinking evolutionally in biology, even in tracing the development of our economic and social systems, we think of the welfare of the race only in the dead terms of material wealth. And so we have made it impossible for the race to advance. As soon as a family raises its head above the slums it tends to be sterilized.

That is a matter of familiar observation—as of equally familiar statistics. But the underlying causes, as far as I can find, have never been clearly outlined. I must state them as best I can.

Our economic system has, for half a century, been inspired and controlled by a single class, the rich. They exploit our capital—our capital in dead wealth, and our capital in lives. That is no news. But has it ever been pointed out that our social system also is administered in behalf of a single class?

For the poor there are free maternity hospitals, free clinics and dispensaries, free parks and playgrounds, free baths and outings in summer. There are free trades schools by day and by night, free lectures, and free music. And now it is urged that we serve free meals in the public schools. It is as easy as not to have children, and the family that has them positively rises in the social and intellectual scale. Yet, relatively, the poor have least need of help in these matters; for in their lives the industrial revolution has wrought no vital change. Women are still economically productive—and chil-



dren, too, as soon as they are through grammar school. Still, as in the patriarchal day and the day of household industries, a family is no burden but an economic asset. And so, in the lower planes of living, the race still breeds with its age-old fecundity. The slums swarm with the children of the ill-born, the ill-bred, and ill-fed—who are to inherit the future.

Inherit it, yes—but for how long? Those of them that rise into the middle class have, in times past, given the world its best blood. The middle class has energy, ambition, intelligence—or it would not have risen thus far. And it has the great incentive, for the whole world is open to it and to its children. Yet between the upper millstone of the rich and the nether millstone of the poor the middle class is ground to pulp, extinguished in its heyday.

This sounds paradoxical, perhaps. A middle-class country has sterilized its middle classes? The land of promise blights the fruit of that promise? Well, let us see how it fares with sober, competent people who aspire to rise—and raise children.

Over nine-tenths of municipal taxes fall on real estate, which is to say upon rents. That is a heavy burden upon the shops and the homes of the well-to-do: income and outgo suffer alike that the poor may swarm upon the municipal bounty.

The national government, under a protective tariff, takes its share mainly out of food and clothing. Again the burden falls upon the families of those who aspire. For a bachelor is taxed only upon what he himself eats and wears, while a father is taxed upon as many as there are members of his household. Yet we are surprised that an increasing number of men prefer to lead single lives, and we search the streets and byways for the causes of prostitution. If parents educate their children as middle-class parents aspire to—until the age of eighteen, twenty-two, even twenty-five for those who study professions—then the parents continue to be taxed not only for what the children eat and wear, but largely also for what is caten and worn by their teachers. The more parents do for their children, in short—the greater their service to the race

—the more severely they are penalized. And, confronted by a vanishing birth-rate among the well-born and well-bred, we scold our women because they do not do their duty by the future!

The income tax is an engine which we might develop into a decisive power in behalf of race culture; but in the long agitation through which we have passed has the idea been suggested? Three thousand dollars a year is riches for a bachelor; but under the law as it stands he pays no tax on it—and is largely relieved of the old tax on food and clothing. People who are married are given an exemption of a thousand dollars more. That is scant justice, for a wife at least doubles a man's expenses. Thus the tax, in effect, penalizes marriage. And it takes not the least thought of the middle-class woman who has, or wants to have, children. For her four thousand is hardly half an income; yet she is still taxed by the tariff on food and clothing, and if there is more than four thousand income that is taxed also.

To have any relation to the vital needs of the moment, the income tax should be revised from the ground up. Single persons should be taxed on every dollar above what is needed to keep body and soul together—let us say a thousand dollars, instead of three thousand. And here is one case in which the sexes may be regarded as equal. This tax should not be to discourage celibacy, but to raise a justly distributed revenue. To facilitate marriage, the income of a couple, though childless, should be tax-free on a more liberal amount—say two thousand dollars. For each child an exemption should be granted of a full thousand, up to six or seven thousand dollars; and this exemption should continue as long as the child is being educated at the charge of the parents. Such a tax incidentally would provide far more revenue, and a far more equitably distributed revenue; for it would be levied not merely upon the very rich but also on the moderately well-to-do who make no other contribution to the national welfare.

Under any conditions now existing or proposed a middle-class father mortgages his future—his best work in the world. The mother faces not only an ordeal of



life and death but a strong probability that she and all who are dearest to her will be disclassed—turned backward to the soil or the slums. Many, it is true, still have a child or two; but to do so is no longer an act of happy, normal functioning but a deed of rare personal heroism. Until the present order is revised from the ground up, young men will continue to seek their mates in the street by night; and married women will continue to find no better use for their new leisure than what is called society and culture. And the future of the Republic will continue to be recruited from the slums.

Here, I take it, is the truest cause, the deepest well-spring, of the feminine uprising—and the reason why its most passionate adherents are not of the poor but of the middle classes. Through all the unrecorded æons of biology, our ancestors have had children and reared them—without one break in the age-old line. They have followed the vital impulse, to their own profit and to the profit of the race. Now for the first time women well-born and well-bred are bereft of labor—reproductive as well as productive. When the storm rages, there is somewhere a void to be filled. All our talk of the tyranny of man, of the equality of the sexes, is only the cry of the wind in the trees, its howling among the rocks that oppose it. The true secret of the storm is in the void beyond. Let any one listen intently and he will hear the deep cry of our women: "Let us, too, suffer and create. Give us back our labor; give us back our children!"

#### IV

I SPOKE of these things to Watson. "Then, as you dope it out," he said, "suffrage isn't really a cause—only an effect. Remember that old saying about a certain inhabitant of Banbury?"

I begged to change the figure. When the great gods pass, as they have passed out of the lives of well-born women, it is only human to make new gods. They are ill-shaped things, perhaps, to begin with; but at worst they keep alive the spirit of worship; and out of them in time we fashion gods that are worthy of a larger, a freer, a recreated world. Through the "effect" we shall reach the "cause."

"I acquire you, Stephen," he said. "It all works out beautifully! It explains why in England they have militants. The colonization of the empire has drained the home country of its men, leaving upward of a million women who haven't a ghost of a show even for a husband." A slow grin wreathed his face. "And the real war-cry of the suffragettes, as they roll bombs beneath the great chair of the prime minister, is: 'Give us back our husbands! Give us back our husbands!'"

"Possibly."

"Have you told your wife how comparatively happy is her lot—in having you?"

"Not yet."

"I'm going to tell mine! Only I'll break it to her gently. I'll begin by saying that you have converted me to the cause—of course I'll still call it a cause."

"But *are* you converted?"

"Sure, *Mike!* They'll have to get this equal franchise stuff out of their systems before they'll ever wake up to what's really the matter with 'em. They've got their spears out for that vote, and they won't be happy till they get it. So votes for women, I say. Votes for women!"

For all the levity of this avowal, the fruitful seed of doubt had struck root in Watson. But, to be candid, so had it also in me—and it is of that I am writing.

In the history of the world, has there ever been a great cause waged in such colossal self-ignorance? Even the many reforms which women have already achieved—from his honor the judge in New York to his honor of San Francisco—have been inspired by what a biologist would call a secondary sex instinct. To all questions affecting the vital rights and functions of women well-born and well-bred, the woman well-born and well-bred has shown a marked indifference.

It is men who have devised the benefit for widowed and deserted mothers; who have attacked the strongholds of shoddy woollens and poisoned food; who are striving to prevent the marriage of young girls to diseased and degenerate males. And now it is men who, blunderingly enough, to be sure, have given us, in an income tax, our best weapon against an economic system which lays the heaviest burden of all upon the fecundity of the middle



classes. We may be slow to comprehend, but we are not tyrants, not usurpers. Our deepest instinct—and this the humble dramatist of the movies knows well—is the instinct of the son and of the lover.

## V

I SAT beside Watson's friend of the Municipal League one evening at dinner, and told her of my misgivings, and of how Watson had been converted to the Effect.

"There are several nations," she said, "and many of our States, in which women have long been in politics. Have they given promise anywhere of waking up? Even in advanced Scandinavia, Ellen Key scolds them for blindness to the real destiny of womanhood."

I asked why her League did not state the issue and start a propaganda.

"Unfortunately," she said with a smile, "we have been anticipated—by our tyrant oppressors. Have you been to 'Damaged Goods'? There is a play that touches upon the true cause of women, in its ugliest and most virulent form. It was put on for a special public, yet took its place as one of the great popular successes of the season. Now it is touring the country; and women's clubs are coming forward everywhere and pledging organized, active assistance."

"But do you think that here, in our prim and sexless democracy, such a question can be raised to a cause—the cause of women?"

"Have you observed that the modern women practise any special reticence?"

I was forced to admit that I had not. The things ladies have discussed with me I am too much a gentleman to mention. Now that they have learned they can talk about anything, they talk about nothing else.

"But," I gasped, "as *the* cause of woman . . . !"

"Not her whole cause—the opportune point of departure, the first concrete target for her spear. The important fact is that, as you would say, we are beginning to think of our cause in the light of a primary instinct. Everywhere women, even young girls, are coming to realize their relation to the race."

"Young girls?"

"Especially young girls. My husband

and I use the journal of the Eugenical Society as home reading. The other day my daughter, aged fifteen, lunched with the family of a friend—a rather conventional lot. 'I don't think they are very intellectual,' Helen reported. 'When Mattie and I began to talk eugenics they hadn't a word to say—only stared.' Can you see them? The whole world of elders will soon wear that face, for the dawn of a new era is upon us."

"Yet in order to assure the future of the race, even the most matronly woman will have to go out of the home, into politics?"

"Out of the house, perhaps. She must have thorough training: know what is to be known of the traffic in food and clothing; of prostitution and the libertine; of the origins of defective children and of the means of putting an end to them; of the health of those to be married and of the conditions under which children should be born. On all these subjects our knowledge is as yet rudimentary and our ideas chaotic. If there is any true feminism in the world, men and women, and especially women, will search out such matters and master them. Then, when any legislation, such as the income tax, has special bearing on the fecundity of the biologically fit, women should have a decisive vote in the matter. The interests of the home have gone out of the house, and women will follow into their new home, enlarged, extended. But they will not go into politics."

"But without politics," I cried, "how will they get things done?"

"You men are what your mothers and your wives have made you; and though we have much to answer for in your shortcomings, it may still be said that no real need of women has ever appealed to you in vain. We shall speak, not for ourselves, but for the race and the future. What we say will not be disregarded."

## VI

THIS view disposes rather summarily, I think, of the unmarried, the wage-earning, and the taxpaying woman. They have ends to gain, energies to give—both of deep moment. They might well be granted political activity not only as a right but as a duty.



As to the matron, an important question of fact remains to be determined. What will be the effect of the suffrage upon her work—upon the future of the race? Will she gain her ends more surely by descending into the political arena? Or can she best fulfil her destiny by remaining outside of politics and above politics—as a priestess of race culture, so to speak, an unofficial aristocrat in biology? That, to my mind, is the crucial question, and I lately laid it explicitly before a leading agitator for the suffrage. Her answer was categorical. "Fundamental problems," she wrote, "such as race suicide, eugenics, celibacy, etc., are beside the suffrage question. If any one hopes to solve them through suffrage he is on the wrong path. No suffragist, however uninformed, would hold such premises."

If this is so, it must be equally true that the tariff, the income tax, and the trusts are beside the question of male suffrage. Voting, in short, has no relation either to sociology or to politics. Surely no statement could be devised which would justify more fully the old charge that the

suffrage agitation in its present form is doctrinary, insensate, fanatical. Really, it would be a joke, if it were not pathetic, that our so-called feminism places every "fundamental" womanly concern "beside the question."

Meantime, as a citizen of New York, I await with interest the form which the proposed law will take. If it is truly feminist—a conscious effort to mitigate spinsterhood, to promote marriage, and to restore the fecundity of the middle classes—then I, as a feminist, shall work for it and vote for it. If it is the mere expression of abstract doctrine, unrelated to any vital forces, I shall have to regard it as confusing the great issue.

For the present, I am afraid, the larger feminism is undreamed of by most of us. But against a fruitful idea, to adapt a phrase of Schiller's, the gods themselves wage war in vain. To-morrow the rights of the race will be ringing in our ears. And the cry of those who join battle will be: "Give us back our children—give us back our work as parents of the brighter world to come!"

## IN PURSUIT OF AN INTEREST

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

### I



OTHER is sometimes very unexpected.

"Virginia," she said suddenly, "I must have an interest."

It was last night at bedtime, and we were toasting our toes and sipping our glasses of hot water before the open fire in her room.

"Haven't you got me?" I asked.

She laughed. "Of course, there's always you. But I don't flatter myself that I shall keep you with me. What about Billy Carew?"

Billy had stayed later than usual, and mother, who always thinks she must sit up in the next room, had almost gone to sleep over her patience cards.

"Oh, there's no hurry about Billy," I said.

"Goodness knows I'm not anxious to have you marry him or any one else," said mother, "but I'm afraid you are a little unprincipled about your beaux. The poor boy is so dreadfully in love with you."

"We are both ridiculously young," said I. "And it is good training for him to be kept guessing. And, anyway, I give him a pretty good time. Why, to-night I gave him something to eat and let him talk a lot about himself and a little about me. That's the reason he stayed so late."

She laughed again. "Well, at any rate, I've got to have an interest of my own. It isn't so much fun playing patience in the next room while you are training Billy or some other boy to be a good husband. And then you are out a good deal—and



some day you will leave me altogether, for if it isn't Billy it will be some one else. Life is getting very dull, and I'm likely to fall into melancholy."

"For heaven's sake!" I cried. "Am I a selfish pig?"

"No, no!" said mother, "but we belong to two generations and you have your natural and legitimate interests." She added musingly: "Yet I don't feel old."

"You're not *old*."

She smiled. "Only elderly? Well, at least my *mind* isn't old, and that's what matters."

It was a new idea to me that she should feel bored and want to put more into her life than it already held. I suppose I have taken it for granted that a woman who has had a husband and has a grown-up child has had all that is coming to her. But now that she mentioned it I could see it—and it seemed pathetic.

"I didn't know—" I said. "You always seemed interested in the house and garden, and in books and bridge parties."

"Yes," she said, "I'm interested in whatever comes along, but it isn't an Interest—something personal to me—an intimate part of me—something that makes me look forward to each day as—as you do. I'll tell you about it, Virginia. You see—" She hesitated a little. "I've always wanted to write—all my life. When I was young, everything I saw and did seemed to say 'copy' to me, and I used to make little shamefaced secret efforts which never suited me and I burned them up. Then I married, and there has been plenty to do and think about. But now—oh, you don't know how I want to do it!" Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining.

"It's a perfectly splendid thing!" I exclaimed. "I do believe you have begun already."

"Just a little bit," she confessed. "I wrote an answer to one of those essaylets in the 'Literary Back Yard' of the *Arctic Monthly*. And, my dear, they've accepted it! And sent me ten dollars!"

I looked at her with a new respect. "I never could do it in a thousand years," I sighed. "Did you sign your own name to it?"

"Oh, those things are not signed, but I *would* sign my own name. And I'm going

to buy you a present with the ten dollars. This first money simply can't go into bread and butter."

"No—but something for yourself. I'm *not* a pig."

"We'll see. Meantime, this will take a lot of time, if I'm really going into it. And I shall have to buy a typewriter. It will be cheaper in the end than to hire one. I shall wear my old winter suit. What does it matter?"

"But I must help," I said. "I'll tell you what! I'll darn my own stockings, and—and I'll take the housekeeping."

"You are a dear," said mother. "I'll let you do it, because you really ought to learn how—against the time——"

I took her empty glass and gave her a squeeze. "Against the time when you are rich and famous."

## II

It seems a good while since mother and I decided that she was to become a famous writer. She writes little stories and lets me read them. They seem quite wonderful—for mother; but somehow they lack something. Perhaps it is the professional touch. The worst of it is that the editors think so too. They send them all back. Mother turns white when she sees the big envelopes and is dreadfully melancholy for a whole day. She doesn't look out for the mail-carrier any more, but goes and shuts herself up somewhere. I run down and get the mail, and when a manuscript comes I debate whether I shall give it to her right away or hide it for a while. It all comes to the same thing in the end.

"Why don't you give up?" I asked her this morning. It somehow seems undignified for a woman of her age to go on trying to do a thing that she can't do.

"I only wish I could give up," said she, "but I *can't* be beaten. These editors are all perfectly right. I can see it after the things come back. But I'll do it yet."

"Of course," I said, "there's no doubt you could have done it if you had begun a good while ago."

She was standing with her back to me, looking into the fire, with a rejected manuscript in her hand. She turned around quickly and a red spot flamed up in each cheek.



"I'm not old!" she exclaimed. I suppose I looked startled, for she added: "Oh, I'm not a fool. I know my wretched body is growing old. My hair is turning gray, and I've wrinkles and all that. But my mind! My mind isn't old—and it shan't be!"

With that she flew out of the room and I knew she was going to cry. It did seem dreadful, and so utterly unsuitable.

I suppose that what keeps us dragging along is that once in a while the *Arctic* accepts one of those little unsigned articles. That elates us both, and we think the luck is going to turn, but it never does. I'm getting horribly tired of keeping house and knowing what we are going to eat and trying to keep the bills down. It makes me rather dread the idea of being married some day—and yet Billy certainly is a dear! I don't tell him a word about mother, but he sees that I am worried and stops talking about himself and his affairs and just tries to amuse me—and succeeds, too.

### III

SUCH a horrid thing has happened. Yesterday we were talking about a novel we had been reading. The heroine was a writer, and in an evil moment, when her brain was fagged and her imagination failed, and she had to send off a story she had promised and hadn't yet begun, she took some green chartreuse, which braced her up so that she wrote a wonderful tale. Then she took more chartreuse, and finally got into the habit of stimulants, and she and her family had an awful time. I was saying that a book of that kind ought to do some good as a warning.

"Do you think so?" said mother. "I believe I'd take anything that would make me write a really good story—except drugs. I draw the line there."

"But the habit?" I said, quite shocked.

"The habit is perfectly unnecessary," said mother. "The woman was a fool." It is curious how much stronger language mother is getting to use.

Nothing more was said at the time, but last night, when I went into her room for what we always call our "party," she wasn't undressed.

"I thought I would try writing at night for a change," she said carelessly.

I went to bed, but couldn't get to sleep, for it seemed so strange not to have mother in the next room, and I hated to think of her sitting up alone until all sorts of hours. After a while I got up and went to the little sitting-room, which she has made into a study for herself. There she was, with a bottle and tiny glass on the table beside her. The light struck the label. It was green chartreuse.

"Oh, mother!" I cried.

She gave a great start and looked up at me with the most frightened expression. "Go away!" she said quite crossly, and I went back to my room and cried myself to sleep.

This morning she came to breakfast looking rather shamefaced. "Don't worry, Virginia," she said. "I didn't take much of the horrid stuff. It made me so sleepy I couldn't write at all. I've put the bottle in the sideboard, and we'll use it with the coffee when we have people to dinner."

I gave a great sigh of relief.

### IV

It was only a few days after the chartreuse experience that mother remarked, *à propos* of nothing: "I'm going to try tea."

"Try tea?" I echoed stupidly.

"Why, yes," said mother. "I have read that coffee stimulates thought and tea stimulates expression. Now, I really have a lot of ideas, but I need more freedom of expression—and my style wants cultivating."

Well, the tea wasn't so bad if she cared to try it, so that evening I bade her good-night very cheerfully. She was already in her study with the tea things on a little table beside her.

"I expect you to do something wonderful," I said, and she smiled at me hopefully.

But next morning she was haggard and wild-eyed.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"Virginia!" she said. "I haven't slept one wink all night—and yet I couldn't write. I made the tea as strong as lye and drank quantities of it—clear. It almost nauseated me, and somehow I got



so tired. Tired and wider awake every minute. I never want to see a cup of tea again."

"Anyway," I said, "your style isn't so bad. It is getting quite sophisticated."

"Do you really think so?" cried mother. She fairly beamed.

But I went on. "What you need is climax. Your stories slump at the end. You know I've told you that before."

Her face clouded again. "Out of the mouth of babes," she said. "But I believe you are right. I've been trying to be natural—and real life does slump so. I must cultivate the dramatic sense."

So back she went to her writing-table with fresh determination. But in a day or two discouragement set in.

"I don't seem to have any dramatic sense," she said. Then she went off in a brown study.

Last evening some of the girls and men came in, and of course I let the boys smoke. After they had gone and I had cleared up the room a little and had put all the ashes and stumps into the fireplace, I still seemed to smell smoke. I went into mother's study, and there she was with a cigarette between her lips and a boxful on the table. I was simply speechless, but she heard me come in and looked up.

"Virginia," she said, taking the cigarette in her fingers and regarding it contemplatively, "I have been reading anecdotes of authors. You would be surprised to know how many cigarettes it has taken to write some of the best-sellers."

"I hope it will make you horridly sick," I said viciously.

"No," said mother, smiling, "it isn't going to. I am beginning very carefully, and it isn't doing a thing to me. But I've had almost enough for to-night. You go to bed and I'll come. We'll have a party again, like old times."

"I don't want any party," I said, and went off miserably enough. When mother came I pretended to be asleep.

This is really dreadful! Mother is actually becoming queer—and I maintain that a queer mother is unbearable. Queer uncles and aunts—yes, and grandfathers, and even grandmothers, one may put up with, if one has to, but a mother ought to be like other people, only nicer. A queer mother is a monstrosity. I put it to any

one! And mother has always been so fastidious—a person to be proud of, even if she didn't always get one's point of view. I am in despair! . . .

I don't know what possessed me, but I've told Billy all about it. He came up on the veranda where I was trying not to cry, and when he said, "Hello, what are you so doleful about?" I just burst into tears. He was so scared and so wild to comfort me that if we had been in the house I'm sure he would have kissed me. I shouldn't have been able to prevent it—and perhaps, just for the moment, I shouldn't have wanted to. But being out-of-doors saved the situation. Well, I told him the whole thing—all about mother's ambition to write and her disappointments and these dreadful efforts of hers to get some sort of stimulation. He was very sympathetic and only chuckled a little over the smoking, but when I said I was afraid she was getting to be queer he broke out:

"Queer nothing! Your mother is a dead-game sport, and I hope she succeeds! Why shouldn't she smoke if she wants to?" And then he chuckled some more. Somehow it did me good to see how he took it, for I had been deadly serious for so long.

"See here, Virginia," he went on. "The only thing to worry about is the hard time your mother is having. But she's twice as clever as we are, and has twice as much pluck. She'll come out all right. Lord! I wish we could help her. But nobody can. I only wish——"

I knew what Billy wished. His own mother died when he was little, and I sometimes tell mother that he wants her for a mother as much as he wants me for—something else. I didn't say he could have her, but I feel ever so much better about her—and he certainly is a dear.

## V

THE smoking experiment went on for a week. Billy told me to let mother alone, but I couldn't help remonstrating occasionally.

"I know," she would say. "I object to it myself, but there's no inherent reason why it should be worse for me to smoke than for your father, or mine. They



both did it. I'll admit that it displeases me to see a woman smoke, but I am obliged to acknowledge that that is a mere prejudice. I'm bound to see what it will do for me."

But finally, to my unutterable relief, she announced that she had given it up. "It's no use," she said. "I get so interested in the smoking itself that I cannot think of other things. I'm afraid I really am too old a dog to learn this trick. You can keep the rest of this box for Billy—and you needn't tell him who smoked the ones that are gone."

I felt guilty, but this was no time for confession. I flew to her and hugged her. "Dear, dearest mother," I cried, "don't do any more of those queer things. *Can't* you give up the writing?" A manuscript had come back that morning.

"No, Virginia," she said, with a pathetic little drop in her voice. "I almost wish I hadn't begun, but I don't know how to give up. I hate it and I love it—and it has got me. But I won't distress you by any more uncanny doings."

That was a few days ago, and only last night she had me frightened out of my wits, for I really thought she was going insane. We have communicating rooms and sleep with the door open between. I happened not to go to sleep as quickly as usual last night and heard mother talking, as I supposed, in her sleep. She had never done it before, as far as I knew, and it had the weirdest effect. I was going to call out, but thought it might be entertaining to hear what she was saying. We could laugh over it in the morning. I crept softly out of bed and, crossing the room in my bare feet, stood beside her. She was saying just above her breath:

"Come now, my other self—my subliminal, or whatever you want to be called—you must come to my rescue. Lend a hand, please, and give me the ideas that I'm sure you have. And look out for the dramatic situations."

"Mother! mother!" I screamed.

Mother laughed. "What business have you here?" she said. "I thought you were asleep." She seemed perfectly calm and wide-awake and put out her hand and took hold of mine. I was shivering all over.

"You silly child," she said. "Get into bed with me and get warm."

"But what—what—?" I stammered.

"Oh, it seems too foolish to tell you, but I suppose I must. Why, you know I cannot leave a stone unturned—and I've been reading a book about autosuggestion. They say you must speak out loud just before you fall asleep—and it *is* rather hard to be wide enough awake to speak and sleepy enough to fall asleep, both at the same time. And it does make me feel very silly. However, if you want to try the experiment you must talk to your subliminal—your subconscious self and get it to help your mind to work in the way you want it to. And it is supposed to work best while you are asleep. You know about your subconscious self, don't you?"

"I don't want to know," I sobbed. I was crying hard by this time. "I only wish you wouldn't be so queer any more. You make me so—so—unhappy."

"Do I?" said mother, in her sweetest, tenderest tone, the tone that always makes me adore her. "Then I won't be queer any more, dearest child. I think, myself, it doesn't pay." She had her arms around me and was kissing my cheek and my hair.

"Then you'll really give up the writing?" I exclaimed joyfully.

"No." She still petted and kissed me. "No, darling, I won't give it up, but it shan't worry you any more. I think my final experiment will be the *mens sana in corpore sano*, without any artificial aids whatever. That's about the only Latin phrase I remember, but it's sufficient. Now will you stay and sleep in my bed?"

## VI

THE old, happy-go-lucky way in which we used to spend our days has seemed very far back in the past; until quite lately, when we have come back to it, but with a difference. For months and months we have been so methodical that I have hardly known myself. Mother has faithfully pursued her régime of open air and exercise, with early to bed and early to rise. It hasn't been much fun making my beaux go home at ten, but she was firm. Every morning for months she shut herself up in her study and positively refused to let me rush in and disturb her with trifles. Sometimes I have felt a little lonely of a morn-



ing, but it has occurred to me that she has had her lonely and shut-out times too, while I have been enjoying myself, so it's all fair play. I still keep house and it rather bores me, but, after all, she must have got bored with it too, so I may as well take my share. A long time ago I noticed that there were no more manuscripts arriving in the mail.

"What are you writing?" I asked her one day.

She smiled mysteriously. "I am writing a book."

"But do you think——"

"What I think is that I'd rather have one big snub than a good many little ones. I can have such a good time before it comes."

So she went on, day after day, and week after week, but in all this time she never showed me anything she had written. "It would break the spell," she said.

But after four o'clock in the afternoon she was her old self again, just as gay and interested in everything, with her afternoon tea-table surrounded by the girls of my set, whom she loves dearly. Then one morning she didn't go to her study at all. It was an enchanting summer day and she came out on the veranda and sat down idly in an armchair. After a little while she went and hunted up an old piece of embroidery and brought it out there.

"This is lovely," I said, "but where is the book?"

A dimple showed in mother's cheek. "I have sent it off," she said demurely.

"Sent it off? Not to a publisher?"

She nodded.

"And never showed it to me! I call that mean."

"I couldn't. You'll see it if it's printed—but of course it won't be." She threw down her work. "I'm as nervous as a witch!" she declared. "I suppose I shan't hear from it for months. What will become of me?"

Well, it was six weeks—and what a gay six weeks! Billy and I got up picnics and drives and parties just to amuse mother. Billy really was a perfect dear. He didn't bother me a bit about myself, but we were simply partners, taking care of mother. By that time I had told her that he knew about her writing, and she didn't mind a bit, and we were all quite frank and

comfy. Finally she got her letter from the publisher. The book was accepted! What a day that was! Mother laughed and cried and grew ten years younger in a minute, and I telephoned to Billy and we three went on a picnic that evening.

When the proofs came mother found she didn't know how to read proof. She studied the specimens in the back of Webster's Dictionary and Billy gave her some lessons—Billy knows a lot of things—but still she wouldn't show us a word of the book. All we could do was to persuade her to tell us the title, and that didn't throw any light. She had called it "The Experiment." We finally gave up teasing her and let her alone, even when the page proofs came. But at last—at last came the book itself, several copies, making quite a package. She and I opened it together. Her hands were as cold as ice and all trembling. The dark-blue cover was very pretty and refined, and mother's name—Marion Grayson—under the title was the most thrilling thing I ever read. She took a copy and wrote my name in it and handed it to me.

"Run away with it," she said.

Then she put on her hat and went out—I don't know where. She didn't come home to lunch. She gave me the day. I needed it. I read all the morning and part of the afternoon. I told our little black maid, Onyx, to say that I was out.

Oh, yes, the book was wonderful. I never dreamed that mother could do anything like it. No amateurishness, plenty of climax, but— That "but" was very large.

About five o'clock mother came back. Her eyes were shining and there was a red spot in each cheek. Onyx had put the tea-table on the veranda and mother called me out. She had dropped into a chair and was taking out her hatpins.

"Well?" she said.

"Do you think it was nice," I said, and my voice *would* shake—"do you think it was nice to put *me* into a book?"

"I didn't—exactly," said mother, taking off her hat and sticking the hatpins in it.

"But you did, just exactly," I said, getting more indignant with the sound of my own voice. "And the book published with your name, too! Every one will know it."



She was exasperatingly composed. "Do you find yourself nice—in the book?" she asked.

"Of course you've made me nice—nicer than I am. And the book is fearfully clever, but such bad taste. The only thing I have to be thankful for is that at least you had decency enough not to put Billy in. I don't know how you happened to leave him out." My tone was vastly sarcastic. As a matter of fact, Billy is very much nicer than her imaginary hero.

She began to show her dimple again. "I thought an older type would suit my purpose better," she said.

I was very huffy, indeed, and began to say something crushing, but she interrupted me.

"Calm yourself, Virginia," she said, smiling a little. It seemed so unkind of her to smile. "I hate to destroy your illusions; but Nature didn't break the mould when she made you. There are lots of girls very much like you. Just now you are only about one half Virginia—and the other half Youth. And I studied only Youth in you. By and by you'll be more individual—almost all Virginia—and then I shouldn't dream of putting you into a book. So don't take this so much to heart. The other girls may think I meant *them*."

She stopped and waited a moment, but I kept sulkily silent. "Is that really all you have to say to me about my book?" she asked at last. Her voice was wistful and the tears were just back of her eyes. With a rush of remembrance I recalled all those months of hard work, and it suddenly came to me that I was pretty horrid. I ran to her and threw my arms around her neck.

"Oh, mother!" I cried. "It's wonder-

ful, perfectly wonderful. I thought so all the time, and I should have been crazy about it—and I *am* so proud of you—only I thought——"

"Yes, darling, I was afraid you would think—but I haven't made any mistake. Just wait and see."

She was right. Several of my friends—Carol and Betty and Rosamond—have told me, each one separately and privately, that they were sure mother had them in mind and they didn't dream that she knew them so well. They all seemed to feel immensely flattered, so I let them alone and didn't tell them that it was just Youth.

Of course mother wrote Billy's name in a copy of the book and gave it to him. He kissed her hand and thanked her, and they both looked so affectionate and so moved that I felt a couple of ridiculous tears come into my eyes and ran into the next room to hide them. For a few minutes I heard them talking in low tones, and then Billy followed me and for the last time asked me to marry him—for the last time, because I simply was obliged to say yes.

"You wouldn't have the heart to keep me out of the family now—after all this?" says Billy, and I really didn't see how I could.

"What will mother say?" I said at last.

"She said I might ask you," said he.

"You've asked me before without any permission," said I.

"Yes," said he, "but this time it seemed different."

After a while we went and told mother. "You see," I said, "you have an interest now, so you can let me go."

She was smiling and the tears were running down her cheeks. "Let you go?" she cried. "You'll both be mine, all my life!"





## THE POINT OF VIEW.

AS Vassar College celebrates her fiftieth birthday, the honor due to a life of high intent and hard work is hers, and few will be found to dispute this. No *Godey's Lady's Book* is needed now to apologize, question, approve. It is difficult to

Vassar's Fiftieth Anniversary

realize, so much a part of our national life have the colleges for women become, how short is the span of life behind them, how great and how hazardous an innovation they seemed in the early days. Laughed at because of the preposterousness of the idea that women should receive the "higher education"; frowned at because of the certainty of conviction that they would undermine the American home and bring womanhood to the dust, they have quietly taken their place in our civilization, doing their work of training as well as they have been able; and the American home still exists, nor is womanhood in the dust.

The college girls of to-day have little actual realization that the institutions in which they study do not go back to the dawn of time; and even five and twenty years ago they seemed to their indwellers a something stable, of long descent. Undoubtedly, this swift fitting into place is because they were right; because they met a fundamental need; because they should have been, long before they were, a part of the order of things. Innovations of real menace do not amalgamate in this way with our national life, become so quickly an unconscious organic part of it.

Vassar in no way claims to be the *alma mater* of the idea that women should receive advanced training. Reading of those early days, we are conscious of a rustle and a stir, an expectation, an inquiry; the current was setting that way. Oberlin had granted women its full educational opportunity; Miss Willard had made to the New York legislature her great plea for the cause; Mount Holyoke Seminary was hard at work; Elmira College had been opened. These, and many other efforts, were part of a great wave of human thought and interest, showing that there is a tide in the affairs of women as well as in the affairs of men.

Yet to Vassar, and to the founder of Vassar, is due great praise for hard pioneer work done; for more determined effort to secure better equipment, more generous endowment; for more resolute insistence that the standard of work should be equal to that in the better colleges for men. Vassar, at her opening in September, 1865, took her place as the first of the great colleges for women; and her history of fifty years has a significance not to be measured by mere dates, nor yet by the number of her alumnae, nor by the variety of their occupations and achievements. The three buildings of that year have increased to twenty-one; in this expansion is especially notable the growth of the last ten years, crowned by the beautiful Taylor Hall. The degree of bachelor of arts has been given to nearly five thousand. The alumnae are working in every department of effort, as teachers, investigators, doctors, lawyers, social workers, while undoubtedly their greatest service lies in phases of activity that do not reach print: intelligent citizenship, duties of church, if not of state; manifold social activities that centre in the family; able conduct of the "home," which the woman's college was to shatter so swiftly.

The sense of pleasure in contemplating the achievements of the fifty years is greater than mere satisfaction in one's own college, and extends to the whole new endeavor, to all that has been done in training women. Yet the daughters of Vassar may be forgiven if, at moments, they stop to think with pride of the distinctive personality of their *alma mater*, remembering a certain graciousness and stateliness in her ways, as in her abode near the liberal banks of the Hudson, among her great evergreens and wide green meadows. The dignity of her dwelling-place is a fit setting for her intellectual dignity, shunning modern ways of boast and advertisement. There has been from the first a quiet steadiness in the discipline given here, something a thought conservative in the evenness, thoroughness, all-aroundness of the training. The curriculum, showing that here is not so extreme an elective opportunity as in some places,



betrays wisdom, for the college world, after its wild career of multiplying electives, is surely coming back to a faith in certain things as basic, fundamental, necessary. Perhaps no single decision of the college has been more wise than the limitation of the numbers admitted, whereby the danger of overcrowded classrooms and dormitories is prevented. Vassar, in the steadfastness, and the maturity of her thought and of her ways, perhaps ever remembers that she is the eldest of the great colleges for women, and that upon her rests something of the elder sister's responsibility.

Here's to her fiftieth birthday, and here's to her five-hundredth!

**T**HOSE pioneers, the founders of colleges for women, would undoubtedly have been astonished, could they have looked forward a brief forty or fifty years, to see how crowded are the September trains carrying myriads of girls collegeward. The besieging multitudes standing, figuratively speaking, at the gateways of the larger colleges, the hundreds yearly turned away because of lack of room, would leave no doubt of the overwhelming response to the invitation to "fresh woods and pastures new." Undoubtedly, great currents are sweeping this way; year by year the eagerness to have a part in this new life grows. What does it all mean? To those who have the opportunity of watching closely it is an ever-interesting problem, complex and many-sided and never fully solved.

Tendencies

An obvious part of the answer, that the opportunity for intellectual development brings into the open forces long stored and awaiting opportunity, is far from solving the puzzle. This is not the whole story, is not, perhaps, to-day, the main part of the story. The purely intellectual appeal—surely one may venture this after reading the records of an earlier day and watching the manifestations of this—is not so dominant to-day as in the sixties and seventies. Some there are, it may be many, who are inspired by love of pure knowledge, and who regard the college years as part of the trail leading to ancient library, with its manuscripts; to laboratory, with its instruments of discovery, bent on knowing, like Paracelsus of old. These, however, are by no means the majority,

nor do they give the stamp, in most places, to the college life of to-day.

Yet those critics who aver that the majority of young girls troop collegeward for the "life," for teas, athletics, dramatic activities, are wrong. Some are undoubtedly drawn by reported amusements; yet many of these waken to deeper interests, responding quickly to the more serious influences of the new environment. Others, persisting in being froth and foam on waves whose deeper stirrings are indeed deep, eventually fade and vanish at examination and test time. The emergence of the type is a perfectly normal manifestation of youth and spirit; is it, perhaps, in part due to a feminine resolve to be just like the men?

There is something of broader significance in this great movement of the daughters of the race; some stirring of deep instinct; some profound appeal of the community life, the common interest. Chief among the forces is the old human passion for liberty; each woman's college charter stands as a kind of *magna charta*, a declaration of independence, meaning freedom to act, decide, face the problems of life with due sense of responsibility; and the enthusiastic response of feminine youth to the opportunity gained by this bloodless revolution is wholly human and admirable.

Great is the disciplinary power, great the promise of student government in the women's colleges, standing for liberty under law and self-made laws. In all the colleges where this exists, women are being trained for effective citizenship. In the sense of the larger issue, the civic responsibility, gladly shouldered, bravely held, women are gaining something quite as important as pure intellectual delight, and, if one may venture a surmise, something in which feminine gift may prove, in the long run, more effective than in pushing forward the boundaries of knowledge in purely creative scholarship. No one who has seen the way in which young girls of immature years rise to their large opportunities and their hard duties in student government could doubt the power of womankind to rise to the height of any civic or state responsibilities that may be put upon them. The promise of those early years has already been abundantly confirmed in later; in their economic activities, women are carrying bravely on, as keepers of the larger house,



holders of the greater trust, duties of national importance—in Child Labor work, the Infant Mortality Association, the Children's Bureau, and uncounted other ways in their official and professional activities.

It is no figment of the imagination that the sense of common interests, of a common cause to serve, to which mere individual claim is to be subordinated, has already wrought much for the younger generations of womankind. A new generosity, a new impersonality, a willingness to sink individual will and desire in the general good is apparent among them. Whatever loss there may be may surely, for the moment, be forgotten in the realization of this great gain, for the greatest freedom that can be achieved is freedom from self.

Nothing has more significantly suggested the real advance made by the women's colleges than the commencement address made at one of them this year by our distinguished ex-President, Mr. Taft, in which he spoke to a great audience of young women on the subject of an international peace court, addressing them precisely as he would have addressed an audience of young men, bringing forward his large problem and discussing it without condescension, treating them as if they were, in full measure, citizens of the country.

In all the achievement, over which the heart grows warm with pride, a question intrudes itself now and then as to the possibility of excess in this direction or in that. The dominant impulse in the women's colleges to-day is undoubtedly toward social service; nothing could be more significant of normal feminine instincts; nothing could be more useful at this moment, with hundreds of thousands of immigrants pouring into the country and countless children waiting for all that enlightened and disinterested women can give them. Yet a certain danger lurks in the generous impetuosity of womankind, meaning, sometimes, a nervous impatience to get at the task before one is ready for the task, which, more than most others, needs ripe knowledge and something, at least, of experience. Certain young workers plunge into social work, slum work, settlement work primed with radical political theory, trained in the latest philanthropic course in economics, with little or no knowledge of history; aware of new analytical method, but, because of lacking

knowledge of the past, unaware of growth, of evolutionary process in human affairs.

The other question reaches out until it touches all the education of to-day. Are the finer cultural aspects of the old training vanishing in the insistent search for immediate efficiency? If all rush to the immediate, the practical, will the sense of deeper need in time die away? Who, in all the contemporary clamor for comfort and for physical betterment, will try to win the young to finer ways of thinking, and of feeling? Remembering that these beneficent activities of to-day grow out of the long quest of the race for truth and for beauty, one cannot help wondering if these activities will not also cease if the larger quest is forgotten.

HOW wonderful that men should be content to pose—even spending a lifetime at it! Everywhere I go I see mediocre persons presenting themselves as Napoleons, or Lincolns, or Washingtons, according as their fancy dictates. Do the wives or valets of these gentlemen never find them out? Or are they so successful as even to delude themselves into believing they are strong and terrible?

The Pose  
of Men

But, when all is said and done, how much real fun a man loses if he has to live so as constantly to impress those around him with his Napoleonic calibre! He may not admit of little weaknesses in common with ordinary men—those defects which are so important in the association of congenial friends—but must stand aloof, separate, uncompromising, infallible, condemned to introspection and the cultivation of the congressional face.

I know a score of men who can silence me; but why should I associate with them? Far more fun it is to converse with some gentle lunatic who will encourage me to talk and think of new things, or listen indulgently to my artless discourse of the oldest things in the world. I love doctors, and farmers, and ministers, especially bishops; but I am rather afraid of bankers, and brokers, and "club-men," and all that crew that are constantly advertising; for they always seem so hard and material, and totally unable to be chummy and intimate. Their conversation runs to autobiography and anecdote, and they have no silly private ideas that will not



bear analysis. At election time they vote, not as I do, to further certain perhaps Quixotic ideals and fundamental principles, but to insure "prosperity," whatever that means. In truth, they spend their lives in pursuit of prosperity; and the more prosperous they become, the more disposed they are to consider their mode of existence the only true expression and end of life.

But as for me, I am naturally a soft substance. I don't like to be lectured or made efficient. I confess to a vagrant and irresponsible interest in religion, and anarchy, and various toy philosophies of no possible utilitarian value. I like to sit in the park and watch the swan-boats, or walk along the city streets in the summer evenings and see the children dancing to the hurdy-gurdies, and the babies being fed in a very old-fashioned way.

I admit I am not a sport. I like to sit in the cafés, and observe the airs of proprietorship exercised by the gentlemen in entertaining their ladies. I like to listen to the music, and I like to receive the attentions of the waiter—if he does not discipline me too much. But I simply cannot stay up very late, and I harbor an immense dread of consuming very many infuriating refreshments.

It is these deficiencies in me which make me such a poor companion for the gentlemen who make their living in Wall Street; for who could spend all day screaming numbers round a post in the stock exchange, entertaining rich patrons, thinking in terms of vast sums of money, and then be content to chatter aimlessly of shoes and ships and sealing-wax? How unimportant, how wasteful of the powerful mentality of such persons, must the discussion of such topics appear!

LIKE almost everything else in life, apparently, from a taste for olives to one for camembert, the sense of the picturesque seems to be an acquired habit with most of us. To learn to see and find pleasure in the unusual aspects of things about us

Acquiring a  
Sense of the  
Picturesque

calls for the cultivation of our observing faculties in new ways. An artist friend told me of a fellow painter he had met in Venice who said he could see nothing there to paint. It is this way with many city dwellers. They overlook the pictures that confront them on every side. In New York, beyond question

one of the most picturesque cities in the world, thousands pass by the things that lie close at hand—go their ways about the city, following beaten paths, with eyes only upon the actual, the obvious, the outwardly commonplace material aspect of things. Once some one with an observing eye, a visitor from the outside who comes to it for the first time—some foreign artist maybe, who knows his world—becomes enthusiastic over some hitherto undiscovered picture, how they begin to confront one at every turn as you walk the streets! How soon the various *moods* of the city begin to impress you too—the sense of its vastness, its wonderful contrasts by day, at night—away from the glittering vulgarity of the white-light regions—its brooding mystery, its infinite loneliness, its unceasing, insatiable onward rush! Its life is like the life of its environment, ever restless, changing with the tides of the races, with the impulse that the whole world is sending to us across the seas.

New York is, indeed, a wonderful and fascinating city, even on days of glittering sunlight with blue skies as hard as adamant, everything sharply defined, cut out with cameo sharpness—but it is lacking in sentiment, in toleration, in refinement, in intimacy, on such days. It seems then to be more than ever expressive of the dominating spirit of human selfishness, of the eternal struggle for place that so impresses even the stranger within the gates. How compelling it is, though, how irresistible, how stimulating the contact with its restless life! And how gay, and indifferent to everything but the moment, it seems on such a sparkling day, with the throngs in the streets, the color everywhere, the endless procession of automobiles in Fifth Avenue, the waving banners of steam over the roofs! How arrogant and assertive of power, of money, are the towering masses of its architecture!

But it is not this aspect of New York that especially appeals to the artist or to the sense of the picturesque—it is too literal, too lacking in touches of sentiment. Soften its hard outlines with a film of mist, a gray curtain of rain, the soft mystery of falling snow—when all the towers look like blue hills against the sky—or shut it in under the cover of night, with its long vistas of receding lights, and it becomes a city of romance with an appeal to the imagination in a thousand ways.



# · THE FIELD OF ART ·

## ORIENTAL LACQUER—ITS INFLUENCE ON THE ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

**D**URING the course of the development of decorative art, through the many centuries during which it has expanded and blossomed, numerous exotic elements have, from time to time, added fresh and interesting notes to the creations of European artists and artisans; and of all the Oriental arts that have influenced decoration in Europe none have played a more important rôle than Chinese and Japanese lacquer.

Lacquer has furnished a most valued material for one of the earliest industrial arts of China, and, though there are no authentic records of its origin nor of the steps of its early development, the process is already called an ancient one in a work published in 1387, in the first years of the Ming period, which proves that the art was known in as remote an epoch as the Sung dynasty. The culminating years of its development were reached in the reign of the Emperor Chien Lung (1736-95), who greatly encouraged its manufacture and had large quantities of lacquered objects made with which to furnish and decorate his palace. After his death the art seems to have declined in merit, and since that time little or nothing of any high artistic value in Chinese lacquer has been accomplished.

The Japanese first learned the process from China, but have since brought it to a point of perfection which surpasses the finest productions of the Chinese. In Japan, however, lacquer is applied solely to objects of comparatively small size, while in the Chinese Empire it served to decorate screens and panels of tremendous dimensions.

Lacquer is divided into two classes—painted and carved lacquer. Both kinds are sometimes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, jade, and various semiprecious stones.

It was in the early seventeenth century, when Holland and Portugal began their trade with the remote East, and more particularly with China, that marvellous empire teeming with so many extraordinary artistic manifestations, that Europe first began to realize the new and vast field of decorative elements which were contained in and revealed to her artists by Oriental art. It is true that in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" Chinese porcelains found their way to England, but it was not until after the sev-

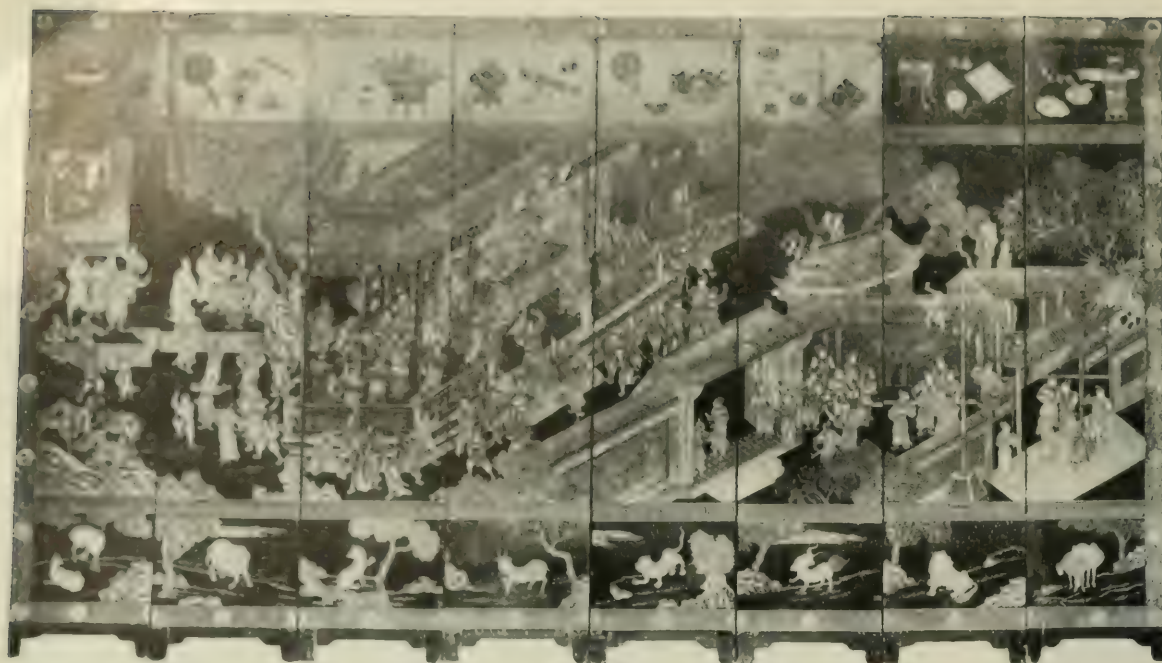
enteenth century had dawned, when the adventurous Dutch merchants brought to Europe the amazing ceramics and lacquers which so astonished and delighted Occidental artists, that a veritable revolution in the realm of interior decoration was brought about. To the superb though perhaps somewhat too pompous creations of



Cabinet of early Chien Lung lacquer.  
(Circa 1740.)

Design painted in colored lacs on a flat surface of black lacquer. This variety was frequently copied in Europe. The porcelains are of the Ming and Kang-hsi dynasties. (Property of H. C. May, Esq.)





Coromandel screen of early

18th century. It is lacquered a brilliant black and the design incised and painted in gilded and colored lacs. One side represents a court  
ciated in Europe toward the end of the seventeenth century and during the

Daniel Marot, Du Cerceau, and Philibert de l'Orme a lighter and more fantastic touch was added by the arrival of these hitherto unknown objects of art. Strange details and curious motives borrowed from the designs seen on the screens and porcelains of a distant and fabulous land were introduced into the ornamentation of town houses and country seats. Oriental art rapidly became the rage in the great world of Europe, although at that time among these Occidental enthusiasts there seems to have prevailed a great confusion as to the land of its origin, and Eastern objects were indiscriminately designated as coming from India, China, or Japan, and sometimes, indeed, from all three of these countries at once.

Mazarin, that great protector of the arts, was one of the first in France to realize the charm and beauty of these foreign products, and bought from the Portuguese merchants large quantities of porcelain and numerous screens and cabinets of lacquer. During the seventeenth century in France, however, although Oriental objects were assiduously collected, their influence had hardly begun to seriously affect French decoration. It was not until the close of the reign of Louis XIV and the period of the regency that "singeries" and "chinoiseries" began spontaneously, from the brushes of native artists, to cover the walls and ceilings of palaces,

châteaux, and private hotels. With the beginning of the eighteenth century the movement grew, and the incomparable artists of that epoch made these exotic elements their own, and not only decorated rooms but created "bibelots" of all descriptions into which this Chinese feeling was transfused. One can imagine the range of subjects gained from this "point de départ": unknown birds and flowers, delightfully imaginative landscapes in which porcelain pagodas and arched bridges rise beside twisted rocks and out of lotus lakes, mandarins sitting in contemplation within extraordinary pavilions, processions of monkeys and elephants, and, among fanciful arabesques, groups of Celestial children and charmingly naïve Chinese ladies.

The new movement was given a magnificent impetus by the approval of the sublime Watteau and by his participation in it in decorating with Chinese subjects the king's study in the Château de la Muette. It was helped by the immediate realization of Oriental motives in the mural decorations and ceilings of Bérain.

In the first half of the eighteenth century these "chinoiseries" became supreme and ran riot until the last quarter of the reign of Louis XV, when, after the discovery of the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum and the subsequent classic revival, the taste for the





Kang-hsi period. (About 1660.)

scene of the Han period, the other a fantastic landscape. This is a particularly fine specimen and is of the kind that was greatly appreciated in the first three-quarters of the following epoch. (Property of H. C. May, Esq.)

Orient declined and finally disappeared in the new enthusiasm for Greek and Roman forms. But by this time marvels of art, full of imaginative charm and Oriental feeling, had been created by such artists as Boucher and his followers, by the inexhaustible Huet, by Claude Gillot and Pillement, by such designers and decorators as Meissonier, Openordt, and, in his early period, Neufforge. Cressent and the brothers Caffieri moulded gold bronzes in the semblance of Eastern ornaments, applying them to Chinese porcelains as well as to their own creations, and the innumerable "ébénistes" of the period produced tables, consoles, and commodes in the Chinese taste, using plaques and panels of ancient lacquer in the making of furniture and the decoration of walls. Tapestries were woven after cartons depicting scenes of an ideal Orient, while embroideries were executed in the same feeling; and for the houses of the less wealthy or the more simple rooms of country residences Oberkampf called into existence the delightful chintzes or "toiles de Jouy," decorated with Chinese subjects inspired by the details found on their screens and cabinets.

In England, as well as in France, the furnishing of great houses was considered incomplete at this time unless it comprised several examples of imported lacquer, and practically every residence of any impor-

tance in both these countries still possesses specimens of these exotic productions. In Great Britain, always less certain in questions of artistic taste than her Gallic neighbor, and given sometimes to exaggerations and extremes, the Chinese manner in art became a veritable frenzy and even passed the bounds of good taste. Not only were porcelains highly prized, but more particularly was lacquer in enormous favor, so much so, in fact, that soon the supply became inadequate to meet the demand, and English and Dutch artisans, after carefully studying and reproducing the Chinese method, produced copies of Eastern lacquer and made, first, screens and chests in direct imitation of the Chinese, and later covered furniture of European design with black, red, or green lacquer ornamented with Oriental scenes and arabesques. Some of these productions are extremely fine and often difficult to distinguish from the articles of really Oriental origin. At the same time there has come down to us from this period a great number of lacquered pieces of obviously inferior workmanship, undoubtedly the work of amateurs, for in England the process, then called "japanning," became a fashionable pastime toward the end of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century.

Chinese paintings on glass were also exceedingly popular, and the walls of bedrooms



and small salons were often covered with papers on which were hand-painted designs of birds and flowers, the work of Chinese artists. These papers were sent out from China in great quantities, having been made in that country solely for foreign markets, and it is still possible to find rolls of them in England which from the time of their arrival there in the eighteenth century have never been used and consequently retain a remarkable freshness and brilliancy of coloring.

Chippendale's Chinese manner is too well known to be dwelt upon, but it is not too much to assert that the master's creations in this style, a style which influenced a whole generation of English decorators, were derived entirely from the scenes on objects of Oriental lacquer imported into England during the preceding century; and such masterpieces as the celebrated Chinese room at Badminton no doubt owed their origin to an inspiration Chippendale may have received from a panel or chest of Oriental workmanship.

Although the French were able to finally merge this Oriental craze into a manifestation distinctly Occidental, in the product called "*Vernis Martin*," a use of lacquer which gives a totally European impression both in color and design, the English were content to copy or to make innumerable "pastiche" of the too popular art, until, somewhat before the rest of the artistic world, they followed the lead of the brothers Adam, inspired by Piranesi, into the era of classicism and relegated objects of exotic inspiration into the limbo of the past.

Of all the varieties of Chinese lacquer, that which is the most valuable and which has never been imitated by Europeans is the kind commonly called "*coromandel*." This variety was in immense favor in France during the latter half of the period of Louis XIV, throughout the regency, and in the reign of Louis XV. The few pieces of furniture in which lacquer panels were used during the epoch of Louis XVI were, as a rule, of Japanese origin, as the more delicate and restrained feeling which characterizes the specimens from that country—in distinction from the boldness of Chinese work—was seen to be more suitable to the far less exuberant lines of Louis XVI design.

In the preceding period, for commodes and corner-pieces, the use of "*coromandel*" lacquer was very frequent. The term "*coromandel*," though generally used and accepted, is evidently a misnomer, since the word designates a certain kind of wood, which, however, is to be found only in India and not in China. This mistaken term only serves to emphasize the confusion which reigned in regard to the real place of origin of Chinese and Japanese lacquer when it was first imported into Europe. The name probably comes from the fact that the preparation of coromandel lacquer is of a dark-brown color which resembles the appearance of the Indian timber. The use of the variety in question consists of an application of very dark-brown or brilliant black lacquer to the wood. The substance, applied with more than the usual thickness, is then incised following the design, which is finally painted in gilded and colored lacs. The effect obtained by this process is one of remarkable brilliancy, and its immense decorative value was fully realized by the "*ébénistes*" of the eighteenth century, who put panels of this sort of lacquer to a great variety of successful uses.

In the last few years of our own time there has been a great revival of interest in Oriental lacquer in its relation to European decoration. This interest has doubtless been called into being by the tremendous enthusiasm which the eighteenth century, that period when all the decorative arts blossomed into perfection, has excited in those who welcome the return of an appreciation of the beautiful. A love of lacquer is inseparable from a thorough comprehension of the century of Watteau and Gabriel, and what can form a more distinctive background to the harmonious lines and cool colors of the "*époque Louis Quinze*" than the sombre richness and depth of Chinese and Japanese lacquer?

Like all periods the eighteenth century had its moments of exuberance, its lapses into exaggeration and riot, and the arts of Japan and China had not a little to do with these momentary extravagances, but one is obliged to excuse the wildest eccentricities when their culmination is in the triumph of beauty and of good taste.

HENRY COLEMAN MAY.







*Painted for Scribner's Magazine by W. J. Ayer.*

WHEN AMERICAN SHIPS WERE FOUND IN EVERY PORT OF THE WORLD.

American merchantmen, the forerunners of the famous clippers, loading at a port in China in 1830. After the War of 1812 there was an enormous expansion of commerce.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII

NOVEMBER, 1915

NO. 5

## THE UNFORGIVEN

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

WHEN he, who is the unforgiven,  
Did find her first, he found her fair:  
No promise ever dreamt in heaven  
Could then have lured him anywhere  
That would have been away from there;  
And all his wits had lightly striven,  
Foiled with her voice, and eyes, and hair.

There's nothing in the saints and sages  
To meet the shafts her glances had,  
Or such as hers have had for ages,  
To blind a man till he be glad,  
And humble him till he be mad:  
The story would have many pages,  
And would be neither good nor bad.

And, having followed, you would find him  
Where properly the play begins;  
But look for no red light behind him—  
No fumes of many-colored sins,  
Fanned high by screaming violins.  
God knows what good it was to blind him,  
Or whether man or woman wins.

And by the same eternal token,  
Who knows just how it will all end?—  
This drama of hard words unspoken,  
This fireside farce, without a friend  
Or enemy to comprehend  
What augurs when two lives are broken,  
And fear finds nothing left to mend.

He stares in vain for what awaits him,  
And sees in Love a coin to toss;  
He smiles, and her cold hush berates him  
Beneath his hard half of the cross;  
They wonder why it ever was;  
And she, the unforgiving, hates him  
More for her lack than for her loss.

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He feeds with pride his indecision,  
 And shrinks from what will not occur,  
 Bequeathing with infirm derision  
 His ashes to the days that were,  
 Before she made him prisoner;  
 And labors to retrieve the vision  
 That he must once have had of her.

He waits, and there awaits an ending,  
 And he knows neither what nor when;  
 But no magicians are attending  
 To make him see as he saw then,  
 And he will never find again  
 The face that once had been the rending  
 Of all his purpose among men.

He blames her not, nor does he chide her,  
 And she has nothing new to say;  
 If he were Bluebeard he could hide her,  
 But that's not written in the play,  
 And there will be no change to-day;  
 Although, to the serene outsider,  
 There still would seem to be a way.

## THE RETAKING OF ALSACE

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

War correspondent of *The New York World*, *The London Daily Mail*, and SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE  
 with the French Armies

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



HE sergeant in charge of the machine gun, taking advantage of a lull in the rifle-fire which had crackled and roared along the trenches since dawn, was sprawled on his back in the gun-pit, reading a magazine. What attracted my attention was its being an American magazine.

"Where did you learn to read English?" I asked him curiously.

"In America," said he.

"What part?" said I.

"Schenectady," he answered. "Was with the General Electric until the war began."

"I'm from up-State myself," I remarked. "My people live in Syracuse."

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed, scrambling to his feet and grasping my

hand cordially. "I took you for an Englishman. From Syracuse, eh? Why, that makes us sort of neighbors, doesn't it? We ought to have a drink on it. I suppose the Bosches have plenty of beer over there," waving his hand in the direction of the German trenches, of which I could catch a glimpse through a port-hole, "but we haven't anything here but water. I've got an idea, though! Back in the States, when they have those Old Home Week reunions, they always fire the town cannon or an anvil. So what's the matter with celebrating this reunion by letting the Bosches have a few rounds from the machine gun?"

Seating himself astride the bicycle saddle on the trail of the machine gun, he swung the lean barrel of the wicked little weapon until it rested on the German trenches a hundred yards away. Then



he slipped the end of a cartridge-carrier into the breech.

"Three rousing cheers for good old New York State!" said he, and pressed a button. *Rrrr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rrip* went the machine gun, with the noise of a million mowing-machines. Flame spurted from its muzzle as water spurts from the nozzle of a fire-hose. The racket in the log-roofed gun-pit was ear-shattering. The blast of bullets splattered the German trenches, they *pinged* metallically against the steel plates set in the embrasures, they kicked up countless spurts of yellow earth. The sergeant stood up grinning, and with a grimy handkerchief wiped from his face the powder stains and perspiration.

"If you should happen to be in Schenectady you might drop in at the General Electric plant and tell the boys—" he began, but the sentence was never finished, for just then a shell whined low above our heads and burst somewhere behind the trenches with the roar of an exploding powder-mill. We had disturbed the Germans' afternoon siesta, and their batteries were showing their resentment.

"I think that perhaps I'd better be moving along," said I hastily. "It's getting on toward dinner-time."

"Well, s'long," said he regretfully. "And say," he called after me, "when you get back to little old New York, would you mind dropping into the Knickerbocker and having a drink for me? And be sure and give my regards to Broadway."

"I certainly will," said I.

And that is how a Franco-American whose name I do not know, sergeant in a French-line regiment whose number I may not mention, and I held an Old Home Week celebration of our own in the French trenches in Alsace. For all I know, there may have been some other residents of central New York over in the German trenches. If so, they made no attempt to join our little reunion. Had they done so they would have received a *very* warm reception.

There were several reasons why I welcomed the opportunity offered me by the French General Staff to see the fighting in Alsace. In the first place, a veil of secrecy

had been thrown over the operations in that region, and the mysterious is always alluring. Secondly, most of the fighting that I have seen has been either in flat or only moderately hilly countries, and I was curious to see how warfare is conducted in a region as mountainous and as heavily forested as the Adirondacks or Oregon. Again, the Alsace sector is at the extreme southern end of that great battle line, close on six hundred miles long, which stretches its unlovely length across Europe from the North Sea to the Alps, like some monstrous and deadly snake. And lastly, I wanted to see the retaking of that narrow strip of territory lying between the summit of the Vosges and the Rhine which, for four-and-forty years, has been mourned by France as one of her "lost provinces."

This land of Alsace is, in many respects, the most beautiful that I have ever seen. Strung along the horizon, like sentinels wrapped in mantles of green, the peaks of the Vosges loom against the sky. On the slopes of the ridges, massed in their black battalions, stand forests of spruce and pine. Through peaceful valleys silver streams meander leisurely, and in the meadows which border them cattle stand knee-deep amid the lush green grass. The villages, their tortuous, cobble-paved streets lined on either side by dim arcades, and the old, old houses, with their turrets and balconies and steep-pitched pottery roofs, give you the feeling that they are not real, but that they are scenery on a stage, and this illusion is heightened by the men in their jaunty *bérets* and wooden *sabots*, and the women whose huge black silk head-dresses accentuate the freshness of their complexions. It is at once a region of ruggedness and majesty and grandeur, of quaintness and simplicity and charm. As I motored through it, it was hard to make myself believe that death was abroad in so fair a land, and that over there, on the other side of those near-by hills, men were engaged in the business of wholesale slaughter. I was brought to an abrupt realization of it, however, as we were passing through the old gray town of Gérardmer. I heard a sudden outcry, and the streets, which a moment before had been a-bustle with the usual market-day crowd, were all at once deserted. The



people dived into their houses as a wood-chuck dives into its hole. The sentries on duty in front of the *Llat-Major* were staring upward. High in the sky, approaching with the speed of an express-train, was what looked like a great white sea-gull, but which, from the silver sheen of its armor-plated body, I knew to be a German *Taube*. "We're in for another bombardment," remarked an officer. "The German airmen have been visiting us every day of late." As the aircraft swooped lower and nearer a field-gun concealed on the wooded hillside above the town spoke sharply, and a moment later there appeared just below the *Taube* a patch of what looked like cotton-wool. From the opposite side of the town another anti-aircraft gun began to bark defiance, until soon the aerial intruder was ringed about by puffs of fleecy smoke. Things were getting too hot for the German and, with a beautiful sweep, he swung about and went sailing down the wind, content to wait until a more favorable opportunity should offer. The inhabitants of these Alsatian towns have become so accustomed to visits from German airmen that they pay scarcely more attention to them than they do to thunder-storms, going indoors to avoid the bombs just as they go indoors to avoid the rain. I remarked, indeed, as I motored through the country, that nearly every town through which we passed showed evidences, either by shattered roofs or shrapnel-spattered walls, of aeroplane bombardment. Thus is the war brought home to those who, dwelling many miles from the line of battle, might naturally suppose themselves safe from harm. In those towns which are within range of the German guns the inhabitants are in double danger, yet the shops and schools are open, and the townspeople go about their business apparently wholly unmindful of the possibility that a shell may drop in on them at any moment. In St. Dié we stopped for lunch at the Hôtel Terminus, which is just opposite the railway station. St. Dié is within easy range of the German guns—or was when I was there early in the summer—and when the Germans have nothing better to do they shell it, centring their fire, as is their custom, upon the railway station, so as to interfere as much as possible with traffic.

The station and the adjacent buildings looked like cardboard boxes in which somebody had jabbed many ragged holes with a lead-pencil. The hotel, despite its upper floor having been wrecked by shell-fire only a few days previously, was open and doing business. Ranged upon the mantel of the dining-room was a row of German 77-millimetre shells, polished until they shone like silver. "Where did you get those?" I asked the woman who kept the hotel. "Those are some German shells that fell in the garden during the last bombardment and failed to explode," she answered carelessly. "I had them unloaded—and the man who did it made an awful fuss about it, too—and I use them for hot-water bottles. Sometimes it gets pretty cold here at night, and it's very comforting to have a nice hot shell at your feet."

From St. Dié to Le Rudlin, where the road ends, is in the neighborhood of thirty miles, and we did it in something under thirty minutes. We went so fast that the telegraph poles looked like the palings in a picket-fence, and we took the corners on two wheels so as to save rubber. Of one thing I am quite certain: if I am killed in this war, it is not going to be by a shell or a bullet; it is going to be in a military motor-car. No cars save military ones are permitted on the roads in the zone of operations, and for the military cars no speed-limits exist. As a result the drivers tear through the country as though they were in the Vanderbilt Cup race. Sometimes, of course, a wheel comes off, or they meet another vehicle when going round a corner at full speed—and the next morning there is a military funeral. To be the driver of a military car in the zone of operations is the joy-rider's dream come true. The soldier who drove my car steered with one hand because he had to use the other to illustrate the stories of his exploits in the trenches. Despite the fact that we were on a mountain road, one side of which dropped away into nothingness, when he related the story of how he captured six Germans singlehanded, he took both hands off the wheel to tell about it. It would have made Barney Oldfield's hair permanently pompadour.

At Le Rudlin, where there is an outpost



of Alpine chasseurs, we left the car and mounted mules for the ascent of the *Hauts Chaumes*, or High Moors, which crown the summit of the Vosges. Along this ridge ran the imaginary line which Bismarck made the boundary between

On the other, the eastern face, was the letter D. Is it necessary to say that F stood for France and D for Deutschland? Squatting beside one of the posts was a French soldier busily engaged with hammer and chisel in cutting away the D.



From a photograph at the front.

Mr. Powell at the boundary-stone which formerly marked the frontier of Germany.

Germany and France. Each mule was led by a soldier, whose short blue tunic, scarlet breeches, blue puttees, rakish blue *béret*, and rifle slung hunter-fashion across his back made him look uncommonly like a Spanish brigand, while another soldier hung to the mule's tail to keep him on the path, which is as steep and narrow as the path of virtue. Have you ever ridden the trail which leads from the rim of the Grand Canyon down to the Colorado? Yes? Well, the trail which we took up to the *Hauts Chaumes* was like that, only more so. Yet over that and similar trails has passed an army of invasion, carrying with it, either on the backs of mules or on the backs of men, its guns, food, and ammunition, and sending back in like fashion its wounded. Reaching the summit, the trail debouched from the dense pine forest onto an open, wind-swept moor. Dotting the backbone of the ridge, far as the eye could see, ran a line of low stone boundary posts. On one side of each post was carved the letter F.

"It will not be needed again," he explained, grinning.

Leaving the mules in the shelter of the wood, we proceeded across the open tableland which crowns the summit of the ridge on foot, for, being now within both sight and range of the German batteries, there seemed no object in attracting more attention to ourselves than was absolutely necessary. Half a mile or so beyond the boundary posts the plateau suddenly fell away in a sheer precipice, the brink of which was bordered by a thin screen of bushes. The topographical officer who had assumed the direction of the expedition at Le Rudlin motioned me to come forward. "Look," said he, "but be careful not to show yourself or to shake the bushes, or we will have some shells bursting about our heads." Cautiously I peered through an opening in the branches. The mountain slope below me, almost at the foot of the cliff on which I stood, was scarred across by two great undulating yellow ridges. In places they were as





From a photograph by Meunisse.

French soldiers in a dugout behind the lines in Alsace.

much as a thousand yards apart, in others barely ten. I did not need to be told what they were. I knew. The ridge higher up the slope marked the line of the French trenches; the lower that of the German. From them came an incessant crackle and splutter which sounded like a forest fire. Sometimes it would die down until only an occasional shot would punctuate the mountain silence, and then, apparently without cause, it would rise into a clatter which sounded like an army of carpenters shingling a roof. In the forests on either side of us batteries were at work steadily, methodically, and, though we could not see the guns, the frequent puffs of yellow smoke and the fountains of earth thrown up along both lines of trenches by bursting shells showed how accurate was both the French and German fire. We were watching what the official *communiqué* described the next day as the fighting on the Fecht very much as one would watch a football game from the upper row of seats in the Harvard stadium. Above the forest at our right swayed a French observation balloon, tugging impatiently at its rope, while the observer, glasses glued to his eyes, telephoned to the commander of the battery

in the wood below him where his shells were hitting. Suddenly, from the French position just below me, there rose, high above the duotone of rifle and artillery fire, the shrill clatter of a quick-firer. *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat* it went, for all the world like one of those machines which they use for riveting steel girders. And, when you come to think of it, that is what it was doing: riveting the bonds which bind Alsace to France.

"Look over there," said the little French captain who was acting as our guide, and he pointed to where, far beyond the trench-slashed hillsides, a great, broad valley was swimming in the twilight mists. There were green squares which I knew for meadow-lands, and yellow squares which were fields of ripening grain; here and there were clusters of white-walled, red-roofed houses, with ancient church spires rising above them, like fingers pointing toward heaven; and winding down the middle of the plain was a broad gray ribbon which turned to silver when the sun struck upon it. "Look," said the little captain again, and there was a break in his voice, "that is what we are fighting for. That is Alsace." Then I knew that I was looking upon what is, to



every man of Gallic birth, the Promised Land; I knew that the great dim bulk which loomed against the distant sky-line was the Black Forest; I knew that somewhere up that mysterious, alluring valley, Strasburg sat on her hilltop, like an Andromeda waiting to be freed; and that the broad, silent-flowing river which I saw below me was none other than the Rhine.

And as I looked I recalled another scene, on another continent, and beside another river, two years before. I was standing beside a colored cavalry sergeant of the border patrol on the banks of the Rio Grande, and we were looking southward to where the mountains of Chihuahua rose, purple, mysterious, and forbidding, against the evening sky. On the Mexican side of the river a battle was in progress.

"I suppose," I remarked to my companion, "that you'll be mighty glad when the orders come to cross the border and clean things up over there in Mexico."

"Mistah," he answered earnestly, "we ain't never gwine tuh *cross* dat bodah, but one of dese yere days we's a gwine tuh

pick dat bodah up an' carry it right down tuh Panama."

And that is what the French are doing in Alsace. They have not crossed the border, but they have picked the border up and are carrying it right down to the banks of the Rhine.

I have heard it said that the French army has been opposed and in many instances betrayed by the people whom they thought they were liberating from the German yoke, and that consequently the feeling of the French soldiers for the Alsacians is very bitter. This assertion is not true. I talked with a great many people during my stay in Alsace—with the *maires* of towns, with shopkeepers, with peasant farmers, and with village priests—and I found that they welcomed the French as wholeheartedly as a citizen who hears a burglar in his house welcomes a policeman. I saw old men and women who had dwelt in Alsace before the Germans came, and who had given up all hope of seeing the beloved tricolor flying again above Alsacian soil, standing at the doors of their cottages, with tears cours-



From a photograph by Meunisse.

French soldiers attending an open-air mass behind the firing-line.



ing down their cheeks, cheering with cracked voices as the endless columns of soldiery in the familiar uniform tramped

to-day there are thousands of the younger generation in whose veins flow both French and German blood and who scarcely know

themselves to whom their allegiance belongs. As a result of this peculiar condition both the French and German military authorities have to be constantly on their guard against treachery, for a woman bearing a French name may well be of German birth, while a man who speaks nothing but German may, nevertheless, be of pure French extraction. Hence spies, both French and German, abound. If the French Intelligence Department is well served, so is that of Germany. Peasants working in the fields, petty tradesmen in the towns, women of social standing, Germans dressed as priests, as hospital attendants, as sisters of charity, as Red Cross



From a photograph by Mesnasse.

A "poilu" in the Vosges.



From a photograph by E. A. Powell.

French soldier on duty in trenches in Alsace, wearing mask as protection against gas.

by. In the schoolhouses of Alsace I saw French soldiers patiently teaching children of French blood who have been born under German rule and educated under German schoolmasters the meaning of "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," and that *p-a-t-r-i-e* spells France.

The change from Teutonic to Gallic rule is, however, by no means welcomed by all Alsacians. The Alsacians of to-day, remember, are not the Alsacians of 1870. It has been the consistent policy of the German Government to encourage and where necessary to assist German farmers to settle in Alsace, and, as the years passed and the old hatred died down, these newcomers inter-

nurses, sometimes in French uniforms and travelling in motor-cars with all the necessary papers, all help to keep the German



From a photograph by E. A. Powell.

In the French trenches in Alsace.

Each soldier was protected by a steel shield, in the centre of which is cut an opening slightly larger than a playing-card.—Page 530.

married with the old French stock, so that

military authorities informed of what is going on behind the French lines. Some-



times they signal by means of lamps, or by raising and lowering the shade of a lighted room of some lonely farmhouse; sometimes by means of cunningly concealed telephone wires; occasionally by the fashion in which the family washing is arranged upon a line within range of German telescopes, innocent-looking red flannel petticoats, blue linen blouses, and white undergarments taking the place of signal flags. They are no cowards who do this sort of work. They know perfectly well what it means if they are detected: sunrise, a wall, and a firing party. They shot a woman for espionage when I was in Alsace. An officer who was present at her execution told me about it. She was young and very beautiful, it seems, and came from an excellent family. It was shown at her trial that she was at the head of a remarkably efficient and extensive system of espionage. "It was a horrible business shooting a woman," said the officer, "but it had to be done, for she was endangering the safety of the whole army. She behaved splendidly, too. I wish to God that I could forget about it."

From the *Hauts Chaumes* we descended by a very steep and perilous path to the Lac Noir, where a battalion of Alpine chasseurs had built a cantonment at which we spent the night. The Lac Noir, or Black Lake, occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, whose rocky sides are so smooth and steep that it looks like a gigantic washtub, in which a weary Hercules might wash the clothing of the world. There were in the neighborhood of a thousand chasseurs in camp on the shores of the Lac Noir when I was there, the *chef de brigade* having been, until the beginning of the war, military adviser to the President of China. The amazing democracy of the French army was illustrated by the fact that his second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Messimy, was, until the change of cabinet which took place after the battle of the Marne, French minister

of war. The cantonment—"Black Lake City," Colonel Messimy jokingly called it—looked far more like a summer camp in the Adirondacks than a soldiers' camp in Alsace. All the buildings were of logs, their roofs being covered with masses of



From a photograph by Meurisse.

In Alsace: a 105-mm. gun firing at a German position eight miles away.

green boughs to conceal them from inquisitive aeroplanes, and at the back of each hut, hollowed from the mountain-side, was an underground shelter in which the men could take refuge in case of bombardment. Gravelled paths, sometimes bordered with flowers, wound amid the trees; the officers' quarters had broad verandas with ingeniously made rustic furniture upon them; the mess tables were set under leafy arbors; there was a swimming raft and a diving-board, and a sort of rustic pavilion known as the "Casino," where the men passed their spare hours in playing cards or danced to the music of a really excellent band. Though the Lac Noir is within the French lines, it is within range of the German batteries, which shell it almost daily. The slopes



of the crater, on which the cantonment is built, are so steep, however, that the shells miss the barracks altogether and drop harmlessly in the middle of the little lake. The ensuing explosion stuns hundreds of fish, which float upon the sur-

recounting the exploits of the *chasseurs alpins*. The "Blue Devils," as the Germans have dubbed them, are the Highlanders of the French army, being recruited from the French slopes of the Alps and the Pyrenees. Tough as rawhide,

hard as nails, keen as razors, they are the ideal troops for mountain warfare. They wear a distinctive dark-blue uniform, and the *béret* or cap of the French Alps, a flat-topped, jaunty head-dress which is brother to the tam-o'-shanter. The frontier of Alsace, from a point opposite Strasburg to a point opposite Mülhausen, follows the summit of the Vosges, and over this range, which in places is nearly a mile in height, have poured the French armies of invasion. In the van of those armies have marched the *chasseurs alpins*, dragging their guns by hand up the almost sheer precipices, and dragging the gun-mules up after them; advancing through forests so dense that they had to chop paths for the line regiments which followed them; carrying by storm the apparently impregnable positions held by the Germans; sleeping on the heights which they had captured often without blankets, with the mercury hovering near zero; taking their batteries into positions where it was believed that no batteries could go; raining shells from those batteries upon the wooded slopes ahead, and, un-



From a photograph by Meurisse.

What the Germans did to the church at Ribécourt.

face, whereupon the soldiers paddle out in a rickety flatboat and gather them in. A German bombardment has come to mean, therefore, that the *chasseurs* will have fish for dinner. This daily bombardment, which begins just before sunset, the French call "the Evening Prayer." The first shot is the signal for the band to take position on that shore of the lake which cannot be reached by the German shells and play the *Marseillaise*, a bit of irony which affords huge amusement to the French and excessive irritation to the Germans.

When the history of the campaign in the Vosges comes to be written, a great many pages will have to be devoted to

der cover of that fire, advancing, always advancing. Think of what it meant to get a great army over such a mountain range in the face of desperate opposition; think of the labor involved in transporting the enormous supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition required by that army; think of the sufferings of the wounded who had to be taken back across those mountains, many of them in the depths of winter, sometimes in litters, sometimes lashed to the backs of mules. The mule, whether from the Alps, the Pyrenees, or from Missouri, is playing a brave part in this mountain warfare, and whenever I saw one I felt like the motorist who, after his automobile had been hauled out of an appar-



ently bottomless Southern bog by a negro who happened to be passing with a mule, said to his son: "My boy, from now on always raise your hat to a mule."

When I asked the general commanding the armies operating in Alsace for permission to visit the fire-trenches, I did it merely as a matter of form. I was quite prepared to be met with a polite but firm refusal, for it is as difficult to get into the French trenches as it is to get behind the scenes of a Broadway theatre on the first night of a big production. This, understand, is not from any solicitude for your safety, but because a fire-trench is usually a very busy place indeed, and a visitor is apt to get in the way and make himself a nuisance generally. Imagine my astonishment, then, when the general said, "Certainly, if you wish," just as though he were giving me permission to visit his stables or his gardens. I might add that almost every correspondent who has succeeded in getting to the French front has been taken, with a vast deal of ceremony and precaution, into a trench of some sort, thus giving him an experience to tell about all the rest of his life, but those who have been permitted to visit the actual fire-trenches might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The fire, or first-line, trench, is the one nearest the enemy, and both from it and against it there is almost constant firing. The difference between a second-line, or reserve, trench and a fire-trench is the difference between sitting in a comfortable orchestra stall and in being on the stage and a part of the show.

Before they took me out to the trenches we had lunch in Dannemarie, or, as it used to be known under German rule, Dammerkirch. Though the town is within easy range of the German guns, and is shelled by them on occasion, the motto of the townsfolk seemed to be "business as usual." I had lunch at the local inn; it began with fresh lobster, followed by spring lamb and asparagus, and ended with strawberries, and it cost me sixty cents, wine included. From which you

will gather that the people behind the French lines are not exactly starving. Just outside Dannemarie the railway crosses the river Ill by three tremendous viaducts eighty feet in height. When, early in the war, the Germans fell back before the im-



*From a photograph by E. A. Pozzeil.*

Preparing for a winter campaign.

French soldiers building subterranean quarters in the Vosges.

petuous French advance, they effectually stopped railway traffic by blowing up one of these viaducts behind them. Urged by the railway company, who preferred to have the government foot the bill, the viaduct was rebuilt by the French military authorities, and a picture of the ceremony which marked its inauguration by the minister of war was published in one of the Paris illustrated papers. The jubilation of the French was a trifle premature, however, for a few days later the Germans moved one of their monster siege-guns into position and, at a range of eighteen miles, sent over a shell which again put the viaduct out of business.



That explains why the French don't like to have pictures taken in the zone of operations.

Dannemarie is barely ten miles from that point where the French and German

being permitted to approach within a mile or more of the border. Taking advantage of a sharp angle in the contour of the Swiss frontier, the French have posted one of their batteries in such a

position that it commands the German trenches, but it is so close to the border that whenever the German guns reply their shells fall on Swiss soil, and an international incident is created.

The trenches in front of Altkirch, and indeed throughout Alsace, are flanked by patches of dense woods, and it is in these woods that the cantonments for the men are built, and amid their leafy recesses that they spend their time when off duty in sleeping, smoking, and playing cards. Though the German batteries periodically rake the woods with shell-fire, it is an almost total waste of ammunition, for the men simply retreat to the remarkable underground cities which they have constructed during the past year and stay there until the shell-storm is over. These troglodyte habitations, which have come into existence along the entire length of the western battle-front, are perhaps the



*From a photograph by Meurisse.*

The taking of Neuville St. Vaast.

French infantry engaged in house-to-house fighting.

trenches, after zigzagging across nearly six hundred miles of European soil, come to an abrupt end against the frontier of Switzerland. The Swiss, who are taking no chances of having the violation of Belgium repeated with their own country for the victim, have at this point massed a heavy force of extremely businesslike-looking troops, the frontier is marked by a line of wire entanglements, and a military zone has been established, civilians not

most curious products of this siege warfare. A dozen feet below the surface of the ground, and so strongly roofed over with logs and earth as to render their occupants safe from the most torrential rain of high-explosive, I was shown rooms with sleeping-quarters for a hundred men apiece, blacksmith and carpenter shops, store-rooms, a post-office, a telegraph station, a telephone exchange, a bathing-establishment, a barber-shop, and stables



for the horses—all with board floors, free from dampness and immaculately clean.

As a matter of fact, the French soldier is admirably taken care of. He is well fed, well clothed, and, following the policy of economizing in human lives, he is afforded every protection that human ingenuity can devise. Nearly every French soldier is now provided with a light steel helmet which can be worn without discomfort under his cap and which, it is asserted, has already saved thousands of lives, and experiments are now being made with various forms of body armor. I am convinced that it is this policy of conserving the lives of her fighting men which is going to win the war for France. If necessity demands that a position be taken with the bayonet, no soldiers in the world sacrifice themselves more freely than the French, but the military authorities have realized that men, unlike shells, cannot be replaced. "The duration and the outcome of the war," the general commanding the armies in Alsace remarked to me, "depend upon how fast we can kill off the Germans. Their army has reached and passed its maximum strength, and every day sees it slowly but surely weakening. Our game, therefore, is to kill as many as possible of the enemy while at the same time saving our own men. It is, after all, a purely mathematical proposition."

I believe that the losses incidental to trench warfare, at least as it is being conducted in the Vosges, have been greatly exaggerated. The officer in command of

the French positions in front of Altkirch told me that, during the construction of some of the trenches, the Germans rained twelve thousand shells upon the working parties, yet not a man was killed and only



*From a photograph by Meurisse.*

"*Chevaux-de-frise* and movable entanglements are constructed in the shelter of the trenches and pushed over the parapet with poles so that the men do not have to expose themselves."—Page 533.

(This photograph was taken within ninety feet of the enemy.)

ten were wounded. The modern trench is so ingeniously constructed that, even in the comparatively rare event of a shell dropping squarely into it, only the soldiers in the immediate vicinity, seldom more than half a dozen at the most, are injured. The trenches of to-day would, before this war, have been classed as permanent fortifications, and these fortifications have been rendered so nearly im-



*From a photograph by Meunier.*

Convoy of German prisoners guarded by Moroccan Spahis.

pregnable by applied science that the armies are, for a time at least, in a state of deadlock, remaining hidden and almost stationary in subterranean caves and labyrinths. The Germans can no longer afford the appalling losses which would be entailed in storming the French trenches, and though, if necessity required it, the French could doubtless spare the men who would be lost in taking the German positions, it is felt that such wholesale sacrifices would be unjustified when shells and patience will eventually achieve the same result.

So cleverly have the French engineers taken advantage of the configuration of the country in front of Altkirch, that we were able to enter the *boyaux*, or communication trenches, without leaving the shelter of the wood. Half an hour's brisk walking through what would, in times of peace, be called a ditch, perhaps three feet wide and seven deep, its earthen walls kept in place by fascines of woven willows, and with as many twists and turns as the famous maze at Hampton Court, brought us into the fire-trenches. These were considerably roomier than the *boyaux*, a sort of raised step or earthen platform, on which the men stood to fire, running along the side nearest the enemy. Each soldier

was protected by a steel shield, about eighteen inches square and painted a lead-gray. In the centre of the shield is cut an opening slightly larger than a playing-card, through which the soldier pokes his rifle when he wishes to fire, and which, when not in use, is screened by a wooden shutter or a cloth curtain so that the riflemen in the German trench cannot see any one who may happen to pass behind it. At intervals of five or six yards men were on watch with their rifles laid. Their instructions are never to take their eyes off the enemy's trenches, a shout from them bringing their comrades tumbling out of their dugouts just as firemen respond to the clang of the fire-gong. When the men come rushing out of the shelters they have, in the earthen platform, a good steady footing which will bring their heads level with the parapet, where their rifles, leaning against the steel shields, await them. It is planned always to keep a sufficient force in the trenches so that, roughly speaking, there will be a man to every yard, which is about as close as they can fight to advantage. Every thirty yards or so, in a log-roofed shelter known as a gun-pit, was a machine gun, though I was told that in the German trenches opposite us they had a machine gun to every fifteen men.



"Look through here," said the officer who was acting as my guide, indicating the port-hole in one of the steel shields, "but don't stay too long or a German sharpshooter may spot you." Cautiously applying my eye to the embrasure I saw, perhaps a hundred yards away, a long, low mound of earth, such as would be thrown up from a sewer excavation, and dotting it at intervals of a yard darker patches which I knew to be just such steel shields as the one behind which I was sheltered. And I knew that behind each one of those steel shields was standing a keen-eyed rifleman searching for something suspicious at which to fire. Immediately in front of the German trench, just as in front of the trench in which I stood, a forest of stout stakes had been driven deep into the ground and draped between these stakes were countless strands of barbed wire, so snarled and tangled and interlaced and woven that not a cat could have gotten through unscratched. Between the two lines of entanglements

stretched a field of ripening wheat, streaked here and there with patches of scarlet poppies. There were doubtless other things besides poppies amid that wheat, but, thank God, it was high enough to hide them. Rising from the wheat-field, almost midway between the French and German lines, was a solitary apple-tree. "Behind that tree," whispered the officer standing beside me—for some reason they always speak in hushed tones in the trenches—"is a German outpost. He crawls out every morning before sunrise, and is relieved at dark. Though some of our men keep their rifles constantly laid on the tree we've never been able to get him. Still, he's not a very good life-insurance risk, eh?" And I agreed that he certainly was not.

I must have stayed at my loophole a little too long, or some movement of mine must have attracted the attention of a German sharpshooter, for *pang* came a bullet against the shield behind which I was standing, with the same ringing,



*From a photograph by Meurisse.*

The straggling columns of unkempt, unshaven, undersized men in their soiled and tattered gray-green uniforms were in striking contrast to the helmeted giants on gigantic horses who guarded them.—Page 533.



metallic sound which a bullet makes when it hits the iron target in a shooting-gallery. In this case, however, *I* was the bullseye. Had that bullet been two inches nearer the centre there would have been, in the words of the poet, "more work for the undertaker, another little job for the casket-maker."

"Lucky for you that wasn't one of the new armor-piercing bullets," remarked the officer as I stepped down hastily. "After the Germans introduced the steel shields we went them one better by introducing a jacketed bullet which will go through a sheet of armor-plate as though it were made of cheese. We've had lots of fun with them. Sometimes one of our men will fire half a dozen rounds of ordinary ammunition at a shield behind which he hears some Bosches talking, and they laugh and jeer at him. Then he slips in one of the jacketed bullets and—*wahng!!!*—we hear a wounded Bosche yelping like a dog that has been run over by a motor-car. Funny things about the Germans. They're brave enough ordinarily, but they scream like animals when they're wounded."

From all that I could gather, the French do not have a particularly high opinion of the quality of the troops opposed to them in Alsace, most of whom are from Bavaria and Baden. An officer who was in the trenches on the Hartmannswillerkopf, where the French and German positions are in places very close together, told me that whenever the Germans attempted an attack the French trenches burst into so fierce a blast of rifle and machine-gun fire that the men in the spiked helmets refused to face it. "Vorwärts! vorwärts!" the German officers would scream, exposing themselves recklessly as they ordered their men forward. "Nein! nein!" the fear-maddened men would answer, as they broke and ran for the shelter of their trenches. Then the French would hear the angry bark of automatics as the officers pistoled their men. When the French, in one of the most desperate and bloody assaults of the entire war, carried the summit of the Hartmannswillerkopf by storm, they found the German machine-gun crews chained to their guns as galley-slaves were chained to their oars. French artillery-officers have repeatedly

told me, moreover, that when German infantry advances to take a position by assault the men are frequently urged forward by their own batteries raking them from the rear. As the German gunners gradually advance their fire as the infantry moves forward, it is as dangerous for the men to retreat as to go on. Hence it is by no means uncommon for the German troops to arrive pell-mell at the French trenches, breathless, terrified, hands above their heads, seeking not a fight but a chance to surrender.

A grim comedy was enacted in Alsace while I was there. A company of German infantry was defending a stone-walled farmstead on the Fecht. So murderous was the fire of the French batteries that soon a white sheet was seen waving frantically from one of the farmhouse windows. The French fire ceased, and through the gateway came a group of Germans holding their hands above their heads and shouting, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" which has become the euphemism for "I surrender." But when a detachment of chasseurs went forward to take them prisoners, the Germans suddenly dropped to the ground, while from a window a hidden machine gun poured a stream of lead into the advancing Frenchmen, most of whom were killed or wounded. In payment for this act of treachery the French batteries proceeded to transform that farmhouse into a sieve. In a quarter of an hour the tablecloth was again seen waving, the French fire again died down, and again the Germans came crowding out with their hands above their heads. But this time they were stark naked. Every man had stripped to the skin to prove that he had no weapons concealed on his person. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that, under the circumstances, those Germans were *not* taken prisoners.

I was, indeed, particularly struck by the fact that, notwithstanding the heavy fighting which was in progress all along the Alsatian front, I saw remarkably few prisoners. Those that I did see looked as though they were not at all averse to being captured. All the fight seemed to have gone out of them. I had, of course, heard many stories of the German ranks being filled with boys and old men, and



the convoys of prisoners which I saw in Alsace led me to believe that the assertion contained a considerable element of truth. Many of the prisoners whom I saw looked as though they should have been in high school, and others as though they had been recruited from old soldiers' homes, and all of them looked dirty and hungry and dispirited and very, very tired. The straggling columns of unkempt, unshaven, undersized men in their soiled and tattered gray-green uniforms were in striking contrast to the helmeted giants on gigantic horses who guarded them.

Though in the comparatively level country between Dannemarie and Altkirch the French and German positions are rarely less than a hundred yards apart, and usually very much more, I was taken into trenches on the slopes of the Vosges where the German earthworks were barely thirty feet distant, while at La Fontenelle the opposing forces are separated by a wall of rock *only six feet thick*. The only reason one side does not blow up the other by means of mines is because the rock is too hard to tunnel through. It being certain death, under such circumstances, for working parties to attempt to erect the usual entanglements outside the trenches, a sort of movable entanglement, as well as various forms of *chevaux-de-frise*, is constructed in the shelter of the trenches and pushed over the parapet with poles. In cases where the trenches are so close together the men have the comfort of knowing that they are at least safe from shell-fire, for as the battery-commander is perfectly aware that the slightest error in calculating the range, or the least deterioration in the rifling of his guns, would result in his shells landing among his own men, he usually plays safe and concentrates his fire on the reserve trenches instead of the fire-trenches of the enemy. The fighting in these close-up positions has, consequently, degenerated into a warfare of bombs, hand-grenades, poison-gas, burning oil, and other methods reminiscent of the Dark Ages. Some of the trenches which I visited had ten-foot-high screens of wire netting, looking for all the world like the back-nets of tennis-courts, strung along the tops of the parapets as a protection against bombs and hand-grenades. The grenade commonly used by

the French is of the "bracelet" type, consisting of a cast-iron ball filled with explosive, and a leathern loop or bracelet which slips over the wrist, and which is prolonged by a piece of cord about a foot long with an iron hook at the end. Just before the grenade is thrown the hook is passed into the ring of a friction-pin inside the firing-plug which closes the iron ball. By a sharp backward turn of the wrist when the grenade is thrown, the ring, with the friction-pin, held back by the hook, is torn off, the grenade itself continuing on its brief journey of destruction. The troops also use a primed grenade attached to a sort of wooden racket, which can be quickly improvised on the spot.

Hollowed at frequent intervals from the earthen back-walls of the trenches were niches, in each of which was set a bottle of hyposulphate of soda and a pail of water. When the yellow cloud which denotes that the Germans have turned loose their poison-gas comes rolling down upon the trenches, the soldiers hastily empty the hyposulphate into the water, saturate in the solution thus formed a pad of gauze which they always carry with them, fasten it over the mouth and nostrils by means of an elastic, and, as an additional precaution, draw over the head a sort of bag of blue linen with a piece of mica set in front and a draw-string to pull it tight about the neck. Thus protected, they are able to remain at their posts without fear of asphyxiation. The burning oil, which has now been adopted by the French, as well as by the Germans, is squirted by a hose in much the same fashion as a nurseryman sprays his trees with Paris green, the work being assigned to a corps of former firemen who have been specially trained for the purpose. Such is warfare in this year of grace one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

But poison-gas and flaming oil are by no means the most devilish of the devices introduced by the Germans. The soldiers of the Kaiser have now adopted the weapon of the jealous prostitute, and are throwing vitriol. The vitriol is contained in fragile globes or vials which break upon contact, scattering the liquid fire upon everything in the immediate vicinity. I might add that I do not make this asser-



tion except after the fullest investigation and confirmation. I have not only talked with scores of officers and men who have been in the trenches into which these vitriol bombs were thrown, but American ambulance-drivers working in the Vosges told me that they had carried to the hospitals French soldiers whose faces had been burned almost beyond recognition.

"But we captured one of the vitriol-throwers," said an officer who was telling me about the hellish business. "He was pretty badly burned himself."

"I hope that you shot him then and there," said I.

"Oh, no," was the answer, "we sent him along with the other prisoners."

"You don't mean to say," I exclaimed, indignation in my voice, "that you captured a man who had been throwing vitriol at your soldiers and let him live!"

"Naturally," said the officer quietly. "There was nothing else to do. You see, monsieur, we French are civilized."

## BACK TO THE TOWN;

### OR, THE RETURN TO HUMAN NATURE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



**I**MET Ernest Thompson Seton one day crossing Fifth Avenue. "How are you?" I asked.

"Oh, pretty well," he replied, "for a man who has been in New York for two months. How are you?"

"Oh, pretty well," said I, "for a man who has *not* been in New York for two months," and gaining the sidewalk in safety we parted, still friends.

It is all in the point of view. There is much to be said for his feeling in the matter. Indeed, I, for one, will gladly admit that entirely too much has been said, of late, about the "love of nature" and not enough about the love of cities. The cry of "Back to the farm!" reverberates from all strata of society. "The return to nature" is celebrated in hundreds of books. Dozens of magazines are devoted to every conceivable phase of country life from "Chickens I Have Chased and Cherished," to "How I Built My Formal Garden for Fourteen-Fifty," "Bungling the Bungalow," "Sleeping-Bags and How to Get Out of Them," and other fascinating advice in publications edited by city men in tall office buildings.

It is, of course, a wholesome movement—when it doesn't move too far. But we are running the country into the ground, as we do most of our enthusiasms in America. Even a love of nature can become an unnatural love. It is now a fashionable fad to manifest passionate interest in "The Flirtations of the Chippy-Bird," "The Domestic Worries of the Woodchuck," "The Characteristic Poses of the Screech-Owl," and "The Left-hind-foot Print of the Skunk"—to quote a few wild titles I have known.

So far as I can make out, it is right and proper to be keen about a city, provided it is built by the dear little beaver, but to be interested in one constructed by your own species indicates that you are a cockney with no soul for "the real things of life." To be of the elect you must lock down on the sky-scraper and look up at the ant-hill. In short, love nature only so far as it does not include human nature.

Well, of course, every one has a right to his own tastes, and if you prefer the haunts and habits of birdies and bunnies to the haunts and habits of men and women, you can snub your own genus all you like and nobody will object. But why take on so about it? Some of these



nature rhapsodists are as bad as the commuters who sleep out on the porch all night and talk about it all day, or those individuals who can't sleep well anywhere and then assume a virtuous air because

popular interest in nature is simply an interest in human nature after all! Such being the case, why not go higher up and satisfy it at first hand?

Now, in sheer self-defense, lest I be cast



Cultivate intimacies with the cunning little squirrels on the tree-tops, if you enjoy it.

they get up early—and arouse the whole household.

Cultivate intimacies with the cunning little squirrels on the tree-tops, if you enjoy it. Toady to the tree-toad, if you really like him. Call them all familiarly by their Latin names, if it makes you feel good; only don't look down on us humble members of your own family simply because we are not climbers too. It's so snobbish. Besides, it is a pity to make the nice, innocent tenderfoot discontented with his lot, city or suburban. I have been in the woods with nature-climbers. Most of them are as awkward and out of place there as a woodsman in a drawing-room.

The joke of it is that what most of us really like about "our furred and feathered friends" is their resemblance to ourselves. The beaver city, for example, or the subway of the field-mouse, is thrilling because it reminds us of similar goings-on of our own. The wild animals known by Ernest Thompson Seton and introduced by him to a large circle of admirers—including myself—have proved such universally acceptable acquaintances simply because they are just regular fellows. Whether true naturalists, like him, or near-naturalists, like his imitators, indignantly resent the imputation or not, the

out at this point as a human-nature fakir, I make haste to insert that I have no personal animus against "God's great outdoors." I am not in the least prejudiced against the furred and feathered crowd. I gladly agree that "nature is wonderful." I have frequently sat upon the hardest rocks in order to commune with her, and have been known to "look up at the stars" until I got a crick in my neck. I love the brooklets, I love the treelets, I love the flowerlets so long as I don't have to weed them, and I am extremely fond of birds, preferably ducks done not over eleven minutes. I shoot as many as luck and the law allow once or twice every fall.

Indeed, I spend more time in the country than do certain of my sentimental friends who tell me about it; over half the year, in fact, and the greater portion of that period in "the real country," "the heart of nature," "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"—or, in more natural language, ten miles from the railroad and five from the nearest telephone, a remote spot where there are few marks of the beast, meaning man, and many signs of our four-footed friends, the beasts.

But for the other half of the year I am not only willing but anxious to be hemmed in by brick and stone walls in the heart of



the city; to get in close touch with the crowd's ignoble strife, to follow the human trail, to catch the scent of gasoline, to hear telephones ringing, taxis tooting, and all the rattle, rush, crash, bang that is different from the Simple Life and the Silent Places. The more different, the better.

I enjoy ordering a dinner at a restaurant with the orchestra playing as well as cooking one in camp with the mosquitoes singing. I don't like to boast, but I deem some of my two-footed friends fully as worthy of me as the misunderstood skunk. I like to observe the annual migration of the dear little furred and feathered creatures to Fifth Avenue. It does my soul good to gaze at the opera stars. I am entranced by the characteristic poses of the actress. I take a keen interest in the mating habits and nesting haunts of the genus *homo*, and similar nature-studies.

In short, I'm not above mingling with the human flock and beholding vanities, vulgarities, kindness, cruelty, capitalism, climbing, goodness, grafting, posing, piety, and the rest of our own wild life. For I make bold to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that, among others, ours is also quite an interesting little species, even though we do say so ourselves.

Therefore, go ahead and glorify God's great outdoors to your heart's content, only do not bar off what is still generally rated as God's noblest work, made in His own image. It seems so blasphemous.

## II

It is not of the city as a siren I would sing. Why extol the ancient and obvious fascinations of the mad metropolitan

whirl, as it is called? Its advantages in the way of "art, music, and the drama," or the fox trot, are too well known already, especially to people out of town who are given to discovering that "New York is a great place to visit, but I'd hate to live there."

No. My song of the city is pitched in a lower key, tuned for those who do live in

cities—and perhaps wish they did not. For the delectation and, peradventure, edification of many who are dreaming of retiring permanently to the idyllic joys of a little place in the country "beyond the commuter's zone" (as I once dreamed until I tried it and woke up), I would here set down in plain terms some of the less appreciated advantages of a little flat in the city; the peace,

the quiet, the simplicity, the solid comfort; the benefit to the children; the freedom from interruption during the hours dedicated to work, the infinite opportunities for variety in your hours of play. And, most welcome surprise of all, the great saving in expense.

Of course, to live grandly while "in town for the opera season," as so many of my friends' characters do in their novels of New York life, must be, I should think, almost as costly to them as it is impressive to me, and at best rather noisy withal. For example, to sleep with all the windows open, as I do, must be difficult when they open on Fifth Avenue where the motors shriek all night and the buses come up like thunder. No wonder so many palaces and chateaux along the avenue are boarded up this winter, while the municipal lodging-houses are crowded to overflowing. Comparatively few persons, however, are compelled to have homes on the avenue, and to the vast ma-



I have frequently sat upon the hardest rocks in order to commune with her.—Page 535.



jority, apparently, neither of these great extremes is typical of "New York life."

But to be tucked away in a snug little flat near the towering top of a tall apartment house on a quiet cross street, looking serenely down upon the teeming town with its towers, steeples, domes, and bridges melting in the distant haze, its noise and turmoil reaching your eerie retreat only as a muffled hum, a throbbing stimulant to work by day, a sweet soporific for rest by night—this is to know the joys of true privacy and the luxury of deep sleep. Out in the country, one is usually awakened at dawn by one's bird neighbors saying "Cheap, cheap," though it is not, or by the bark of our intelligent four-footed friends devouring the morning paper.

It is not continuous sound but sudden noises that crash through one's dreams and one's nerves. Nor is utter silence the most soothing thing in the world. We merely assume that it is. Like most traditional beliefs it unfortunately is not so. Any child knows better; our earliest and dearest memories, like those of the billions now asleep forever, are of a lullaby.

Nor is the writer the only one who can sleep better in cities than anywhere else, save at sea. Ask your neurologist. Not from the noisy town but from the silent farm comes the greater relative proportion of our insane.

I emphasize this first and all-important advantage of city life, because whatever else a home may become it should ever be a sweet haven of rest. Much can be said for the artificial excitements and extravagant gratifications of country life, but it cannot be denied that plain, old-fashioned health is one of "the real things of life," and to cultivate good habits of sleep is a primal necessity, whereas to cultivate hardy perennials is a highly evolved luxury. It is in beds, not in flower-beds, that we spend a third of our existence.

Of course, for the other basic needs—food, shelter, and warmth—no one who has ever tried a winter in the country can question the superiority of the city. Food is

not only of a finer quality and far greater variety at the metropolitan markets, but considerably lower in price than out in the country where it comes from. For, owing to our modern improvements in production and distribution, nearly all products are first sent in to the city centres and then distributed among the rural districts, and the ultimate consumer pays the double freight.

I remember a place I once rented on Long Island for the summer. Near at hand were the market-gardens which had made Long Island famous. My mouth watered as I beheld luscious berries, delicious melons, fat lima beans, succulent salads, and potential shortcakes, all so accessible that I could have stolen them. But I soon found that I could not even buy them until they had first taken a trip to the hot, dusty city and back again—what was left of them. By that time the only thing that had not drooped was the price.

Yes, I admit, in all fairness to Nature, that one should grow such things oneself;



Out in the country, one is usually awakened at dawn by one's bird neighbors saying "Cheap, cheap," though it is not.

and I have done so since I acquired my own "little place in the country." But in my own little flat in the city I can enjoy, even in winter, fresh vegetables, salads, and fruits which in the country are either prohibitive in price, or, like sea-food if your country place is inland, not quite



fresh enough at any price. Thanks to the recently established municipal markets—to which the old-fashioned middle-man naturally objects—not a few but many may now secure that wholesome variety in

Now, as for warmth, I am not of those who maintain that it is impossible to heat a country house. I myself have been warm in the country frequently; on both sides at once. All that is necessary dur-



Food is not only of a finer quality and far greater variety at the metropolitan markets, but considerably lower in price than out in the country where it comes from.—Page 537.

diet and that real pleasure in eating which modern science has happily demonstrated to be a duty to our well-meaning metabolic process.

I classify food with sleep as one of "the real things of life," and heartily believe in appreciating both natural privileges to the full. But if by any chance you have a puritanic objection to enjoying your meals and consider eating beneath you, the matter may be regarded in this light: In the city, so much less time, attention, and money need be devoted to this necessary concession to the carnal nature of man, that one is enabled to double one's energy and opportunities for church work, charity, culture, and uplift. Catering and house-keeping can be reduced to their simplest terms with a *rôtisserie* right around the corner, a *pâtisserie* on the next block, and a delicatessen shop in between. French and Vienna bakeries supply crisp rolls and bread of every shape, size, and flavor fresh every morning with the newspaper. And incidentally, in the city one need never endure that tragedy so common to country life—breakfast without the morning paper.

ing a cold snap is to have plenty of heating plants in the cellar, plenty of fireplaces in the rooms above, keep them all well stoked, and run when you cross the hall.

Similarly, by having plenty of windows and keeping them all open one can keep cool enough in a steam-heated apartment house. I have no odious urban comparison to make here, and generously neglect to mention the difficulty of getting and keeping good servants in the country in winter. I will merely say that such problems as furnaces, gardens, garages, snow-shovelling, taking down screens and putting up storm-windows, erecting glass inclosures and laying plank walks, do not enter into the truly simple life of the modern apartment house, where the water-pipes never freeze and you have no roof to leak.

### III

So much for man's improvements on Nature, which is the proper task of civilization and true culture. But what of God's free gifts of sunlight, air, and water?



One of the pleasantest advantages of wintering in New York, in my humble opinion, is not the bright lights of Broadway, but God's pure sunshine. The average city house, squeezed in between similar houses, does not, I admit, get much more of this free gift than a tent pitched in a canyon. But why camp in a canyon?

If your home sweet home is a flat sweet flat, perched well above adjacent roofs and turned broadside to the south, it will be flooded with more sunshine than any country place I have yet seen—not in half the rooms at a time, but in nearly all of them all the time, from sunrise to sunset, without even the bare branches of trees to interfere in the least with this glorious germ-destroying element so important to health in winter. One cannot have too much sunshine in the home, and, as intimated above, to live in a house is not compulsory in the city as in the country. Even persons of enormous wealth can afford flats, for they now run as high as twenty thousand dollars a year; perfectly good places to rough it in during the hardship of war-time in winter when Mediterranean cruises must be sacrificed.

As for the all-important element of water, I am glad to say that sometimes it is just as good in the country as in the city. For example, in each of the two places I have been comparing it is perfect, and requires no filtering even for drinking purposes. The only difference I can detect is this: In my apartment, water, like heat, is included in the rent, while down in the quaint, old-fashioned village on the rural edge of which I enjoy the privilege

of paying an immodest tax-rate, this prime necessity of life is owned and controlled by a quaint, old-fashioned private monopoly. Water is meted and metered out to the helpless victims at so much per thousand gallons, the board of health having placed a ban on wells. A mathematical friend of mine in the seat of learning there has estimated that the price of a bath equals the price of a beer, thus putting a premium on uncleanness, if not on inebriety.

But let us be just. Air is as free in the country as in the city, and when, as sometimes happens, you can get your township to oil the near-by highway where tireless touring-cars stir up picturesque and permeating clouds of dust, I should say that the air in the country is much purer than the atmosphere of cities; yes, even in the bright and clean up-town districts around the Park in New York. The city hasn't all the advantages nor all the real things of the simple life. Let us avoid a partisan spirit.

If you happen to be one of those cranks who require regular outdoor exercise in order to keep well and happy, there is, of course, no comparison. The outdoor life is one of the chief advantages of the city in winter.

I happen to be one of those cranks myself. I cannot maintain my self-respect throughout the winter unless I get in a good long walk every day. But mid the pastoral scenes of God's gray country, when night approaches and your work is done, you sally forth into mud-puddles or stumble over frozen ruts in the quaint but by this hour quite dark highways and





hedges; or else you flounder into snow-drifts, beautiful snow-drifts. The view may be wonderful but you cannot even watch your step.

Now, in man's great outdoors of the city they manage these things better for us. Close at hand lies the beautiful Avenue, stretching in undulating grace for miles in both directions; always interesting, never dark, and invariably cleared for action within twenty-four hours of the hardest blizzard. Sparkling in the sun or glistening in the rain, brilliant and crowded at noonday, or opalescent and mysterious at night, it is ever a refreshment to the weary spirit and a stimulation to a dull mind. From early in the day when rosy-cheeked children march sedately off to school, till earlier the next morning when their deserving parents come skidding gayly home from supper-parties, it presents a thousand varied moods to him who in the love of human nature seeks communion with her visible forms:

Con men, clergymen; heiresses, actresses; fast people, slow people; good people, bad people; people you know, people you'd like to know, and people you don't want to know—but all of them interesting to look at, to think about.

Here you can even walk alone without being bored. No long, uneventful stretches of bleak, wintry landscape, where nothing moves, not even the train of thought. No benumbed and self-centred trees holding out pathetic frozen branches for sympathy. Impossible to be introspective here. Fall into a brown or blue study and you are likely to be run over. Thought is brought to the surface by mental massage. No time to dwell upon your beloved self. So many more interesting

things to think about. And the changing scenes unfold more rapidly than a moving-picture reel.

Here, facing the park, are the palaces of the doges, the invisible rulers of our democracy, it is said—until recently, it is also said. In either case, their monu-

ments remain, marble ones, pink in the sunset glow, or soft stone, pleasantly gray white. So very good, some of them are too, as well as sumptuous, especially certain of the more recent ones. Whether they make comfortable sleeping quarters for those within or not, they make glad the heart of those without. The passer-by can enjoy, free of charge, the thrill born of beauty, whether it be in nature, like the sunset through the trees across the park, or in art, like a cornice in perfect scale.

Let us be grateful to our distinguished American architects for giving Wealth the

opportunity for self-expression in such charming forms. If the exquisite refinement and noble serenity of certain of the newer homes of our newer aristocracy of riches suggest the personalities of the owners, as domestic architecture is supposed to do, then all I have to say is that the muck-rakers did not know what they were talking about and ought to have been sued for criminal libel.

Here and there are very different houses, belonging to the stogy period of brown-stone and curlicues, looking as much out of place now as mud splatters on a white satin evening gown. Still others are not distinguished at all, even for ugliness. But they all look assured, as if saying: "At any rate, we're on the Avenue."

Down by Saint-Gaudens's superbequestrian statue of Sherman at the main en-



The difficulty of getting and keeping good servants in the country in winter.—  
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trance to the park, where grooms are waiting for living riders who to them are of more importance, we suddenly enter a more vivid atmosphere, a more populous zone. The region of great hotels, with tennis-courts are ready and the putting-greens are rolled. Or else they take to dancing. The bane of country life in America is dancing and gambling. It is the effete fondness for indoor sports like



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The truly simple life of the modern apartment house, where the water-pipes never freeze and you have no roof to leak.—Page 538.

laughing youth scudding in for tea and dancing. Of clubs with men dropping in for cocktails and a bit of gossip. A suffrage shop with women dropping in for speeches and a bit of work. Art stores with windows that make you stop and look. Smart shops with windows that make you stop again.

And so on down, past Madison Square, and through the crowded loft district to that peaceful island of the blessed in the stormy sea of commerce, the historic Washington Square quarter. Here we find houses that are really homes, old enough to be mellow, lived in enough to have character, and architecturally unconscious enough to have charm. "This is the part of town I love the best of all." And here stands the noble arch from which the Avenue springs.

I am well aware that there are many who do not enjoy a walk of this sort, and some who wish they never had to look at such things at all. They, however, are usually of that small segment of the city born here and their ancestors before them. The country-bred convert is likely to be the most ardent zealot of all.

Mind you, I do not say that one cannot pound over frozen roads or splash through mud lurking in the shadow for your unwary feet. I did it for years. And years. Excellent exercise. I merely say that most people in the country don't do it. They prefer to hibernate till the

the tango and auction bridge that is driving many of us back to the homely virtues of Fifth Avenue. So few of my men friends would walk with me and still fewer of my women friends would dance with me, except as a gracious sacrifice. And I believe in the emancipation of woman.

True, in a city of this size there are plenty to trot with them that trot, but also—and here is the point—plenty to walk with them that walk. Not a few but plenty of all sorts, including even your own! Plenty, if you prefer, to play squash with you, and indoor tennis and basketball and handball, to name a few vigorous forms of exercise for the most part unobtainable in the country. But I shall not dwell on this. There are advantages in being able to swim every day during a blizzard, in gymnasium swimming-pools; to skate every day during a February thaw, in the ice-rinks, instead of only when it suits the whim of nature out in the country. But I would emphasize only the normal, natural means of keeping fit, "the real things" of outdoor life within the reach of all who own two legs—except those who must hibernate or dance.

#### IV

So much for a few of the simple, wholesome diversions of the pioneers in this back-to-the-town movement—the return



to human nature. But life, as has been well said, is not all pleasure. A man's first duty is to his family.

In my case, I went to the country chiefly for my children's sake, and now largely for the same reason I have sought the quiet retreat of the city.

The business of childhood is education and growing. The country is the best place in the world for these two infant industries as long as they need protection. But when children are developed enough to be fit for competition, it is well to remove them from the contaminating influences of a small town. Gentle reader, have you ever lived in a small town? If so, you know what I mean. True, big towns include wickedness also, worse wickedness and more of it. Great cities have greater extremes of everything, including unworldliness. But in great cities it is not so inevitable to be confronted with everything as in the concentrated life of small towns.

Whatever may be said of primary instruction in the country, certainly of secondary education one can find in large cities the best there is for children not yet old enough to go away to boarding-school. Your boys can be placed under the care of the greatest boy experts in

the world all day long from breakfast until nightfall. The parents can then have a chance at them, but not to the extent of undermining the good influences of the day. Mental experts in the morning who teach them how to work; physical experts in the afternoon who teach them how to play.

"Humph!" said a satirical bachelor friend of mine whom I had taken to the athletic field to see a group of healthy youngsters enjoy themselves at basketball under the eagle eye of their physical instructors, "I didn't need any one to teach me how to play when I was young." He heartily approved of devoting thousands of dollars for college football coaching in order to develop a winning team for his alma mater—eleven sturdy athletes who are developed enough already—but to employ skilled experts for the all-important plastic period of boyhood, and for training all of them, not just a picked few, in nerve, skill, and clean sportsmanship, seemed to him a modern fad.

I let him have his little joke, because bachelors are always incorrigibly reactionary in regard to women and children. Meanwhile, instead of playing when and where, or if, they please, "after school"



Down by Saint-Gaudens's superb equestrian statue of Sherman at the main entrance to the park.—Page 540.



—with indiscriminate food and fights in various back yards—these boys were competing in a field equipped expressly for compact as life on a steam-yacht, yet without any motion, except that of the elevator, which makes it easy to get out,



Art stores with windows that make you stop and look. — Page 541.

that purpose, and in charge of men who have made a life-study of such work. When angry passions arise, too high to be called down, the belligerents are made to put on the gloves and fight it out fairly, with a master to act as referee. From personal experience with the old hit-or-miss method of physical education, and from personal observation of the new, I prefer the latter.

For family life there is still, I know, a lingering prejudice against a flat because it is flat, or on the ground that it is not on the ground. To choose your home on high where the air is pure is supposed to hurt the sacred atmosphere of home, and rooms distributed horizontally, it seems, lack the virtue of those placed vertically.

Personally I'd rather take my exercise out of doors than by climbing stairs; though if you do not want to live on the level, there are plenty of apartments that are duplex. In any case, it must be admitted that the home unites the family closer when it's in an apartment. It is as

a desirable thing at times, though utterly impossible when cruising.

Another cherished tradition about apartment-house life is its alleged lack of privacy. If anything, I should say, there is too much. I met an old friend of mine down-town the other day, a man I'm very fond of but had not seen for a long time. "Where are you living this winter?" I asked. For answer he gave me my own address. We had been sleeping under the same roof for two months but neither of us suspected it. Entirely too private. Imagine living within a square mile of a friend in the country for half the winter without discovering it!

Soon after I arrived in town, a child was born not far from here; about thirty feet away, to be exact. I never should have known it if I had not by chance seen it mentioned in the paper. Who could ask for better or more proper privacy than that? I have never seen the happy parents, so far as I know. I cannot even remember their name. The chances are

that I shall never meet them. But I do not care very much—neither do they.

Is that bad? Not at all. In the country one might pretend to care, but in the city flowers come from your friends, not your neighbors. You have no neighbors in the city, and that is one of its great advantages. No neighbors, no gossip.

And yet, should sudden disaster reach me from fire or a motor accident, those same stony-faced individuals who pass me in the vestibule without a sign of recognition would, I believe, rush to my aid. But your friendships, your intimacies, are more likely to be on the true basis of mutual liking and common interests, not on the accidental circumstance of propinquity and a common postman. So there can be more naturalness in the city, less artificiality than in the country, where you answer for your conduct not to your conscience or your God, but to your neighbor.

And so, for work, for play, for privacy, and the great blessings of happy home life, there is no place like the simple city—until you get too much of it, like the country. When spring comes and the notes

of the pianola are wafted in through the open window all day, the plaintive call of the tom-cat all night, then it is conceivable that one may look at the matter in a very different light.

As a matter of fact and scientific seriousness, the return-to-nature movement is the human expression of the immemorial migratory instinct, which man has by no means lived down. But in the revolution from too much city life we should not forget that migration works both ways. It is just as natural for birds to fly south in the fall as north in the spring. And consider the dear animals, the non-hibernating animals. A friend writes from Wyoming that there was a band of twenty thousand elk last winter down in Jackson's Hole, south of the Yellowstone Park; fifteen hundred of them are shown in one photograph. During the warm season they all scatter out among the timbered ridges of the mountains. But remember, oh, remember, faithful lovers of nature, that in the winter months the gregarious instinct brings them down from the mountain fastnesses to the closely crowded stamping-grounds of the flats.



"This is the part of town I love the best of all."—Page 541.



# HARLEQUIN TO THE RESCUE

By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON



**M**IMES, dancers, jongleurs, tumblers—Squeezles was of the immemorial ilk of the minstrel people. The moment of rapt attention, the laughing clatter of applause, were the heavens of his ambition. If the ten years' apprenticeship to Agamemnon Jones, soap-merchant, had distorted it, the raw talent was still there striving for expression always.

The strategy of surprise served the turn of Agamemnon Jones, whose field of endeavor was limited to such little towns as boasted an incoming and an outgoing express train within one hour. "An hour—you can hypnotize a crowd for just sixty minutes and no longer," said Squeezles, and he should have known.

A scurry to a livery-stable, a galloping dash to the public square, the tativity of a coach-horn, a rush of rustics to the excitement, and Agamemnon, lank and erect on the wagon-seat, tossed back his oily locks and launched:

"Ladies and jomplemen: Between the t'umb and forefinger of my right hand, I hold a cryptic cube of the marvellous, mystic, saponiferous, healing soap, ma-ade from the sacred Spinfogaric, Yucca, or Bear Grass Root, that grows in the wild waste of Patagonia, the jungle of Yucatan, and the highland of subtropical Mexico. The price is a dollar a morsel, but in each and every package I wrap a te-wenty dollar bill" (and with a lightning twist he did). "If you see me take it out, you get it: if you don't, I do: If you do, I don't, and if I don't, you do—could anything be fairer?"

It was no more than the venerable shell-and-pea game, but it was obscured by the shrieking patter of Agamemnon, the kaleidoscopic change of attack, the whiz and rush of new things said and done, that contrived to keep the rustic mind so dazed that there was no time for deduction, and almost none for the knowledge that Aga-

memnon was reaping a plethoric harvest. It was Squeezles's function to watch the gaping crowd with the eye of an expert, to know the precise time for his services with song, break-down, or interjected gag, and at last to recognize the approach of disaster, and to drive away with the wild-west rush of their arrival; for Agamemnon knew, and well he knew, that coup, capture, and escape must all occur within an hour.

## II

AGAMEMNON JONES is dead, and his pupil, at an out-of-pocket moment, enlisted in the army and was assigned to S Troop. As a trim, trig soldier he simply did not exist. It was impossible for him to do the same thing twice in the same way, and the staid formality of the relation that discipline requires between officers and men, was beyond his comprehension. But our captain, Gramp Fuller of the Old Army, understood all about men. He used to hale Squeezles in on the carpet, but I think he did it for his own amusement.

Then one day a lieutenant named Raynbred was assigned to the troop. He was the primness of prissiness incarnate, and Squeezles was to his eyes as the sight of a scarlet rebosa to an Andalusian bull. One Sunday, on the cavalry flats at the Presidio, the lieutenant rode his titupping little polo-pony over a sand-dune and there discovered Squeezles, at the height of his glory, with a chance audience of holiday-making domestics and their beaux, "cake-walking" his dapper little sorrel gelding to the music of his harmonica. What Raynbred called his "sense of military propriety" fainted. Squeezles, who had been brought up under the comfortable discipline of our old captain, winked at him, and:

"Givin' the girls a treat, lieutenant."



But Raynbred's heart had turned to ice. *A private soldier had winked at him.*

"Go to your quarters in arrest," was all that he could articulate.

"Smarty!" said a voice in the audience, and Squeezles, utterly uncomprehending, rode sadly away.

Our Old Man was going on detached service after a third of a lifetime with us, and that would leave Raynbred commanding. The captain loved his men, and he thought to ease their berth in leaving; he talked to Raynbred long and earnestly on the manners and customs of the private soldier, and the upshot was this reply:

"I shall try to carry out your policies, but I can't stand Squeezles. His rifle's the filthiest in his squad; he goes to reveille when he feels like it—and *he winked at me.*"

The Old Man sat sizing up the boy for a long time. He had played a wonderful game of poker in his youth, and he knew all about starched shavetails.

"Lad, let an old man tell you something that'll save you sorrow. The world is full of gun-cleaners, but the good Lord, in his infinite compassion, vouchsafes a Squeezles only once in a blue moon. You're not living in that cheerless barrack-room. It's not the highest station in life, and when a man lays down ambition, he takes up a heavier burden. If a soldier thinks about himself, it's like to hurt. If he feels sorry for himself—he's gone. Squeezles is the antidote. He can't clean a gun—but *he can make you laugh.* He forgets to come to reveille, but he doesn't forget to grin. Why, that boy's a human vaudeville show. *He can play the harmonica.* I'd rather have him at a funeral than a regiment of chaplains."

But it all passed over, or glanced off. Raynbred said:

"Yes, sir."

### III

THE captain left us; the Mexican trouble boiled, and S Troop, Raynbred commanding, took station at Coyote Wells, Ariz., less Squeezles, mercifully invalidated with a broken ankle.

If you want to change from the human disciplinary system (treating men according to their measure) to the book plan

(jamming them into a cast-iron mould—broken pieces to the waste, and devil take the discard), Coyote Wells isn't the place to do it. It's a dead spring of the Rio Seco, thirty miles east of Yuma. The river is the baked memory of some grim palæozoic joke, a twisty furrow meandering off among the sand-hills, with the dust-devils skimming down its bed in the blazing afternoons. From the Gila to the Baboquivari Hills, it's a country, according to Squeezles, that the Lord forgot to put the skin on—*sand*, a heaving sea of dead waves, tawny-yellow, with a line of low hills on the edge of it like the rim of a griddle. The sun pops from the crest as a seed is squeezed from a lemon, and it's like turning on the gas under an oven—the heat waves begin to shimmer on the dune-crests, and all you can do is to lie under canvas and pant.

And when you have to sit hopelessly, with nothing to do—for it's too hot to drill—you get to wondering what you're good for, and wishing no joy to your neighbor. It's like taking a long ocean trip with a small company. Pretty soon it seems as though you'd known the rest for eternity. Every time a fellow starts to tell a story, you know you could shut your eyes and tell it yourself, word for word from the beginning, except some little lie he puts in to make it different. He can't tell you anything new because he's told everything that ever happened to him before, and you've seen everything that's happened since. Maybe you don't begin to hate him, but you get precious weary of seeing him around.

It was that way at Coyote. Old friends avoided each other, and there weren't any close-harmony choruses in the evenings, or horseplay after stables. A man named Walters borrowed Corporal Bloede's horse brush without asking. In barracks, they would have stepped out behind stables and settled it. Here, each went away growling something about the world being too small for him and the other fellow. Bloede was a swarthy, surly sort of chap—the men used to say he had Indian blood. Taken altogether, it was a situation for a first sergeant to think about.

The lieutenant had a book theory that men must be amused. But you can't do it by the fiat: "Be amused." The Field





*Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

"I—I was too hasty, Bloede," he stammered — Page 341





Day he planned was a pale fizzle. He conceived a notion that the men were bucking him, and he made the colossal blunder of telling them so.

Then there was a Pole named Knudson, who used to go down and listen to the agitators on Grant Avenue, come back loaded with their literature, and lie on his bunk raving about Emma Goldman till somebody heaved a boot at him. In barracks they called him Knud the Nut, but the revolution in Lower California was headed by I. W. W. propagandists from the States, and it wasn't comforting to see the men sitting about listening docilely to Knudson, and the sun so hot and all.

There was a lot to say for the lieutenant. If it was bad for us, it was worse for him, there cut off from every human soul by his view of what military discipline meant—not a smile or a nod or a word of human sympathy from one week's end to the other, and with the thought rankling that every man's hand was against him. I could see a change in him, in the things he said to the men he had on the carpet to nag for little derelictions. It was the cue of his sort to be coldly impersonal. He was forgetting that. I began to hear studiously nasty little phrases that bit down through their toughened skins to the raw quick, and to see their jaw muscles tighten. I had just hunch enough to write a long letter to the captain. It followed him first to Washington, waited there, and then junketed to Honolulu, and that took a long time.

"So long," he told me afterward, "that I cabled for leave, packed my grip, and caught the *Manchuria* all in the same day." There hasn't been a mutiny in the American army in living memory, but I couldn't have written to anybody else. There was no idea of a mutiny then, but things were ripe for trouble. It was like a cage of Kilkenney cats, and in the midst of it, the mail buckboard drove in from Yuma, and out of it hopped a dumpy little body that I didn't recognize, by reason of the desert dust that lay white upon him, like the fuzz on a green peach. Somebody whooped out:

"Will you look who's here?" There hadn't been a cry like that in camp for six weeks. Squeezles made a bow like a

ringmaster, and broke into a jumbling ballyhoo:

"Once again, through kind Providence, we are permitted to visit your most hospitable city, with a troop of trained horses."

Well, it was exactly like injecting ginger-juice into the foreleg of a jaded race-horse. It was like a clean, cool breeze in a murky day. In three minutes there was a grinning crowd at the mess-tables. Squeezles was bringing home everything that had happened in the dance-halls and the Orpheum since the troop left San Francisco. He could do the stunts as well as most of the people he had seen, and his audience was starving. He sang "Tipperary," not just as a song, but just as Alice Lloyd. He spied Knudson and was minded of something he said had happened on Grant Avenue the night he left, when an orator had been hauled down from a soap-box by his wife—Squeezles, with flattering success, playing every part from the wife to the audience—and our propagandist prophet was without honor in a breath, and then—Raynbred sent word to stop that unmilitary hilarity, and for Squeezles to report to him at once.

"—and you're going to catch it for not doing it sooner."

There was an audible groan, but Squeezles twisted his mouth wryly, like a Prussian field marshal.

"Gif der Herr Lieutenant Machor Squeezles's gomblimends, und ask him, Vas he gommanding mit an advance guard of a army corps, could he track a herd of elephants in ten feet of snow?" which was howling humor in a soldier camp, and made them forget that anything martinetish had been done. He came back limping, and that brought forth another guffaw that I instantly suppressed for politic reasons, but I went to sleep that night with an easy mind. Squeezles had simply changed the whole sinister current of events.

#### IV

THERE was a respite for everybody but Squeezles. Raynbred should have known what had happened and perhaps he did, but Squeezles was an obsession that he could not control. If bawlings-out could



have made a man miserable, Squeezles would have gone crazy, but admonition was to his back as water to a duck's. Then the lieutenant took his horse away from him, and there is an unwritten canon in the cavalry against that. It produced another bad effect on the troop. And then Raynbred began to try Squeezles by summary court-martial, and to find him guilty.

"When you get five of these convictions," he said, "you'll go to Yuma for a General, and that means Alcatraz, a dishonorable discharge, and the rock-pile. You don't want to be a convict, do you, Squeezles?"

After the fourth trial, I respectfully interceded and lost the confidence of my troop commander. But he sent Squeezles to Sassabe, and that was the Botany Bay of all our water-hole outposts. It took him away from camp and immediate danger, but it also took him away from the troop that needed him. There wasn't such a thing as resentment in that boy's soul; his only comment was:

"You know, I feel sorry for poor Raynbred; d'you ever think how he must hate himself?"

## V

THE cool breeze was gone from our muggy day. One afternoon a pinto Indian pony came stumbling into camp from the direction of the Papago country, thirty miles across the desert. He was half dead with thirst, and the white dust was caked in the quirt-welts that streaked his sides. The Papagoes are left pretty much to their own affairs and this seemed to have been one of them. Lashed by rawhide thongs to that pony's tail was what had been first a live and then a dead Indian. I looked from that pony to the blazing waste across which he had staggered, and the studied cruelty of the thing made me fairly faint. We reported the occurrence and tied the pony to the picket line, where he grew fat as a sausage on government oats. No one ever claimed him. Corporal Bloede took those green thongs—to make shoe-laces, he said.

It seemed to me that that was the signal for the occurrence of one devilish

thing after another. There were plenty of good men in the half-troop we had left in camp, but they had fallen into the general habit of complaining. Raynbred ordered a drill, but drilling was impossible. Two men had to be carried back from it, and the horses returned stiff with sweat-caked dust. There was some loud talk on the line that he overheard, and, of course, it was one of the good men that was doing it. I found Raynbred in his tent in a black fury.

"I'll have discipline," he snarled, "if I have to break every man in the troop to get it. If they can't drill, they can ride patrol. I'm going to double the outposts. Sit down there and make out a list of the men who ought to go."

Well, I felt like shaking his hand. It was a chance to separate the goats from the sheep and scatter them out among ten outposts where they could do no harm. I wrote out the list of Bloede's coterie and handed it to the lieutenant. He stood tapping it with his pencil, his mouth curled in an ugly little smile. He thought I was trying to put something over on him.

"Just as I thought," he said. "This seems to be the only way I can get the truth. Some of the sergeant's pets can do a bit of work. Leave *these* men in camp and send every other soul to the water-holes."

I opened my mouth to speak, but he gave me no chance.

"Not a word—not a word. If I can't get loyalty from you, I can make you give me obedience. They'll start at reveille." We were left with the scum of the troop—Bloede's pals and Knudson's converts.

After that the crisis at Coyote came quickly. One day a ragged derelict from the tatterdemalion anarchist army across the line was caught by one of the patrols trying to sneak across the border. We put him in the guard-tent. There was too much low-voiced conversation with him by the sentinels, and before the buckboard came in on its tri-weekly trip, he escaped—Bloede corporal of the guard.

When it was reported to the lieutenant he walked over to the guard and, standing there in full hearing of the squad, proceeded to lift the metaphorical hide from Bloede's shoulders, and the corporal stood





"Givin' the girls a treat, lieutenant."—Page 545.

sullenly with his lower jaw thrust forth, taking it in bad grace. He failed to reply to a question for an insolent moment, and then answered without the required "sir"—just shortly, "No."

Raynbred lost temper and control. I don't know whether he knew what was said about Bloede's forebears; his remark sounded studied. He was standing, legs apart, swinging a riding-whip that he always carried at a thong on his wrist.

"You know better than that, Corporal Bloede," he yelled. "Where were you brought up? Who *was* your father, anyway?"

I moved close to Bloede. There was a tension in the air that you could fairly feel. He raised his eyes.

"That's none of your damned business."

Raynbred raised his whip, his face white with passion. It was over in a flash. I saw Bloede recoil and crouch as though to spring, and I caught his arms from

behind in both of mine, and held him struggling against my breast. Across his cheek was a red slash from Raynbred's riding-whip. The officer realized his mistake instantly.

"I—I was too hasty, Bloede," he stammered. "I can only offer you whatever satisfaction you desire." He was offering to fight Bloede with the straps off his coat, but he was talking to the wrong man. The corporal turned his head aside and spat.

"When I get my satisfaction from *you*," he said, "there won't be enough left for *your* father to recognize."

I walked with Bloede to his tent. He didn't say a word to me, but the lieutenant thought he did. He sent for me at once.

"I'm disappointed in you. You haven't supported me. I have always doubted what you said about Private Squeezles. To-morrow, at reveille, you will proceed to Sassabe, and bring him back here in arrest. I am beginning where I should never have left off, and I'm going to

have discipline." And he jammed his fist down into his open palm in a petulant gesture.

I came out to find the camp in a furore. There was a lot of open boasting about a wholesale desertion. I felt sure that nothing like that would happen before pay-day, and something might turn up in a week, but I wasted little time in worry about it. The mail orderly handed me a telegram that had been brought over in the buckboard from Yuma. It was dated at San Francisco the day before and it said:

*"Arrive Yuma Thursday night. Expect me at Coyote noon Friday."*

"FULLER, Capt."

My first impulse was to wave it and yell, and then caution came. If those devils had planned anything, it might stop them, but then it might not—it might hurry them. I never thought of taking it to Raynbred; my old captain knows his own business, and if he had meant that message for the lieutenant he would have sent it to him. There was some drinking in camp that night, but I didn't interfere; I was too busy chuckling to myself over my projected dramatic entry with Squeezles from the east at the very moment the captain should trek in from Yuma—like the arrival of Pythias with Damon at the block.

It was a bleary-eyed driver, none too certain on his seat, that drove me clanking out over the sand road toward Sassabe next morning. He had something on his mind that was hard to keep there, he kept giggling and clucking and winking, but I was too jubilant over my own scheme to pay any attention to his, and it wasn't till we had started back with Squeezles that he let loose all he had.

"Boys'll sure be glad to see you, Squeezles, old chicken," was the way it began. "They're waitin' for you to pull it off. Couldn't go off to Sonora and leave ol' Squeezles back in the desert. We remembered you, old son. Bloede's foreign legion wouldn't march without the joker."

I nudged Squeezles, but it wasn't necessary.

"I should say not," he said. "When

are we going? Who's the main guy?—Knudson, I'll bet."

"Knudson nawthin'—Knudson's only adjutant-general. Bloede's first chief. Horses, wagon, and rations. Why, son, it wouldn't s'prise me to see that Bloede President of Mexico."

"How about Raynbred? What's he?—field marshal?—or ain't he been asked?"

The silly fool leaned close to Squeezles and said in a maudlin whisper:

"That —'s goin' to take a ride *at the heels of a pinto pony.*"

Squeezles gave me a quizzical look over his shoulder. He hadn't quite made out that it wasn't a joke. I suppose my face settled that. I was sick—just sick at the pit of my stomach for a full five minutes, while the buckboard and that chucklehead rattled on. Once his secret was out and the sky didn't fall, he let us have the whole of it. They would be all ready, Miller said, as soon as we got there. They'd packed the wagon the night before, and could saddle and ride across the line in fifteen minutes. I couldn't seem to raise an idea, but one thing was certain—we mustn't get there. I stood up in the buckboard and put the muzzle of my automatic against Miller's ear.

"Whoa," I said, and we tied him up with the lash rope and sat on the sand to talk it over. We could have stayed where we were long enough to give the captain time to arrive, but we were due back by ten—Miller had his orders from Bloede. If we didn't get there at least by eleven, they might send some one for us, or they might go without us, and the captain wasn't due till twelve. I did most of the talking and all I could suggest was difficulties. It never occurred to me to doubt that the captain's coming would quiet everything, and there was no room for doubt about it. The men regarded him as a sort of father, and I knew that Bloede and Knudson would be prophets without honor from the second the Old Man's twinkling grey eyes were on the troop. Once I said:

"Just for the sake of one little hour," and that seemed to remind Squeezles of something.

"Sixty minutes," he mumbled; and then: "Have you got any money?"

I had six months' pay in my old buck-



skin belt—four hundred dollars in bills. When I pulled it out, Squeezles got up from the sand and did a saraband. I had to catch him to stop him. He was like a boy going to a circus, but I couldn't share his mirth. He rushed over to the jockey-box of the buckboard and tumbled out its

horses were fidgeting with their nosebags, though it was an hour early for the noon feed. Some of the men were sitting in the shade of the haystack. The troop was packed and ready to march in all save the most obvious things—tents and "boots and saddles." But tied apart from his



It made the gooseflesh prickle across my shoulders, but I didn't have time to ruminate.

contents—axle grease, harness soap, spare nuts, and leather.

"It'll be like taking candy away from a child," he chuckled. "It'll be a cinch. Why, sarge, why didn't we think of it before," and he bubbled on with his preparations with the enthusiasm of a starved child for an ice-cream orgy. The only other thing he asked of me was my field notebook with its tissue and carbon sheets. Then Squeezles took charge. We halted the buckboard four hundred yards from camp, where the road twists out of the dry bed of the Seco, and an arroyo runs off toward the lieutenant's tent.

I crawled to the top of the rise. The saddles were gone from the rack and the

head stake, and backed against the skyline where I could see every whisk he made with his tail, was that fat little Papago pony, nibbling at the wisps that were left of his hay. It made the gooseflesh prickle across my shoulders, but I didn't have time to ruminate. I wormed up to the back flap of the lieutenant's tent and dived under. He was sitting at his field desk and he reached for his gun, but it was clear across the tent and I had mine against him before he could rise.

"Don't move, lieutenant, and don't speak."

He settled back in his camp-chair, cool enough in all conscience.

"I suspected you a month ago," he



*Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

"Take-a-chance-take-a-chance-take-a-chance, corporal."—Page 555.



said. "What business has a man of your education in the ranks?—penitentiary, or broken in the English army?"

I had intended to tell him what I meant when I came in, but the excitement had gotten into my blood, and I was too intent on straining my ears for the rattle of that old buckboard. I didn't have to wait for that.

"It's the first minute that counts," Squeezles had said, and he entered on that plan—like a stage-coach in a Wild West show, laying the whip into those two old mules and unlimbering his side-arm. He pulled up with a flurry of sand about ten yards from the lieutenant's tent, and the mutineers came rushing out of their cubby-holes with the fog of last night's indiscretions not helping them to solve the hilarious mystery. There was a moment of hypnotizing silence while Squeezles stood frozen in the opening gesture of Agamemnon Jones—long arms high above his head like a man crucified, then the words came tumbling in a high-pitched, brazen voice:

"Cumrades and gentlemen. Don't crowd about me. Gimme-air-gimme-air-gimme-air. I hold in my mitt a morsel of the marvellous medicinal mystery, wretched from the untootered breast of the monarch of the Papago or blood-sucking indeeans, busting loose with the long-sought secret that drew Punchey-dee-leeon from the bosom of his beloved family in the Seenyoritic langur of Old Spain."

It took with all but Bloede. The rest of them didn't know what Squeezles was talking about, but they stood beneath him with open mouths. Bloede growled:

"Cut it out, Squeezles. We've got no time for that."

But Squeezles was prepared; his voice never faltered.

"I've got the goods—I've got the goods—I've got the goods. Smell of it, bite it, tell it to your brother," and with a sweep of his arm, he scattered a small handful of one-dollar bills, and held aloft a roll with a yellow twenty on the outside. A silver certificate floated fortuitously into Bloede's hand, and by that time Squeezles had reached the "If-you-don't, I-do: If-you-do, I-don't," of Agamemnon's patter. He reached far forward and underneath the nose of Corporal Bloede, deliberately

twisted that yellowback in with the wrapping of a piece of harness soap, and shook it tantalizingly in the man's face.

"Take-a-chance-take-a-chance-take-a-chance, corporal. Your money ain't like a turnip. It won't grow in a garden."

A soldier is never prone to take a dare on a twenty-to-one shot in a gambling game. Bloede snatched at a soap cube. Squeezles made a clumsy go of untwisting the wrapper and a guffaw went up, for Bloede peeled the paper and pocketed the bill.

Well, they simply rushed to it like sheep in a chute. The man who *could* tell how Squeezles did it would be wasting his talent; *he* should be selling soap. It was the art of a flame of genius and hard years of training—the art of taking people from their thoughts (when they don't want to be taken) and casting them under a spell of words. It was Squeezles's master moment, and I am not sure that it was not the master moment of his ilk. It went on for I don't know how long, and I found myself standing in the tent door with my hands clenched like a college rooter in the last period of a tied game. I had dropped my pistol on the camp-chair and the lieutenant was scrouging me over to get a better view. Two men had broken away from the crowd and stood to one side whispering. Squeezles didn't seem to observe that. He had the bulk of the squad's pay in his nose-bag and that was a lure that would have held most of them as long as there was a cent to stake, but the soap was running low, and Squeezles's eye was on Bloede and Knudson. Suddenly his voice dropped to a confidential whisper, and he was talking of, and doing something, as alien to his subject as night to day—but it was something startling. It was a shock.

"Never play with fire, lads. I did, and now look at me"—he threw back his head, and out of his mouth jetted a yellowish-blue flame. That brought Bloede back again, and before he had quite recovered Squeezles was selling soap. But the rest of the time for me was like turning thirty Damocles swords up the other way and sitting on them. The whole crowd seemed to be getting restless, and Bloede wasn't to be held. He backed away a pace and dragged two men with him.



"Attention, men. There's something wrong about this business. Where's Miller? Where's Sergeant French?"

Squeezles threw back his head and roared; he had reached down and pulled a gawky young recruit up into the buckboard beside him. He was tensing for his master stroke.

"I've attended to old French, and I'll tell you about Miller in a minute. But first, for the delictation of my cumrades, I'm going to cut off the head of o'r young friend here, and put it back again, without pain, without blood, and without harm—and then, we'll *all* go."

That was too much for them. I think some of them thought Squeezles could do it, and I wasn't so sure myself, though I seemed to dimly remember having seen that stunt before, ending in the precipitate flight of the intended subject. The rookie shifted uneasily.

"Aw, Squeezles, y'ain't goin' to do it honest?"

Squeezles's only reply was a laugh, rather metallic and not too reassuring. He was deliberately whetting his hunting-knife on shoe-leather, and while the flow of words never ceased, some of them were new words, never heard on the tongue of man before. He unbuttoned the recruit's shirt-collar and precisely traced a fine line about the bare neck with a lead pencil. He was panting deeply, and now and then his voice seemed to lose its steadiness and his sentences would end in a hysterical little gasp. I felt the lieutenant's hand on my arm. He was behind me and he could have brained me for all the care I took.

"Sergeant," his voice came in a scared whisper, "are you sure that's all right—out there bareheaded in that hot sun and everything?"

I didn't answer him. I was by no means sure. Squeezles seemed to be swaying a trifle on his feet, and I never saw such a look on a human face. My heart was going like a trip-hammer, and I filled my lungs to yell, but I never spoke. With a shriek of horror, that recruit made a bound from the buckboard and landed running in any general direction toward

the far horizon. Squeezles sat himself down with an air of triumph, fanning himself with his hat. Sometime during the diversion, a team had driven up all unnoticed, and standing on the edge of that audience, hands deep in his trousers pockets, thin old shoulders shaking with his silent laughter, was Gramp Fuller in the flesh, and *he'd been there a half an hour.*

In Raynbred's tent, when the story had been told, the lieutenant sat with his chin in his hands, limp as a dish-rag—I hadn't spared a word. The lines were deep in the captain's face, he was getting to be an old man, and he had no family but that troop.

"If we air it, with a lot of trials, it will raise a stench that will be remembered in America for a century," he said finally, more to himself than us, but I knew what he meant.

"And they're just a lot of kids," I made bold to say, "as good as any—it's that pup Bloede, and this devilish place." The old man's eye with the twinkle behind it was full on my face.

"I've known you to have a talent for er—well—sort of *arranging* things. I wonder if you couldn't sort of arrange this." I knew what he meant.

"I know blame well I can."

Raynbred raised his head. The tin and tucker had passed from him.

"But how about me, sir? It's all my fault." The captain was kind. He walked over and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"That's all right, son. You've learned your lesson—" I slipped out to the picket line and found Bloede. He expected to be put in arrest, I suppose, but I said:

"Would you rather swing or ride for it, Bloede?" I asked, and there were no two answers to that question.

"All very well—there's your pinto pony. Watch sharp, there's nobody looking now, and it's ten yards to the line, and never let me see your face or hear your voice again."

And so, bareback, and at a devil's clip, he made his mad race for Mexico.

But there wasn't the murmur of a hue and cry.



# SEMPACH

## A BALLAD OF PATRIOTISM

By James Arthur Muller

THE lake was a mirror of glory under the golden sun,  
The Alps were turrets of fire before the noon was done,  
The song of the maidens echoed sweetly over the plain,  
And sickles gleamed in the sunshine,  
    Gleamed in the golden sunshine,  
Glistered bright in the sunshine, as they swung through the ripened grain.

Stayed were the hands of the reapers, the song was turned to a sigh,  
For a fiercer red than the burning sun had painted the western sky;  
Straight to the tangled woodland a messenger sped in haste,  
For Leopold came marching,  
    Marching, Marching,  
Four thousand Knights came marching over the burning waste.

Bright were their helms and lances, bright were their banners gay,  
Light were the hearts of the cavaliers who rode with the Prince that day,  
Rode with him over the mountain, singing a song of love,  
And little they dreamed of the Switzers,  
    The faithful band of Switzers,  
Who knelt below in the woodland and prayed to the Lord above.

Red were the rays of the sinking sun, red were the blazing fields,  
Red were the plumes of the Austrian helms, blood red were their burnished shields,  
And they laughed with scorn at the handful who waited them there in the pit,  
And marched in a phalanx of lances,  
    A wall of blood-tipped lances,  
And pierced them there with the lances, like roasted swine on a spit.

Then one of the mountain peasants, with a word of cheer to the rest,  
Rushed full on the bloody spear-heads and gathered them unto his breast,  
Down with his body he bore them, and his head sank low and he died,  
Making a gap for victory,—  
    Over his body lay victory,  
Over him there in the dust and the blood with a score of spears in his side.

The sun went down and the summer stars looked over the field of red,  
Where Leopold the Handsome with a thousand Knights lay dead.  
Noble and prince and peasant,—they laid them under the sod,  
Noble and prince in the Abbey,  
    Ages ago in the Abbey,  
But the grave of the hero peasant looks up to the stars of God.

When the lake is a molten mirror under the golden sun,  
And the Alps are turrets of fire before the noon is done,  
And the songs of the maidens echo sweetly over the plain,  
And sickles gleam in the sunshine,  
    Gleam in the golden sunshine,  
Glisten bright in the sunshine as they swing through the ripened grain,

The reapers cease for an hour, their song is a song of praise,  
And hearts are bowed in the memory of the deeds of the olden days,  
And they offer a prayer for courage like his who fought and died,  
Clearing a way for victory,  
    Over his body to victory,  
Over him there in the dust and the blood with a score of spears in his side.

# WITH THE GODS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS

By Aristides E. Phoutrides and Francis P. Farquhar

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Olympus—hark!—and Kissavos, the brother mountains quarrel.  
Which of the two shall throw the rain, and which shall throw the snow;  
And Kissavos does throw the rain; the snow, that throws Olympus.

To Kissavos Olympus turns and speaks to him with anger:  
"Hide me not, Kissavos, Turk-trodden, shameless mountain!  
On thee a faithless breed, Larissa's Turks are trampling;  
Olympus am I! Great of yore, and in the world renowned!  
My peaks are forty-two, my fountains two and sixty;  
On every peak there flies a flag, 'neath every branch rest Klephtes;  
And yearly, when the springtime comes, and when the young twigs blossom,  
My warring Klephtes climb my peaks—the slaves may fill my valleys.  
Mine is the golden eagle, too, the bird of golden pinions,—  
Look!—perched on the cliff he stands and with the sun converses:  
"Sun mine, why from the early morn sendest thou not thy sunbeams?  
Strike with thy light! Why must I wait till noon to warm my talons?"'  
—*Translation of a folk-song known all over Greece, and sung in every country district,  
whether in Thessaly or Macedonia, or in Central Hellas or the Peloponnesus.*



ANY one travelling across the plain of Thessaly in the vicinity of Larissa cannot help being impressed with the sharp contrast between the two mountains that rise in the northeast. To the left the majestic range of Olympus flings its huge buttresses far out from glittering snowy crests that tower to a height of almost 10,000 feet. (The height of Mount Olympus, the loftiest peak of the Balkan peninsula, is generally given as 2,985 metres, or 9,794 feet. Mount Ossa is 1,953 metres, or 6,407 feet, in altitude.) To the right, beyond the depression that marks the Vale of Tempe, rises the graceful pyramid of Ossa, untouched by snow, and lacking the splendor of its northern neighbor. One might well liken them to two kings: Olympus, a warlike sovereign surrounded by puissant lords; Ossa, an elegant monarch of a more peaceful country, reigning supreme over humble subjects.

When the storm-clouds gather over the mountains and their forests pipe to the fury of the reckless winds, and when the lightning snakes dart about them and the thunder shakes their aged summits, it is no wonder that the peaceful dwellers of the plain are led to believe that the two

mountain kings battle against each other. It was this spectacle that suggested to the ancient Greeks the world-war between the Olympian gods and the Titans of Ossa; and to their modern descendants the strife of an animate Olympus with an animate Kissavos, as they have now called Ossa.

In the spring of 1914 we had come north from Athens and Central Greece to behold with our own eyes these famous mountains. We had scaled the heights of Parnassus, and had seen the splendid peaks of Helicon, Korax, Erymanthus, and others of classic fame. We hardly dared hope to climb the peaks of great Olympus, but were nevertheless eager to see them and perhaps go a little way. We first saw Olympus one afternoon as we were returning to Larissa from a visit to the Vale of Tempe. The clouds that had hidden it from us in the morning had lifted, and the sun now glistened upon the snowy arches that seemed to span the horizon. It surpassed even our greatest expectations. We were filled with enthusiasm and a determination to explore the summits, which promised sights truly fit for the gods.

In Larissa that evening we eagerly discussed the project. We had little to guide





*Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.*

The wide-spreading plane-trees are among the most delightful features of the Vale of Tempe. Their branches overhang the waters of the silvery Peneius.

us, for in Athens we had made no inquiries about the mountain, and in Larissa we could find no one who knew anything about it. All that we could learn was that it would be very dangerous: there were bandits in the ravines, there were many wolves, and the snow was deep and impassable. No one had heard of any one climbing the mountain, and no one had any idea as to how to approach it. Our only aid was a fairly accurate map published by the Royal Military-Geographic Institute of Vienna. A careful study of this map seemed to indicate two possible routes: one by the Vale of Tempe and along the coast of the Gulf of Salonica to the village of Litochorons; the other by way of Melouna Pass and the village of Elassona on the westerly side of the mountain. We determined upon the latter as seemingly the more direct. The remainder of the evening we spent in negotiating for a carriage and in purchasing some dates and bread and cheese. This was the full extent of our preparations for what proved to be a formidable and arduous undertaking.

Early the next morning we left Larissa in a dilapidated open carriage drawn by two stringy horses that were scarcely a credit to a region once famous as the home of the centaurs. Passing out of the town,

we headed for the long range of hills that form the northern barrier of the Thessalian plain. It was a beautiful day, and a splendid scene lay before us. In the foreground were green fields of newly sprung grain, splashed with bright purple and yellow flowers, with here and there a group of dark-red poppies. Beyond were the hills, and above them towered Ossa and Olympus, splendid in the morning light. Toward noon we passed through the little village of Turnavos, and emerging from its narrow streets we encountered a motley caravan of Turks, their women's faces carefully swathed against the glance of the stranger. Shortly afterward we began the long, winding ascent of Melouna Pass.

We were now on the threshold of new Greece. Until the recent Balkan War these hills marked the boundary between Greece and Turkey. Once before, in 1897, Greece had endeavored to push this boundary northward, but had met with dismal failure in battles fought on the very fields through which we had just passed. But in the war of 1912 Greece was more successful. In the latter part of October, during the first week of that war, the Greek army stormed over Melouna Pass from Larissa, driving the Turks from their frontier outposts. The Turks made



a brief stand at Ellassona, but, seeing that they were about to be surrounded, they fled to the Pass of Sarantapouro, twenty miles to the northward. Here the Greek army, under Crown Prince Constantine, advanced upon them and a pitched battle ensued. Sarantapouro has been reputed from ancient times to be an impregnable defensive position; so when the report was sent out that the Greeks had captured it in two days it was received with incredulity. But confirmation followed almost immediately, with the undeniable news that the Greek army had occupied the village of Servia on the north side of the pass, had crossed the Vistritza River, and was on its way to Verria and Salonica.

Thus in one week was set free an integral part of Greece which for many centuries had been under the domination of alien races; and with this district there was restored to the Greek dominions one of the most illustrious landmarks of antiquity—the majestic Olympus.

Unvexed now by the formalities of a Turkish custom-house, we crossed freely into this newly liberated territory. We rapidly descended the northern slope of the pass and, passing through the village of Tsaritsane, soon came to Ellassona. As we alighted before an inn in the middle of the town a curious throng gathered about us. Bakers left their ovens and cobblers their lasts to ask us the old Homeric questions:

“Whence came you?”

“Whither are you bound?”

“What may be your names?”

“And what land claims you for its own?”

Presently came two young men who surprised us by addressing us in English. They had been in America—one in Florida, the other in Manchester, New Hampshire—and had come back to Greece to serve in the war. They welcomed us to their native town, and cordially offered to show us its points of interest. Leaving our knapsacks—our only baggage—at the inn, we accepted their offer and strolled down through the steep streets of the picturesque little town to a quaint, humpbacked bridge that spanned a lively stream. Our friends told us of the battle that had been fought here a year and a half before, and pointed out the positions occupied by the

contending armies. Here fell the first victims of the war, and here they rest now in the little graveyard just outside of the town. On a simple wooden cross marking the grave of the first officer killed we read four verses. No known poet has written them: they are a fragment from the lore of a people who live close to the very sources of the Fountain of Pieria:

“Light be the earth on thee:  
Light like the leaf of the olive-tree,  
Like the tear on a virgin’s cheek;  
Yea, light like a dew-drop in spring.”

In the approaching twilight we ascended to the ancient monastery of Panaghia, or the Most Holy Virgin, that overlooks the town. Mounting the well-worn steps, we had a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Below us lay the plain, inevitably suggesting the dry bed of some prehistoric lake—now green with fields of grain and groves of mulberry-trees. Beyond, to the west and north, stretched the long line of the Pindus and Cambunian Mountains. And as we reached the monastery there came into view in the opposite direction great Olympus himself, near at hand now, so that we could see the deep ravines that penetrate to the very heart of the range. Ages have looked upon the mountain from this point. For the hill on which now stands the monastery of the Holy Virgin was once the citadel of a very ancient city, adorned with temples of other gods. Through more than three thousand years this spot has not even changed its name. In the time of Homer it was known as the “White City Oloosson,” inhabited by Lapiths and ruled over by their famous king, Polypetes (*Iliad*, II, 739). Yet, ever young and ever beautiful, the mountain on which were born the gods of ancient Greece stands through the centuries, still a king among mountains, sending forth its songs and myths, its legends and its heroes.

Returning to the village, we continued our inquiries about how to reach the mountain. We now first learned of a small monastery, known as Hagia Trias, (or Hagia Triada), which means Holy Trinity, situated at Sparmos, close to its very base. There, we were told, we might find a lodging for the night. One of our Greek-American friends was able





*Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.*

In the heart of the Vale of Tempe.

Steep cliffs of the Lower Olympus form its northern wall. A railroad has lately been opened through the gorge, giving access from Larissa to the Ægean Sea. During the past year this road has been extended to Salonica.

to direct us to this spot, as he had often hunted game on the slopes near by. From him we received our first encouragement. He had never attempted to go to the top of the mountain, but he believed that it might be done from Hagia Trias. Our chief difficulty, in his opinion, would be the snow. Wolves were very scarce, he said, and not to be greatly feared, except perhaps at night. He knew of no bandits or robbers now that the Greek Government was in control. Before the war there might have been danger from that source.

Early the next morning we left Elassona on foot. From the brow of the hill that overlooks the village our path led through many little ravines and over many ridges, until it descended to the banks of a stream which takes its source from the foot of the great mountain and,

under the name of Diava, flows into the river of Elassona, the ancient Titaresios. Here we encountered a flock of goats scattered among thickets of prickly holy-oak and mastich bushes along the steep banks of the stream. Down below a shepherd boy watched us approaching. We called to him in the language of Athens, "Chairete!" which means "Rejoice!"

Seeing that he was puzzled, we addressed him with a greeting more familiar to the peasants: "Health be to thee!"

"Health to you, too!" he cried; and then wanted to know what our first word had meant. When he heard that it was just another manner of greeting he answered:

"We can't learn such good manners all at once. The Turks frightened us so around here that we hardly dared talk."

"You must be happy now," we replied.



"Ah, yes, thank God, we can now breathe without fear. It was another thing when the Turk was here—you lived, and you hated every day you lived."

He expressed his regret that he was not anywhere near his fold that he might "befriend us" with milk.

Not long afterward we came to a primitive flour-mill, where we found an old man of whom we inquired the way. His voice was very weak, and sounded as if it came from far away—from another age almost. Evidently he had little opportunity to speak in the beautiful but deserted land where he lived. He knew neither reading nor writing, but he astonished us when, after the introductory questions, he sat by us and candidly asked:

"You are people of the cities and you may know more about the world than we out here. They say there is war now in America. Whom do they fight, and what for?"

Yet it was only a few days since the episode had occurred that led to the occupation of Vera Cruz by United States troops. The old man was anxious to know how this war would affect the Greeks in America.

"For war is a bad thing," he concluded, "in spite of all the blessings that it has brought us here."

Then he showed us the direction we should take in order to reach the monastery.

Continuing our way across the valley, we came to a group of rough stone huts and a square, high-walled sheepfold, and presently began to enter the forest and at the same time to ascend. We were entering the great gorge that we had seen from Ellassona, splitting the mountain to

its heart. We now began to feel something of the mystery of the place—a spot which even before the dawn of history was renowned as a holy shrine. For on these very slopes must have been celebrated the rites of Pelasgian Zeus, introduced into this region by the Perhebian,

who, according to Homer, "cultivated the fields by the lovely Titarosios" (*Iliad*, II, 751). This was in a period so remote that it seemed a legendary age even to those whom we are accustomed to call the ancients. Here, then, in old times came pilgrims to worship at the shrine of their highest divinity; and here again in a more modern age have come pilgrims to worship at the shrine of the Holy Trinity of the Christian religion.

Mounting upward through the open forest of oaks, we came at length

to a winding path paved with large, flat stones. We followed this, and in a few minutes were before the gate of the monastery. The entrance was through an arch in the high wall that everywhere else ran around the enclosure, unbroken save by small, barred windows high above the reach of man or beast. We knocked, and in a few moments there came to receive us a tall, brown-bearded monk with kindly brown eyes.

"Thy blessing, father," we asked.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."

"We have come to visit the country round about, and ask for your hospitality."

"You are welcome. Command us."

He led us into the courtyard and up a flight of stairs into the "xenon," or strangers' room, large and bare, with two windows closed by iron bars, suggesting



Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

The monastery of Hagia Trias, or Holy Trinity, at Sparmos, situated on the lower slopes of Olympus.





*Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.*

The monks of the monastery of Hagia Trias at Sparmos.

Father Auxentius, Father Nicephorus the abbot, Father Cyril, and the lay reader, standing before the chapel entrance. The slab of wood at the left is the chapel "bell."

rather a prison cell than a guest-chamber. Our host, whose name was Father Auxentius, left us for a moment and returned with two other monks—the abbot, Father Nicephorus, a fine old man with white hair and beard, and Father Cyril, a small man, black of beard, but kind of heart: as we soon found.

The abbot repeated the welcome to the monastery, and then called a boy, who presently brought in a tray with coffee and masticha, a light cordial used everywhere in Greece. We drank and conversed for a few minutes, and then the monks excused themselves, as the hour for the Angelus had arrived. They seemed much pleased when we asked to be present at the service, and led the way to the little chapel which stood in the middle of the courtyard. The rough, whitewashed exterior was without ornament, save over the door, where was painted a rude fresco with a lantern hanging before it. At one side of the entrance a rounded slab of hardwood rested on a stone support. As we came into the courtyard, Father Auxentius, who had preceded us, took a wooden mallet and struck rhythmically on this slab for a minute. It was the chapel bell.

The three monks entered the chapel and took their places. Father Auxentius led the service, standing before the altar, a stole of red brocade about his neck, with silken tassels and gold ornaments. The abbot sat upon his throne by the right choristers' stand, and by his side stood Father Cyril. The left choir was taken by a layman who served in the monastery. Small tapers shed a soft light over the frescos and paintings: everything seemed old, very old, as if time had stood still in this ancient place of worship. And indeed the years have brought but few changes here. The psalm-books from which we read were a century old; the paintings upon the walls dated from the seventeenth century; the abbot's throne, inlaid with mother-of-pearl in Byzantine designs, was much older; the building itself must have been almost contemporary with the founding of the monastery a thousand years ago.

The service was that of the Orthodox Greek Church, dignified and simple. The dim light of the tapers, the smoke from the censers, the fragrance of the offering—all conduced to heighten the Old World

atmosphere of the place. We were profoundly impressed with the sincerity of the monks and the devout spirit of the three or four shepherds who attended the service. Reverently we joined in their psalms and in their prayers.

At the end of the service Father Auxentius led us to a terrace outside of the mon-

boys," he said, "and my eyes have seen many things. We are ignorant in other things, but we know what suffering is. Every white hair that I have can tell you a story. Thirty years! how many months and weeks and days do they make? Every day came with cares; every day went with cares. Bandits ran wild all over



*Photograph by Ernest F. Fairbairn, 1914.*

As we mounted higher and higher other peaks began to come into view, springing from the ground full-grown, like the armed men of Cadmus.—Page 573.

astery commanding a beautiful view of the valley of Sparmos and the mountains beyond. We watched the shadows deepen in the ravine as all things bowed before the "reigning" god of the day. Among the Greeks the sun does not "set" when he reaches the western horizon; he "reigns."

Supper was served soon after sunset. Black bread, cheese, yaourt (a universal Greek dish made from sour milk), warm goats' milk, and wine comprised our fare. We ate alone in our little room, but when we had finished the abbot came to visit us, with Father Auxentius and Father Cyril, and the chief herdsman of the monastery, John Phteriotēs. The subject of the conversation was mainly the change in the régime since the last Balkan War. The abbot told us of the sufferings that he and the people of the neighborhood had to go through under the Turks.

"I have lived here thirty years, my

the mountains. Often they would knock at the gate at night. What could we do? Refuse shelter? They had guns and cruel hearts, too. They might burn the monastery and burn us alive. So we gave them shelter. They drank and ate and went away. Then the Turks came to punish us. They bound me and my men; they flogged us and dragged us to prison, with bound hands like criminals. Flogged us! If I should bare my back you would still see the marks. There you have thirty years. Wouldn't your hair grow white, too?"

"But now, at last . . ."

"Now, glory be to God! It is good for those who will live after us. The Lord has heard our prayers. With all our sufferings we shall at least die happy."

A boy brought in two comforters and laid them on the straw mattresses that were stretched upon some wooden benches





*Photograph by Francis P. Jourdain, 1944.*

The rounded southerly peaks of Olympus.—View to our right as we neared the top of our first peak. White mists gathered from every quarter, now gently drifting across the sky, now silently sweeping down upon the snow-fields. — Page 57.



*Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.*

The southerly peaks from the summit of our first peak.

Some of the peaks glistening with snow, others thrusting up black crags of rock into the swirling clouds that on all sides threatened to overwhelm the mountain.—Page 573.





*Fig. 1. Mount Olympus, P. I., 1914.*

The northerly peaks of Olympus, as seen from our first observation peak.

The more rugged and spectacular peaks to the north decided us. We climbed the peak to the left.—Page 574.



*Photograph by Francis P. Furgutur, 1914*

These towers, the most spectacular of the peaks that we saw, we named the "Thrones of Zeus and Hera."

Two great towers of black rock closed the view to the east; while in the vast abyss between, misty clouds rose and fell like vapor from some huge caldron. Just behind them to the left is barely seen another peak which is probably the one known as Hagios Ilias and for a long time considered the highest summit.—Page 574.





*Photograph by Francis F. Farquhar, 1914.*

We were upon the very brink of a terrific precipice. For a thousand feet or more it fell.—Page 574.



*Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.*

Our highest peak, as seen from near the foot of the black towers looking west.

There is some doubt whether this peak, or one just behind it, or one of the black towers, is the supreme summit of Olympus.—Where a short time before there had been great masses of cloud there now remain only a few torn shreds, clinging to the jagged ridges or hanging like pale ghosts in limbo.—Page 576.





*Photo graph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.*

Northerly view from our highest peak.

Farther away, at a lower level, there floated over the region of ancient Pieria a flock of fluffy white cloudlets driving along before the breeze like sheep on the way to pasture.—Page 576.

inside the walls. The abbot rose and the others with him.

We lay down to sleep, and it might have been a fine sleep had not a whole company of ill-mannered rats chosen to carry on

slippery. As we neared the crest of the ridge we came upon a multitude of flowers that retarded us even more than the steepness, for it was impossible to pass by the most beautiful violets we had ever seen



*Monastery of Hagios Antonios at Demirades.*

In the courtyard of the monastery of Hagios Antonios at Demirades.

The monastery is on the left and is on the main highway from Thessaly into Macedonia. It has been badly treated through the years and is much run down. In this picture the monks are superintending the shearing of the sheep.

some active exercises behind the partitions. Such is the price of antiquity.

On the following day, April 30, 1914, we climbed Mount Olympus. We rose before daylight and nibbled a little bit of bread and cheese for our breakfast. We had no mountaineering equipment other than stout shoes and light hearts. One of us carried a small rucksack containing a camera and some bread, cheese, and dates.

It was four-thirty o'clock as we left the gate of the monastery and descended the paved path to the bed of the ravine. We stumbled along in the semidarkness, cautiously following a wood path leading northward toward the massive mountain. As the light gave sureness to our steps we advanced more rapidly, and after about an hour and a half came to a place where the ravine split in two. Taking the branch to our right, we followed it for a little way, and then began to climb out onto the ridge at our left. For some time now we had not been on the path, but we had no difficulty in making our way. The climb up the wall of the ravine was an arduous one, as the ground was very steep and

without pausing to delight in their color and fragrance.

A morning breeze rolled down from the snowy summits above us; sunbeams glanced upon the heights and flooded the hills and plains below: the glories of the day had begun. We were now on the crest of a long ridge that mounted by easy grades toward the higher parts of the mountain. About half past seven we came to a fountain, where a stream of pure water gushed forth from a wall of masonry into a long trough. An inscription chiselled in the stone recorded the date of its erection, which, surprising enough in this land of antiquity, was no longer ago than the previous year. Near by were some circular walls, evidently sheepfolds, well protected against the winds—or possibly the wolves. Not long afterward we encountered a patch of snow, and soon were at the highest line of vegetation.

The way now became steeper and the rocks and snow made progress more difficult than it had been over the open pasture-lands below. As we pressed onward we eagerly watched the sky for signs of cloud. During the past few days the



summits had been cloud-capped for most of the day, clearing only toward evening. This morning, however, had begun with such a clear sky that we hoped that the weather might have changed. Yet even as we watched there suddenly developed out of the blue air a puff of white, floating like a downy feather over the heights to our right.

It was the beginning. During the next hour white mists gathered from every quarter, now gently drifting across the sky, now silently sweeping down upon the snow-fields. Steadily we plodded on and up, seldom resting, eager to gain the summit ere the threatening clouds became too dense. We could already see rounded peaks towering on either side of us, while di-

then summoned our strength for the last thousand feet of our climb. We had decided to ascend the peak immediate-



Mount Olympus. Drawn by W. Purser and engraved by E. Finden.  
Published, 1833, by J. Murray, London.

rectly ahead rose a cone-like crest that we believed must surely be one of the loftiest of the range. And now as we connected ly in front of us, as it seemed to occupy a central position and was apparently with the other parts of the range by high ridges, or cols.



A sixteenth-century conception of the Vale of Tempe and Mount Olympus and Mount Ossa.

It is by the celebrated Flemish geographer, Abraham Ortelius, who was born and died in Antwerp, 1527 to 1596. It is dated 1590. The view is supposed to be from the Aegean Sea looking westward through the Vale of Tempe, with Ossa on the left and Olympus on the right.

It was ten o'clock when, at last, with a shout of triumph, we stood upon the summit and looked off at the superb panorama before us. It was the first of the magnificent scenes that we were to behold that day. We were indeed at the very centre of the range. And now we knew why in the old folk-song Olympus boasts of two and forty peaks. There they were, rank on rank: some glistening with snow, others thrusting up black crags of rock into the swirling clouds that on all sides threatened to overwhelm the mountain.

mounted higher and higher other peaks began to come into view, springing from the ground full-grown, like the armed men of Cadmus.

We paused for a few photographs, and

In front of us, below a snowy amphitheatre, there yawned a tremendous gulf, splitting the range into two distinct parts. We now perceived that the peak upon which we stood was but a slightly more elevated portion of a broad ridge that connected





Mount Olympus, as seen from the Pass of Sarantapouro—looking southeast.  
The highest snow-clad peaks are scarcely visible.

the two parts of the range, welding them into a great horseshoe. Moreover, it was apparent that we were not upon the very highest point; for near by, both to the right and left, stood peaks that were unquestionably higher—not much higher, to be sure, but enough to place the matter beyond doubt. We were eager to push on, but whither should we turn? Anxiously we watched the summits, snatching glimpses as the clouds rolled and shifted. At one time we felt sure that among the group to the south lay the supreme point, but as we were about to set out in that direction a clearer view of the more rugged and spectacular peaks to the north decided us, and without further hesitation we turned and hastened toward them. From our observation peak we glissaded down on the snow to the lower part of the col, and then began slowly to mount again over a series of rounded crests that led us in a semicircular course to the westerly or left-hand end of the ridge, shown in the illustration on page 567, which we reached in about an hour and a half.

As we toiled up the last hundred feet over the rough shale and softening snow, we little realized what a surprise was in store for us. So far this peak had seemed, like the others over which we had passed, a rounded crest with only slightly steeper sides. But when at the very last we put

foot upon firm rock there burst upon us with the final step a scene that made us cry out in amazement. We were upon the very brink of a terrific precipice. For a thousand feet or more it fell; then dropped down, down, in steep terraces to the distant plain far below. To our right the ridge now appeared as a sharp knife-edge extending in a curve to two great towers of black rock that closed the view to the east; while in the vast abyss between, misty clouds rose and fell like vapor from some huge caldron.

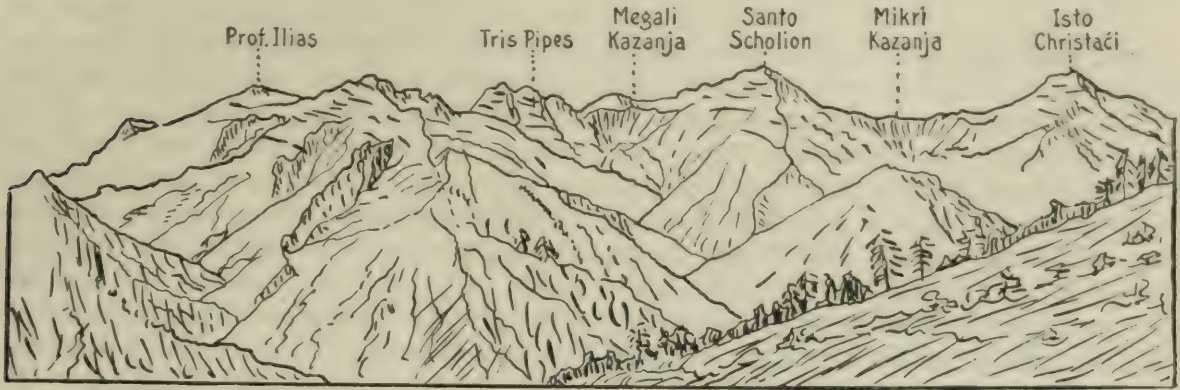
For a while we watched this awesome scene, but we were still not satisfied that we were on the highest peak. Yet in the swirling clouds we could discern nothing higher, unless it might be the black towers before us. At all events they were the most spectacular points we had seen, and we resolved to have a closer look at them. Accordingly, we pushed on along the knife-edge to a point where it turned sharply to the right and began to descend. Here a narrower and slightly lower ridge ran over to the nearer of the two towers, ending abruptly at its base. We examined it minutely, estimating the difficulties of traversing it and climbing the rocks beyond. We felt sure that with care it could be accomplished; but for several reasons we hesitated. In the first place, it was getting late. The clouds were shutting in more and more, and already a con-



siderable portion of our return journey was shrouded in drifting mist. This meant a long and perhaps difficult task ahead of us ere we could reach shelter. Then, too, we were beginning to tire from our exertions; for we had been going almost constantly for eight hours, and in that time had ascended some eight thou-

preme crest. We are inclined to agree with Doctor Cvijić, although, as far as we know, the summits have never been accurately measured.

Subsequent investigation has also disclosed the fact that very few attempts at an ascent of Mount Olympus are on record. The first attempt of which we have been able to find any record was by the English diplomatist, David Urquhart, in 1830. He started from Hagia Trias, but evidently kept too far to the east, as he admits seeing higher peaks



The northerly side of Olympus.

From a tracing of a sketch in "Grundlinien der Geographie und Geologie von Mazedonien und Altserbien." Von Doctor J. Cvijić, Professor an der Universität Belgrad. Gotha, 1908.

sand feet, and this with but scant nourishment. It would require full strength and nerve to cross the narrow pass, which we could see was treacherous with loose rock and brittle snow-combings. But what finally determined us to abandon the attempt was the doubt in our minds whether these rocks were, after all, any higher than the peak we had just left. A doubtful summit was hardly worth the risk. So we looked wistfully across the few feet that intervened and at length reluctantly turned back.

[Two days later, as we looked back toward the mountain from the Pass of Sarantapouro, it seemed to us that this peak of ours was, after all, a trifle higher than either of the black towers. Doctor Cvijić, of the University of Belgrade, Serbia, with whose work on the geology of Macedonia we subsequently became familiar, had a nearer view of the northern side of the mountain from across the defile of Petra. From his point of view the two black towers appeared as three, which he calls the "Tris Pipes." The peak that we ascended is shown on his sketch as Santo Scholion, and apparently seemed higher to him than the "Tris Pipes." Farther to the southwest on this same sketch is shown another peak, "Isto Christači," named, says Doctor Cvijić, for a Klepht who was killed in battle. This peak he calls the highest summit of Olympus. We saw this peak and passed within a few hundred feet of the top of it on our way to "Santo Scholion," and could easily have reached its summit had we suspected that it was the su-

beyond, across a great chasm. In 1856 the French archæologist, Léon Heuzey, ascended the peak called Hagios Ilias from the eastern side of the mountain. He called this the highest point, and his error has persisted in a few guide-books and books of reference up to the present time. Heuzey made valuable contributions to the archæological knowledge of the region, but his inaccurate account of the summits of Olympus has been misleading to subsequent climbers. Doctor Heinrich Barth, the German explorer, attempted an ascent in 1862 from the village of Kokkinoplo. He proved that the peak of Hagios Ilias was not the highest, but was unable to reach the higher peaks. In 1856 the Reverend Henry Fanshawe Tozer, an Englishman, following Heuzey, ascended Hagios Ilias, and from there plainly saw several higher summits to the southwest. These were unquestionably the ones described by Doctor Cvijić. Doctor Cvijić himself did not ascend the mountain, nor have we been able to discover any record of an ascent since the time of Tozer, although it is not impossible that others may have made the attempt. A French guide-book mentions an ascent by a M. Gorceix in 1869, but we have not been able to find any further account of it. In 1911 Engineer Edward Richter, of Jena, Germany, was preparing to make the ascent from Kokkinoplo when he was captured by bandits. For over three months he was held in captivity, during which time the Turkish Government made strenuous efforts to effect his release. The bandits accepted several large sums of money in ransom, but each time craftily managed to retain their prisoner. The story reads more like a tale of a hundred years ago than an event of the present day, but its truth is fully attested.—See Urquhart, David, "The Spirit of the East." London,



1843; Hensley, Léon, "Le Mont Olympe et l'Acarnanie," Paris, 1860; Barth, Doctor Heinrich, "Reise durch das Innere der Europäischen Türkei," Berlin, 1864; Truer, Reverend Henry Lombard, "Researches in the Highlands of Turkey," 2 volumes, London, 1869; Cvijić, Doctor J., "Grundlinien der Geographie und Geologie von Makedonien und Altserbien," Gotha, 1908; Richter, Ingenieur Edward, "Meine Erlebnisse in der Gefangenschaft am Olymp," Leipzig, 1911.]

And now new glories began to unfold before us, as if in compensation for what we had foregone. A change was taking place all over the mountain top. The wind was beginning to tear apart the enveloping clouds and to lift them high in air. Already, toward the south, peaks were coming into clearer view that hitherto had been but dimly seen. And here for a moment we had a glimpse of Ossa, far away, just raising its pointed cap above the massive southern wall of Olympus. It was a welcome sight, for it gave us an unmistakable landmark and at the same time a standard of comparison by which we knew that we were well above the opposite part of the range and unquestionably on one of the very highest parts of the mountain. The greatest changes, however, were taking place close about us, and in the region to the north. Where a short time before there had been great masses of cloud, there now remained only a few torn shreds, clinging to the jagged ridges or hanging like pale ghosts in limbo. Farther away, at a lower level, there floated over the region of ancient Pieria a flock of fluffy white cloudlets, driving along before the breeze like sheep on the way to pasture. Now and then they would separate enough to disclose here and there the wooded hills and valleys beneath. Encouraged by these glimpses, we peered eagerly through the clouds farther to the east, hoping to see the waves of the blue Ægean. On a clear day we would have been able to see across the Gulf of Salonica to the trident-like Chalcidice, with Mount Athos tipping its easternmost prong. But for us the whole world in that direction was screened off by an unbroken sea of cloud far too dense to give any hope of vanishing. But toward the west the view was rapidly improving. We could now catch glimpses of far-away mountain ranges, extending

off into the north to the borders of Serbia and Albania. It was a wild, rugged scene, easily suggesting to the mind the scenes of blood and strife that were being enacted even at that very moment in the region just beyond, where Greeks and Albanians were striving for possession of the villages of northern Epirus.

For a long time we had been so absorbed in watching the ever-changing splendors of the cloud formations, and in the physical exertion of the ascent, that we had almost forgotten the significance of the noble mountain upon whose crest we stood. But there now occurred an event so strikingly appropriate, so perfectly symbolic, that we could scarcely believe our eyes. As we leaned over the brink of the precipice and gazed into the vast amphitheatre beneath, there suddenly flew out from the cliff two eagles. Off over the great void they sailed, then plunged into a bank of cloud and were lost to view. What else could it mean but that Zeus himself, with Hera, his regal consort, had come forth to see what mortals dared intrude upon their heavenly abode! And as we looked upon this sign all thoughts of highest peaks and precise locations vanished from our minds and all weariness and hunger left our bodies. We were in the very sanctuary of the immortal gods and we seemed to become immortal ourselves. Beautiful Hebe poured nectar even for us, and the drink was so sweet and so strong that the tears came to our eyes—tears of pure happiness; for it was given to us to behold sights that few if any among mortal men have ever beheld. Indeed, the only one who ever truly saw these glories was the blind poet of the ancient epics, a poet whose eyes were blind to all transitory shadows, but wide open to the radiance of all eternal things. With the aid of his undying words we tried now to conjure up before us the heroic episodes enacted on these broad summits. We beheld the banquets of the gods and attended their councils. Out of the clouds to the east we saw Thetis, mother of the mighty Achilles, rising from the Ægean Sea:

"Out from the deep . . . she came  
And climbed Olympus to wide heaven, and there  
Found wide-seeing Zeus, who from the others  
far



On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak  
Was throned. . . ."

Before him she knelt and made her  
prayer to the son of Kronos, and

" . . . with his dark brows  
He nodded; down the locks ambrosial streamed  
From that undying head; while all the peaks  
Of high Olympus shook with awful sound. . . .  
Then Thetis sprang from the resplendent crest  
Olympian to the deep sea. . . ."

—*Iliad*, Book I (Lewis's translation).

Other scenes were then enacted. We saw the "ox-eyed" Hera, the radiant Aphrodite, Phœbus Apollo and his sister, the wise Athena, and Ares, god of war. We beheld them under many aspects: now quarrelling among themselves over the fates of men, now laughing with Olympian laughter. But at length there came the inevitable twilight of the gods. They lost their heroic character, and we seemed to see them more as pictured by Epicurus, living eternally among themselves a life of unceasing bliss and everlasting tranquillity far from all shadow of care and unconcerned with the surging waves of human woe.

Gladly would we have remained for many hours beholding these sights and dreaming these dreams, but we were mortal after all, and at length we were compelled to take thought for our descent. It was half past one, and we had far to go. Stern necessity prevailed upon us, and slowly and reluctantly we began our journey back to the world of mankind far below. It was half past five when at last we reached the monastery of Hagia Trias. The kind monks welcomed us back, and provided what refreshment they could. We talked for a little while, telling them of the wonders we had seen on their mountain—wonders so near them, yet which they had never thought to go and see for themselves. Then we rolled up in our comforters, and slept a sleep that not ten thousand rats could have disturbed.

In the morning we bade good-by to our hospitable hosts. They urged us to remain for a few days and rest, but we felt that we must be on our way. That night we spent at another monastery, called Hagios Antonios, at the little village of Demirades, close to the main road running north from Elassona into Macedonia; and on the following day we continued our journey over the mountainous Pass of

Sarantapouro. During the day we saw many signs of the battle of the preceding year: torn shreds of clothing and broken equipment, and on either side of the road long mounds of earth marked the fiercely contested passage of the "iron gates" that guard the entrance into Macedonia. It was evening as we wearily trudged into the half-wrecked village of Servia and sought out the xenodocheion, or inn. The next morning we secured horses and rode for thirteen hours over a wild mountain road that afforded superb views of the deep canyon of the Vistritza, or Haliacmon, River. Many strange sights we saw that day: villages perched high on the tops of mountains and nestled far down in deep ravines; streams of water harnessed in sluices to turn a dozen mills; and a road-bed made of pure white marble for several miles. And late in the afternoon a long descent brought us to the town of Verria, at the edge of the great plain of southern Macedonia, a town perhaps better known by its ancient name of Berea, whither Saint Paul fled when the Jews drove him from Thessalonica (Acts 17: 10). At Verria we came again to a railroad, and on the following day took the train to this same Thessalonica, or Salonica, now as in ancient times a great centre of commerce.

And from the Gulf of Salonica a few days later we had a last view of the mighty Olympus as we steamed out into the Ægean on our way to Mount Athos and Constantinople. We beheld it from across the water, looming majestically against a cloudless sky, a mountain truly *ὀλόλαμπρος*, or "all-resplendent," as the Greeks love to explain the origin of the name. For a long time we watched it, till at length the evening shadows crept into the deep ravines and the golden beams of the setting sun kindled the crystal summits. Then, indeed, did we behold it transfigured into that blissful place praised by the god-inspired Homer, "where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast forever. Nor by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days." —*Odyssey*, VI (Butcher & Lang).



# A PAIR OF LOVERS

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



THE first shadows from the western mountains fell upon the little farm at their foot. Often they seemed to chase James down the road. He had gone for the cows alone since he was six years old, but he had never grown accustomed to the queer shapes of the alder bushes in the evenings and to the dark masses which filled the fence corners. Even familiar Mooley and Daisy and Bess took on vast and unfamiliar proportions. James did not often run, and having safely crossed the bridge over the stream which made his mother's land such fine pasture he grew bold. He could see from there the kitchen light, darkened sometimes as his mother passed before it, or he could hear the great tin pails rattling on her arm as she swung open the barnyard gate.

This evening James could not see the kitchen light or hear the pleasant clink of his mother's pails. Already the loud "Gee, Mooley! Haw, Bess!" with which he expressed his return to confidence in himself and in the reasonable structure of the world, was on his lips. But the shout died soundlessly away.

The light of his mother's lamp was lost in a brilliant glare. At first James was certain that the dreaded fire was at last consuming their dwelling and he began to run, crying frantically, "Oh, mother! mother!"

Then he stood still. The light was not in the house, but in the road; it was not the leaping red flame with which fire devours wooden walls and roof. It was a round, still, white light, or, rather, two round, still, white lights which illuminated the road to the bridge. James could count every nail in the railing, every knot in the floor. He could see also, as he looked down to gauge the astonishing power of the fiery eyes, his own bare feet, released to-day from their winter bondage of shoes.

He could see the smooth, beautifully colored bodies of the Alderneys, moving placidly up the road in the face of the great light as though they were indifferent to the strange phenomenon.

James stopped so long in amazed contemplation that the cows were half-way to the barn. Then he ran at furious speed.

"It is one of *them*!" he cried, divided between fright and rapture.

At the gate of the house yard he stopped, breathless. The automobile lights were now behind him; he could see that the kitchen lamp was burning and that his mother stood in the doorway, her pails, one inside the other, in one hand, her lantern in the other. Facing her on the step was a stranger, a tall young man with an eager, commanding voice.

"The dairyman told me about you. He said that you loved animals and were kind to them. Robin should be on a farm while we are away. I wouldn't have bought him if I had known we were going so soon. He won't be any trouble, and I will pay you well."

Mrs. Schelling set the lantern on the sill beside her. She was a Pennsylvania German and spoke English with difficulty. She braced herself by putting her hand against the door.

"I could not say his name, to call him."

"Robin! Call him Bob, Bobby; anything you like!"

"I could not talk to him in English."

The young man laughed. "Then talk to him in German!"

Mrs. Schelling answered with a slow "Well." Two dollars a week would be a desirable addition to her income. Suddenly her face brightened. "The little one can talk to him!"

At this mention of himself, James withdrew to the shadows. But it was not at him that the stranger turned to look. The stranger gave a signal, a sharp stroke of middle finger against palm. In answer,



a creature leaped in a single, startling curve through the air. It hurled itself from the seat of the automobile and landed on the step between the stranger

the spring evening seemed like a dark winter night.

"James!" called Mrs. Schelling.

James came out of his hiding-place into



Then was the gate of Paradise opened.—Page 580.

and James's mother. It was a collie dog, brown as a chestnut.

"Isn't he a beauty?" The young man did not wait for an answer. While James's mother gasped at the suddenness with which the dog had hurled himself at her, his master put him through a series of tricks. He said one word and the collie sat up on his hind legs, another and he leaped higher than his master's head.

"You will keep him?" said he, like one who is accustomed to obedience. "Robin, you are to stay here till I come."

Without another word, the young man stepped into his car. There was a whirling noise, a jolt of wheels, and the car moved. The ribbon of light rolled itself up until it vanished like the gloves of a magician. Loneliness and darkness descended once more upon the little farm;

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the pale light by the door. His blue eyes almost popped from his head. He looked up at his mother and she looked down at him. Between them, the collie turned warm brown eyes from one to the other. Neither mother nor son was given to speech, not because their minds travelled with especial slowness, but because their thoughts were alike.

"It is a dog!" said James's mother slowly in German, as though she could not believe in his presence.

"Will he stay all the time here?" asked James in the English which his mother required.

"Till winter. This was young Harmon from town."

"Will he bite?" asked James in dread.

"No, he is kind." Mrs. Schelling started with pails and lantern toward the



James. "You are to sit with him till I come back."

"He might run away for me!" objected James.

"Then call him! He will come if you call him. His name is Amshel in English. You can say it."

James sat on the door sill and the dog lay on the step. James was in an ecstasy compounded of delight and terror. If he had ever desired a dog, he had not asked for one. He was a person who accepted the existent as the inevitable. Now he was afraid, not so much that the dog would hate him, as that the beautiful creature would scorn him. This was a rich dog, a proud dog. The Harmons lived in a great and wonderful house. James looked down embarrassed at his soiled bare feet, then solemnly back at the brown eyes.

For a long time he did not move. He could hear the sound of the milk streaming between his mother's strong fingers into the pails; he could hear an owl hoot in the distance and a whippoorwill call near at hand. At the latter dismal sound, accustomed as he was to it, he moved a little on the step, as though, under pressure of loneliness, he dared seek acquaintance with his proud companion.

"Robin!" said little James. "You—you doggy!"

Then the dog did a strange thing. James recounted it shyly to his mother when she came from the barn. Though speech was difficult, this pleasant experience must be imparted.

"Mother," said he. "I spoke to him by name and he licked me!"

James's mother looked down at the pair. The collie sat with his head on the little boy's knee, and James's arm was round his neck. The tears gathered in her eyes as she carried her heavy pails into the kitchen. Perhaps she thought of the human playmates whom James might have had if life had been different.

For a week the collie was not allowed to leave the yard. When James started for the cows, the dog accompanied him to the gate and waited there till he came back. He did not seem to miss his master, to whom he had belonged only a short time. When James came in sight, he barked like mad.

One evening James started later than usual. The shadow of the mountain lay already on the farm; to go toward it was like entering a darkening cave. Mrs. Schelling came twice to the door to bid him go.

"Take him with you!" She never ventured upon the dog's name. The collie had become "him" as all masters of Pennsylvania German households are "him."

The little boy leaped and shouted.

"Dare I?"

"Why, yes. He knows enough now to come back."

Then was the gate of Paradise opened. The two went down the lane with the speed of greyhounds, but with the erratic course of June-bugs. They advanced and they receded, retracing their steps from pure joy. They screamed and barked together. The little boy was transformed; he behaved as though he had become insane. His mother called to him to drive the cows carefully, and, as though to make up for the soberness of the return, the two behaved all the more crazily. The collie sprang over fences; he sprang over the little boy's head. The little boy, a week ago so sober and quiet, danced like a Mænad or like a fakir of India. He drowned out the cry of the whippoorwill with his wild clamor, his shrieks and song. The stories which his mother had told him were strange, superstitious tales brought almost two centuries ago from Germany; he shouted out the names of their heroes in foolish reiteration, "Old Till Eulenspiegel, Old Sir Devil! Old Sir Devil, Old Till Eulenspiegel!"

The cows walked home slowly, but behind them were strange doings. The little boy danced into the shadows, apostrophizing them scornfully.

"Oh, you nix nutz under the tree! Oh, you black man by the wall! Oh, you fat pig in the corner!" He shrieked with laughter as though his sentiments were the wittiest in the world. He beat at the shadows and kicked them. There was nothing in the universe which he feared.

All the summer Paradise continued. The little boy explored the mountain upon which he had hitherto never dared to set foot. He went far from home along the country roads. When a man spoke to him roughly, the collie leaped at the



stranger with the same curving swiftness with which he had leaped from his master's automobile.

When school opened, the dog went with

the bridge by walking on the hand-rail, with the dog barking in admiration or fright below him. The night of the first frost, his foot slipped and he plunged head



The collie leaped at the stranger. — Page 580.

the little boy to the schoolhouse and lay in the corner of the room, being often used as an example by the teacher. The teacher regarded James with astonishment. From the most quiet of her pupils he had become the noisiest.

When September changed to October, the cows were once more fetched at twilight. The progress to the pasture was still as wild as a June-bug's flight. The evenings were cool; the two would have moved swiftly even if life had not danced within them.

The little boy had for some time crossed

first into the dark pool. He could swim, but the icy water bound him with fetters. He sank and rose and sank again in spite of all his frantic efforts to strike out with feet and hands. Then, beside him, he felt a support at which he could clutch, his fingers sank into a shaggy coat, and in an instant his feet touched the rising bank.

Foolishly, he went on for the cows, not dashing about and shaking himself as the collie did, but walking slowly, trying to choke back his sobs. He could scarcely pull the pasture bars out of their sockets or follow the slow pace of the cows. They



He had to encircle a pile of huge boulders.—Page 583.

had crossed the bridge before he had left the shadows of the alders.

When he reached the bridge he gave a sharp cry. Again the light in his mother's kitchen was invisible; again there stretched to his feet a broad, shining ribbon up which Daisy and Mooley and Bess were making their placid way. He called the dog in terror, but he did not come. Already four flying feet had carried the collie up the lane to the side of the young man on the step. Mrs. Schelling faced him, her lantern in one hand, a roll of money in the other.

"I do not like to take it," said she. "He was like a person to us." She could see the little boy creeping along the edge of the lighted road.

"I'm much obliged to you," said the young man. "There is something there for your little boy, too." He gave a brisk command and the dog hurled himself into the car. There was a whirl, a jolt of wheels, and the ribbon of light rolled itself up once more.

Mrs. Schelling waited for the little boy on the doorstep.

"Come in, little James." She laid her hand on his shoulder. "My child, you are wet!"

The little boy could make no answer, but stood with contorted face, trembling. His mother felt of him, questioning him wildly.

"What has happened? You were in the water! What ails you?"

At last the little boy found his voice.

"I fell in the creek. He pulled me to the bank! Oh, mother, mother, mother!"

Mrs. Schelling stripped off his clothes and began to rub the shivering body. Then she wrapped him in a blanket and took him in her arms. Daisy and Mooley and Bess waited long to be milked.

In the frosty morning the little boy went for the cows. His icy plunge had not hurt him, but he moved slowly. In the evening he cried softly all the way to the pasture and all the way home, too smitten with grief to observe the threatening shadows.



But the next evening the shadows were in their places, darker, more terrible than ever. They seemed like sentient beings who would remember that he had mocked this one, had thrust that one with a sword of wood. They had grown larger; he could scarcely find a path between them and the fence. When he came to the house his face was so white that his mother was frightened.

"I could get you a dog," said she.

"Oh, no!" cried James. "Oh, no, mother!"

By November, darkness had fallen completely when the little boy came home with the cows. There was still green pasturage in sheltered places, but it was far away. The little boy had to go round the enormous, rustling crown of a fallen tree; he had to encircle a pile of huge boulders. The autumn wind made crackling noises in the underbrush; the shadows thrust out arms to seize him.

He dared not run and he was afraid to walk slowly. He tried to keep between the cows, but they wandered uncertainly from side to side, stupidly unaware of his human need.

One evening the cows were restless. James was late, having postponed his journey as long as he dared. The sky was black and the air was full of threatening sounds. When James thought he heard padding feet and panting breath he stood still and screamed. Then his cry changed to a shout.

"Is it thou!" laughed he. "Thou! Thou!"

His mother waited for him at the barn gate and did not see his shining eyes till she came into the kitchen.

"What ails you?" she asked.

"He was here," answered the little boy.

"He? Who?"

"*He*, mother! He brought me till over the bridge, then he went home."



"Oh, please go home!" she cried.—Page 584.

"It cannot be!"

"He was here," insisted the little boy.

The next evening James came home again with shining eyes. His mother looked at him in terror.

"He was here again," said James quietly. "He was here with me till the bridge. He remembers about the bridge."

In the morning, Mrs. Schelling went out in the starlight to talk to the dairyman who fetched her milk cans.

"Do you think I could buy this dog?" she asked. "My little one is—is—" she could not say the dreadful thing she feared.

The dairyman shook his head.

"That dog cost two hundred dollars. If that young fellow wanted the moon he could have it. All his life he has had everything."

Mrs. Schelling was now terrified because she had had in her house so valuable a creature. She wished that she had never seen the young man and his dog.

That afternoon the young man himself rode up the lane and beckoned Mrs. Schelling to the gate.

"My dog runs away every day. Does he come here?"

"The little one says he does." Mrs. Schelling drew a deep breath of relief.

"Where is the little boy?"

"At school."

"Tell him to drive the dog home." The young man spoke angrily. It was easy to see that he had always had everything. "Tell him to throw a stick at him. He's cunning as a fox about getting off."

Having issued his commands, the young man pulled a lever and the car slid down the hill.

Mrs. Schelling gave James the young man's order.

"You are to throw him with a stick and drive him off."

James laughed. "He would only fetch the stick!"

"I will drive him off. The man talked as if we would steal him!"

The next evening Mrs. Schelling crossed the bridge to meet the returning procession. The cows moved placidly along, behind them the little boy laughed and waved his arms, beside him leaped the collie. The little boy did not see his mother until he was almost upon her.

"Mother!" he screamed. "Do not hurt him!"

The collie ran forward and took Mrs. Schelling by her apron and skirt. When he could release her for an instant, he barked for joy.

"You lump!" cried Mrs. Schelling in a furious tone. "You bad dog!" Mrs. Schelling's voice weakened a little. "You rascal! You scoundrel! Go home!" The last words were as weak as the chirp of a sparrow. Mrs. Schelling had seen suddenly over her shoulder the black pool beside the bridge. "Oh, *please* go home!" she cried.

At the end of another week the young man came again. This time he waited until James came from school.

"You must drive him home," he commanded sternly. "I can't keep him penned up night and day. He's getting to be a tramp dog. Do you feed him?"

"No," answered Mrs. Schelling.

"I save him sometimes a little something from dinner," confessed James.

"You're ruining him. He'll have to be beaten if he doesn't stay at home. Remember! I'm determined to conquer him."

That evening the collie waited at the bars.

"To-morrow I will chase him," said the little boy. The next day he said again "to-morrow," and the next. When six days had passed he still had done nothing. Then the collie came panting, walking heavily, with welts from a whip on his back.

"Oh, you must stay home!" wailed the little boy.

To his terror the collie would not leave him at the bridge. But if he did not go home he might be killed. James picked up the end of a fence rail and threw it with all his strength and the collie dropped as though he had been shot.

Somehow the little boy and his mother got the dog to the kitchen. His eyes were open and he breathed, otherwise he gave no sign of life. James sat beside him on the kitchen floor, speechless with woe. Suddenly he began to cry.

"The man is coming!"

Mrs. Schelling met the stranger at the door in the glare of light from the automobile lamps.



"The little boy threw him with a stick," said she.

The young man crossed the room and knelt down and passed his hand over the

working woman and at the little boy in his home-made clothes. He was himself not much more than a boy, and indulgence and prosperity had not yet so hardened



"For always?"

thick coat and the sleek legs. The cruel welts were still there; it was not the little boy who had hurt the dog.

"He's not badly hurt; he's only tired out."

Then the young man moved his hand quickly away from a wet, warm, forgiving touch, and got to his feet. He looked about the simple room, bare of everything but the necessities of life, at the hard-

him that his heart could not be touched. Now if he conquered anything it was a creature much harder to conquer than a dog.

"You may keep him," said he, in his clear, sharp way.

James gave a startled cry. "For always?"

"Yes," said the young man, "for always."



*Painted by F. Walter Taylor.*

Wrapt in mystery—  
Mystery of age and woes—  
Hobbling slow and painfully  
Down the street she goes.



# THE OLD WOMAN

By Louise Morgan Sill

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

OLD and bent is she  
As if life had beat her down;  
There is nothing much to see  
In her smile or frown.  
With her frayed-out market-basket  
In her bony hand,  
Is she anything—I ask it—  
One could understand?


There perhaps is this:  
She was once a bride, they say,  
And received the nuptial kiss  
On a wondrous day.  
But her lips. Could they have been  
Ever red and sweet?  
Lives there any who has seen  
Hers with others meet?

Mother she was, too.  
But her children all have left her.  
What is left for her to do?  
Life has given, and bereft her.  
There is something terrible  
In that stiff droop of her head,  
As if all the graves were full,  
And one lived but to be dead.

Wrapt in mystery—  
Mystery of age and woes—  
Hobbling slow and painfully  
Down the street she goes.  
Doubting she could hear,  
Near I drew with cheerful stir,  
Gently said, "Good morning, dear!"  
And—O God—the smile of her. . . .

# UNDESIRABLES

By Mary Synon

VERY little while the Chinese woman, huddled in a darkened corner of the observation-platform, sighed. The sighs—tired, heavy, like the sobs of a child who has stormed through emotion to lassitude—came between the staccato clicking of the wheels on the rails and struck tingling nerves in Meta Hammond's spine. Twice, disturbed by the insistence of the other woman's grief, Mrs. Hammond had risen from her lounging-chair to go within the car; but each time she paused in realization that her going would mark the end of the Chinese woman's brief parole. Relaxing, in amusement at her unwonted altruism of motive, she had drawn her moleskin coat more closely around her, and settled back to wait the other woman's pleasure in returning to the bright warmth that the pale-orange ribbon of

light, wavering upon the swaying platform, harbingered.

In the shifting shadows, as the North Coast Limited roared through the night of the pine forests, trailing its tail lights on glittering parallels of track while it toiled up the flanks of the Bitter Root Mountains, Meta Hammond studied the Chinese woman with an intensification of that curiosity that had kindled her interest when she had seen the alien for the first time, two nights before, in the North-western station at Chicago. The Chinese woman, crouched on a camp-stool, presented now the same aspect of grotesque variance from her surroundings that had attracted Mrs. Hammond's attention to her when she had met her on the wide stairway of the terminal. Her black-velvet hat, with its dejected white plume drooping rakishly over one of her slanting eyes, her imitation-ponyskin coat with its



imitation-ermine collar, her cheap black-serge skirt with its undulations half revealing the daintiness of her surprisingly excellent boots—all struck the watcher anew with their pitiable striving after the prevailing mode in the dress of Occidental women. It was not the bizarre contrast of shoddy raiment with the mysterious element of the woman's race that had riveted Meta Hammond's eyes upon her at the time of their meeting, or that kept Meta Hammond's presence with her now. It was the band of iron that locked the Chinese woman's wrists.

Mrs. Hammond had heard its curiously clicking sound when she had passed the woman on the stairway. Once before in her lifetime she had heard such a sound. Its note, brazenly discordant for all its merging into the myriad noises of the place, had clanged viciously on her consciousness, turning her toward the little group with whom she had come abreast, and showing her the Chinese man and woman, manacled together, marching before a hard-eyed American who kept his right hand in the pocket of his overcoat. Meta Hammond had given a little gasp of consternation at the inclusion of a woman into so blatant a picture of the penalty of crime, then edged away from contact with the actors of the unrevealed drama.

They had overtaken her at the gate while she fumbled to find her tickets to Seattle. She had heard the white man's curt order to the aliens to stand in front of him as he produced their tickets and his own. She had met the terrible look of despair that the woman had flashed upon her. She had listened to the gate-man's laconic explanation, "Undesirables," flung to a curious passer-by, and had glimpsed a vision of the prisoners cast upon some westward-sailing ship for return to the land that waited to crush them. Then, finding her way to the secluded drawing-room of one of the cars, Mrs. Hammond had sought to forget her fellow travellers.

Forgetting them was impossible, however, while she had to pass them whenever she went to the dining-car. For hours the tragic fear of the Chinese woman's face would haunt Meta Hammond. On the second morning it inspired her to

speech as she passed. The woman bowed gravely, with something like gratitude gleaming from the coverts of her frightened eyes. The man, chained to the officer, did not look up from his study of the plush upholstery, but the officer gave Mrs. Hammond a quizzical, officially appraising stare that reminded her startlingly of another time and another scene. Its memory sped her forward to her drawing-room, and kept her from traversing the train for luncheon. It inspired her order to have her dinner brought to her. It obsessed her through the solitary meal until, to find relief from the surge of recollections it had evoked, she went out to the brightness of the observation-car, only to find herself stranded there with the prisoners and their custodian. The desire to avoid sight of the ominous trio drove Mrs. Hammond to her last refuge. She went out on the platform, turning her chair so that she might not see the interior of the car, and facing outward toward the narrowing trail between the pines. She was gazing backward through more than the night of stars when the officer opened the door.

"I wonder," he asked her directly, his cold eyes scanning her, "if you'd let me leave my prisoner with you? She won't give you any trouble. She needs the air, but I couldn't look after them both outside. May I bring her?" A peremptory note in his voice checked Meta Hammond's impulse of negation. "Certainly," she said.

The Chinese woman, groping her way toward the shadowed corner, dropped on the camp-stool without apparent heed of Mrs. Hammond. For a little while she held herself motionless, a Niobe of voiceless woe. Then slowly, rhythmically, she began to sob. The sobs died down to sighs. Now the sighs, fluttering like wounded gulls on troubled waters of a sea of grief, came to rest. The silence that followed them, like a pause in music, held Meta Hammond's interest more tensely than had the sounds. She leaned forward in her chair, revealing under the streaming light how splendidly lovely was her sleek, tawny hair, carefully coiffed under her jaunty moleskin hat, how perfect was her profile and the long line of her throat, how exquisite was her golden-



tinted skin, how significant of the love of luxury was her graceful pose; revealing, too, but without the same consciousness of revelation, how a certain little hardness of curiosity lighted her orange-flecked brown eyes into vulgarity. The gleam brightened as she spoke to the other woman. "May I do anything for you?" she asked, then bit her lip in realization that the woman was not likely to understand her speech. To her surprise the other answered her in English. "No, thank you," she said, her voice on the dead level of listlessness. Her glance, running out into a yardstick of psychic measurement, told Meta Hammond that the prisoner had divined her motive, sensed her curiosity, but the impulse toward exploration into the alien's history was running too high to be dammed. "Would you mind telling me," she asked her, "why they are sending you back?"

"We go back," said the Chinese woman, "to die."

Meta Hammond leaned forward, her hands closing over the other woman's manacled wrists. "You? Oh, it can't be! It's too horrible," she rushed on. "You don't mean that you've been condemned?"

"Yes."

"But it's awful! It can't be that—What could you have done? It wasn't—" She paused before the word. The woman nodded. "You don't mean that you—that you killed some one?"

The Chinese woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh!" She drew back, loosening the grip of her hands, while her avid gaze studied the lilylike beauty of the sorrowful face. "You're so young. How did it happen?" Something in the limpid look of the strange eyes swung open another door in Meta Hammond's questioning mind. "What did your husband have to do with it? He is your husband, isn't he?" The answering nod urged her on. "He did it, didn't he?"

"Yes," said the woman. "He killed the man I loved."

"But you? Why should you go back for that? Why should you pay for his crime? You don't mean," Mrs. Hammond cried incredulously, "that you're *choosing* to die with him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, it's wrong!" Meta Hammond's cry rose high above the silence the one word left in its wake. "It's not fair. Even if you did wrong, your husband didn't have to kill the other man. He had his own choice between right and wrong. He should be willing to expiate his own sin. He shouldn't expect it of you. You'll have to suffer some way. Every one does. But it's too hideous that you should choose to die for your husband's crime!" She kept her intent stare upon the other woman, as if she expected to see in that stoically quiet face some indication of assent to her protests. But the Chinese woman only looked toward the fleeing rim of the pines.

Mrs. Hammond twisted in her chair. "I suppose," she said, "that you think I'm horribly, rudely curious. I'm not just prying, really. I'm going to your country; I'm sailing day after to-morrow. When I saw you in the station I noticed you first because you were Chinese. Then I saw those." She pointed to the iron bands. "And I wanted to know you because—" She hesitated a perceptible instant. Then the impulse toward confession that makes American travelling vivid drove her to self-revelation. "The first time I ever saw handcuffs," she said slowly, "was when I saw them on my husband. He's in prison now, under a fourteen-year sentence for forgery and embezzlement. You see," she said, "why I am interested?"

The Chinese woman brought back her gaze from the rim of the pines. She looked squarely at Mrs. Hammond. Her glance, appraising rather than questioning, spurred the other's speech.

"I suppose you wouldn't have left him," she said. "I had to. I'll tell you all of it, so that you'll understand." She tapped her slender, ringed fingers on the arms of the wicker chair. "You see, I'd been poor when I married Vance, but I didn't marry him for money. I'd have been perfectly willing to be poor with him. He made a lot of money, though, the first year we were married. Then he lost a lot, but I didn't know that. He began to speculate with other men's money. I didn't even dream of what he was doing. But he went on stealing, and



I went on spending. If I'd known he hadn't the money, I'd have done with what we had. But he wasn't square with me. He let me think he had a gold mine till the crash came. Then he said that he had sinned for me. They all blame it on us, don't they? And now we're paying the price of it."

The Chinese woman seemed to see only the glittering rails that spun out like streamers of fire from the end of the train, but Mrs. Hammond went on. "Oh, yes, I'm paying the price, although I'm not in prison. Why, do you know that I can't even get a divorce? The judge threw my case out of court. And so—and so I'm going away with another man because I can't marry him, running off to the far corners of the earth as if we were criminals. That's my penalty." Self-pity choked her. She spread out her hands as if to invoke the other woman's sympathy. Then, even in the half-light, she saw the smile that curved the Chinese woman's lips.

Its mockery, arousing her to anger she could not express, sent her mind seeking some way of proof that this alien, this woman under sentence of death, possessed no virtue to which she, Meta Hammond, could not lay claim. Hot words of self-justification surged to her lips, but stayed unspoken as the noise of grating brakes rattled above minor sound. The train was slowing down, gliding toward a stop in the wilderness of mountain forest. Through its attendant noises Meta Hammond studied her companion, framing sentences of explanation to hurl when quiet came. Before opportunity permitted speech, however, the door opened. The officer thrust out his head, nodding toward the prisoner. "You'll look after her?" he shouted. Meta Hammond bowed promise.

As the train stopped, its length quivering into passivity, Mrs. Hammond walked to the edge of the platform, peering in search of the reason for the halt. There was no town visible, not even a station, but a little ahead of the flaming headlight gleamed the track of a junction road.

From far off in the night came the dreary whistle of another train. Mrs. Hammond came back into the circle of radiance from the car, drawing from the inner pocket of her coat a railway map, and tracing upon it with her forefinger. Almost roughly she turned to the prisoner, still huddled upon the camp-stool. "Here," she said, "here's your chance. Give me your hands. I can unlock those handcuffs. Take my hat and coat. There's a veil in the pocket. Here's money enough to get you to Canada. That train's coming to this junction on its way north. Run down this incline and up on the other side of that track. Tell the conductor you lost your bag in changing. Go to the end of the line, then get a motor to take you across the border. It's only a chance, but, for God's sake, take it!" She reached for the Chinese woman's wrists. But the woman drew back from her.

Out of the night there came again the whistle of the approaching train, driving its echoes through the mountains. "Quick!" Meta Hammond urged. "Let me unlock them. You won't be caught. Even if you are, you have lost nothing. If you get away, you have your life." Her hand groped for the lock of the handcuffs. But the Chinese woman drew away her bound hands, and rose from the camp-stool, facing Meta Hammond in the blaze of the ribbon of light. Her rakish hat slipped backward over the imitation-ermine collar of her imitation-pony-skin coat. Her cheap serge skirt undulated ludicrously. Her manacled hands clutched each other fiercely. But all the grotesqueness that had been hers was lost in the majesty of her determination as she gazed unflinchingly at the woman who would have freed her. "You do not keep your faith," she said steadily, while her white-hot scorn seared Meta Hammond's shell of beauty, of poise, of certitude. For the moment she was the free woman. "Open the door," she ordered. Meta Hammond held open the door for her while she went within the car.



# WANTED: A GOVERNMENT

## AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM MEXICO

By Alice Day McLaren

Author of "The Tragic Ten Days of Madero"

MEXICO CITY, January 15, 1915.

THE triumphal entry of Generals Villa and Zapata took place on the sixth of December, the two riding at the head of the troops. By courtesy the southern soldiers were allowed to march first, ununiformed for the most part and undisciplined.

The leaders themselves were objects of much interest. Zapata affects the picturesque *charro* costume, but Villa, although he was got up in a blue uniform with brass buttons for the parade, prefers an old sack suit, a brown sweater of the high-necked variety, and a battered Texas hat with the brim turned up in front, giving him a debonair and "don't-care" appearance. There were a surprising number of serious-looking and intelligent-looking officers with the troops and it was a hopeful display on the whole.

The week after the triumphal entry of the two Generals they left, one to the north, one to the south, to finish up Carranza. General Eulalio Gutierrez (the woods are full of generals down here) and the Sovereign Convention are in charge.

Christmas and New Year have not been gay. People are feeling the high prices severely and we are threatened all the time with bread and corn shortage. Some trains come from the north and as long as that line is open we shall get some mail and you people up there in the land of plenty will not let us starve. The city seems fairly orderly and there is far less promiscuous shooting.

February 5, 1915.

Hurrah for the revolution! We have had another change of government. Last week Provisional President Gutierrez conceived the idea of starting a little fun on his own account and marched out with his troops. He evidently liked the Chief Executive's chair so well that the notion

of eventually relinquishing it was intolerable to him and he decided to lay plans for permanent occupancy. General Gonzalez Garza was appointed to take his place and the Sovereign Convention is still sitting. I wish you could hear some of the debates in the meetings of this august body. There are, of course, a good many clever delegates, but the majority are men whose minds are just beginning to work, who are just beginning to realize that they have minds, and they glory in talking after so many years of silence. I repeat that it marks progress. They discuss a myriad of questions which have no bearing on the present crisis. When it seems as if they should be talking about pacifying the country, getting railroad communications, a stable currency, and the re-establishing of commerce, they devote a large part of their time to the discussion of the improving of the school of art, what kind of clothes the judges shall wear (when they get any judges), and the legitimatizing of natural children (quite an undertaking, this last). One day something was said in a session about the "law of demand and supply," whereat a delegate got up, saying that he had never heard of any such law and that he was opposed to its adoption by the Sovereign Convention.

The city under the Gutierrez rule was comparatively orderly. Food is getting much higher in price and much more difficult to find. People are crazed on the subject of laying in supplies and the chief topic of conversation is the price of corn, beans, rice, coffee, and all the things we have never given a thought to before. I have been improvident, having nothing but a few staples, but some people have enough stores to stand a siege. We feel fairly safe as long as there is a railroad escape in any direction and when we get hungry we will "evacuate."



March 4, 1915.

We have been having our reign of terror during the last month with a vengeance. Gonzalez Garza had only been at the head of affairs a week when there was another evacuation of the capital, the Convention and all the troops scattering to the south with the customary incidents of a retreat: the commandeering of horses, coaches, automobiles, and trams; scattered bodies of troops, their slatternly women following at a trot with their *braseras* (charcoal stoves) and utensils in their hands or on their heads; bundles of baggage and loot; men wearing one precious embroidered hat over another to carry it safely; officers on foot followed by orderlies (or disorderlies) carrying valises, saddles, or what not; frightened families of officials; isolated mounted soldiers, their guns across their saddle-bows; a curious, unorganized, silent horde, running to cover.

General Obregon came in to take charge of the City of Mexico as Mr. Carranza's duties in the "capital" at Vera Cruz absorbed his attention. The first shock to the innocent residents here was the cutting off of the water supply by the departing Southern Army. We were warned on the afternoon of the day it was stopped and we rushed around filling every tub and basin and bucket in the house. Oh! those days without water were unspeakable! After a short time the authorities arranged for water for an hour every morning from a reservoir and people were supposed to stock up for the day. Those nearer the source of supply and those with good-sized storage tanks or artesian wells did not suffer, but there were thousands who had to carry water to their houses from their neighbors' or public wells. "Come over and have a bath," was a hospitable invitation frequently heard and gratefully accepted. The facetious talked of bathing parties and allusions were made to "bath-buns," "sponge-cake," and "Turkish delight." Of course, there was not enough water to cleanse the sewers in this flat town and the smells in the streets were shocking. We learned to know the sewer vents and would run by them holding our offended nostrils and finally exploding in an outraged "Phew!" I do not yet see why we

have not had a terrible epidemic of some sort. There has been a great deal of small-pox and the doctors have been swamped with people waiting for a "fresh one." There was also a horrible rumor that a carload of small-pox patients had been sent up from Vera Cruz as a mild vengeance on the people of the capital for their bad reception of the Carrancistas. Also you heard such remarks as: "My dear, don't ride in public coaches. A small-pox patient arrived at such and such a hospital in one yesterday." If you found a spot of any sort on your skin you almost had a fit and wondered if it would be "black or just ordinary small-pox" and hoped for the latter. A few days ago a hard rain was sent by the special hand of Providence to this stricken city and the immediate danger is averted.

Then came the repudiation of all the Villa bills, the two-faced, as they are called, as well as the "sheets." This caused untold suffering among the poor, whose little all was in that currency, and tremendous loss to persons doing business, and to the banks. A fuel famine came next, both wood and charcoal being almost unprocurable and so dear that the very poor could not afford it at all. In desperation they began to cut down the trees in the parks and along the various avenues. Bark has been stripped from some of the finest trees around the city, to a height of six or eight feet. I have cast a gloomy eye on the furniture, wondering which pieces I would sacrifice first. I have decided to follow the custom of the country at present and use *tuum* instead of *meum* and chop up the rented things first. Butter has become an unknown product. Milk is so scarce and the stations so thronged that only the strongest and most aggressive can get any. It is a curious and pathetic sight to see the crowds around the charcoal yards and dairies, pushing and edging their way ahead, their various receptacles held aloft, buckets, earthenware pots, sauce-pans, teapots, and tin cans, each would-be purchaser in deadly earnest about securing the necessary articles for those waiting at home.

The city has not been orderly and yet the wonderful "mob," whether through fear or apathy, has been quiescent. A jail delivery and hiding of policemen ac-



companies each change of government, and yet there have been comparatively few crimes. Some friends of ours have a vacant lot behind their house and it was used by soldiers as a sort of camp and stable, unsavory enough in itself, but one day the soldiers got into a brawl, as frequently happens, and one of them was killed. They buried him twelve inches deep, *sans cérémonie*, and in a few weeks he grew so offensive that our friends protested loudly. A cart was brought, the earth raked aside, and the defunct gentleman was taken by the head and feet by two of his compatriots and put into the cart and hauled off, just like that. This is in the heart of a city, remember.

Things went on from bad to worse. About the middle of February the Spanish Minister was asked to leave, causing much excitement and indignation among the diplomats and the friends of the Minister and especially in the Spanish Colony. To show the pitch of nervousness and irritability to which we all have arrived, list to this tale of an episode which happened at dinner a few days after his departure. We were discussing the matter and were mocking some rhetorical and ambiguous statement given out by a local official. A European diplomat, who, be it remembered, was overworked and nervous, snapped out, "Sounds like Bryan!" W. and I flared up in a minute. Party politics do not count when it comes to defending your government against the jibes of foreigners, and we rose to the defense of "our United States." I don't know exactly what W. was saying at his end of the table, but it was some sort of an indignant expostulation and I heard the European diplomat saying sarcastically: "Oh, I like Bryan. We quote scripture together." My host meanwhile, who was of the same nationality as the diplomat, was trying to comfort and soothe me. "You are at perfect liberty to criticise any of our foreign secretaries, you know." I was not in a mood to be soothed. "But I would do it at a proper time and in a proper way and not try to make them the laughing stock at a dinner table," I said. "Besides, I am not a diplomat and what I might say would mean nothing." Then I added, with actual tears of anger in my eyes: "And you are poking fun at

the policies of the greatest country in the world to-day." This was intended for a nasty thrust, as every one except ourselves belonged to one of the warring nations. We Americans down here have had almost more digs about our "Mexican policy" than any self-respecting person can stand.

Well, we forgave that diplomat, who has been a friend of ours for a number of years, and while he did not openly apologize, that not being a characteristic of his race, he asked us to lunch about ten days later and we accepted this tacit atonement. What do you think he did? It is unbelievable! We were the only Americans present again and during lunch something was said about a rumor that Colonel House had gone to Europe with a mission of some sort from the government, and our host ejaculated: "Oh, Lord! Are we going to have a series of special envoys over there, too?" or words to that effect.

Ever since the coming of the Constitutionalists there has been a tremendous amount of shooting and cannonading about the city. Many a morning I have gone up on the roof in the clear bright Mexican sunshine (we have got climate if nothing else) and craned an ear to ascertain more or less where the booming was coming from. The rifle-shooting is more scary as it seems so much nearer and sharper. Nobody has paid very much attention to the shooting of late, as there are so many other things more serious. The real scare and resentment came about two weeks ago, when General Obregon decreed a special tax purporting to take away from them that have to give to them that have not. From the beginning the authorities of all parties have insisted that the merchants have been responsible for the food shortage, never once admitting that the fighting factions have themselves been responsible for the present conditions, by the cutting off of communications, by seizing and exporting harvested crops and preventing the planting of new ones, and by the appropriating all the good money they can get hold of for themselves and criminally pouring forth worthless paper on the public. The merchants have not answered any of the accusations, but when the special tax de-



manded that they give up, within forty-eight hours, twenty per cent of the articles of prime necessity which they had in stock, they rose and rebelled. They were not deceived as to the authorities' intention of "giving to the poor." A mass meeting of foreigners was held and they indignantly decided not to pay one cent of the tax but to donate a fund for the purpose of giving to the needy. From that meeting an International Society has also been organized which is preparing a report of existing conditions to be sent to you people up there. Excitement ran high. The firebrands among the foreigners were for "taking matters in their own hands," and you heard mutterings about the "Jameson raid."

General Obregon was furious! Whether or not he is responsible for it I do not know, but conditions are worse every day. At least he has indirectly invited riots by saying that if the people rise to demand their rights, which the wicked rich deny them, he will take no steps to stop them. The wonderfully patient, plodding people have not accepted this invitation. They are too wise. However, there has been a sort of strike by the federation of tramway men to discuss joining the army *en masse*, as they have been led to believe that they will be better off there than at work. You cannot wonder that they think so. The military are the only persons with money at present, and it makes you cross to see the petty officers pull out great rolls of bills when there are people hungry on every side. It is not surprising that the business men who have already suffered so much do not want to pay taxes to add to these rolls of bills. The upshot of the tramway strike is that we have had no service since and we are all becoming expert pedestrians. Residents of the suburbs suffer most and you see them coming to town in every known kind of vehicle. Besides the tramway strike there has been a half-hearted demonstration by the Society of Workingmen, and day before yesterday a mob was stirred up to sack and desecrate a church in the centre of town. A curious coincidence was the fact that the police were confined to their barracks the same day.

Commercial houses have been closed since the indignation meeting, and many

of the foreign ones are sealed with the seal of their consulates. Yesterday Obregon was to meet a business men's assembly to discuss the tax problem, and after expelling foreigners from the meeting he had the two or three hundred Mexicans remaining arrested. He threatened them with worse tax decrees than the one they were rebelling against, reiterating the same old nonsense about feeding the poor.

We are to-day without civil government; without schools; without trams; without mail; with no supplies permitted to come into the city; prime necessities being shipped out of the country to buy arms; and with a general shortage of water, fuel, and foodstuffs. Meanwhile they are discussing the Law of Divorce.

April 15, 1915.

On the seventh of March the Washington note came to gladden our hearts. The firm tone was very salutary as far as General Obregon *et al.* were concerned, and a few days later we had another evacuation and the return of Gonzalez Garza and the Convention. Their entry was accompanied by the horrible murder of Mr. J. B. McManus, an American, and several other outrages. These demonstrations did not reassure the inhabitants of the city. Among other things they sacked and looted the Country Club, and persons who have been there since say it was thoroughly done. Besides taking away everything they could use, especially beds and mattresses for which they have a peculiar penchant, they cut away every bit of leather from chairs and sofas, scattering mountains of stuffing in every direction. They took even the cloth from the pool and billiard tables and cut out leather panels from the walls. They love leather for cartridge belts, sandals, and, best of all, puttees. Every strap and pocket was gone from the golf-bags, and the clubs were strewn about in a perfect forest. After the storm the locker man assorted them and the players went out and selected the best they could find, first come, best served. We succeeded in rescuing two rather neat sets and rather gloried in our selection, but I jokingly asked a man a few days ago if he had used his "new clubs yet" and he was abashed. The lockers were stripped, and



I have been watching for Zapatistas in lily-white buckskin shoes ever since. I am afraid they are no longer lily-white, as I have not recognized one familiar shoe. The Thieves' Market is said to be piled high with golf-balls and other "articulos de sport."

There is now no railroad communication in any direction, so my plan of running from Mexico when we begin to starve has fallen through. Foodstuffs are scarcer and dearer and the money of less value. We are virtually in a state of siege. Many people are beginning to feel the pinch of hunger, and the International Relief Committee finds itself terribly handicapped by the difficulty of getting in supplies. Persons trying to bring food from Toluca, three hours by railroad, say that it is necessary to pay every one for the privilege, beginning with the highest authorities and ending up with the man in the switch-yard at the station here. Even then you have it taken away as often as not. There are hundreds of beggars on the streets, maimed and blind and paralyzed, and it is nearly impossible to know where to give, to distinguish the deserving from the professional. A filthy Indian woman with two little children and a nursing baby stopped me the other day, and before giving her anything I questioned her. Finally I asked: "Have you no husband to help you take care of the children?" She gave me a look, half-humorous, as much as to say, "You jest, niña," and answered tersely: "Qué marido!" which, liberally translated, means: "How should I have a husband!" That is unfortunately too often the case; the women are left with the entire burden of feeding the poor little helpless beings whom they bring into the world, and now it has become a harder problem than ever. As I left her she suddenly stuck out the dirtiest hand in the world to shake, and said cheerfully: "Adios, niña. Thank you." The immediate want was averted and the morrow could take care of itself. The price of soap has gone up so dreadfully and the quality is so poor that the lower people, never too clean, have given up washing as luxury, and leave on their rags until they slough off.

The question of fodder had become extremely serious. The few private horses

left are looking thin and the public coach-horses are a disgrace. They are skin and bones, and are unmercifully beaten to make up for lack of dinner. It is not an uncommon sight to see one dying or dead in the street. One dejected beastie selected the street in front of our house for his demise last Sunday. He died quietly from hunger and exhaustion, uncomplaining and patient, his eyes growing dim and dimmer until he laid his head in the gutter and gave up the ghost. Some little boys came with food and water in the morning but he was too far gone to appreciate the attention. A cart came in the afternoon and he was hoisted in, his four tired hoofs pointing skyward.

Mr. West has got through from Vera Cruz, coming across the gap by automobile, and we are wondering what he is going to do for the poor wretches down here. He is being simply filled with recitals of conditions and I saw him the other day surrounded by women at a reception, all telling him in a variety of languages the "real situation," and I heard him say laconically, with his attractive Southern drawl: "There's no douwbt that I'll go away well infawmed abowt the facts."

I believe he will, and it remains for the sufferers down here to wait and see if there is any way for the United States to help them.

June 15, 1915.

The past two months have not been cheery ones. We thought things were pretty bad before, but you cannot tell to what depths you can go and still get along. There is almost a total lack of communications, soaring prices, and the misery among the poor and the middle-class is appalling. The price of corn has gone to a nearly prohibitive figure, and every day on the streets you see ragged women with their baskets and buckets, running hither and thither, asking each other with alarm: "Where can one find corn?" Only a hint need be given and they run in that direction, a frightened, distracted herd, oftener than not doomed to disappointment. Stories are current everywhere of attempts to bring supplies and of their being seized by the military authorities at the very gates of the city



itself. The government has organized corn-depots, and huge crowds of women wait in line from early morning in the broiling sun, patient, squalid, and usually docile. Some have umbrellas. Many more have not, and they squat along the sidewalks, their party-colored *rebozos* over their heads, awaiting their turn. The children play by their sides, the babies nurse, and the naturally care-free and irresponsible mothers forget their sorrows and chat and laugh with their neighbors, making a buzz like a huge sewing-meeting. A strange thing about the lower people is that they do not know how to make shift. They have never had much, never asked for much, but that little they must have. Nothing can be substituted for the things to which they have been accustomed. The scarcity of lard and its high price has been a veritable blow. It is their meat, their seasoning, their one animal food.

Besides these humble sufferers there are the middle-class, the men who earn a few hundred pesos a month. In countless cases people have been thrown out of work, and in countless others the salary, once ample, is entirely inadequate with present prices. Many families have been obliged to sell their ornaments, books, and even furniture to buy food. Hopeless eyes meet one on every side. Patched shoes and ragged clothes are the order of the day. The sick cannot buy medicines, and the doctors are at their wits' ends to know what to prescribe that the average middle-class person can afford.

The gold-earners say: "A dollar and forty cents for a loaf of bread? Why, that is only ten cents." That is only an affront to the man who earns in silver. Wages have not joined the sliding scale of exchange. Many foreigners who have worked here for years and saved their money in silver expecting its buying power in gold to be two to one, are now obliged to live on those savings. There is suffering and sorrow on every side.

The actual disorders in the city are not numerous, and the few robberies, hold-ups, shootings, and so on have been mentioned in the papers as being committed by persons "masquerading" as soldiers and officers. The German Chargé d'Affaires was stabbed in the abdomen one

night and another German was shot in the groin. Persons coming home from dinner and other entertainments are apprehensive and the other night a friend of mine suggested taking off her jewels and putting them inside her bodice. Another woman, very slender, slid her pearl necklace into the same place of safety. Every one was on foot, keeping together, as is the custom now, and all of a sudden the woman gave a little scream: "Oh, it's fallen through!" She referred to the necklace, and the whole party scrambled down onto their knees and began to strike matches to rescue the lost article.

It sounds wicked to talk about dining and jewels when there are so many hungry people, but we are not all Saint Elizabeths, and we cannot mope all the time. Foreigners with gold incomes are better off than ever, as many prices have not quite followed exchange. People, too, who have saved a little gold can sell it bit by bit and feel quite prosperous. You hear complaints about the scarcity of gin for cocktails and that there is no "decent caviar," but you can live pretty well if you can pay. One of the discomforts of the women has been the lack of dress materials and fashion books. An April *Vogue* drifted in recently, and a hostess at a bridge party (oh, yes, we still have bridge parties!) inadvertently announced that she had it. There was no bridge. The guests all gathered in groups to await their turn at the *Vogue*, like the bread-line of their less fortunate sisters. Most women, however, are wearing their 1914 models without a blush. A man who arrived a short time ago from Vera Cruz was accosted by his female friends and asked why he did not bring up any fashion papers. He said he had forgotten to, but that he knew that skirts were four yards around the bottom and that two petticoats were essential.

One must laugh sometimes, in spite of everything. At a drug-store a few days ago I asked for some toilet soap, the kind that is "seventeen cents at Riker's," and the druggist said: "Let's see. That is \$4.50." Do you wonder the people prefer to go dirty?

The usual type of social conversation is something like this:

First woman: "My dear, I have found



a place where you can get Royal Baking Powder for twelve dollars a pound." (Much interest, exclamations, and questions.)

Mother of three children: "Well, I have found one thing cheap—arnica!"

Mother with little baby: "I am glad there is something cheap at a drug-store. Mellin's Food is fourteen dollars a bottle. I have had to put Reggie on cows' milk."

Another woman, sententiously: "At eighty cents a litre."

Refugees to the capital from other parts of the republic say that we do not know when we are well off, that conditions elsewhere are so much worse. "They are leaving us nothing but the bare earth itself," said one *hacendado*, whose cattle and sheep had been driven off, whose harvested crops had been confiscated and exported, and whose growing crops had either been used as fodder for army horses or ruthlessly trampled for "pure cussedness."

Another man told us about an incident in one of the northern states. His father, an *hacendado* of considerable wealth, had 1,600 head of cattle driven off by order of the Military Governor of the state. These were sold in the border town of the United States. The next "touch" was for 2,000 head, but the *hacendado*, grown wise, attached them at the border and sold them himself for \$32 United States currency, realizing a sum of \$64,000. The governor was annoyed and, finding one of the *hacendado's* sons in hiding in his state, he arrested him and said he would have him shot if the father did not give back the money for the cattle. The case was finally settled by the payment of a ransom of \$20,000—quite a tax for the privilege of selling your own cattle.

Ever since the revolution began we have thought that the height of misfortune would be having the railroad cut, the safety-valve upon which we have continually relied. When it finally did come I began to plan other ways of escape. Other people have made the trip from here to Puebla or other points in wagons, automobiles, or on horseback, paying ruinous prices, braving battle-fronts, and, what is more dangerous, the bands of bandits who stop and rob and sometimes kill. I said one day to a

Frenchwoman that when supplies gave out "j'allais acheter quelques mules—" and, as my French halted for a word, she exclaimed, obsessed like all of us with the idea of getting enough to eat: "Mais, on ne mange pas des mules!" You never can tell. A little mail of very ancient date drifted in the first of May and there have been a few special messengers by whom we are keeping you advised of our welfare (if you can call it such).

Of course, the big event, the exciting event, the event upon whose outcome we hang breathless, is the President's note of June 2. We are anxiously watching to see if it has any effect on the various factions. As yet they do not seem to take it very seriously and the only effect seems to have been to stir up a determination on the part of all of the leaders to make a fearful struggle for supremacy. Non-combatant Mexicans, the "real sufferers," seem hopeless about settlement from within. A Mexican official said the other day: "President Wilson makes one mistake in his note. He says Mexico is without a government. Why! we have three at least."

July 21, 1915.

Truly we believed that things were just about as bad as they could be last month, but food conditions have grown desperate. The bread-lines and the stations of the International Relief Committee (which has been doing splendid work) are swarming with needy. There are hundreds of persons going around to private houses, no longer asking for money, but carrying little tins or cups or bowls, begging for a few beans or a bit of rice and chile, a "little mouthful" as they say. During the last few days corn has not been procurable at any price, although there has been an effort made by the local authorities and the International Committee, both of whom have a small store of grain left, to distribute *masa*, the dough from which tortillas are made. The misery is harrowing. You can see the poor scratching in scrap-heaps and refuse cans, and a few days ago when a coach-horse fell dead in a side street its bones were stripped of meat in an hour.

Real meat, that is, cow or sheep meat, is a luxury, having reached the price of



six pesos a kilo. A Frenchwoman, a teacher, to whom I was talking the other day, told me this anecdote. She lives with two other teachers in a small apartment. "Oh," she said, "we do not eat meat any more! But as we all walk so much we have a great many pairs of shoes and I have been delegated to plan a nice sauce for shoe-leather, when worse comes to worst." That was so like the ingenious French people—to cook things up with a "nice sauce."

On June 25 there were food riots, and several markets and shops were sacked. My cook came in with a frightened face, and told me that there was a great mob of women on the street "armed with knives, clubs, and—think, señorita—*hatchets*." The hatchets seemed to be the finishing touch, but it seemed rather a bit of local color to have the good old tomahawk come back into play again. However, none of these weapons were wielded with any vigor, and the mob was dispelled the next day, when it reassembled, by the firemen, who played a stream of water on the crowd. (What a pity they did not have soap, too!) The firemen do not often get a chance to quench a conflagration, as fire is rare here, and I dare say they were enchanted. Several months ago they were called out for some reason or other, and fell in with a band of Zapatistas. These worthies had never seen a fireman and did not recognize the uniform, and believing, on account of the helmet, that they were soldiers of some old régime, shot and killed about twenty of them.

On the morning after the riots a delegate in the Convention got up and said something to the effect that the "fickle and ungrateful people deserved no consideration; that they had never done a thing in support of the revolution and that now they demanded everything." My righteous blood boiled. If the revolution was not begun and has not been continued to help the people, then its very last excuse is gone. And to upbraid a poor, ignorant, helpless lot of hungry Indians with "not having helped the revolution" is too wicked.

The same day of the riots word went about that the Carrancistas were surrounding the city and would be in that

day, and to lend credence to the rumor the southern troops did begin to run. Taxis, automobiles, and coaches got under cover and by five o'clock in the afternoon the whole tram service had been appropriated by departing soldiers. We saw an automobile stalled, the driver under the car, and the cover off of the engine. The occupants, a man, evidently a civil official of the government, and his wife and family, sat in the car, a tragic hopelessness on their faces, as the motor refused to respond to the chauffeur's frantic treatment. It must be a trial to have a motor balk when you are retreating. That very night we had been invited to dine with a friend in the business part of town, and I was to meet W. at the office at six-thirty. Although I had already walked from town, nearly three miles, in the broiling noonday sun, I started bravely out again on foot (I could not miss a chance of getting a good meal), passing many groups of hurrying soldiers, officers with their families, *cargadores* with baggage, the same old type of evacuating crowd that we have seen so often. One mounted band, looking wild as the Indians they are, galloped through the main street, spurring their horses, waving their rifles, and shouting, "Viva Zapata!"

W. paid me the compliment of saying that I was the best "trench diner-out" (trench, not trencher) he knew. When eleven o'clock came there was no way to get home, the streets as empty as those of a dead city. There was not a vehicle in sight, and even had it been safe I was too tired to walk again, so we just stayed. When I got home in the morning at ten the servants were in a frenzy. They had discovered our absence and had telephoned the office where they had been told to "run the voice among the friends," as the expression is. They had done it thoroughly, and everybody we knew had been told of our disappearance and a search had begun, the Legation being advised and a general alarm sent out. I do not wonder they were upset during these days of disorders, but it had not occurred to me that the servants would start the hue and cry. There is small chance of "a quiet night out" at present. However, our people gave us a good name, repeating over and over again: "They have never



stayed out all night before. It is the first time, señor, the first time."

At about that same time the cable was cut and we have been without communication of any sort. A year ago, if you had told us that things would come to the present pass, we would have scoffed. How much worse can they get, I wonder?

Well, the Carrancistas did not come as expected, for the southern troops put up a surprising resistance. W. was at one of the departments of the Conventionist Government a week after the approach of the Carrancistas, and suddenly the bells in the cathedral burst into a wild pealing, the usual signal of the "taking of the city." The minister to whom W. was talking jumped and turned pale for a moment and then recovered himself. "Ah, some victory of our troops," he said.

Meanwhile the Red Cross agent has arrived from the United States, being escorted through the various battle-fronts, and we are praying that his supplies may come to relieve the distress among the needy, of whom there are thousands. The remaining Zapatistas evacuated Friday the ninth, and some Carrancistas came in, although the greater part were quartered around in the suburbs. This week has been one of the dreariest we have had, as the repudiation of all bills except Vera Cruz paper and a very few others para-

lyzed business and prevented countless people from getting anything to eat. On Saturday a play was made to the populace by the distribution of thousands of new Vera Cruz five-dollar bills, which, be it stated, could neither be changed or in most cases spent. It recalls the days when we used to cut out round bits of paper for a make-believe currency. What a cruel disappointment! The very same afternoon the Carrancista troops began to go out again and on Sunday the Zapatistas were back. Villa and his officers are reported in possession of Pachuca. Changes of government are going almost too fast to keep up with. One amusing thing happened when one of the bodies of Carrancistas came in. A man on the sidewalk spied a friend in the ranks and ran out to embrace him and to ask him how he fared. Then he inquired, with the peculiar little gesture which they use here when speaking of money, a sort of rubbing together of the thumb and forefinger: "What are the chances of making an honest penny this time?" The soldier made a deprecating movement of the shoulders. "Nothing doing. Papa Wilson is very touchy just now."

Is there going to be any way to bring the factional leaders to their senses and make them realize that their country is on the brink of ruin and their people actually starving!

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## IF IT BE TRUE

By Sara King

If it be true, my dear, if it be true  
That souls may come again when men are dead,  
Look for me with the first light fall of dew  
When Autumn days their fragrant freshness shed;  
Look for me toward the sunset, burning red  
Beyond the hills; while skies glow deeper blue;  
And heavy in shadow lies the valley bed;  
Look for me then, and I shall come to you.

Yea, I shall come, beloved, as that bird  
Which flies across the sun's last lingering light;  
First touch of darkness shall reveal the sight  
Of my wide wings; and as we stood and heard  
That last lark's song, ah, listen for me, dear,  
And God, who lets me sing, will let you hear!



# IN THE NORTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

June 19th, 1915.

On the way from Doullens to Montreuil-sur-Mer, on a shining summer afternoon. A road between dusty hedges, choked, literally strangled, by a torrent of westward-streaming troops of all arms. Every few minutes there would come a break in the flow, and our motor would wriggle through, gain a few yards and be stopped again by a widening of the torrent that jammed us into the ditch and splashed a dazzle of dust into our eyes. The dust was stifling—but through it, what a sight!

Standing up in the car and looking back, we watched the river of war wind toward us. Cavalry, artillery, lancers, infantry, sappers and miners, trench-diggers, road-makers, stretcher-bearers, they swept on as smoothly as if in holiday order. Through the dust, the sun picked out the flash of lances and the gloss of chargers' flanks, flushed rows and rows of determined faces, found the least touch of gold on faded uniforms, silvered the melancholy grey of mitrailleuses and munition waggons. Close as the men were, they seemed allegorically splendid: as if, under the arch of the sunset, we had been watching the whole French army ride straight into glory. . .

Finally we left the last detachment behind, and had the country to ourselves. The ravage of war has not touched the fields of Artois. The thatched farm-houses dozed in gardens crowded with roses and hollyhocks, and the hedges above the duck-ponds were weighed down with layers of elder-blossom. Wheat-fields skirted with woodland went billowing away under the breezy light that seemed to carry a breath of the Atlantic on its beams. The road ran up and down as if our motor were a ship on a deep-sea swell; and such a sense of space and light was in the distances, such a veil of beauty over the whole world, that the vision of that army on the move grew more and more fabulous and epic.

The sun had set and the sea-twilight was rolling in when we dipped down from the height of Montreuil to the valley below, where the towers of an ancient abbey-church rise above terraced orchards. The gates at the end of the drive were thrown open, and suddenly the motor was in a monastery court full of box and roses. Everything was sweet and secluded in this mediæval place; and from the shadow of cloisters and arched passages bevvies of nuns fluttered out, nuns all black or all white, gliding, peering and standing at gaze. It was as if we had plunged back into a century to which motors were unknown and our car had been some monster cast up from a Barbary shipwreck; and the startled attitudes of these holy women did the more credit to their sense of the picturesque since the Abbey of Neuville is now a great Belgian hospital, and such monsters frequently intrude on its seclusion. . .

Sunset, and summer dusk, and the moon. Under the monastery windows a sharply drawn walled garden with stone pavilions at the angles, and below it tiers of orchard-terraces fading into a great moon-confused plain that might be either fields or sea. . .

June 20th.

Today our way ran north-east, through a landscape so English that there was no incongruity in the sprinkling of khaki along the road. Even the villages are English: the same plum-red brick of tidy self-respecting houses behind gardens bursting with flowers, everything neat, demure and freshly painted, the landscape hedgerowed and willowed and fed with innumerable water-courses, the people's faces square and pink and honest, and the signs over the shops in a language astride between English and German. Only the architecture of the towns is French, of a Frenchness northern and reserved and robust, but unmistakeably in the great continental tradition.



War still seemed so far off that one had time for these digressions as the motor flew over the undulating miles. But presently we came on an aviation camp spreading its sheds over a big green plateau. Here the khaki throng was thicker and the familiar military stir enlivened the landscape. A few miles farther, and we were seemingly in a big English town oddly grouped about a nucleus of French churches. This was St. Omer, grey, spacious, coldly clean in its Sunday emptiness. At the street crossings English sentries stood mechanically directing the absent traffic with gestures familiar to Piccadilly; and the signs of the British Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance hung on club-like façades that might almost have claimed a home in Pall Mall.

The Englishness of things was increased, as we passed out through the suburbs, by the look of the crowd on the canal bridges and along the dusty roads. Every nation has its own way of loitering, and there is nothing so unlike the French way as the English. Even if all these tall youths had not been in khaki, and the girls with them so wholesomely pink and countrified, one would instantly have recognized the passive northern way of letting a holiday soak in instead of squeezing out its juices with feverish fingers.

When we turned westward from St. Omer, across the same pastures and water-courses, we were faced by two isolated hills standing up out of the plain; and on the top of one rose the walls and towers of a compact mediæval town. As we took the windings that led up to it a sense of Italy began to penetrate the persistent impression of being somewhere near the English Channel. It might have been a queer dream-blend of Winchelsea and San Gimignano that we were climbing to; but when we entered the gates of Cassel we were in a town so intensely itself that all analogies dropped out of mind.

It was not surprising to learn from the guide-book that Cassel has the most extensive view of any town in Europe: one felt at once that it differed in all sorts of marked and self-assertive ways from every other town, and would be almost sure to have the best things going in every line. And the line of an illimitable horizon is

exactly the best to set off its own obvious limits.

We found our hotel in the most charming of little market squares, with a Renaissance town-hall on one side, and on the other a miniature Spanish palace with a front of rosy brick and twisted grey carvings. The square was crowded with English army motors and beautiful prancing chargers; and the restaurant of the inn (which has the luck to face the pink and grey palace) swarmed with khaki tea-drinkers turning indifferent shoulders to the widest view in Europe. It is one of the most detestable things about war that everything connected with it, except the death and ruin that result, is such a heightening of life, so visually stimulating and absorbing. "It was gay and terrible," is the phrase forever recurring in "War and Peace"; and the gaiety of war was everywhere in Cassel, transforming the lifeless little town into a romantic stage-setting full of the flash of arms and the virile animation of young faces.

From the park on top of the hill we looked down on another picture. All about us was the great plain, its rim merged in northern sea-mist; and through the mist, in the glitter of the afternoon sun, far-off towns and shadowy towers lay steeped, as it seemed, in summer peace. For a moment, while we looked, the vision of war shrivelled up like a painted veil; then we caught the names pronounced by a group of young English soldiers leaning over the parapet at our side. "That's Dunkerque"—one of them pointed it out with his pipe—"and there's Poperinghe, just under us; that's Furnes beyond, and Ypres and Dixmude, and Nieuport. . ." And at the mention of those names the scene grew dark again, and we felt the passing of the Angel to whom was given the Key of the Bottomless Pit.

That night we went up once more to the rock of Cassel. The moon was full, and as civilians are not allowed out alone after dark a staff-officer had offered to show us the view from the roof of the disused Casino on top of the rock. It was the queerest of sensations to push open a glazed door and find ourselves in a spectral painted room with soldiers dozing in the moonlight on polished floors, their



kits stacked on the gaming tables. We passed through a white vestibule among more soldiers lounging in the half-light, and up a long staircase to the roof where a watcher challenged us and then let us approach the parapet. Below lay the unlit mass of the town. To the northwest a single sharp hill, the "Mont des Cats," stood against the sky; the rest of the horizon was unbroken, and floating in misty moonlight. The outline of the ruined towns had vanished and peace seemed to have won back the world. But far off to the northwest a red flash started suddenly out of the mist; then another and another flickered up at different points of the long curve. "Luminous bombs thrown up along the lines," our guide explained; and just then, far off, a white light opened like a tropical flower, spread to full bloom and drew itself back into the night. "A flare," we were told; and another white flower bloomed out farther down. Below us, the grey roofs of Cassel slept their provincial sleep, the moonlight picking out every leaf in the hushed gardens; while, far off, those infernal flowers opened and shut along the curve of death. It was one of the moments when the beauty of war seems more intolerable than all its horror.

June 21st.

On the road from Cassel to Poperinghe. Heat, dust, crowds, confusion, all the sordid shabby rear-view of war. The road running across the plain between white-powdered hedges was ploughed up by numberless motor vans, supply-waggons and Red Cross ambulances. Labouring through between them came detachments of British artillery, clattering gun-carriages, stalwart young figures on glossy horses, long Phidian lines of youths so ingenuously fair that one wondered how they could have looked on the Medusa face of war and lived. Men and beasts, in spite of the stifling dust, were as fresh and sleek as if they had come from a bath; and everywhere along the wayside were improvised camps, with tents made of waggon-covers, where the ceaseless indomitable work of cleaning was being carried out in all its searching details. Shirts were drying on elder-bushes, kettles boiling over gipsy fires, men shaving,

blackening their boots, cleaning their guns, rubbing down their horses, greasing their saddles, polishing their stirrups and bits: on all sides a general cheery struggle against the prevailing dust discomfort and disorder. Here and there a young soldier leaned against a garden paling to talk to a girl among the hollyhocks, or an older soldier initiated a group of children into some mystery of military house-keeping; and everywhere were the same signs of inarticulate understanding with the owners of the fields and gardens.

From the thronged high-road we passed into the emptiness of Poperinghe, and out again on the way to Ypres. Beyond the flats and wind-mills to our left were the invisible German lines, and the staff-officer who was with us leaned forward to caution our chauffeur: "*No tooting between here and Ypres.*" There was still a good deal of movement on the road, though it was less crowded with troops than near Poperinghe; but as we passed through the last village and approached the long low line of houses ahead, the silence and emptiness widened about us. That long low line was Ypres; every monument that marked it, that gave it an individual outline, is gone. It is a town without a profile.

The motor slipped through a suburb of low brick houses and was stopped under cover of some tallish buildings. Another military motor waited there, the chauffeur relic-hunting in the gutted houses.

We got out and walked toward the centre of the Cloth Market. We had seen evacuated towns—Verdun, Badonviller, Raon-l'Étape—but we had seen no emptiness like this. Not a human being was in the streets. Endless lines of empty houses looked down on us from vacant windows. Our footsteps echoed like the tramp of a crowd, our lowered voices seemed to shout. In one street we came on three English soldiers who were carrying a piano out of a house and lifting it onto a hand-cart. They stopped in amazement to stare at us, and we stared back. It seemed an age since we had seen a living being! One of the soldiers scrambled into the cart and tapped out a tune on the cracked key-board, and we all laughed with relief at the foolish





*Photograph taken by Count Etienne de Beaumont.*

A sand-bag trench in the north.

noise. . . Then we passed on and were alone again.

We had seen other ruined towns, but none like this. The towns of Lorraine were blown up, burnt down, deliberately erased from the earth. At worst they are like stone-yards, at best like Pompeii. But Ypres has been bombarded to death, and the outer walls of its houses are still standing, so that it presents the distant semblance of a living city, while near by it is seen to be a corpse disembowelled and embalmed. Every window-pane is smashed, nearly every building unroofed, and some house-fronts are cut clean off, with the different stories exposed, as if for the stage-setting of a farce. And in these exposed interiors the poor little household gods shiver and blink like owls surprised in a hollow tree. A hundred signs of intimate and humble tastes, of humdrum pursuits, of family association, cling desperately to the unmasked walls. Whiskered photographs fade on morning glory wall-papers, little plaster saints pine under glass bells, antimacassars droop from plush sofas, yellowing diplomas display their seals on office walls. It was all so still and familiar that it seemed as if the people for whom these things

had a meaning might at any moment come back and take up their daily business. And then—crash! the guns began, slamming out volley after volley all along the English lines, and the poor frail web of things that had made up the lives of a vanished city—full hung dangling before us in that blast of death.

We had just reached the square before the Cathedral when the cannonade began, and its roar seemed to build a roof of iron over the glorious ruins of Ypres. The singular distinction of Ypres is that it is destroyed but not abased. The walls of the Cathedral, the long bulk of the Cloth Market, still lift themselves above the market-place with a majesty that seems to reject compassion. The sight of those scarred façades, so proud in death, recalled a phrase used soon after the fall of Liège by Belgium's Foreign Minister—"La Belgique ne regrette rien;"—which ought some day to serve as the motto of the renovated city.

We were turning to go when we heard a whirr overhead, followed by a stinging volley of mitrailleuse. High up in the blue, over the centre of the dead city, flew a German aeroplane; and all about it hundreds of white shrapnel tufts burst



went in the summer sky like the miraculous snow-fall of Italian legend. Up and up they flew, on the trail of the Taube, and on flew the Taube, faster still, till quarry and pack were lost in mist, and the barking of the mitrailleuse died out. So we left Ypres to the death-silence in which we had found her.

The afternoon carried us back to Poperinghe, where I was bound on a quest for lace-cushions of the special kind required by our Flemish refugees. The model is unobtainable in France, and I had been told—with few and vague indications—that I might find the cushions in a certain convent of the city. But in which?

Poperinghe, though little injured, is almost empty. In its tidy desolation it looks like a town on which a wicked enchanter has laid a spell. We roamed from quarter to quarter, hunting for some one to show us the way to the convent I was looking for, till at last a passer-by led us to a door which seemed the right one. At our knock the bars were drawn and a cloistered face looked out. No, there were no cushions there; and the nun had never heard of the order we named. But there were the Penitents, the Benedictines—we might try. Our guide agreed to show us the way and we went on. From one or two windows, wondering heads looked out and vanished; but the streets were lifeless. At last we came to a convent where there were no nuns left, but where, the caretaker told us, there were cushions—a great many. He led us through pale blue passages, up cold stairs, through rooms that smelt of linen and lavender. We passed a chapel with plaster saints in white niches above paper flowers. Everything was cold and bare and blank: like a mind from which memory has gone. We came to a big classroom with lines of empty benches facing a blue-mantled Virgin; and here, on the floor, lay rows and rows of lace-cushions. On each a bit of lace had been begun—and there they had been dropped when nuns and pupils fled. They had not been left in disorder: the rows had been laid out evenly, a handkerchief thrown over each cushion. And that orderly arrest of life seemed sadder than a scene of desperate disarray. It symbolized the sense-

less paralysis of a whole nation's activities. Here were a houseful of women and children, yesterday engaged in a useful task and now aimlessly astray over the earth. And in hundreds of such houses, in dozens, in hundreds of open towns, the hand of time had been stopped, the heart of life had ceased to beat, all the currents of hope and happiness and industry been choked—not that some great military end might be gained, or the length of the war curtailed, but that, wherever the shadow of Germany falls, all things should wither at the root.

The same sight met us everywhere that sad afternoon. Over Furnes and Bergues, and all the little intermediate villages, the evil shadow lay. Germany had willed that these places should die, and wherever her bombs could not reach her malediction had carried. Only Biblical lamentation can convey a vision of this life-drained land. "Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers."

Presently we came to Dunkerque, lying peacefully between its harbour and canals. The bombardment of the previous month had emptied it, and though no signs of damage were visible, the same spell-bound air lay over everything. As we sat alone at tea in the big hall of the hotel on the Place Jean Bart, and looked out on the silent square and its lifeless shops and cafés, some one suggested that the hotel would be a convenient centre for the excursions we had planned, and we decided to return there the next evening. Then we motored back to Cassel.

June 22nd.

My first waking thought was: "How time flies! It must be the Fourteenth of July!" I knew it could not be the Fourth of that specially commemorative month, because I was just awake enough to be aware that I was not in America; and the only other event to justify such a terrific clatter was the French national anniversary. I sat up and listened at the patriotic popping of guns till a completer sense of reality stole over me, and I realized that I was in the inn of the Wild Man at Cassel, and that it was not the





*Photograph taken by Count Etienne de Beaumont.*

A typical trench in the dunes.

fourteenth of July but the twenty-second of June.

Then, what—? Why, a Taube, of course! And all the guns in the place were cracking at it! By the time this mental process was complete, I had scrambled up and got downstairs and across the court, had unbolted the heavy doors and rushed out into the square. It was about four in the morning, the heavenliest moment of a summer dawn, and in spite of the tumult Cassel still apparently slept. Only a few soldiers stood in the square, looking up at a drift of white cloud behind which—they averred—a Taube had just slipped out of sight. Cassel was evidently used to Taubes, and I had the sense of having overdone my excitement and not being exactly in tune; so after staring a moment at the white cloud I slunk back into the court, barred the door and mounted to my room. At a window on the stairs I paused to look out over the sloping roofs of the town, the gardens, the plain; and suddenly there was another crash and a drift of white smoke blew up from the fruit-trees just under the window. It was a last shot at the fugitive, from a gun hidden in one of those quiet provincial gardens between

the houses; and its secret presence there was more startling than all the clatter of mitrailleuses from the rock.

Silence and sleep came down again on Cassel; but an hour or two later the hush was broken by a roar like the last trump. This time it was no question of mitrailleuses. The Wild Man rocked on its base, and every pane in my windows beat a tattoo. What was that incredible, unimagined sound? Why it could be nothing, of course, but the voice of the big siege-gun of Dixmude! Five times, while I was dressing, the thunder shook my windows, and the air was filled with a noise that may be compared—if the human imagination can stand the strain—to the simultaneous closing of all the shop-shutters in the world. The odd part was that—apart from the first start of surprise—as far as the Wild Man and its inhabitants were concerned no visible effects resulted, and dressing, packing and coffee-drinking went on comfortably in the strange parentheses between the roars.

We set off early for a neighbouring Head-Quarters, and it was not till we turned out of the gates of Cassel that we came on signs of the bombardment: the



cratering of a gas-house and the converting of a cabbage-field into a crater which, for some time to come, will spare seismological photographers the trouble of climbing Vesuvius. There was consolation in the discrepancy between the noise and the damage.



A street at Nieuport.

At Head-Quarters we learned more of the morning's incidents. Dunkerque, it appeared, had first been visited by the Taube which afterward came to take the range of Cassel; and the big gun had then turned all its fury on the French sea-port. The bombardment was still going on; and we were asked, and in fact bidden, to give up our plan of going to Dunkerque for the night.

After luncheon we turned north, toward the dunes. The villages we traversed were all evacuated, some quite lifeless, others occupied by troops. Presently we came to a group of military motors drawn up by the roadside, and a field black with

wheeling troops. "Admiral Ro'narch!" our companion from Head-Quarters exclaimed; and we understood that we had had the good luck to come on the hero of Dixmude in the act of reviewing the marine fusiliers and territorials whose magnificent defense gave that much-besieged town another lease of glory.

We stopped the motor and climbed to a ridge above the field. A high wind was blowing, bringing with it the booming of the guns along the front. A sun half-veiled in sand-dust shone on pale meadows, sandy flats, grey wind-mills. The scene was deserted, except for the handful of troops deploying before the officers on the edge of the field. Admiral Ro'narch, white-gloved and in full-dress uniform, stood a little in advance, a young naval officer at his side. He had just been distributing decorations to his fusiliers and territorials, and they were marching past him, flags flying and bugles playing. Every one of those men had a record of heroism, and every face in those ranks had looked on horrors unnameable. They had lost Dixmude—for a while—but they had gained great glory, and the inspiration of their epic resistance had come from the quiet officer who stood

there, straight and grave, in his white gloves and gala uniform.

One must have been in the North to know something of the tie that exists, in this region of bitter and continuous fighting, between officers and soldiers. The feeling of the chiefs is almost one of veneration for their men; that of the soldiers, a kind of half-humorous tenderness for the officers who have faced such odds with them. This mutual regard reveals itself in a hundred undefinable ways; but its fullest expression is in the tone with which the commanding officers speak the two words oftenest on their lips: "My men."

The little review over, we went on to





The colony of saints on a soldier's grave at Nieuport.

Admiral Ro'narch's quarters in the dunes, and thence, after a brief visit, to another brigade Head-Quarters. We were in a region of sandy hillocks feathered by tamarisk, and interspersed with poplar groves slanting like wheat in the wind. Between these meagre thickets the roofs of gim-crack bungalows shewed above the dunes; and before one of these we stopped, and were led into a pitch-pine sitting-room full of maps and aeroplane photographs. One of the officers of the brigade telephoned to ask if the way was clear to Nieuport; and the answer was that we might go on.

Our road ran through the "Bois Triangulaire," a bit of woodland exposed to constant shelling. Half the poor spinning trees were down, and patches of blackened undergrowth and ragged hollows marked the path of the shells. If the trees of a cannonaded wood are of strong inland growth their fallen trunks have the majesty of a ruined temple; but there was something humanly pitiful in the frail trunks of the Bois Triangulaire, lying there like slaughtered immature troops.

A few miles more brought us to Nieuport, most lamentable of the victim towns. It is not empty as Ypres is empty:

troops are quartered in the cellars, and at the approach of our motor knots of cheerful zouaves came swarming out of the ground like ants. But Ypres is majestic in death, poor Nieuport gruesomely comic. About its noble nucleus of mediæval architecture a modern town had grown up; and nothing stranger can be pictured than the contrast between the streets of flimsy houses, twisted like curl-papers, and the spectral ruins of the Gothic Cathedral and the Cloth Market. It is like passing from a smashed toy to the august survival of a cataclysm.

Modern Nieuport seems to have died in a colic. No less homely image expresses the contractions and contortions of the disembowelled houses reaching out the appeal of their desperate chimney-pots and agonized girders. There is one view along the exterior of the town like nothing else on the war-front. On the left, a line of convulsed and palsied houses leads like a string of cowering crutch-propped beggars to the mighty ruin of the Templars' Tower; on the right the flats reach away to the almost imperceptible humps of masonry that were St. George, Ramsappelle, Pervyse. And over it all the incessant crash of the guns stretches a sounding-board of steel.



In front of the cathedral a German shell has dug a crater thirty feet across, overhung by splintered tree trunks, burnt shrubs, vague mounds of rubbish; and a few steps beyond lies the peacefullest spot in Nieuport, the grave-yard where the *zouaves* have buried their comrades. The dead are laid in rows under the flank of the cathedral, and on their carefully set grave-stones have been placed groups of pious images collected from the ruined houses. Some of the most privileged are guarded by colonies of plaster saints and Virgins so numerous that they cover the whole slab; and over the handsomest Virgins and the most gaily coloured saints the soldiers have placed the glass bells that probably once protected the clocks and wedding-wreaths in the same houses.

From sad Nieuport we motored on to a little seaside colony where gaiety prevails. Here the big hotels and the gimcrack villas along the beach are filled with troops just back from the trenches: it is one of the "rest cures" of the front. When we drove up, the regiment "*au repos*" was assembled in the wide sandy space between the principal hotels, and in the centre of the jolly crowd the band was playing. The Colonel and his officers stood listening to the music, and presently the soldiers broke into the wild "*chanson des zouaves*" of the —th *zouaves*. It was the strangest of sights to watch that throng of dusky merry faces, under their red fezes, against the background of sunless northern sea. When the music was over some one with a kodak suggested "a group": we struck a collective attitude on one of the hotel terraces, and just as the camera was being aimed at us the Colonel turned and drew into the foreground a little grinning pock-marked soldier. "He's just been decorated—he's got to be in the group." A general exclamation of assent from the other officers, and a protest from the hero: "Me? Why, my ugly mug will smash the plate!" But it didn't—

Reluctantly we turned from this interval in the day's melancholy round, and took the road to La Panne. Dust, dunes, deserted villages: my memory keeps no more definite vision of the run. But at sunset we came on a big seaside colony, stretching out above the longest beach I

ever saw: along the sea-front, an esplanade bordered by the usual foolish villas, and behind it a single street filled with hotels and shops. All the life of the desert region we had traversed seemed to have taken refuge at La Panne. The long street was swarming with throngs of dark-uniformed Belgian soldiers, every shop seemed to be doing a thriving trade, and the hotels looked as full as bee-hives.

June 23rd. LA PANNE.

The particular hive that has taken us in is at the extreme end of the esplanade, where asphalt and iron railings lapse unaffectedly into sand and sea-grass. When I looked out of my window early this morning I saw only the endless stretch of brown sand against the grey roll of the Northern Ocean, and, on a crest of the dunes, the figure of a solitary sentinel. But presently there was a sound of martial music, and long lines of troops came marching along the esplanade and down to the beach. The sands stretched away to east and west, a great "field of Mars" on which an army could have manoeuvred; and presently the morning exercises of cavalry and infantry began. Against the brown beach the regiments in their dark uniforms were as black as silhouettes; and when the cavalry galloped by in single file they looked like the black frieze of warriors encircling the dun-coloured flanks of an Etruscan vase. For hours these long-drawn-out movements of troops went on, to the wail of bugles, and under the eye of the lonely sentinel on the sand-crest; then the soldiers poured back into the town, and La Panne was once more a busy common-place "*bain-de-mer*." The common-placeness, however, was only on the surface; for as one walked along the esplanade one discovered that the town had become a citadel, and that all the little doll's-house villas with their silly gables and sillier names—"Seaweed," "the Sea-gull," "Mon Repos," and the rest—were really a continuous line of barracks swarming with cheerful Belgian soldiers. In the main street there were hundreds of soldiers, pottering along in couples, chatting in groups, romping and wrestling like a crowd of school-boys, or bargaining in the shops for shell-work souvenirs and sets of

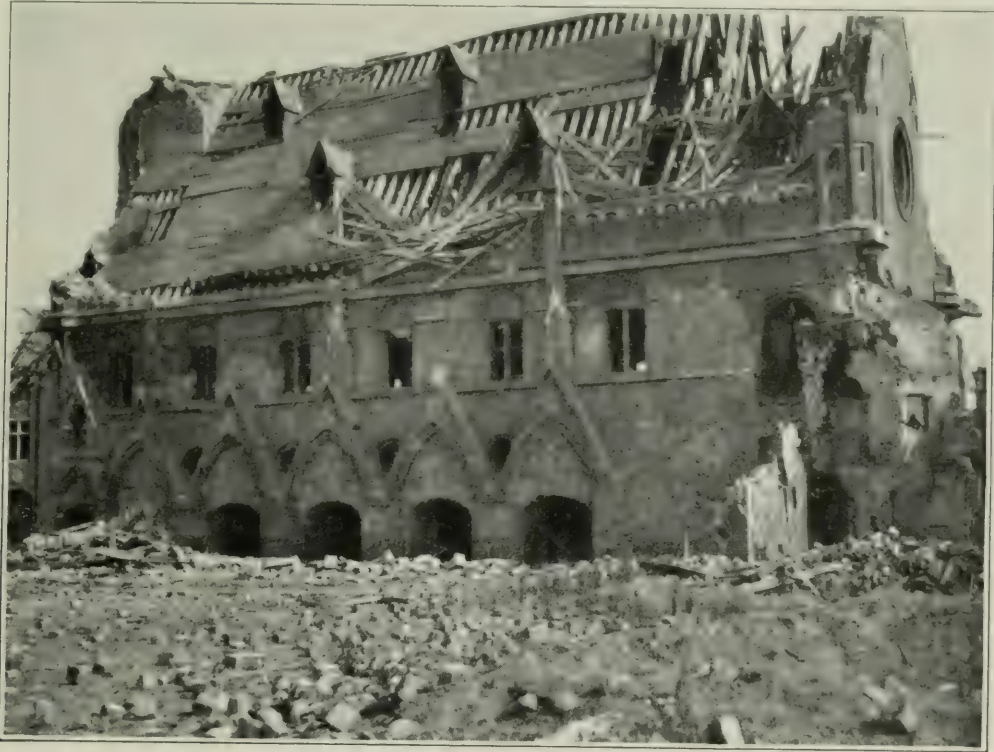


post-cards; and between the dark-green and crimson uniforms was a frequent sprinkling of khaki, with the occasional pale blue of a French officer's tunic.

Before luncheon we motored over to Dunkerque. The road runs along the canal, between grass-flats and prosperous villages. No signs of war were noticeable except on the road, which was crowded with motor vans, ambulances,

where our motor had stood while we had tea, the siege-gun of Dixmude had scooped out a hollow as big as the crater at Nieuport.

Though not a house on the square was touched, the scene was one of unmitigated desolation. It was the first time we had seen the raw wounds of a bombardment, and the freshness of the havoc seemed to accentuate its cruelty. We wandered



The Cloth Market at Nieuport.

and troops. Presently the walls and gates of Dunkerque rose before us, as calm and undisturbed as when we entered the town the day before yesterday. But within the gates we were in a desert. The bombardment had ceased the previous evening, but a death-hush lay on the town. Every house was shattered and the streets were empty. We drove to the Place Jean Bart, where two days ago we sat at tea in the hall of the hotel. Now there was not a whole pane of glass in the windows of the square, the doors of the hotel were closed, and every now and then some one came out carrying a basketful of plaster from fallen ceilings. The whole surface of the square was covered with a mosaic of glass from the hundreds of broken windows, and at the foot of David's statue of Jean Bart, just

down the street behind the hotel to the graceful Gothic church of St. Eloi, of which one aisle had been shattered; then, turning another corner, we came on a poor house that had had its whole front torn away. The squalid sight of caved-in floors, smashed wardrobes, dangling bedsteads, heaped-up blankets, topsy-turvy chairs and stoves and wash-stands was somehow far more painful than the sight of the wounded church. St. Eloi was draped in the indestructible dignity of martyrdom, but the poor little house reminded one of some shy humdrum person suddenly exposed in the glare of a great misfortune.

A few people stood in silent clusters looking up at the ruins, or strayed aimlessly about the streets. Not a loud word was heard. The air seemed heavy with



the suspended breath of a great city's activities: the mournful hush of Dunkerque was more oppressive than the death-silence of Ypres. But when we came back to the Place Jean Bart the unbreakable human spirit had begun to reassert itself. A handful of children were playing in the bottom of the crater, collecting "specimens" of glass and splintered brick, and about its rim the market-people, quietly and as a matter of course, were setting up their stalls. In a few minutes the signs of German havoc would be hidden behind stacks of crockery and household utensils, and some of the pale women we had left in mournful contemplation of the ruins would be bargaining as astutely as ever for a saucepan or a butter-tub. Not once but a thousand times has the attitude of the average French civilian on the front reminded me of the gallant cry of Calanthea in *The Broken Heart*: "Let me die smiling!" I should have liked to stop and spend all I had in the market of Dunkerque. . .

All the afternoon we wandered about La Panne. The exercises of the troops had begun again, and the deploying of those endless black lines along the beach was a sight of the strangest beauty. The sun was veiled, and heavy surges rolled in under a northerly gale. Toward evening the sea turned to cold tints of jade and pearl and tarnished silver. Far down the beach a mysterious fleet of fishing boats was drawn up on the sand, with black sails bellying in the wind; and the black riders galloping by might have landed from them, and been riding into the sunset, out of some wild northern legend. Presently a knot of buglers took up their stand on the edge of the sea, facing inward, their feet in the surf, and began to play; and their call was like the call of Roland's horn, when he blew it down the pass against the paynim. And on the sand-crest below my window the lonely sentinel still watched. . .

June 24th.

It is like coming down from the mountains to leave the front. I never had the feeling more strongly than when we passed out of Belgium this afternoon. I had it most strongly as we drove by a cluster of

villas standing apart in a lonely region of grass and sand. In one of them, for nearly a year, two hearts at the highest pitch of human constancy have held up a light to the world. It is impossible to pass that house without a sense of awe. Because of the light that comes from it dead faiths have come to life, weak convictions have grown strong, fiery impulses have turned to long endurance, and long endurance has kept the fire of impulse. In the harbour of New York there is a pompous statue of a goddess with a torch, designated as "Liberty enlightening the World." It seems as though the title on her pedestal might well, for the time, be transferred to the lintel of that quiet villa in the dunes.

On leaving St. Omer we took a short cut southward across rolling country. It was a happy accident that caused us to leave the main road, for presently, over the crest of a hill, we saw surging toward us a mighty movement of British and Indian troops. It was a radiant afternoon and a great bath of silver sunlight lay on the wheat-fields, the clumps of woodland and the hilly blue horizon. In that slanting radiance the cavalry rode toward us, regiment after regiment of slim turbaned Indians, with delicate proud faces like the faces of Princes in Persian miniatures. Then came a long train of artillery; splendid horses, clattering gun-carriages, clear-faced English youths galloping by all aglow in the sunset. The stream of them seemed never ending. Now and then it was checked by a train of ambulances and supply-waggons, or caught and congested in the crooked streets of a village where the children and girls had come out with bunches of flowers, and bakers were selling hot loaves to the sutlers; then we extricated ourselves from the crowd, and climbing another hill came on another cavalcade surging toward us through the silver wheat-fields. For over an hour the procession poured by, so like and yet so unlike the French division we had met on the move as we went north a few days ago; so that we seemed to have passed to the front, and away from it, through a great gateway in the long wall of armies that are guarding the civilized world from the North Sea to the Vosges.





## THE NIPPON GARDEN

By John Seymour Wood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

**I**N Paris, in the spring of 19—, my friend Doctor Marnack, the chess master, and I, on our way to the Café de la Régence, frequently paused before the window of a little Japanese shop on the Rue de Rivoli wherein, in a space of about six feet square, was laid one of the most charming of miniature Nippon gardens of the Gyo type. Goldfish swam under arched bridges—white storks hid in the branches of sonare, matzu, and také trees—little figures sat in arbors on diminutive islands or fished from “the viewing-fish-place stones” on rocky promontories—temples and shrines adorned the summits of “mountains,” and pilgrims to these shrines could be seen ascending and descending in endless procession.

“The ‘bansai’ is doubtless a reproduction of a real garden in Japan,” said Doctor Marnack, who had travelled in the Orient. “From the days of the great Sen-No-Rikyu, the first of landscape-gardeners, the Japs seem unwilling to improve on nature as we do, so they make miniature mountains, lakes, trees—in exact proportion to and conformity with nature.

Size makes no difference—I’ve seen their gardens on small butter-plates, on platters, in spaces up to several hundred yards. Every Japanese house has its garden, however poor—every tree, stone, bush, and plant has a meaning, and the entire garden may be called a poem of nature *à la Japonaise*. One’s imagination is fed by the exquisite dwarf trees, the beds of flowers, and the rugged rocks like distant mountain ridges—and trunks and foliage of ancient sonare forest trees.”

The Nippon garden on the Rue de Rivoli soon became an obsession with the master—he never failed to stand utterly lost gazing at the charming Japanese illusion, for half-hours at a time, on his way to or from the famous chess café.

The garden contained its drama, it seemed. In the centre of the little lake, not far from the house which led down by many steps to the water, sat a fat old Samura, intent on fishing. His boat was as wide as it was long, and contained the minutest fishing-apparel imaginable, besides kettles for bait, baskets for fish, a bottle of saké, and a black cat. By an ingenious mechanism invisible to the eye, at regular intervals the little boat would



all with water, and the fat—but very intelligent-looking old fisherman—would sink—boat, cat, and all—into the depths of the little lake. Whereupon M. Jakusaki, the proprietor of the shop, would gravely come forward and reinstate the unfortunate fisherman in the boat—his narrow black eyes at the same time roaming along and, as if seeking approbation, scanning the faces of the curious crowd that always gathered before the window to witness the catastrophe.

Doctor Marnack often speculated on this little tragic performance, as we walked along the street, pondering upon the inward meaning—if any—of the sinking boat and the drowning Samura.

"I have now watched the fat little fisherman drown for nigh thirty consecutive May days," he said, "and the proprietor never varies the process one iota. Doubtless you will say he wishes to draw a crowd and advertise his other Nippon gardens for sale, but I have decided that he is indifferent to a sale, for I have talked with him. Once I offered him his price, which he refused, pleading that the little garden was already sold. Another day he refused a bargain, stating to a lady that the honorable plants had decayed. Another time, to my astonishment, I saw him break away from a sale, rush out and seize a forlorn city cat that was passing on the street, and drag it back into his shop by the tail. Ah, yes, you will say, M. Jakusaki is afraid the cats will run into his shop and eat his goldfish. He is a very curious little Jap—I should say he is mentally unbalanced—perhaps he has a congenital hatred for cats—perhaps he is a renegade from Nippon justice for killing a cat—who knows? He seems full of care—his wrinkled face shows it—and care, you know, will kill a cat! He never opens his eyes beyond a narrow slit. Yes, I fear he has some secret sorrow, poor chap!" and Doctor Marnack sighed. "I, too, have my secret sorrow—I am too poor to go to the chess tournament at Petrograd."

I offered to lend the master a small sum, but he shook his head and refused: "I am not in debt," he said firmly, "and I never will be." Thereupon he began to discuss again the little Nippon garden and its owner, as if it were some sort of a chess problem he was working out in his mind.

"Jakusaki evidently has some secret ulterior purpose in his shop—some plan, I know not what, in his garden display. You will say he merely wishes to advertise his flowers—I doubt it. He is too entirely indifferent whether one buys or not. There is another curious thing—at the farther end of the shop, hidden behind a forest of plants, is a furnace with an oven above it. Now, why does he need this furnace? You will say his reason is obvious—and so it may be in winter—but the furnace is a peculiar one, and large enough to conceal the body of a man."

One day we entered the shop, to find M. Jakusaki absent and a small, sleepy servant in attendance. The little brown man kept bowing and stupidly yawning (very politely, however) behind his hand, as if half under the influence of a narcotic. We were not asked to purchase any flowers or the rare orchids in their delicate celadon vases covered with floriated scrolls. How well the Japanese know how to display the single long-stemmed lily . . . the purple iris!

While the little brown man seemed nodding in sleep, we went to the rear of the shop and examined the many wonderful curios—paintings, temple jars, and yellow gallipots; Jakusaki was evidently a person of wealth and artistic culture. The furnace and oven of bronze and the three curved swords with their red lacquer handles hanging on the wall, glittering like new moons, gave the room a gloomy and oppressive aspect. Doctor Marnack whipped out his magnifying-glass and noted the excellent carving on the handles. "Curious," he remarked, "the keen blades of the swords are on the inner edge—I suppose that means their purpose is harakiri—dreadful death! As for his furnace, you can see it is not intended for heating purposes *merely*."

"What an ingenious man you are!" I exclaimed, laughing; "your analytic mind makes so much out of nothing! M. Jakusaki, of course, needs some heat in his flower-shop—besides, his queer furnace is doubtless, like his curios, for sale. As for his peculiar manner, he may be indifferent to *you*—for you know you have never purchased a single flower from him—he is not indifferent to others. Yesterday I was passing, and I saw a



foreigner enter his place—a Japanese gentleman of distinction and evidently wealthy—well, M. Jakusaki simply danced up and down with his efforts to please his rich countryman. He certainly showed himself capable of great and extraordinary emotion as a salesman. I stood at the window and noticed that he was so assiduous over his visitor that he forgot to reinstate the little fisherman—an unprecedented thing for him—for we have seen him break off conversation and leave many a customer to rescue the little old man. He led the stranger into the rear of the shop behind the rubber-plants and matsu-trees and I lost sight of them; but from that time the little boat and its unfortunate occupant have lain on the white sand bottom of the garden pond, nosed about indifferently by the unsurprised goldfish, who never seem surprised at anything—”

“So!” exclaimed Doctor Marnack excitedly, suddenly turning to me; “describe the stranger, can you? Have you seen the newspapers?”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I mean—this little Nippon garden may take me to Petrograd!”

“How can you make anything out of it? How absurd you are, Doctor Marnack!”

“Quick! Tell me!”

“The Japanese gentleman had a jet-black beard, I think—wore a silk hat—was elaborately and even elegantly dressed—yes, I recall he wore patent-leather shoes, light check trousers—carried a cane.”

Doctor Marnack grew even more excited, crying: “It fits the description!” He rushed out of the shop—I following—and we stood again before Jakusaki’s window. The little boat and its occupant were still lying on the bottom and the goldfish were swimming indifferently over the scene of the tragedy. A newsboy rushed up at the moment and we read in large head-lines:

“*The Japanese ambassador still missing—large reward offered for his discovery, dead or alive.*” The account went on:

“*On dit* that on the morning of the 16th instant, M. Raki, the ambassador from Japan, with madame, his wife, drove in his brougham to the galleries of the

Louvre, where, saying he would walk to the Rue de Rivoli to make some purchases, and would rejoin her in the Salon Carré, he disappeared. A gendarme recalls seeing a person answering his description entering a book-shop, but cannot be certain. And from that time he has never been seen again by any one.”

“Never will be seen again,” said Doctor Marnack abruptly, handing me the paper. “I have a portion of the ashes of the poor man and some of his black hairs that had caught in the furnace door—in this envelope. . . . Yes, I suspected that furnace, and I quietly investigated it while you were not looking. Now I have the whole story—I can read it as if it were printed in large type—I will tell it to you—by to-night the police will hand me the reward of fifteen thousand francs for the discovery of the missing ambassador—dead, poor fellow! I will be able to go to Petrograd in grand style—I will win the tournament—I will beat the great Rubinstein—Capablanca—Marshall—Lasker—Tarrasch—so at last I will be champion of the world! And it all comes of looking in that window, by chance, at the little Nippon garden. Now, then, the first thing we must do is to take these ashes (I hope I know human ashes!) to my friend and old chess antagonist Doctor Lascelles, the chemist, in the Rue Rotrou—he will analyze them and prove conclusively the murder of the ambassador of Japan. A horrible affair, truly—but it was Japanese justice!”

“Tell me the story—tell me the story!” I begged as we walked across Saints-Pères Bridge and hurried along the Boule Miche toward the Rue Rotrou. . . . I was amazed at Marnack’s perspicacity.

“It is all a simple triangle story, my friend, as I make it out,” said the doctor. “Some years ago, we will say, rich old Nogatura,—so we will name him,—the merchant of silks in Tokio, built him a wonderful garden and lake at his country-seat not far from the city. The miniature we have seen here is an exact reproduction. Here, his old wife having died, the Samura married the young and beautiful San San, daughter of a merchant of pottery and porcelain—a famous beauty, much sought for in marriage, but practically sold to Nogatura by her father for



50,000 yen. She never learned to love her worthy old husband, who doted upon her and lavished a fortune in her entertainment. One day she was observed by Prince Raki, who, attended by his retinue of servants, was passing as she walked in her garden, which had been designed by the old man's son, Jakusaki—our flower dealer (his real name is Ponogatura), an artist, who was himself in love with the beautiful San San. Well, Prince Raki called at the country house of the Samura, bringing, according to the custom of the country, expensive presents—rare kake-monos by Hiroshige, we will say, bronzes of the Tang dynasty, and precious old cloisonné enamels—but he was sent away courteously and his gifts returned.

"At last the lovely San San, despising her old husband, who stupidly fished all day and drank saké at night, arranged to flee with the wicked prince, whose persistence had overcome all obstacles, but Ponogatura and the servants beat off the intruder and drove him away from the garden. He then planned revenge. He engaged a sailor to swim out in the little lake, under the boat from which Noga was fishing, and pull out the plug while he sat dozing over his bobbing line, and so drown him. This was accomplished successfully, and poor old Noga, who could not swim, met his end. The beautiful San San then fled to the prince, who, being high in favor with the Mikado, was soon after, at his own request, sent as ambassador to France. Ponogatura made every effort to avenge his father, but the prince was very powerful in Japan and he could obtain no redress. So he followed the guilty pair to Paris, where, like Hamlet, he meditated over his father's wrongs and planned a shop and garden to attract Raki's eye and lure him into his power, where he could kill him or compel him to commit harakiri, and then burn his body in the furnace. You see how simple it is? And now, as we are at the laboratory of my friend Lascelles, we will prove the truth of my story in less than half an hour's time."

"You are a man of astonishing genius!" I exclaimed, greatly interested and excited; "you are quite on a par with Sherlock Holmes! I am only too happy to be your Watson! but Jakusaki, or 'Pono,'

the avenger—will you let him go unpunished?"

"Yes—as soon as I have received the reward I will let him escape, for I believe he has behaved in the right filial spirit. Like Hamlet, he has killed his father's murderer. I hope he is already secreted on a steamer bound for the Orient. I am not interested in his capture—let him go!"

"And the lovely San San—what of her?"

"Let her live to repent her wickedness—as Hamlet spared his mother, the sinning Gertrude, for purposes of repentance. According to the Japanese custom, she will probably commit harakiri—an excellent and suitable end for her!" And Doctor Marnack lit a cigarette calmly.

M. Lascelles—a thin little professor of chemistry in the university, in a skullcap—greeted Marnack with unction, asked few questions, and promised to let him have an analysis of the ashes in a hour or less.

"Meanwhile," said the chess master, "let us walk in the Luxembourg gardens near by—we can smoke, and I wish to talk over my trip to Russia. The fifteen thousand francs' reward will be more than sufficient—yes, I am very fortunate."

At the entrance to the beautiful gardens, charming in their brilliant formal unconventionality as were the nature miniatures of Jakusaki, we took our seats on chairs (paying the old woman in charge two sous), beneath the chestnut-trees, and watched for a time a well-contested game of *jeu de paume*, after which we strolled among the flower-beds near the splendid Fontaine du Zodiac. Doctor Marnack, gazing upon his beloved French lilies, verbenas, and red geraniums, discoursed upon all the great gardens of the world, "to which," he said, "my chess has been my open sesame."

He spoke fondly of certain comfortable English gardens in Kent—of the wonderful grandiose park of the Château Monplan in Belgium—of the beautiful, pathetic old Italian garden of his friend the Duca della Porta, near Milan—and of the fanciful and poetic iris gardens of Habitaru, Japan.

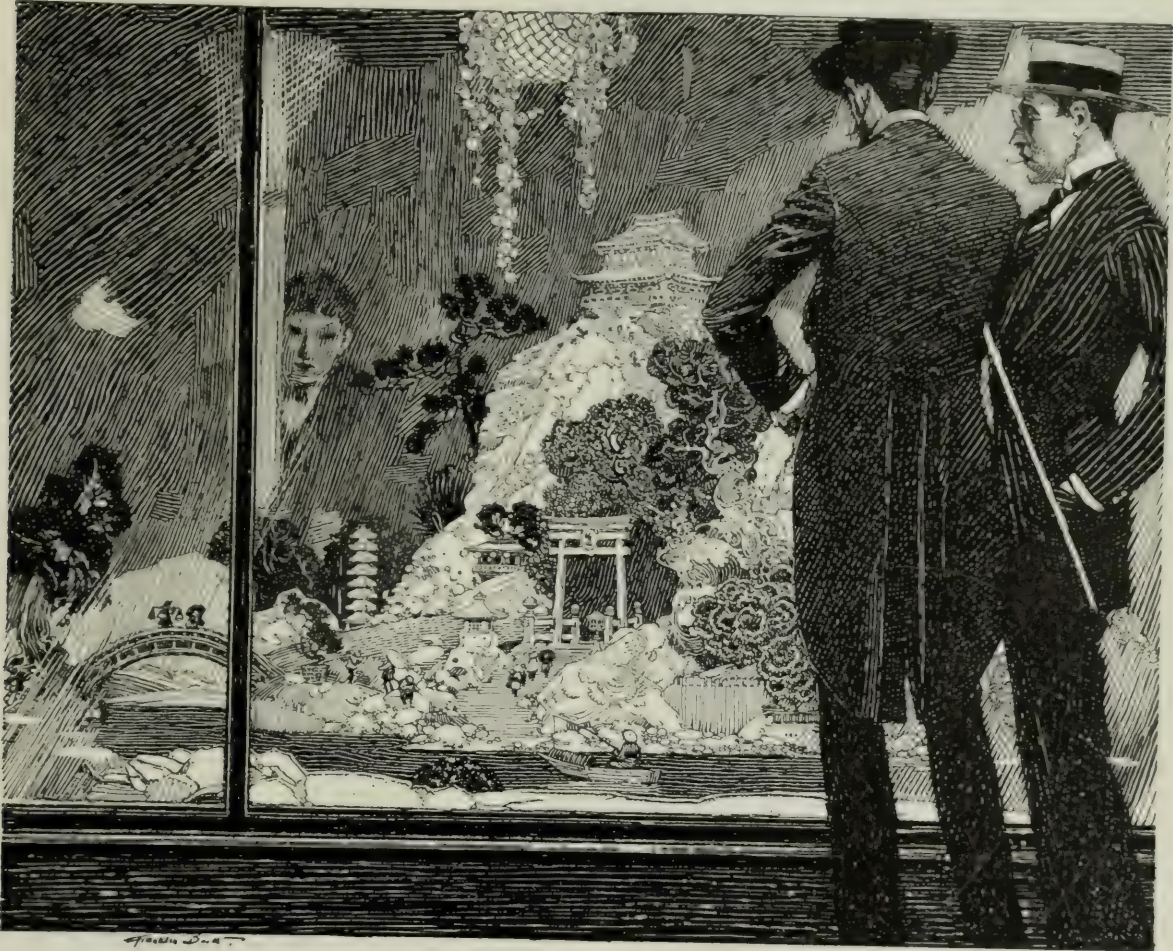
Suddenly he started, then ran to a bench at a little distance whereon sat,



apparently, the same small, black-haired servant whom we had recently seen in Jakusaki's shop—his head resting on the back of the bench, his eyes glazed and looking sickly and yellow, as if recovering

Doctor Marnack barely had an opportunity to read the inscription, when the little Jap hastily snatched it up, placed it in his pocket, and started to run away.

"Why do you not deliver the letter?"



He never failed to stand utterly lost gazing at the charming Japanese illusion, for half-hours at a time.—  
Page 611.

from a saké debauch. He held a letter clasped in his two hands across his chest. As the fellow seemed still half-intoxicated and was unable to answer the doctor's questions, the latter rather unceremoniously attempted to snatch the letter out of his hands, at the same time calling to a gendarme to look after the boy.

But the Jap evidently had no intention of parting with the missive. He jumped to his feet and, as the gendarme came running clumsily up, proceeded to perform on him as neat a feat of jiu-jitsu as Paris vaudeville has ever witnessed. He caught the man by one hand, and by a dexterous twist—left, right—left, right—threw him over his shoulder. In doing this the letter dropped on the ground.

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the doctor called out sternly in Japanese. "Come, come—I am the friend of M. Jakusaki, your master."

The Jap paused, came forward bowing—could this strange gentleman be a fellow countryman? His face expressed his astonishment as he said: "Honorable sir, I have orders to deliver this letter into the hands of a great and honorable lady—for five times have I been at her house—but she is not at home—she will return in two hours—then will I return also and into her hands only will I deliver it. So I wait here, resting in this park."

"Give me the letter—I will deliver it for your master."

"I thank you, most honorable sir—but I refuse you. Much trouble have I had



—lost this letter—all night I have suffered from the Apaches, the thieves of Paris—they have waylaid me and kept me a prisoner—I have fought with them most courageously and I have escaped from them.”

Of course the doctor understood this to be a lie. It was quite evident that the little Jap, who seemed a facsimile if he was not actually the assistant in Jakusaki's shop, was the victim of drink only.

Meanwhile the gendarme had picked himself up and stolen upon the Jap from behind as he talked. He now brought the flat of his heavy sword down on his bare shock head of black hair. The boy fell like one dead and rolled over. Doctor Marnack cried to the officer: “You should not have done that! You may have killed him! I am a doctor—let us see.”

“No yellow Jap is allowed to joojoo a soldier of France!” exclaimed the gendarme patriotically.

Doctor Marnack knelt down, opened the victim's coat, found the letter, and slipped it into his own pocket as the gendarme ran for an ambulance.

The doctor held the letter off at arm's length, saying:

“Jakusaki, from his place of concealment (possibly under the little garden in his shop), sends this by his servant, whom we saw, to the beautiful San San, telling her of the prince's horrible death, and warns his lovely but frail stepmother to kill herself or go back to Japan! Poor San San! Poor celestial victim of love! Perhaps I will see that she never gets it!”

The letter was addressed: “To the most honorable—La Madame Raki—wife of the Ambassador of Japan—Rue St. Germain 2111. Important.”

“If we only knew the ambassador's handwriting!” exclaimed the doctor suddenly, on another tack, as if in doubt; “but we do not. This letter surely cannot be from Madame Raki's husband? I have no right to open it. As the servant is *hors de combat* and unable to answer further questions, we may leave him to the tender mercies of the doctors—let us go back to M. Lascelles—he will, by this time, be able to inform us positively as to the ashes—he will clear all doubts as to whether the letter *can* be from Prince Raki.”

As we approached, Doctor Lascelles was standing in the door of his laboratory awaiting us. A smile lingered on his thin lips. “Have you been interesting yourself again in one of those police cases, *mon ami*?” he asked demurely. “Is not the solution of chess problems sufficient for your energies?”

“It is very important—tell me your analysis—it is a world event——”

“Possibly the case of a mislaid ambassador—*par exemple*, as I see by the newspapers?”

“The same——”

“*Très bien*. The ashes and fraction of a bone which you gave me to analyze are not those of a human being—are probably those of a mislaid ancient tom-cat—the black hair denotes he was a colored gentleman,” and Doctor Lascelles twiddled his thumbs calmly.

“Ah!” cried Doctor Marnack, “then this letter is from the ambassador himself!”

“I don't quite follow,” queried the chemist dubiously.

But Doctor Marnack was off, without explanation or ceremony, in such great strides that I had to run to catch up with him. Down the Boule Miche he hastened until he hailed an empty taxi—then we flew.

In five minutes more we were ushered into the private office of the prefecture of police.

The chief, in full uniform, was sitting in his office chair, and swung around as his secretary brought us in “on urgent business,” so ran the pencilled line on Marnack's card.

“M. Marnack, chess master, be seated, sir. I know you well. What is your ‘urgent business’?”

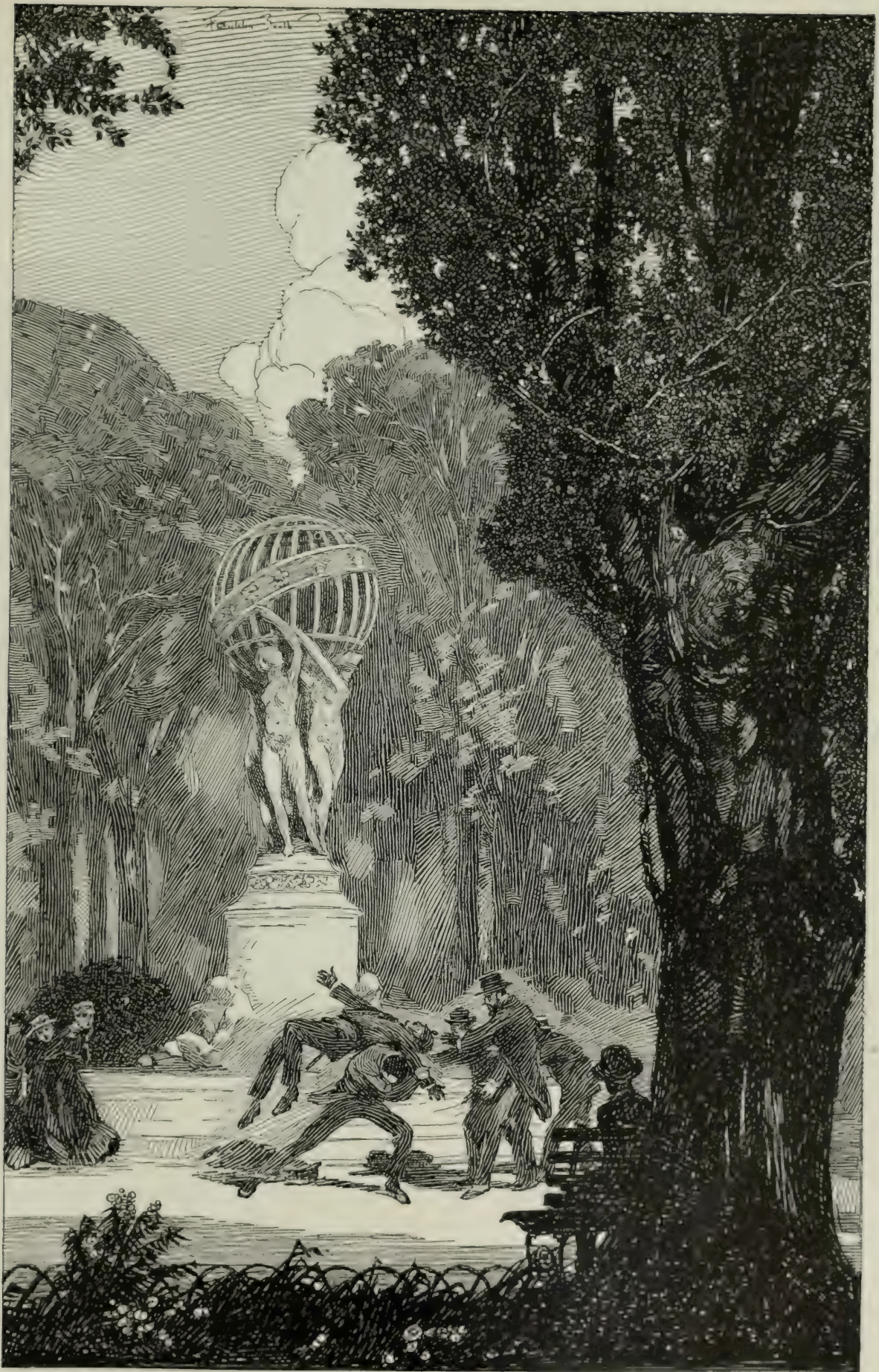
“I have come to ask if the reward for finding the Japanese ambassador, dead or alive, is still open.”

“But yes, monsieur. It has just been raised by Madame Raki to twenty thousand francs. She is in the next room awaiting some news of her husband—we are trying to help her—she is very anxious. Have you any information?”

“I have found him! Alive!” The doctor's voice was triumphant.

“Found him! That is indeed great news; but what is your proof—the circumstances?”





*Drawn by Franklin Booth.*

By a dexterous twist—left, right—left, right—threw him over his shoulder.—Page 615.



Doctor Marnack produced the letter. "His present address is contained in this envelope," he said . . . "read for yourself . . . naturally, I have not opened it . . . naturally, I claim the reward."

The chief bowed and tapped a bell.

"Ask Madame the Japanese ambassador's wife to step in this room," he ordered.

In a few moments a little, exquisitely dressed lady appeared with an attendant. She was clad in the latest Paris fashion, and her face was as ugly and yellow as an old walnut.

"The beautiful San San," I murmured, nudging my friend.

The chief handed her the letter—she opened it, trembling. Her wrinkled face was but half-visible behind a veil—but her figure stiffened and she clasped her little hands as she read, then handed the letter over to the chief. It was in French, and he read it aloud slowly:

"To my most beloved and honorable wife—my beauteous and lovely Princess Ita—greeting:

"Be not alarmed, O my beloved, for at last I have found my long-lost, most honorable brother, Prince Tora Raki, who—as you well know, overcome with grief at the lamentable death of our most honorable father the Samura, three years ago—became a victim of aphasia, or loss of memory, and disappeared.

"When we met (I was attracted by a miniature facsimile of our old Gyo garden and lake near Tokio in a shop-window and, entering, found in him its proprietor) my honorable brother recognized me at once, and in the shock of the excitement he suddenly recovered his wits. He has built himself, it seems, a garden on an acre of ground at Versailles. Here, where I write this letter, he lives with his two servants—twin brothers—brought from Japan.

"I am now drinking tea with him on the tea-drinking-stone above the lake—like that lake in which our honorable father was so lamentably drowned. We are very happy and we feel that we are at home in Japan, worshipping our noble ancestor, who, we feel, is present with us.

"My brother's hallucination as to cats (you recall it was thought that a kitten, —our honorable father was abnormally

fond of cats,—playing in the boat, was the cause of his death) still remains, and he still seeks to destroy them—especially if they are black in color and with green eyes.

"Come to me at once, O my moon face—my beautiful one—my pink chrysanthemum—my iris flower—come!"

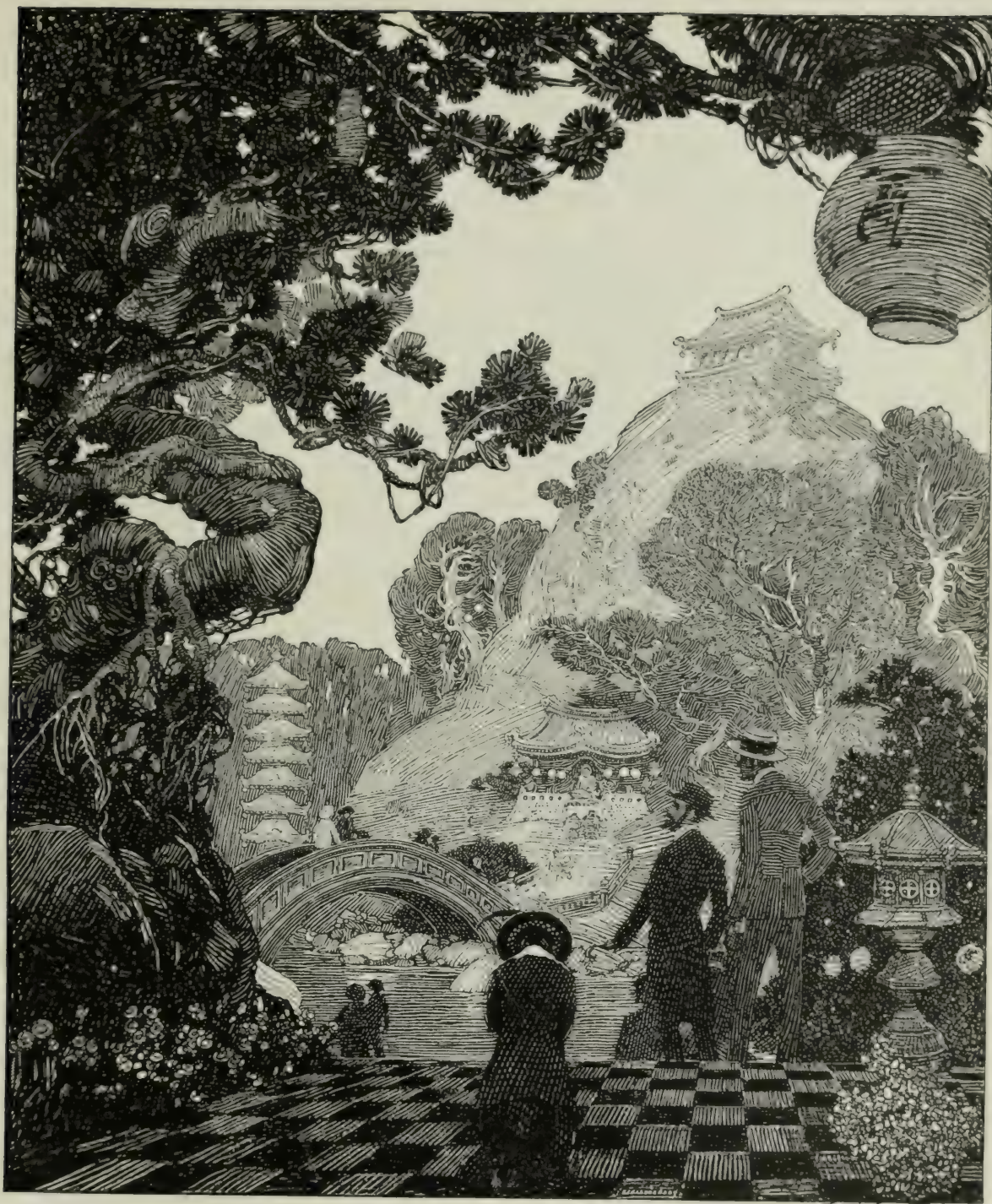
The Japanese accustom themselves to show no emotion in public, and the little walnut lady quietly withdrew a few steps as if to await orders. The vaguest, thinnest little smile hovered across her painted lips. She appeared unembarrassed, reserved, and entirely unaffected by the endearments and adoration expressed at the end of the letter. She was a Japanese lady of highest rank.

"My motor is at your service, madame," said the chief. "I will send Doctor Marnack and his friend with you to your husband at Versailles, so that you will be well protected."

Then the chief gave himself the relief of a hearty laugh, in which we refused to join. Madame Raki well concealed her feelings at the strange behavior of the "General of police." She said nothing, expressed nothing, did nothing other than preserve a rigid hauteur, and presently we were travelling along at tremendous speed, for the Napier was a high-powered machine and the chief's chauffeur one of the best.

Just after sundown we arrived at Jakusaki's villa and beheld a life-sized edition of the "Bansai" we had so often admired. It was like the story of Hans Christian Andersen's, where the little boy sees his toy houses grow into a full-sized town. Each little detail of mountain and lake was identical with that in the shop-window. And now a marvel occurred. The same little Japanese servant (or was he the twin brother—a facsimile of the one we found intoxicated in the Luxembourg gardens, and the one in charge of Jakusaki's shop?) received us. "We meet again to-day!" he smiled at our astonishment. He still seemed affected by strange narcotics or saké, or both, as though he had been celebrating too freely his master's return to reason. He bowed very low many times and, muttering apologies for his condition, led us through the villa, which was filled with the finest of curios, lacquered chairs, settees, priceless old sat-





Her little hands clasped across her bosom, and after bowing low several times knelt facing him.—Page 620.

suma and powdered-blue temple jars, on their carved teak-wood stands. In adjoining rooms stood cabinets of rare jade, and porcelain of the Han dynasty. The floors were covered with rich Chienlung rugs. Leading from the rear veranda was a short, well-worn path, bordered by iris blooms, to the Gyo garden, which, with its lake and mountains, lay in the afterglow of the sunset—a vision of beauty. Here, on an island, in a temple above the lake,

we beheld the two brothers, in ancient costume of the Samurai, standing on the worshipping-stones before a shrine. Incense was burning before a bronze Buddha of calm and smiling countenance. Lanterns were already lighted. Red fire was burning on the fishing-stone and on the high arched bridge. Madame Ita Raki, preserving the traditions, did not venture to approach her honorable husband during these sacred rites. She



small silent, gazing across the lake at her spouse, her little hands clasped across her bosom, and after bowing low several times knelt facing him. She was perfectly rigid, formal, in the best sense high-class, the tears rolling down her brown cheeks, her only concession to sentiment. She was happy.

Presently there was a sound of gongs and drums and music of samisen and tambourine. Fire-crackers banged. Troupes of Japanese men and women bearing flowers sprang up like magic on the "principal mountains," under the matzu central tree, on the stepping-stones, the wishing-stones, the mountain-shadow-stone, the guardian-stone, and the harmonizing-stone. The

snow-lanterns gave out a weird white light, and the tender sunset spread a soft pink glow over the garden and made it seem wholly unreal.

"Let us step on our magic carpet and fly away from Japan back to Paris," said Doctor Marnack; "this is too much of the stuff that dreams are made of—is my reward to be a dream?"

If Doctor Marnack won his twenty thousand francs for the discovery of the Japanese ambassador he did not win the chess tournament at Petrograd. They said he was dining too well for good chess. I thought this was quite possible.

## NORTH PORTUGAL AND ITS ROMARIAS

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THE horses had just pulled up a long grade when, at the top of the hill, our coachman, with a flourish of his whip, pointed out a white speck upon a distant mountain, bare and precipitous, and he said, "There's Bussaco."

We plodded on for an hour or more and at last began to climb in earnest until we reached a village, Luzo, sunning its pink roofs among the vineyards. Then we skirted a high wall and suddenly plunged through a gateway into another world. Houses, vineyards, the smiling peasants, even the bright hot sunlight of the summer afternoon—all were blotted out in an instant.

About us, interlocking their dense, rank branches above our heads, great trees of infinite variety intertwined to form a forest as dense and luxuriant as any tropic jungle, where, in their efforts to reach the life-giving sun, they spindled upward tall and straight, their lower limbs dying in the gloom beneath. The road wound cool and fragrant between hedges of ivy and laurel, mounting ever higher and

higher until we spied a slender shaft above our heads surmounted by an armillary sphere. Some out-buildings, a terrace, and a broad sunny esplanade—and, blinking in the bright light once more, we drew up before a monumental hotel, an enchanted palace in the wood!

Somewhere back in the Dark Ages, when good men fled the turmoil of eternal wars, hermit monks found this quiet retreat and built here a primitive convent. It never grew rich in worldly goods, nor did its bare-foot brothers live in the opulence that shamed other Portuguese convents. On the contrary, their only luxury was this forest. As their missionary brothers one by one went forth overseas to convert the heathen of Asia and America, their home convent, perched high up on its mountaintop, was ever present in their memories, and they sent or brought back to it every strange plant and tree that they could find, which, in this marvellous climate, where everything grows, thrived and multiplied. A papal bull, issued by Urban VIII, and still to be read inscribed upon the Porta de Coimbra, punished with major excommunication any one who dared touch this





The humble monastery that shelters beneath its giant bulk (Bussaco).—Page 623.

*bosque sagrado*, so that its trees have grown in peace and form to-day a virgin forest centuries old and many miles in circumference.

The variety of its growth is astounding. Pines, oaks, and chestnuts indigenous to northern woods neighbor exotic palms, camphor-trees, carobs, Lusitanian cypresses, and the giant cedars of Lebanon and Hindostan, forming dense groves where the sunlight only filters at midday,

blazing in tiny brilliant spots upon the ivy, smilax, and mosses that clothe the tree-trunks and spread their carpets upon the ground.

Sunlight is indeed necessary in these woods, and I can readily imagine the disappointment of any one who sees them only in the rain, smothered as they then are in the clouds of moisture that in these latitudes settle round the mountain-tops. We were fortunate in our sojourn, for

every day we were able to walk in a different direction through these amazing forests—a delight, a continual surprise, an everlasting wonderment at the prodigal hand of nature. Fountains, pools, cascades greet one at each turn, and their murmur forms a rippling accompaniment to the songs of the birds and to the gentle refrain of the trees that hum in the breeze like the after sweep of harp-strings. Every puff of wind and zephyr brings its scent and makes you glad indeed if, in this twentieth century, you still have a pagan sense left.

The walk we liked best led up a zigzag path that steeply mounts behind the hotel. It was the old Calvary, and at each of its turnings a square chapel still stands, mouldy and moss-grown and decorated with stone mosaics by the patient silent monks. Though shorn of their sculptures, these stations of the cross still show vestiges of their old painted backgrounds.

They lead you at length through ivy-covered copses and dense thickets of laurestina to two old hermitages, perched one above the other.

These also were fashioned by the monks, and each contains a tiny oratory, a sleeping-chamber whose hard couch is still marked upon the stone floor, a rude kitchen, and a storeroom lined with cork. You step from the dense woods into these anchoretic retreats and from them out again on to a little terrace where you pause and gasp, bewildered, for the world lies spread at your feet.

Drunk with air and sunshine after the darkness of the woods, you gaze, without let or limit, over plains drenched and flooded with blue, where green fields and pink-tiled villages sun themselves among darker patterns of pine woods. Far to the westward the sand-bars gleam white against a long, deep sapphire line. To the north rise the Caramulla Mountains,



Terraces overlooking the Douro, Oporto.



range after range, one behind another, fading at last to far cerulean lands, so faint that one asks, Is it sky, is it sea; ing reserved for the use of the royal family.

solid earth or merely a passing cloud? I infinitely prefer this view to the more extensive one gained from the Cruz Alta above, at the extreme top of the mountain—a panorama of vast extent indeed, but lacking both the mystery and charm of this initial glimpse coming like a vision upon your senses.

Another walk, best toward evening, brings you to the Porta de Sulla, overlooking the battle-field—"Bussaco's iron ridge"—where, before Wellington's forces, Massena, the darling of victory, first tasted

defeat. And indeed, as one looks from this gate down the dizzy declivities up which the French troops toiled, one wonders at the temerity of the commander who would dare send his men to storm so formidable a position.

When the old convent was secularized some years ago, the Matta of Bussaco was taken over by the state, and it was decided to erect within it a palace to be presented to the Crown. The palace was duly built, but, for political reasons, was never offered to the King, but turned instead into a hotel, a special pavilion be-

The great hostelry is, I confess, somewhat out of the picture—insolent in the over-elaboration of its architecture, and too sharp a contrast to the humble monastery that shelters beneath its giant bulk. But it is veritably a lotus-eater's paradise. I can imagine no lovelier place for rest and quiet recreation than this palatial caravansary sheltered in its miles of woods. It is kept to suit the most fastidious taste, and I am convinced that, were it upon one of the beaten roads of travel, it would be famous the world over.

In striking contrast to its magnificence is the monastery beside it—a true abode of anchorites. No spacious corridors here as at Thomar; no vast kitchens like Alcobaça; no gorgeous cloisters as at Belem. All is meek and humble. Along the narrow halls, roofed with cork, cork doors just large enough to frame a human form admit to the narrow cells. At each angle stands an altar of Talavera tiles, blue and yellow with Persian-like bird-panels on a pale-greenish ground. Half-effaced portraits of monks and abbots, grim and ascetic, and a few grewsome re-



The cathedral, Oporto.

figures form the sole decoration of the walls.

But the woods all about are enlivened with charming features—some recent,

thick, flat canopies of its cypresses spread like green-velvet parasols to screen the sun?

We left this Eden one afternoon as the



The gorge of the Douro, at Oporto.

others dating from times long ago: crystal fountains gushing from fern-grown glens; rock grottoes dripping with veil-like waterfalls, in whose caverns palms and rare tropical plants thrive as in a hothouse; seats of stone mosaic; ivy-grown ruins, and a *scala santa* which you ascend between cascades and varied cryptogamia.

Bussaco's beauty baffles both pen and pencil, for it resides chiefly in the vast extent of its glorious woods, and how picture the variety of these stately avenues, the depth of the cedar groves, and the

clouds were lowering and rain threatened at any moment, and, as we coasted down the steep decline in the hotel's motor, our sadness at departure was somewhat tempered by the thought of a change in the weather.

And, surely enough, when we next saw the great ridge from the train as we left Pampilhosa the clouds had descended about it, and were drifting thicker, while showers from time to time obscured even the lower spurs.

The country that we traversed, espe-



cially upon such a day, made us think of Holland. It was indeed the direct antithesis to that we had just left. Perfectly flat fields, separated by narrow

The villas and bathing-resorts of Granja, suburban in character, told us we were nearing an important city, and presently, just before entering the station at Villa



The monumental *scala*, a wilderness of stairs (Bom Jesus).—Page 632.

canals and bordered by long fringes of trees, alternated with sand-dunes. We knew the sea was near; so, when at length we approached Aveiro, whose fishermen and *varinas* are famous the country over, we were quite prepared to perceive the broad Atlantic just beyond the town.

The leaden clouds had lifted. We had dropped, in but an hour or two, from the mountains to the sea, in whose immensity we watched the sun set in a halo of glory, like one of Claude's great golden canvases.

Nova de Gaia, we caught our first glimpse of Oporto, sitting proudly on its hills, its tiers of windows throwing back the last rays of the sun. As we waited, the dusk darkened into night. But when we did finally cross high above the Douro, upon the airy bridge that spans its deep ravine, profound as at Niagara, the picture was superb.

Far below, the river wound in a silver bow, the boats upon it mere specks; chains and festoons of light revealed the city silhouetted against a steel-colored



E. C. Perrotto  
1894.

Corner of a romaria.

sky, and followed the irregular lines of the streets, starring them like the firmament, white above and golden far down by the water's edge. Slowly we crossed the dizzy heights, then rumbled through a tunnel and into the station.

We slept that night in a bit of France, lost in this far corner of Portugal. Madame at the desk, monsieur in the dining-room, the food, the good beds, and the comfortably furnished room—all recalled the best type of French provincial hotel.

Oporto has been surnamed the "Laborious," and I think it deserves the appellation. It is pre-eminently a commercial city, so its main arteries teem with life. The abrupt slopes that rise from the river-bank make its streets exceptionally

steep and irregular. Yet almost all the burden of its commerce is carried in odd, boat-shaped baskets upon the heads and shoulders of its citizens, who plod up the hills bearing incredible loads. Horses are few and are reserved for carriages and lighter vehicles.

All the heavy hauling is done by the ox-teams that are the most distinctive feature of its thoroughfares. The oxen are of a big, strong type, with an enormous spread of horns. The carts are as primitive as in the day of Celt or Roman, and the yokes are unique. Four or five feet in length, they stand almost upright like pictures upon easels, carved with intricate pierced patterns sometimes suggesting Moorish design, sometimes enriched



with saints and angels, and often painted in the same gay colors as the carts in Palermo. The master of the team walks behind it or sits upon the load, while the big patient animals are led by a boy or girl who precedes them armed with a goad. The sight of the girls especially—mere slips of creatures of the tender age that most needs protection—walking barefoot in the dirty streets, tugging and hauling at the great beasts, whose horns often graze their slender bodies, stirs the stranger's heart to pity.

The life of the common people centres in the Praça da Ribeira, an irregular little square, foul and dust-swept, down by the river-front. Here ox-teams and longshoremen come in contact with the queer craft of the harbor and take up their burdens. Here one may best study the strange rigs of the boats, and the picturesque hulls of the *barcos de tolde* shaped like gondolas; the flat-bottomed punts and, most characteristic of all, the high-pooed *barcos rabello*, the great boats that bring their precious cargoes of port wine, through shoal and sand-bar, down the turbid Douro to the warehouses of Oporto.

Colliers from England, coasting ships from Bordeaux and Galicia, and native vessels from the Azores complete the background. The larger liners no longer pass the treacherous bar, but anchor instead in the new artificial harbor at Leixões a few miles away.

The broad quay that skirts the river reflects this cosmopolitan life and recalls picturesque Santa Lucia in the heyday of its squalor and activity. The city wall

that borders it is honeycombed with the troglodytic shops of ship-chandlers, sailors' retreats, and evil-smelling barrooms; the houses that overlook it flaunt drying

linen and pots of gaudy flowers to the sun; the motley throng that crowds its granite quay are sturdy sea-folks bronzed and weathered by wind and spray. The houses rise abruptly, one above another, topped at last by the huge bulk of the Bishop's Palace, looming at the end of the airy bridge, the Ponte de Dom Luiz Primeiro, that leaps the Douro from bank to bank on



An ox-team, Oporto.

the daring sweep of its single skeleton arch.

The streets that lead from the quay to the upper town are quite mediæval in character—dark, tortuous lanes overshadowed by tall houses and further shaded by projecting balconies. In their open shops cobblers and carpenters, saddlers and bookbinders, ply their trades, using tools and implements of centuries ago. I especially remember one dark alley filled with smithies, in which was such a din of hammers beating on brass, copper, and zinc, reverberating, thrown back and forth from wall to wall, that my senses were bewildered. Yet children played peacefully in the gutters, while housewives hung out their linen on the balconies overhead quite oblivious and seemingly content.

The most unusual of these streets is the Rua das Flores, where the goldsmiths and silversmiths display their extraordinary wares—glittering cases of jewelry for the rich peasants of the Minho, made in great



part in the village of Gondomar. Crucifixes of elaborate filigree; great earrings, eight to nine inches long; massive pectoral hearts engrossed with leaves and tendrils set with precious stones that stand almost free from the golden background; massive chains and locket; English sovereigns and gold pistoles and doubloons set as watch-charms, form the most amazing exhibition of peasant jewels that I have ever seen.

In other streets near by the country folk buy their costumes, and the shop-fronts are gay with colored sashes for the men and with bright kerchiefs and petticoats for the women. As most of the common people are illiterate, quaint picture signs dangle in the air, designating the shop, whose name would otherwise be illegible.

The streets of the upper town are cleaner and more modern in appearance, and meet here and there in spacious squares laid out with beautiful gardens. But one finds walking or driving in them rather fatiguing, for all the pavements are of granite. In fact, Oporto is a city of granite. Every church and palace, all its embankments, even the door and window frames of its humblest houses, are made of this enduring stone, whose stubbornness of surface has restrained the use of ornament, so that the city's architecture in the main is dignified and simple.

This is the note of its principal monuments. The cathedral, though disfigured by late alterations, is a grave, austere pile, like most of the very early churches of this northern country, and so is the huge Bishop's Palace that adjoins it. This latter is now unoccupied, so the monumental staircase of noble design but tawdry decoration echoes no footstep; the long suites of chambers are denuded, and the private chapel despoiled. As we walked through these empty rooms, one after another, our soldier guide opening each door with a key, we came at length to one in which a gorgeous cardinal's robe, ermine-trimmed, hung sunning over a chair by the window, mute evocation of the holy man who used to sit there and gaze hence over vine-clad pergolas and pottery roofs, plunging one below the other to the crowded shipping of the quays below.

These views of Oporto from the heights are highly picturesque and one may enjoy them from several points of vantage.

On the Passeio das Fontainhas, for instance, you stand between the two bridges—that of the railway and the foot-bridge—both remarkable feats of engineering. Upon the opposite shore rises the conspicuous church of the Serra do Pilar, whence Wellington directed his famous crossing of the Douro and from which his cannon bombarded the city. But the view from the far end of the Ponte de Dom Luiz is, I think, the best. Here you face the city that rises like a wall from the water's edge. At the bottom are the granite quays I have described, alive with moving crowds, the light-colored waists and bundles of the women splashing white spots against the dark-gray stone. Skiffs crowd about the landing-steps; the tall white sails of the wine-boats go floating by like stately swans; sombre groups of coal-barges, clustered about the custom-house, form intricate patterns upon the yellow-green water, and now and then a steamer or a tug comes slowly up the deep gorge from the sea. Tiny wherries, rowed by men standing upright, dart from shore to shore bearing business men to and from the warehouses that stretch in long lines along the south bank, where the wealth of the country and the mainspring of its activities—those rare old port wines, the precious Muscatel de Jesus, the rich white Malmsey, the sweet Bastardo, and all the sorts and varieties of Tintas—lie mellowing and ripening.

North of the Douro stretches a rich province of vineyards—a land where the peasants are self-respecting, happy, frugal, and often wealthy; where the granite walls have stood for centuries; where the forms of the old ox-carts have never changed; where the husbandmen use the same ploughs and farm implements that one sees graven upon the Celtic stone of Citania.

To visit this country we set out by train one morning for Guimarães.

The road from Oporto lies through a smiling land where every house is smothered in grape-vines, where the little Leça, sung by Sa de Miranda, flows gurgling through a narrow valley, setting in motion numerous water-wheels, diving under ivy-grown bridges, and polishing great granite boulders that shine resplendent in the sun.



Finally, Guimarães appears, lying amid its vineyards and still guarded by its ancient castle, the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy. The city has a fine old aristocratic air—that of an impoverished

King of the Gothic peoples. Incredulous, he cried in jest that he would be king when his goad blossomed into leaf. So saying, he thrust his long olive-staff into the ground, when, lo, leaves burst from it!



A wine-boat on the Douro.

nobleman—with its stately palaces flaunting their many quarterings on escutcheons above their entrances, its substantial houses, and its venerable paving-stones worn rutty by hundreds of years of footsteps.

Upon a picturesque square, arcaded and irregular in shape, front the main church and the old town hall, a curious edifice that straddles the praça on a series of stumpy arches. A taste of a later generation has remodelled its upper story and decked it with Manueline spheres and with a strange knight in nondescript armor, a burlesque figure fit to grace a Louis XIV ballet.

The Church of Our Lady of the Olives is a grave and sober pile, dating from the first period of the country's history. In its granite cloister grows an old olive-tree that recalls the story from which the church takes its name—a tradition of the time of the Visigoths. Wamba was ploughing his fields when envoys from Toledo came to tell him that he had been elected

Amazed, he attempted to pull it from the earth, but found it firmly rooted. Wamba was king!

From this church a long winding street, spanned here and there with arches and lined with ancient habitations, mounts gradually to the castle. This I have called the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy, for here Affonso Henriques was born, and here he was baptized in a little chapel still standing, that used to be enclosed within the outer walls.

The old fortress remains quite intact, owing to its solid construction, for it is built of well-fitted blocks of granite exceptionally large for a building of its date. You may still walk its entire *chemin des rondes*, while its battlements and stairways, towers and bastions, and even its curious pyramidal merlons, a legacy of the Moors, are still in place. The views from the ramparts are charming—sanctuaries on the surrounding hills, the green valley, the old town, the fields through which we were to drive on the morrow veiled by



their screens of vines, combining to make a lovely panorama.

I awoke early next morning to the sound of bells—chimes merry and gay, jingling tunes knocked out with a hammer on sweet-toned bells, and as I looked out of the window the black-robed women were going to mass, most of them afoot, but one or two in old-fashioned landaus that accorded well with the time-worn palace fronts. Before the hotel a carriage waited for us, and while the air was still fresh and crisp we set forth for Braga.

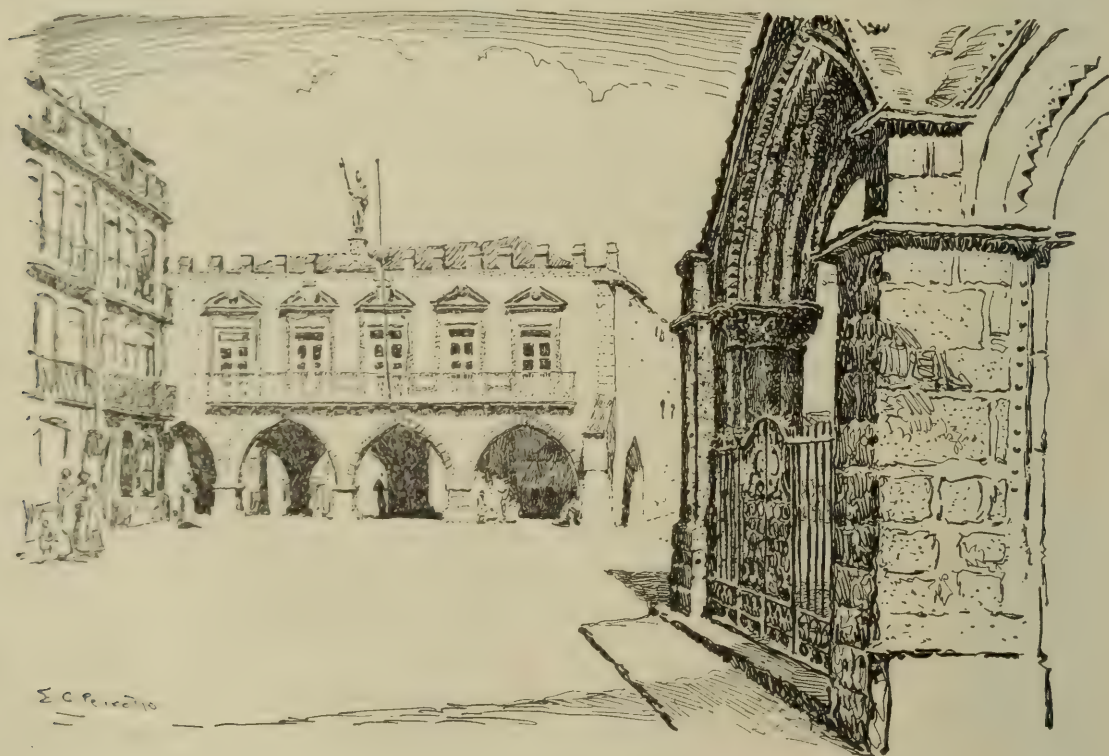
The road lay through a land of vineyards—not the close-cropped vineyards that we know, but screens of vines that gayly mount aloft on oaks, poplars, and cherry-trees—*uveiras*, the Minhotos call them—twenty or thirty feet in air sunning themselves as they did in the days of ancient Rome: *ulmisque adjungere vites*. So they grow in the fields, but in the villages they are cultivated *de ramada* trellised over tall stone posts or trained on pergolas and arbors that span the narrow streets. In their shade sit old women with distaffs, and the click of the looms issues from the sturdy houses built of solid blocks of granite.

At Taipas we were tempted to turn off the road and visit the ruins of Citania,

whose curious stones had so intrigued us in the museum at Guimarães. But, being seekers for the picturesque and not archæologists, and being quite incapable of solving riddles that have puzzled all Celto-Iberian scholars, we gave up the expedition and proceeded to climb the Falperra Range. We ascended through pines and chestnuts to open pastures, where herds of oxen graze among purple granite boulders, mighty isolated monoliths that the Cyclops might have hurled after fleeing Ulysses. Near Santa Marta in Cima we topped the pass and quickly descended until Braga lay disclosed, sunning itself in the clear morning air.

The women washing by the river looked up as we rattled over the bridge, and through a narrow street crowded with ragged urchins; then we rumbled into a square, the Campo Santa Anna, and, with a crack of the whip, drew up at the hotel.

We first visited the cathedral, as that seemed the proper thing to do, for does not Braga claim to be the oldest see in the peninsula and does not its archbishop claim primacy of all the Spains? The church seems modest for these pretensions, but in the streets about it cluster a number of shops that add to its ecclesiastical atmosphere—shops that cater to the wants of



The town hall, Guimarães.



the numerous clergy who visit the primatial palace near by. Some of them display vestments of damask and brocade, others hangings of rich silks. In one we watched a white-haired artisan polish a pair of silver-gilt candlesticks, while on shelves behind him pyxes and monstrances, crosses and reliquaries, stood ready for delivery. In another a brown-bearded sculptor, who looked like a monk, showed us a life-size Christ that he was carving from a block of cedar-wood brought from far Nicaragua.

In these same by-streets are houses whose jalousies recall the days of Moorish occupation and old churches like São João that are strange architectural medleys, mixtures of every known style.

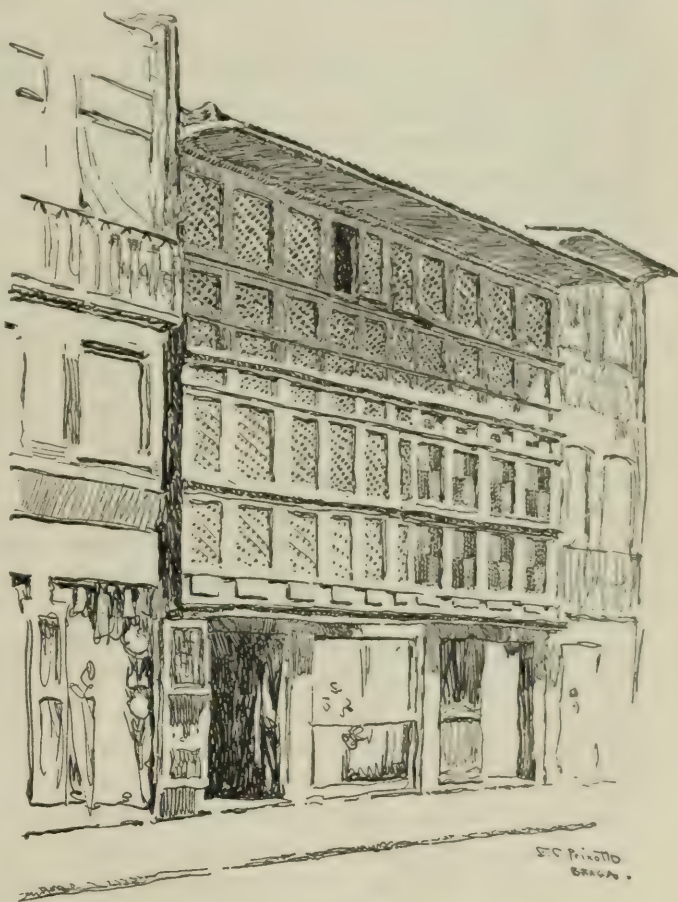
The beggars of Braga deserve a niche to themselves, fit subjects as they are for a Rembrandt or a Calot. Such tatterdemalions, such ragamuffins, I have seldom if ever seen—mere bundles of rags and patches. One boy I shall never forget whose shirt consisted solely of a neck-band and a single strip of cloth that hung down in front, his own naked body, brown and dirty, showing everywhere else except where covered by a ragged coat. He wore a pair of man's trousers also in tatters, cut off above the knees, and held in place by an ancient solitary string that threatened at any instant to break.

Though Braga itself is interesting, I should advise any one who proposed to spend more than a day or two in its vicinity to make his headquarters at Bom Jesus do Monte, a sanctuary perched upon a hill near by, where there is a comfortable hotel kept by the same proprietor as the one in town.

And what a view you enjoy from your window!

It faces upon a terrace bordered by a curtain of trees beyond which the mountain drops sheer a thousand feet or more to a level of rolling hills covered with vineyards that stretch out like Persian carpets, whose curving patterns are outlined with feathery lines of vine-clad trees that soften the landscape and give it the

atmospheric effect of finely woven tapestry. The long line of Braga's winding street leads off to the city spreading itself on a hill-crest, its pink roofs framed in green. Chapels, churches, crosses mark



Whose jalousies recall the days of Moorish occupation.

other hilltops that recede one beyond another, till far away the long silver thread of the Cavado River marks the bottom of the valley, beyond which a line of purple mountains screens the sea.

Toward sunset the effects are magical, and the sweet-toned voices of Braga's many bells come faintly to your ears in drowsy chimes.

In the daylight hours you may wander in the woods that surround the sanctuary, not as extensive as those at Bussaco nor as beautiful, but lovely pleasure-grounds nevertheless, where redwoods and oaks, ilex and chestnuts, grow side by side, and long avenues of twisted cork-trees recall Fragonard's "Allée Ombrageuse." We enjoyed several days of this peaceful quiet, then waited impatiently for the end of the week, for we especially



wanted to see a great romaria that was then to take place.

Most visitors to Portugal miss these romarias altogether by coming either too early in the spring or too late in the autumn. Yet they are the most characteristic expression of the soul of the people that you can see, and I should say the most typical merrymakings left in Europe to-day. All the latent happiness repressed during the winter and the long workdays of early spring then bursts into flower and intoxicates itself with light and color, movement and life.

The girls put on their gayest attire (and gay it is indeed); the young men don their Sunday raiment; the hamlets empty themselves; and young and old in joyful bands, singing and dancing as they go, set forth for the place of pilgrimage. The golden dust rises from the powdery road kicked by the feet of the *romeiros* in rhythmic measure, while *viola* answers guitar and the girls' throats fling their shrill falsetto notes to the air. What matters who is the patron—whether he be Our Lord of the Stone at Espinho or Our Lord of the Sailors at Bom Jesus? What matters the distance—the leagues to be covered? There is music at the end, and life and gayety and wine; flags fluttering from tall mastheads, *foguete*s bursting like bombs in the air, and an illuminated church, drowsy with incense, resplendent with a thousand candles.

Romarias of Portugal! Who that has seen you would ever forget your charm—relic of Hellenic festivals, feasts of color, and the joy of human comradeship!

During our stay in Portugal we saw three of these pilgrimages, including the celebrated one at Mattozinhos. But the one I like best to remember was certainly this at Bom Jesus do Monte. The background alone is admirable, and its distance from any considerable city makes it a true peasant affair. The day before, as early as dawn, ox-wains began to arrive, toiling up the steep mountain, their wooden axles creaking like hurt dogs.

Some brought rude collapsible booths; others tables and benches for the outdoor kitchens; others again awnings and trinkets to be sold—but the most brought casks of wine. These were backed into place, the casks remaining upon the rude

carts, whose spokeless wheels recalled remotest antiquity; then cask and cart alike were decked with oak boughs or grapevines and earthen jars stuck upon poles to serve as drinking-vessels.

The preparations continued apace. Hammers tapped everywhere; garlands of lights were arranged before the great church and in the woods about it; flags and banners were hung on tall poles. Finally the roadways were cleared of dead leaves and swept up, so that by evening all was in readiness for the morrow.

At daybreak the peasants began to arrive. They came in little troops of a dozen or more, the women gay in yellows and reds, the men in sombre colors or black. All sang as they walked, accompanying each other with *viola* or *tambourine*, and every few minutes the women would break into a dance, rhythmic and cadenced, snapping their fingers and bending their waists in time to the spirited music.

Troop after troop arrived, some issuing from the woods behind the church, some coming by the roads that curved up from the valley, and others mounting the monumental *scala*, a wilderness of stairs that forms the main approach for pilgrims. They would pause on each of the landings and peer into the chapels where the story of the Passion is depicted by life-size wooden figures, colored and gilded, that recall Gaudenzio Ferrari's terra-cottas at Varallo—some of them remarkably lifelike with settings of growing plants placed against a painted background.

At each chapel the men removed their hats, and with their women pressed their faces against the gratings in rapt attention, some lighting small candles, others dropping coppers into boxes provided for that purpose. They stared, too, at the curious Fountains of the Senses and the stone statues of saints and martyrs, blotched with lichens, that make this Calvary so fantastic. At length they reached the great church whose bells had been calling since early morning.

By ten o'clock the crowd became dense and the shuffle of thousands of feet filled the air with a fine golden dust. The chimes now pealed a great bob-major and the church filled—hushed and quiet in contrast to the movement outdoors, the



women kneeling on the stone floor, the men standing reverently in the background, while clouds of incense veiled the myriad candles. Brocades and damasks hung from the drum of the dome. The pilasters were twined with garlands, the altar rails graced with growing plants. By noon mass was finished.

The crowds, in the open air again, singing and dancing, joking and laughing, made for the big booths, where in camp kitchens stews were steaming and fish were frying. Here at long tables, crowded to overflowing, they munched their coarse bread, their potatoes and fruits, washing them down with *maduro verde*, the tart little wine of the country. The wine-casks on the ox-wagons were tapped; their bung-holes became purple, and their contents went sizzling down dry throats hoarse with singing.

Itinerant booksellers vaunted their cheap wares—chap-books and pamphlets, lurid tales of adventure, “lovers’ treasures,” fairy-stories, and bits of cheap philosophy in the form of rhymed dialogues. Interesting types passed by—

people who have been called “the finest peasantry in Europe to-day”—clean-cut youths larking with pretty girls; handsome women, straight as caryatides, balancing amphoræ on their heads; beggars in tatters with the manners of hidalgos, who bow low to you even though you refuse the *cinco reis* they so humbly ask.

The mountains of coarse rye bread grow lower. The air is filled with the sound of voices and laughter, with the scent of roasting chestnuts and frying oil. The animation becomes intense, rhythmic strains of guitar and viola, accordion and tambourine ever present, and everywhere groups are dancing.

How different these dances from those of northern climes! In the northlands people dance from the hips down, holding the body more or less rigid as in the jig, the reel, and hornpipe. Agility is the chief characteristic. In the south the dances are an expression of emotion and poetry, the body, head, arms, and hands playing quite as much a part as the feet. Here in north Portugal they dance the *modas da roda*—rounds where the man



Church of São João, Braga.

parties the woman in a variety of graceful steps, she bending away from him, snapping her finger, he buzzing round her like a bee round a rose. Sometimes the measure is lively as in the boleros, sometimes grave as in the *malhão triste*, but always full of a rhythm difficult to withstand.

During these dances you may admire the beauty of the women's costumes: their brilliant petticoats ornamented with colored borders, their velvet aprons trimmed with jet, their embroidered bodices, and the fringed kerchiefs that they wear knotted round their heads and folded across their breasts. On these they display their jewelry—the elaborate and costly goldsmith's work that we had admired in the Rua das Flores—chains and crosses, locket and hearts, in glittering array. All their wealth is invested in these golden trinkets, passed from generation to generation, and, though a young woman may be barefoot, five golden chains often hang about her neck and two huge pair of earrings dangle to her shoulders.

The prettiest costumes come from the neighborhood of Barcellos and Vianna de Castello, made entirely by hand and trimmed with elaborate patterns. Dainty slippers, handsome handkerchiefs, and an *aljibeira* or embroidered purse complete the details of one of the most becoming peasant costumes I know. The wealthy young farmers and vineyardists also attract attention. They wear short jackets trimmed with braid, with silver-linked

buttons at the wrist, and sometimes all the way up to the elbow. Their trousers are tight-fitting, but flare at the ankle, their hats are felt and very wide-brimmed, and they carry long staves, chosen with great care for their strength and pliability.

Among these young men the spirit of the troubadours still persists, for they love to sing and to match each other in *desgarrados a viola*, an interesting feature of these romarias—improvisations accompanied by violin, in which they throw back answer and reply, keeping their company in high spirits as each tries to outdo the other in a tournament of wits.

When tired, they adjourn again to the wine-casks and, before the sign *vinho particular*, that is, "from my own vineyard," cool their parched throats. At length the warm summer sun heats their heads. The dancers step to a livelier measure; the fête in full swing reaches its climax.

Then the shadows begin to steal across the terrace. They lengthen and the evening brings quiet. The crowds slip away. The vast terrace is almost deserted and soon the shadows of night bring stillness and repose. Romarias of Portugal! Who that has seen you will ever forget your charm, your savor of rustic landscapes, of smiling valleys and cottages where happy children play in the shade of blossoming orange-trees—reminders of the bacchanalias of ancient Greece, with their suave pagan choruses, half-hymn, half-song—roses and myrtle—floating in the clear, calm air!

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## THE GROUND-SWELL

By Edith M. Thomas

THOU hearest on the beach

The waves—how hoarse they call!  
Yet, far as eye can reach,  
A sea of glass is all.

Heed not that wave-sound hoarse—  
The ground-swell, and no more,  
From some far tempest's force  
That cannot reach thy shore.

Child! Heed thou not at all!

Thine is yon dimpling sea;  
And that hoarse shadow-call  
Is nothing unto thee.

That tempest smites a land  
Where thou wast never cast:  
It rings along a strand  
Within my long-gone Past.



# IMMIGRATION AFTER THE WAR

By Frederic C. Howe

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York



HAT will be the effect of the European war on immigration? This is a question of portentous interest; a question far more important, in fact, than the effect

of the war upon trade and commerce, for the life of America is being profoundly influenced by the alien blood and alien traditions which, in recent years, have come in increasing volume from the Slavic and Latin countries of the south of Europe rather than from the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic countries of the north. Already, in many of the industrial cities to the east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers, the foreign-born population and the children of foreign-born amount to seventy-five per cent of the total, while the foreign-born population of the country as a whole has risen to over 13,000,000, or one-eighth of the total.

For several years incoming immigrants have numbered over 1,000,000 persons a year, of which from 300,000 to 400,000 returned to their native lands. Since the outbreak of the war, however, immigration has fallen to one-sixth of this number. The tide has turned. In the past ten months more people have left America than entered it. Military service at home and the closing of many of the ports of Europe have placed an embargo on the human tide which in recent years has come predominantly from Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and the Balkan states.

In 1913, when immigration reached a total of 1,197,892, northern Europe, including Great Britain, contributed only 137,225 of this number, while southern Europe contributed 718,905. Of the latter, 236,478 came from Italy, 212,692 from Russia, and 225,355 from Austria-Hungary. The only north-European immigration of any consequence in recent years is from Scandinavia and Great Britain. France has never been generous in her contributions to our ethnic composite;

while for twenty years Germany has been an almost negligible factor. Immigration from the latter country has fallen to 23,731 in 1912, 28,983 in 1913, and 29,982 in 1914. As a matter of fact, more people immigrate into Germany than out of it. Nor has crowded Belgium made any appreciable additions to our population, in spite of the fact that people live more densely packed in that little nation than in any country of Europe.

The results of the war are a subject of conjecture. It is claimed by some that, irrespective of the outcome, European nations will gird their loins to repair the ravages of the war. They will prohibit emigration in so far as they can. Their energies will be devoted to the rehabilitation of their wasted places, to the planting of crops, the manning of mills, the rebuilding of roads and homes, and the re-establishment of industry. They will struggle to regain lost markets and, under the militaristic régime that has been developed, state activities will be carried to far greater lengths than ever before. There will be an organized effort to keep people at home.

By others it is claimed that millions will flee the Old World to avoid militaristic conditions; they will seek to escape the burdens of taxation; they will be driven by want and despair to find a freer home in a new land.

Both of these conjectures are probably in part correct. Immigration from some countries will cease, while immigration from other countries will be accelerated. New currents will be set in motion that will change the character of immigration, as well as its volume. New social necessities will change the functions of government, while the war itself will profoundly alter human psychology, which, in turn, will profoundly affect the new *Völkerwanderung* which for at least twenty centuries has been moving steadily toward the west.

It is safe to assume that Germany will



permit as few of her people to migrate as possible. Germany is the most socialized state in the modern world. She owns the railroads, express, telegraph, and telephone lines. Individual states own and operate coal-mines, the potash industry, smelting works, and great hydro-electric power stations, while the cities own not only the public-service corporations but perform a great variety of other undertakings as well. Great agricultural estates are owned by the states and cities, as are forest preserves. Docks, harbors, canals, and waterways form part of the transportation system, while the state is a partner in a variety of other enterprises. Over 3,000,000 men are employed in the state civil service, and, exclusive of the profits of the cities, more than \$280,000,000 is earned every year from the various state undertakings, whose aggregate value exceeds seven billion dollars. Germany has an efficient civil service; the traditions of the state are those of paternalism, which the war has carried to far greater extremes than prevailed in time of peace. Undoubtedly, when the war is over, the existing militaristic organization will be applied to reconstruction, and every effort will be bent to recapture the trade that has been lost, to regain a position on the seas, and to rebuild the fatherland.

The same forces will be set in motion in England. The railways have already been temporarily nationalized as a war emergency measure. Millions have been appropriated by Parliament for the building of working-men's homes. Steps have been taken for the partial nationalization of the food-supply and laws have been passed permitting the government to commandeer any factory or manufacturing plant and transform it into an establishment for the production of munitions of war—a measure more sweeping and revolutionary than any social legislation ever adopted by that country. At a single stroke a condition has been created beyond the dreams of socialism for many years to come.

The war has changed the old individualism which has dominated English thought since the time of Napoleon. It has altered the negative philosophy of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Herbert Spencer, who have insisted that the state should

keep out of industry and interfere with its operations as little as possible. Great Britain will find it impossible to go back to the individualism of former days when the war is over. Her necessities will be as great as those of Germany. She, too, will direct her energies to an industrial rehabilitation, in which she will have the backing of the large labor group in the nation. Great Britain, like Germany, will seek to keep her people at home.

Belgium may be a memory; she may be a nation. If the latter, the labor party, which, prior to the war, was one of the largest single groups in this little kingdom and its most vital political and social force, will undoubtedly be recognized; it may be ascendant. It already has a strong group in the senate and the lower house. Belgium, too, had developed the co-operative idea through co-operative associations which were among the most wonderful in Europe. Already the foundations had been laid for a social programme through the organization of labor groups in parliament and the cities with a total voting membership in the country of over 500,000. The patriotism of the Belgians and their affection for their land is evidenced by the fact that only a handful have come to America since the outbreak of the war, despite the millions who have been dispossessed of their homes and all that they possess.

What is true of Germany, England, and Belgium is only less true of France. She, too, will have great waste stretches to rebuild; she, too, has a socialistic ministry with a definite political and social programme. And socialization will undoubtedly be carried to a great extent by this country. State socialism on an unprecedented scale will undoubtedly be one of the by-products of the war all over Europe.

In addition to the efforts of the state, the loss of from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 able-bodied men will create a labor vacuum. Mills, mines, and factories will find difficulty in securing employees; the farms will be denuded of men. Eastern Europe has been overrun by armies, as has northern France. This shortage of labor, together with the efforts of the nations to quickly rebuild their industries, will lead to an increase in wages, an increase that is



inevitable. In addition to this, all life has been disorganized, and men will return to their work with old traditions destroyed and a new sense of individual power.

Under these conditions wages may rise very rapidly. They may rise to something like a parity with wages in the United States. This will keep men at home. It may bring about a reversal of the immigration current and lure workers to these countries from America. For along with the stream of incoming aliens there is always a counter-current of outgoing ones. Between 300,000 and 400,000 aliens leave America each year to return to their native lands. They take with them their accumulations. They acquire small holdings, they open shops, and spend the balance of their life in their old home surroundings. There is no indissoluble affection on the part of many foreigners for America. And, with wage conditions improved, there is no reason why hundreds of thousands of the more recent arrivals, who have not taken root in this country, should not return to their native lands under more favorable economic and social conditions.

These are some of the forces which will tend to check immigration, and the most desirable immigration. It will keep the able-bodied, the well and strong, at home, who have always been welcome to America and who have contributed so much to our industrial development.

But while state action, the re-establishment of industry, and a labor vacuum will keep many men and women at home, other forces will be set in motion which will drive them to this country. They may come in such numbers as to create the most serious immigration problem we have ever had, and one that will tax our sympathies and emotions far more than the individual cases that now present themselves to the immigration authorities. In the first place, there will probably be from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 widows or dependent women left husbandless, fatherless, and destitute by the war. Possibly twice as many children will be bereft of their providers. Many of them will have lost their homes; they will not be wanted by any of the contending nations. They will be an additional burden in the period of reconstruction. Millions

of these women and children have friends and relatives in the United States to whom they will extend appealing arms. This is especially true of Russia, Austria-Hungary, Poland, Italy, and the Balkans. All of these nations, in addition, with the exception of Italy, have been ravished by the war; in some parts the entire country has been laid waste.

War is always hardest on the Jews. They have no voice in the government. They are subjects of personal and official persecution. And the centres of Jewish emigration are in the eastern war zone. Jewish immigration to this country is assisted, as is that of other nations, by friends already in the country, who give generously to the oppressed of their race and have organized agencies for the distribution of incoming Jews and the finding of places of employment for them. The stories of Jewish outrages have quickened the ready sympathies of the American Jew, and undoubtedly when the censorship is raised and the stories of atrocities find their way to this country Jewish immigration will be stimulated at a more rapid rate than ever before.

Immigration from southern Europe will probably continue to predominate and will probably increase in volume. Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and the Balkan states are not as efficiently organized as are Germany, England, and France. They are not experienced in state or socialized effort. These are peasant countries with but few large cities. A great majority of the people live upon the land, much of which has been fought over and from which the horses and live stock and growing crops have been requisitioned, so that it will be almost impossible to re-establish agriculture for many years to come. Hope in these countries will be at a low ebb, while a large part of the able-bodied population will be gone. Already in many sections only old women and children remain. There will undoubtedly be a heavy immigration from these countries.

The immigration of women and children will also undoubtedly reach large proportions. This change is already manifest. They, too, will be assisted to come. Not by foreign governments seeking to dump their undesirables, but by relatives in this country who send money, who



write about conditions in America, who lure old neighbors by stories of high wages, improved social and political conditions, by tales of achievement on the part of their children, and who advance the cost of transportation and sufficient "show-money" to enable the alien to pass the immigration inspector. From seventy to eighty per cent of the immigration from the south of Europe is probably assisted in this way, and fully eighty per cent of the incoming immigrants are ticketed to some friend in this country, who "grub-stakes" them, finds employment, and cares for them until they secure a footing.

Other influences will stimulate immigration from all of the contending nations. From 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 men have been taken from the factories, the mines, the mills, and from agricultural labor. They have experienced a freedom they have never before enjoyed. They have been thrown upon their own resources and have lived their own lives with their fellows in the trenches. A spirit of independence will have been created; and with it a restless, roving disinclination to the old humdrum life of the farm or the mill. A kind of freedom and resourcefulness will be created and the psychology of all Europe will be changed. A new spirit of independence will probably take the place of the feudalistic life previously accepted as inevitable. Many of these restless millions will resent their former condition. They will prize their newly experienced freedom. In addition, home ties will have been broken. Old connections will have been destroyed. Many will have acquired the tramp and vagrant spirit. Hundreds of thousands of these men may be led to migrate by a restless, roving, unsettled instinct, and this, too, will increase the flow to America.

Added to these are the weakened and enfeebled men; those who have been unbalanced, possibly crazed, by their experiences at the front. There will be millions of diseased, wounded, and crippled who will have to be pensioned at home or supported by public relief. Many of these have friends in America and they, too, will turn their faces toward the land of hope that has lured their friends and neighbors in previous generations.

Millions are living in conquered terri-

tory under a foreign flag. What will happen to them? Will the conquering or the defeated nations absorb them, or will they be thrown upon the world to find a new resting-place as best they may?

Finally, every man, woman, and child of the four hundred million people living in the warring countries has suffered from it. The great majority were living close to the margin of poverty prior to the war; they have been suffering untold privations during it. And the years which follow will be even worse, because of the devastation which has taken place, the result of which will only be realized in the years to follow when the workers are again thrown on their own resources. This is particularly true of agriculture, in which pursuit the majority of the people were engaged. Taxation in half of Europe was at the limit of human endurance before the war broke out, and the burdens of debt charges, of future army maintenance, of pensions, of national rebuilding will be almost if not quite unsupportable. Exhausting as universal military service is, the exhaustion of universal tax service may be almost equally unsupportable. A few years ago it would have been said that such burdens as have already been created would have been impossible. When to this is added the bankruptcy of a large part of the people, complete insolvency seems among the possible consequences of the war. Taxation must leave a living for the worker; for years to come it should leave a large margin for the upbuilding of industry and the restocking of farms. The problem of the peace financier seems almost as difficult as those of the war minister at the present time.

A population four times that of the United States is in a state of industrial and social chaos. The old order can never be re-established. Millions of men are in movement, and tens of millions more are destitute, disabled, and close to poverty. Millions will never take up their old life again. Millions more will be unable to do so. Women and children will be a burden, and taxation and public needs will tax the resources of the nation to the limit. National boundaries may change. Some countries may never emerge from the war. Great stretches may become barren waste.



Under such conditions as these all Europe may turn wistful glances to a country that is free from war and the hazards of war; to a land of political liberty and low taxation; and millions in Europe may clamor at the ports of embarkation in the hope of a new chance in a new world.

What shall we do about it? How shall we face this human appeal, the most pathetic that has ever confronted us; an appeal, too, that will be repeated from among the 13,000,000 foreign-born already in America and the 18,000,000 immediate descendants of those of foreign birth? Shall we tighten our laws and close our doors to those who, for three centuries, have found an asylum from religious and political oppression, or shall our traditional policy of an open door to the fit and able-bodied be maintained?

Fortunately no legislation is necessary to meet the problem of the physically unfit, for the present immigration laws are selective, *i. e.*, they refuse to admit the weak and the infirm, those afflicted with contagious or infectious diseases, those who have a criminal record behind them, and those who are likely to become a pub-

lic charge. And under these laws 16,588 persons were denied admission in 1914, or 1.64 per cent of those who sought admission. Enforcement of existing laws involves indescribable hardships to those who come to us in hope of an asylum. And these adverse decisions will undoubtedly be increased many times when the war is over.

There is no likelihood of these restraints being weakened, for there are none who would open our doors to those who are likely to become a public charge or those who will add a strain of feeble-mindedness, imbecility, or insanity to our population. The laws that now exist are adequate to protect us from the classes enumerated, with the possible exception of those who, moved by restless discontent, are unwilling to return to their old associations and employments. The test will come if Europe fails to find work for its people, for its millions of returning soldiers. In that event we may be faced with the most serious immigration problem that has ever confronted us, a problem, too, confused by sympathy and a profound desire to aid, as best we can, in the rehabilitation of the world.

## REQUIEM FOR A YOUNG SOLDIER

By Florence Earle Coates

PEACE to-night, heroic spirit!  
Pain is overpast.  
All the strife with life is ended;  
You may rest at last.

The devotion that, amazing,  
Welled from out the deep  
Of your being, no more needed,  
Quiet you may sleep:

Sleep, who, giving all for others,  
Battled till the victory nigh,  
You, too, toil and heart-break over,  
Had the right to die! . . .

We may guard the grave that holds you,  
As a shrine of Truth  
Lighted by the pure devotion  
Of your radiant youth;

We, you died for, may forget you!  
You will have no care,  
Who, content, to-night are sleeping—  
Painless, dreamless, there!

## THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY a happy accident, due perhaps to the casual clumsiness of the Long Arm of Coincidence or brought about perhaps by the direct indication of the Finger of Fate, I chanced to peruse Mr. Gerould's veracious tale, "The Best-Seller,"

*The Link-  
chain of the  
High-Brow*

only a few hours after I had been engaged in reading in the Sunday supplement of a New York daily newspaper a "symposium"—I believe that is the technical term—in which half a dozen well-known British and American novelists engaged in the pleasant sport of each selecting and declaring the half-dozen novels in the English language which seemed to them severally to be the most worthy of the crown of universal glory. I had duly glanced hastily down the very varied lists of the Six Best Novels, remarking with no surprise that no two lists agreed and wondering how many of those who put "Tom Jones" at the head of their selection had opened its pages since the distant days of their boyhood, when they had read it on the sly.

Yet, when I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Gerould's short story, I promptly delved amid the tumbled heap of Sunday newspapers to dig out the supplement which contained the symposium. I did this because I was suddenly struck by the suggestion that these diverging selections of Best Novels might have a certain usefulness if I were to undertake a consideration of the fundamental thesis of Mr. Gerould's truthful study. This fundamental thesis is simply that a High-Brow cannot write a Best-Seller. Mr. Gerould's hero, Bradlaw, is a High-Brow of the High-Brows; he is a confirmed practitioner of High-Browism; he has never a doubt of the superior righteousness of High-Browism; and he holds that all literature is negligible which is not written by High-Brows for High-Brows. His adoring wife believes that posterity will proclaim the greatness of her husband's fictions, but as posterity will not pay its royalties in advance Bradlaw, in the desire to augment a modest competence, determines to sell himself to the mammon of unrighteousness; to

step from off his own High-Brow shadow; and deprive his lofty forehead of its High-Brow halo. He resolves to write a Best-Seller. He makes this noble sacrifice in order that his adoring wife may have another dress or two and that his children may have a little more pocket-money.

He condescended to his ridiculously easy task; he "concocted an absurdly sensational plot"; and when his book was finished he surveyed it "with grim amusement." The amusement ceased abruptly when his publisher—the most sensible, conscientious, and keen-sighted publisher I have ever met in fiction—declines the book, advises the author not to publish it, and tells him plainly that it is "not a salable novel, but a sorry burlesque of the cheapest kind of current fiction." (I like that publisher; indeed I hope that Mr. Gerould will let us see more of him.) This is the cold truth, the frozen verity; and it penetrates the High-Brow halo—which Bradlaw had set on his head again as soon as he had made an end of writing down to the lowest level of popular taste.

The publisher's refusal of the hand-made Best-Seller is a horrid surprise to Bradlaw. But this is only added evidence that the High-Brow is not quite so intelligent as he esteems himself. At least in this case Bradlaw had made two blunders. First of all, he believed that he could condescend easily, that he could please the public "without half-trying," that he could write a Best-Seller, so to speak, "with his left hand." But a High-Brow of the strictest sect, such as Bradlaw was, is condemned to High-Browism to all eternity. No High-Brow by taking thought can reduce the loftiness of his own forehead. Once a High-Brow and always a High-Brow.

And Bradlaw's second blunder was even worse and it disclosed a more lamentable gap in his intelligence. He wanted to tickle the taste of the unthinking who pour their thousands in the pockets of the successful writers of Best-Sellers, and yet he did not analyze the qualities of these Best-Sellers; he did not ask himself what was the real reason



for their popularity,—and this was specially stupid since a High-Brow ought to have been gifted with enough of the critical faculty to know that there cannot be an effect without a cause. Instead of seeking out the merits of these despised Best-Sellers, Bradlaw set himself down deliberately to imitate their demerits. And it is no wonder that the frank publisher—I do hope that Mr. Gerould will heed my petition and let us see him again—called Bradlaw's vain effort "a sorry burlesque of the cheapest kind of current fiction." What else could it be, under the circumstances?

YET even if Bradlaw had liked the sort of story he was going to write, even if he had had a certain sincerity, even if he had been able to avoid the top-lofty attitude of condescension proper to the consecrated High-Brow, it may be doubted whether he would have succeeded any better, simply because he would have been working against the grain instead of advancing along the line of least resistance. No author is likely to please the public unless he remains on the plane of endeavor for which he is naturally fitted, "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him." Not in a thousand years of incessant striving could George Meredith have composed "Called Back"; and yet George Meredith was a clever man and a highly capable workman. Nor could Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James, either singly or in collaboration, have put together "Mr. Barnes of New York" or "Ben Hur" or the "Fool's Errand."

There is no need to illustrate this contention by humorous hypothesis, for there are actual examples in plenty. Stevenson, for instance, was a High-Brow in his attitude toward the drama (as has recently been pointed out in these pages); and when he condescended to write plays his procedure was not unlike that of the misguided hero of Mr. Gerould's illuminating story. So it is that no one of Stevenson's plays ever succeeded in pleasing the play-going public—although it was in the vain hope of pleasing this public that they were composed. Andrew Lang, again, was a High-Brow, who chanced to have a keen relish for adventure tales and detective stories, for "Miss Braddon and Gaboriau"; and in the height of

the vogue of the Shilling Shockers of thirty years ago he thought he would try to write an example of the kind of fiction that he liked to read. The result was the "Mark of Cain," an amazingly clever narrative, crammed with the most ingenious novelties, full of hair-breadth escapes and picturesque villainies. Yet the public refused to be amused by it—possibly because it was too clever by half and because it gave too much pork for a shilling, but more probably because Lang, although intensely interested in the tale he was telling, could not take it seriously enough; he could not make it ring true, could not bestow on it the simplicity and the sincerity which were almost all that "Miss Braddon and Gaboriau" had to give.

Nothing is more absurd than the belief of the High-Brow that the authors of Best-Sellers are "writing down" to the public. That, in fact, is just what these authors are not doing, as I can testify from acquaintance with half a dozen of them. There never was a man of more transparent sincerity than E. P. Roe, for instance; and in every one of his books he put the best of himself. These books lacked many things, but at least they had sincerity—and they must have had something else that was relished by a large section of the reading public in the United States forty years ago. Roe's books are now dead and gone; and there is no need to inquire just what this something else may have been.

And now, at last, I come to the symposium with its lists of the Six Best Novels in English. No one of the lists happens to meet with my complete approval; but I can pick out of them the titles of half a dozen novels, which, if not indisputably the best, are all of them very good indeed, each in its own fashion. These six are: "Tom Jones," "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Now, in its novelty every one of these Best Novels was also a Best-Seller. And a Best-Seller was almost every other novel that got itself included on any one of the lists. It can be said without fear of contradiction by any one at all familiar with the history of fiction that every Best Novel began by being a Best-Seller. And I might go a little farther and assert that unless a work of fiction is a Best-Seller when it is



now, it has mighty little chance of ever seeing itself honored by a later inclusion in any selection of Best Novels. In other words, while the list of Best Sellers includes a host of inferior novels, it also includes the most superior. There is some comfort in that.

IN his appreciation of his friend, F. Hopkinson Smith, in the September number of the Magazine, Thomas Nelson Page says: "His serious work had been building sea-walls—travelling for recreation and painting had been his diversions, and in

Doctor Holmes  
and the Illustra-  
tions of "The  
Last Leaf."

collaboration with an artist friend named Graham he had illustrated Doctor Holmes's 'Last Leaf.'"

Mr. Page was writing in Italy, far from his home and books, and inadvertently the artist friend who collaborated is called "Graham." The artist is really George Wharton Edwards, as the handsome quarto published in 1885 shows. Mr. Smith did the landscapes and Mr. Edwards the pictures in which the figures dominated. We are privileged to reproduce an unpublished letter which Doctor Holmes addressed to Mr. Edwards when he had seen an early copy of the book for which his poem had furnished the text:

BOSTON, Jan. 2d, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR:

My delight in the superb illustrated copy of "The Last Leaf" grows upon me every time I look at it. It is very hard to meet an author's ideal; as all who remember the once popular illustrations of Byron and other British Classics will certainly agree. I trembled for my Last Leaf, as it would have quivered in the wind, when I learned that you and your friend contemplated giving visible form to its imaginings. How I have been gratified with the result I should have told you both before this, but I waited for my presentation or "Author's Copy."

A most sumptuous and imposing volume it is,—so noble of aspect that I can only hope the kindly reader will hold the poem not wholly unworthy of its magnificent setting.

I never dreamed of such faithful loving labor being spent upon my verses. It could only have been in virtue of a sincere—yes, an enthusiastic feeling with reference to them. I hope they deserve it, but surely never did a few simple stanzas find themselves so crowned with glory and immortality. I say immortality, for some of these copies cannot help outliving centuries and being admired for their wonderful beauty as we admire the Missals which the cunning artists of old illuminated and illustrated for Royal hands to hold.

I have especially to thank you for the full length portrait marked "Edward Peirson" with which you have enriched my "Author's Copy." I suppose this is meant simply as an old-school gentleman's presentment—a real figure which corresponds to an earlier stage of my ideal. But the curious thing is this, that the house in which I was born, and which Mr. Smith has so suggestively drawn for me in shadow, was occupied until within a short time of my birth by the Reverend Eliphalet Peirson, sometime Professor in Harvard College, whose son *Edward Peirson* was a familiar visitor in my father's family, and had some points in common with your picture. I wonder if this is a mere coincidence? . . .

Nobody can help being interested in the personage whom you present to us in his blooming youth, comely to look upon, walking the streets in his stately prime, and after long years reading the old inscriptions on the slabs that cover the dust of those whom he had loved and clearing away the lichens that have gathered on them. The pretty creature in the scoop bonnet—the youthful pair in loving company are charming.

I am most grateful to both of you two gentlemen for all you have done to commend my poem to the public, and I am greatly pleased to hear that the public has received the beautiful volume with a hearty welcome.

Believe me, dear Mr. Edwards,

Most thankfully and truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS, Esq.



## THE FIELD OF ART.



*Photograph by F. Van Houten Raymond.*

San Pietro di Castello. From an etching by Frank Duveneck.

### TWO SCHOOLS OF ART: FRANK DUVENECK, FREDERICK C. FRIESEKE

THE two principal awards made by the superior jury of the art department of the Panama-Pacific Exposition—a special prize to Frank Duveneck and the grand prize to Frederick Carl Frieseke—have excited some comment and some surprise and even speculation as to the possible desire of this official body to demonstrate the extreme breadth of the field under its observation. The list of the four painters who received medals of honor—the late John W. Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, Emil Carlsen, and Willard Metcalf—seems much more in accordance with the usual distribution of exposition honors. It was concerning the awards of prizes to painters that the group jury thought it well to explain:

“The awards in the United States section, the general excellence of which is worthy of all praise, would have been much greater but for the fact that the works of artists to whom individual galleries have been given by the department of fine arts were declared ‘not in competition.’”

It was owing to the formal suggestion of a number of the foreign commissioners that the special and unusual award was made

to Mr. Duveneck. This official recommendation was signed by the representatives of Holland, Japan, Cuba, Italy, Portugal, China, Argentina, Uruguay, Sweden, and Norway, and reads as follows:

“We, the representatives of foreign countries, acting upon the international jury of awards in the Department of Fine Arts, do hereby ask your kind consideration of the following recommendation unanimously adopted by us in a meeting specially called for this purpose:

“Whereas, the comprehensive retrospective collection of Frank Duveneck’s works in oils, etchings, and sculpture brought together in the Palace of Fine Arts has astonished and delighted all those hitherto unacquainted with his life-work, while confirming the opinion of those few who have long held him in the highest esteem, both as an artist and as a man, we, the foreign jurors on the international jury of awards, feel that some special recognition of his distinguished contribution to American art should be awarded Frank Duveneck, and we herewith recommend that a special medal of honor be struck in his honor and awarded him.”

The superior jury of the art department accordingly decided to have a special gold

medal struck "in honor of the great influence Frank Duveneck has exerted in the development of American painting."

This influence, as far as his own personal example goes, has been largely technical, in the attention given to brush work, to paint-

his training in that city, early in 1870. Born in Covington, Kentucky, of Dutch ancestry, in 1848, he received his first technical training from a German church decorator named Lamprecht. In the Royal Academy in Munich his rise was rapid;

after about three years' work in the antique class he was admitted to that of painting under Wilhelm Dietz, and took all the Academy prizes, from that for antique drawing to that for composition. Toward the end of 1873 he returned to America, painting a number of portraits in Cincinnati; was invited by the Boston Art Club two years later to give a special exhibition in that city, where his five canvases excited much enthusiasm, and where he was urged to establish himself as a portrait-painter. In 1877 he returned to Europe, going with Chase to Venice; in the next year went back to Munich, where he opened a school of painting, having two classes of about thirty students each, one of English and Americans and the other of different nationalities. Among the Americans were John W. Alexander, Joseph de Camp, Julius Rolshoven, John Twachtman, O. D. Grover, Otto Bacher, Theodore Wendel, Ross Turner, Arthur Pennington, Charles Forbes, J. E. Hopkins, Julian

Story, Frederick P. Vinton, and others. Many of these followed him to Florence and Venice.

Later he became interested in sculpture and etching; the recumbent figure of his wife, in bronze, on her grave in the cemetery in Florence is considered by Mr. Isham to contain "those deeper emotional qualities that are lacking in his youthful work." This statue was shown in the Paris Salon; the original model is in the Cincinnati Museum and a marble replica in the Boston Museum. His statue of Emerson, executed in collaboration with C. J. Barnhorn, is in Emerson Hall at Harvard; and among his other sculptures is the bust of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, executed at about the same period,



*Photograph by F. Van Houten Raymond.*

The Whistling Boy. By Frank Duveneck.  
Owned by the Cincinnati Museum.

ing qualities. One of his biographers, Mr. L. H. Meakin, states that "he is essentially a painter in the sense that distinguishes Franz Hals, Velasquez, or Rembrandt, for instance, from Raphael, Holbein, or Dürer." Very much of his attention has been given to teaching; the number of his pupils—many of them afterward attaining distinction—has been large, both abroad and at home, and his characteristic method is said to be to start the beginner at once with the brush and not with the crayon or charcoal-point.

His earliest success in this country was attained by the introduction of the methods of Munich, as opposed to those of Düsseldorf or even of Paris, he having been one of the first of the American students to seek



His etchings—which have been considered by some as representing, with the figure of his wife, the highest expressions of his art—have been executed at different seasons and with different inspirations; they seem to have been begun in Venice in 1883 and 1884 with his pupil Otto Bacher. Several of them may be seen in the New York Public Library; they have been exhibited in London, at the Panama Exposition, and elsewhere.

One of his latest important paintings is a large mural decoration in the Catholic cathedral in Covington, completed in 1910 and presented in memory of his mother—a very large triptych, the central panel representing the Crucifixion and the two wings the old and the new dispensation. Across the top of all three is an arching choir of angels. Among his representative easel pictures are cited "The Whistling Boy" and the portrait of Professor Loeffts, painted as far back as 1873 in Munich; the "Turkish Page," first shown in the New York National Academy in 1878 or 1877, with a portrait of Charles Dudley Warner; the "Coming Man" and "Interior of St. Mark's, Venice," shown in the first exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1878; "Woman with Forget-Me-Nots," and others. The "Turkish Page," which he did not consider completed, is in the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia. To the Cincinnati Museum he has recently presented a hundred and fifty of his paintings, among them a portrait of his wife. His later work is marked by the absence of his earlier Munich methods, being lighter and grayer and cooler in color and tone.

Mr. Duveneck is a member of the American Institute of Arts and Letters, of the National Academy of Design, the Society of Western Artists, and other distinguished bodies.

Frederick Carl Frieseke was born at Owosso, Michigan, in 1874; began his studies in this country at the Art Institute of Chicago

and the Art Students' League of New York, continued them in Paris in the Julien Academy, under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens, is thought to have fallen under the influence of Whistler, but soon "turned to the more turbulent sea which



*From a photograph by F. Van Houten Raymond.*

Portrait of Professor Loeffts. By Frank Duveneck.

Owned by Mrs. Herman Goepper, Cincinnati.

was bearing along Monet and Manet, finding that on it lay the way to a more desirable haven, whose light, with its myriad vibrations, attracted him; and it is the rendering and capturing of its elusive playfulness which claims his most vital interests to-day"—according to one of his biographers, Mr. E. A. Taylor.

Mr. Frieseke's pictures are well known in public exhibitions of recent years, are readily recognized, and proceed on certain definite theories and selections which probably cannot be better presented than in Mr. Taylor's words. "He is intensely interested in the subtleties and play of light on open-air subjects, and its charming elusiveness on the nude figure in sunshine and shadow is an

realistic source of joy and inspiration to him. Beauty of feature or characterlessly standardised has few painting attractions for him. Even that purely gracious standpoint, but, should light and subject form together a fortunate combination, the result he attains

still colder tones of violet." Another of his six Salon pictures, "Nue sur la Plage," painted in the brilliant sunshine of Corsica in February, 1913, we are told, represents the sitter seated on the sand in the middle of the beach, having all her draperies under

her, and protected from the sun only by her paper parasol, the serrated edge of which is repeated by its shadow across her thighs. "A Girl Sewing" is shown at half length, seen directly from in front, bare shoulders and arms; the garment with which she is occupied is striped blue and white, and there are warmer yellows in her table and basket and in the wall mouldings. "L'Heure de la Thé," shown at the Anglo-American Exposition in London in 1914, was a picture of two girls and a man in the sunshine on a lawn, the tea-table in the foreground; "Les Perroquets," two girls, one seated on the floor and one reclining on a sofa, interested with the bird in a large gilded cage on the floor; "La Conva-



The Toilet. By Frederick C. Frieske.

Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Rodman Wanamaker, 1912.

is more magnanimously appreciated by the exhibition reviewers."

As a painter of sunshine he naturally renders his pictures, even of interiors, very light and high in key, painted with a full brush, constantly arrested. Many of them present quarter or half lengths or full lengths of women at their toilets or otherwise occupied, as the example in the Metropolitan Museum. In the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of Paris in 1913 he was represented by six canvases, one of them, "Avant de Paraître," admitting us to the intimacy of the actress before her mirror rouging her lips; she has a pale-pink peignoir thrown loosely around her; the hangings of her toilet-table and the wall are apparently a spotted calico; a heavy striped drapery, perhaps her skirt, hangs behind her. Like many of the more modern painters, this one is fond of striped stuffs, "partial to cold tones of variable blue and

lescent," a study of whites, sitting up in her bed, with the silver tea-service in front of her.

Mr. Frieske's honors have been many; he has been a frequent exhibitor at the new Salon, that of the Beaux-Arts, in Paris, of which he is a Sociétaire; is a member of the International Society of Painters and Sculptors in Paris and a member of the American Art Association of the same city; received a gold medal in Munich in 1904, a silver medal at the St. Louis Exposition of the same year, an honorable mention and a prize at the Corcoran Exposition in Washington, D. C., in 1908, the fourth W. A. Clark prize in the same gallery in the following year, and the Temple gold medal of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia in 1913. His work is represented in the Luxembourg, Paris, in the Modern Galleries in Venice and Odessa, the Telfair Gallery, Savannah, Georgia, and elsewhere.

WILLIAM WALTON.







*Painted by Florence Plaisted Abbott.*

#### THE MOTHER.

Out of the sea and the stars and the flowers,  
Out of the magic of life-giving spring,  
Out of the peace of the dim twilight hours,  
Blossomed your spirit, the God-given thing.

—“The Mother,” page 663.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII

DECEMBER, 1915

NO. 6

## MARY SHEPHERDESS

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

WHEN the heron's in the high wood and the last long furrow's sown,  
With the herded cloud before her and her sea-sweet raiment blown,  
Comes Mary, Mary Shepherdess, a-seeking for her own.

Saint James he calls the righteous folk, Saint John he calls the kind,  
Saint Peter calls the valiant men all to loose or bind,  
But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard to find.

All the little sighing souls born of dust's despair,  
They who fed on bitter bread when the world was bare,—  
Frighted of the glory gates and the starry stair.

All about the windy down, housing in the ling,  
Underneath the alder-bough, linnet-light they cling,  
Frighted of the shining house where the martyrs sing.

Crying in the ivy bloom, fingering at the pane,  
Grieving in the hollow dark, lone along the rain,—  
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, gathers them again.

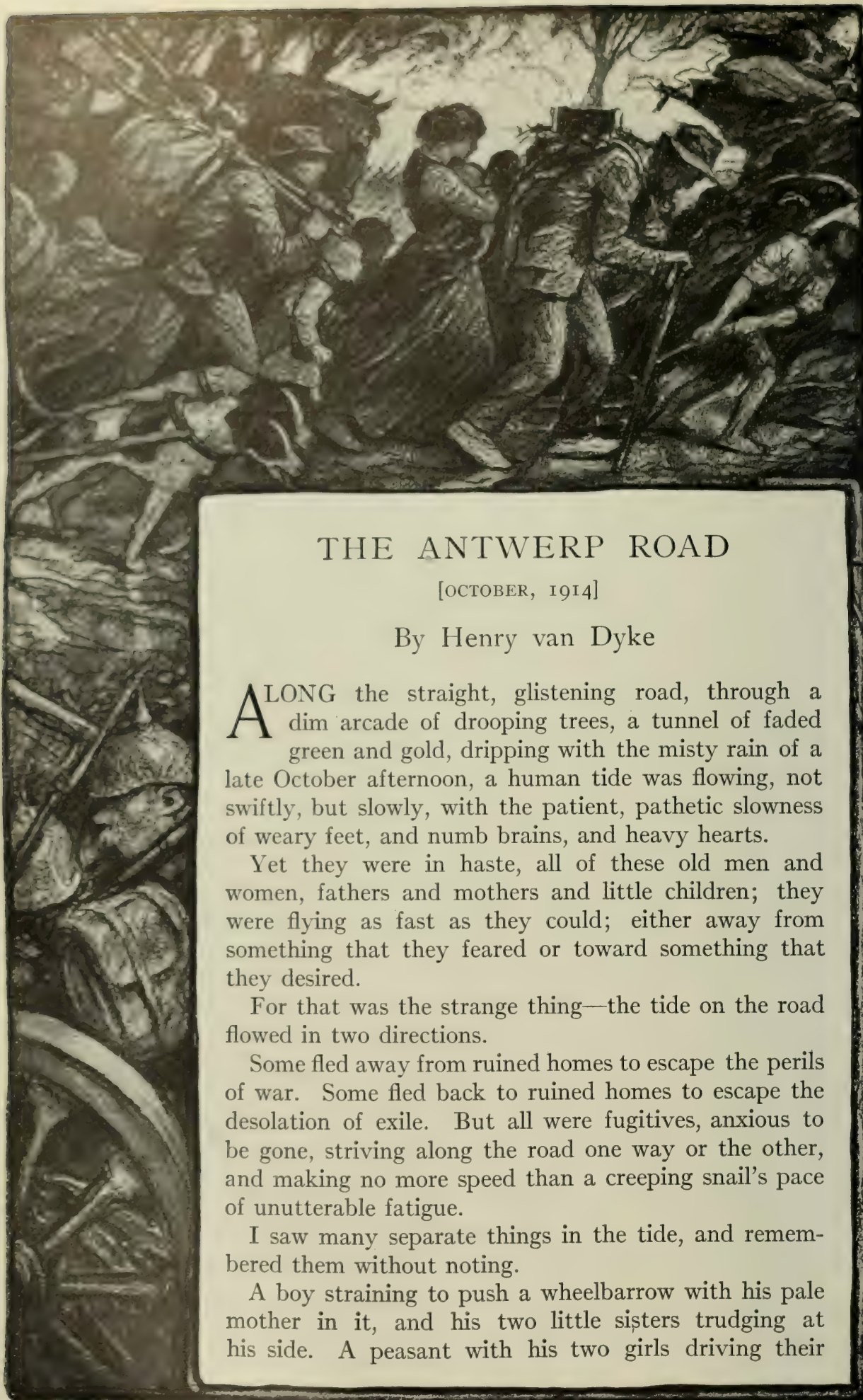
And O, the wandering women know, in workhouse and in shed.  
They dream on Mary Shepherdess with doves about her head,  
And pleasant posies in her hand, and sorrow comforted.

Sighing: There's my little lass, faring fine and free.  
There's the little lad I laid by the holly tree,  
Dreaming: There's my nameless bairn laughing at her knee.

When the bracken harvest's gathered and the frost is on the loam,  
When the dream goes out in silence and the ebb runs out in foam,  
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, she bids the lost lambs home.

If I had a little maid to turn my tears away,  
If I had a little lad to lead me when I'm gray,  
All to Mary Shepherdess they'd fold their hands and pray.

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## THE ANTWERP ROAD

[OCTOBER, 1914]

By Henry van Dyke

ALONG the straight, glistening road, through a dim arcade of drooping trees, a tunnel of faded green and gold, dripping with the misty rain of a late October afternoon, a human tide was flowing, not swiftly, but slowly, with the patient, pathetic slowness of weary feet, and numb brains, and heavy hearts.

Yet they were in haste, all of these old men and women, fathers and mothers and little children; they were flying as fast as they could; either away from something that they feared or toward something that they desired.

For that was the strange thing—the tide on the road flowed in two directions.

Some fled away from ruined homes to escape the perils of war. Some fled back to ruined homes to escape the desolation of exile. But all were fugitives, anxious to be gone, striving along the road one way or the other, and making no more speed than a creeping snail's pace of unutterable fatigue.

I saw many separate things in the tide, and remembered them without noting.

A boy straining to push a wheelbarrow with his pale mother in it, and his two little sisters trudging at his side. A peasant with his two girls driving their





lean, dejected cows back to some unknown pasture. A bony horse tugging at a wagon heaped high with bedding and household gear, on top of which sat the wrinkled grandmother with the tiniest baby in her arms, while the rest of the family stumbled alongside—and the cat was curled up on the softest coverlet in the wagon. Two panting dogs, with red tongues hanging out, and splayed feet clawing the road, tugging a heavy-laden cart while the master pushed behind and the woman pulled at the shaft. Strange, antique vehicles crammed with passengers. Couples and groups and sometimes larger companies of foot-travellers. Now and then a solitary man or woman, old and shabby, bundle on back, eyes on the road, plodding through the mud and the mist, under the high archway of yellowing leaves.

All these distinct pictures I saw, yet it was all one vision—a vision of humanity with its dumb companions in flight—ininitely slow, painful, pitiful flight!

I saw no tears, I heard no cries of complaint. But beneath the numb and patient haste on all those dazed faces I saw a question.

*"What have we done? Why has this thing come upon us and our children?"*

Somewhere I heard a trumpet blown. The spikes on the helmets of a little troop of soldiers flashed for an instant, far down the sloppy road. Through the humid dusk came the dull, distant booming of the unseen guns of conquest in Flanders.

That was the only answer.

W.T. BENDA



# IN PRAYSE OF YE PIPE

AS PLEASAUNT, WHOLESOME, AND ANCESTRALL

By E. Sutton

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM A. HOTTINGER

Y<sup>e</sup> Wise Man doubts y<sup>e</sup> Cigarette, and all y<sup>e</sup> Wiles of these,  
Nor fills his Bellows upp with Reeke toe make them Pant and Wheeze,  
But cleaveth toe y<sup>e</sup> Homely Pipe—his Lips will not enfolde  
Y<sup>e</sup> fat Vulgarian Cigar bedizened Red and Golde.

Thus did y<sup>e</sup> Fathers of oure Land, y<sup>e</sup> Warriour and y<sup>e</sup> Sage,  
Y<sup>e</sup> Spanish Dons that march before y<sup>e</sup> Pilgrim on y<sup>e</sup> Page,  
Who in y<sup>e</sup> Floridan Morass, Palmettoe and Live-Oke,  
Founde not y<sup>e</sup> Fountain of their dreames but Piped y<sup>e</sup> Streame of Smoak.

Olde Powhatan, Tobacco-King that bounde with Hickory withes  
Stoute John, whose Sword ennobleth all y<sup>e</sup> proletariane Smiths,  
And Pocahontas, who bequeathed—by savinge him from Knockes—  
Her Fame toe Historie, her Face toe y<sup>e</sup> Tobacco-Boxe,

They Puff'd at Pipes; and followed Suit y<sup>e</sup> Puritan Divine,  
Strong on Jamaica Rumm because St. Paul permitteth Wine,  
And Dutch Patroones along y<sup>e</sup> faire Pocanticoe held Sway  
With Calumetts of Indian Reed, or ells of Holland Clay.

Piet Stuyvesant tooke down his Pipe when full of Wrath was he,  
Washington sickened on his Firste beneath y<sup>e</sup> Cherrie-Tree,  
And Boone put Axe and Rifle by toe seate him neare y<sup>e</sup> Hob,  
Thumb upp a Cole, and wreathen Clouds from out a Wholesome Cobb.

Give me a Bowle of Briere that bloomed afar in Gallicke Land,  
A Stemm of Amber golden-ribb'd as is y<sup>e</sup> Balticke Sand,  
And a Goode Mixture blended faire, Three Graces in a Sheafe,  
Virginia mellowe, rich Perique and Latakia Leafe.

Then upp doth floate y<sup>e</sup> Fragrant Haze—if Coffee has been there  
It is y<sup>e</sup> Benediction softe that follows after Prayer—  
And I doe wish his Spirit Blest, and thanke him from my Soule,  
Who firste did Pierce y<sup>e</sup> pleasing Stemm, and Scoop y<sup>e</sup> gratefull Bowle.







*Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.*

"An' the bridal couple 'd be holdin' hands an' gazin' over the spanker-boom at the full moon."—Page 66o.



# THE MEDICINE SHIP

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



OLD Bill Hickey was comin' out of Spiegel's Caffy, meanin' a place where a man can have somethin' to eat while he's havin' a drink, an' he had folded over his arm what looked like a pretty swell coat for old Bill to be wearin'.

Noticin' me, "Hulloh, Hiker!" says Bill, an' we stroll along till we come opposite to Wallie Whelan's father's store on South Street, where Bill stops. "I do like that little Whelan kid," says Bill. "I wonder is he in?"

Wallie was in, an' "Hulloh, Hiker!" an' "How do you do, Mr. Hickey!" he says, an' comes runnin' out when he sees us.

An' old Bill says, "Oh-h, driftin' by—driftin' by," an' spreads out to the air the coat he's carryin' on his arm. All wrinkled up it was, like somebody's slept in it, but a pretty swell coat just the same, like the kind hackmen wear to a funeral or a weddin' with a stove-pipe hat. There's a pocket in one o' the coat-tails, an' old Bill slides his hand into it and out comes a case, an' when he springs open the case there's a shiny black pipe.

"Well, well," says Bill, lookin' at the pipe like he was wonderin' how it come there.

"Where did y'ever get that fine pipe, Mr. Hickey?" asts Wallie.

"Oh, a souveneer, a little souveneer of other days—of days I'd 'most forgot," says Bill.

"A handsome pipe!" says Wallie.

"Yes," says Bill, "if on'y I had the fillin' of it once in a while!"

"Wait!" says Wallie, an' rushes inside the store.

"Comanche Chief, if you have any in stock!" calls out Bill after him.

Mr. Whelan, who's sittin' by the open winder in his office, looks out to Bill an' then to the clerk an' smiles that it's all right to Wallie over the top of his mornin' paper, an' Wallie comes out with a plug o'

Comanche Chief smokin' for Bill an' a plug o' the same of chewin' for me.

I bites into mine right away, but old Bill looks at his pipe, an' then, sayin' he didn't know's he'd baptize it yet awhile, he reaches over an' gnaws a corner off my plug o' chewin'.

An' Wallie's dyin' to know how it come to be a souveneer pipe, but is too polite to ask, on'y he can't help havin' another look at the pipe an' noticin' the picksher of a bird on the bowl an' readin' the letters on the gold band. "H R C" he reads out, an' looks at old Bill.

"I know, I know," says old Bill. "They bring me back, them initials, lad, like nothin' else could, to days that is past 'n' gone." He looks across East River over to Brooklyn mournful-like, but not forgettin' to chew an' chew, 'nd bineby, when he has his jaws well oiled up, he says: "'Tis many 'n' many a year ago, lad, an' me the cabin-boy an' the fav'rite o' the capt'n o' the good ship *Tropic Zone*."

"The *Tropic Zone*! What a corkin' name for a ship!" says Wallie.

"Ay, lad," says Bill, "a noble name an' a noble ship, a full-rigged four-master, an' one fine day we up jibs an' yanchor an' sailed out this same Yeast River an' past the Battery an' down New York Bay an' the Jersey coast, an' on an' on, bearin' s'utherly, till we came to the land o' Yunzano, which was—an' mebbly is yet—down South Ameriky way, an' we went ashore, me 'n' the capt'n, to call on the noble don which them same initials stands for.

"H R C," says Bill, readin' 'em off the pipe. "How well do I remember the noble don, Hidalgo Rodreego Cazamma, who lived in r'yal splendor in a most lovely an' fertyle valley. Lookin' back now through the vister of my matoored manhood, I can't say's I c'n recall in all my years o' world travellin' a more entrancin' picksher than the valley o' Yunzano when my capt'n 'n' me hove into it of that



gorgeous April mornin'. There was a river gleamin' like silver—an' sometimes like gold 'n' copper—flowin' through that marvellous valley, an' above it rose the volcanic mountains with sides of the color of the purple negligay shirts an' tops like the ruby scarf pins that sometimes you see of a mornin' in Times Square. An' in that valley was forests with all the tropic trees that ever you read of, bearin' the most jil-luscious fruits—pomgran-nits, cocoanuts, pineapples, limes, lemons, grapefruits, alligator-pears—any fruit ever you see to the stalls in the market was there in abundance. An' fr'm the branches o' them same trees came the most melojus birds' voices, an' the birds themselves 'd a-dazzle your eyes with the color o' their feathers. Parrakeets, mar-rakeets, bobalinks, nightingales, an' a little red, white, 'n' blue spotted bird the natives called an eggleeno."

"Ah-h!" says Wallie, "and is that the picture on the bowl o' the pipe?"

"The same," says Bill; "done by a master hand, with the same round pop-eyes—see—an' the same wide, square-cut tail like the stern of a ferry-boat.

"Dijjer ever in yer life, William, see anything more saliferous?" says the cap-t'n to me whilst we're ridin' up to the don hidalgo's house—a hashyender, they called it—longer 'n' wider than any two blocks on Broadway, but not so high, with a red roof, an' walls o' solid marble, an' marble columns 'n' promenades around it, with thousands o' lofty trees liftin' their heads to the sky, an' balconies outside the winders, an' spoutin' fountains in the r'yal pam garden, which was the size mebb'y o' Central Park. It took all of a thousand servants, I should say, in pink-'n'-old-rose knee-pants, to look arter the place; an' the old don kep' a band o' musicians in a green-an'-old-gold uniform on tap all the time. The house rules there—the same engraved in silver on ivory tablets an' hung on the wall over the head o' your bed—was that if a guest woke up in the middle o' the night an' didn't feel well enough to go back to sleep, he had on'y to poke the little Injun boy who slep' on a mat afore every door with his big toe an' say to him: 'Boyo, some musico!' An' we did one night, an' in no time the still air was rent by the entrancin' strains of 'In the Sweet By 'n' By,' which was the

pop'lar toon o' them days, an' the one we ordered. Guitars, manderlins, violins, oboes, trombones, an' cornets they had in squads, though to my mind a native in-strerment called the hoolooooloo was the most truly musical of all. Shaped like the bow of a ship it was, with a hundred strings to it, an' made a noise like a breeze o' wind tryin' to steal through a forest o' trees on a summer's night. 'Twas rav-ishin'.

"Arter the fatigues of our long an' tejus voy'ge, the hashyender o' the don was a most refreshin' place to pass a few days in, but we had our business to attend to. Not that the noble don would sully our ears by mentionin' the same to us. In those tropic countries the greatest insult to the stranger who happens to step in an' camp awhile with you is to ask him what's on his mind—not till he's been restin' up for at least a week. However, after six days o' restin' up, with salubrious fruits an' wines an' the most melojus concerts, my capt'n broaches the cause of why we're callin' on the Don Hidalgo Rodreego Ca-zamma."

"Ah-h," says Wallie, "now we'll get it, Hiker!"

"Yes," says Bill, "now we'll have it. But, lemme see now—I must tell it so it'll be clear to your young interlecks," an' he looks hard at the pipe an' then mournful-like acrost East River toward Brooklyn.

"In them days," Bill goes on at last, "no place you could go to in the whole Yunnited States—the piny woods, the rocky hills an' grassy plains, no busy city fr'm the rock-bound coast o' Maine to the golden shores where rolls the Oregon, no sleepy hamlet between the wooded hills o' Canada an' the surf-washed sands o' Florida, but you'd see in big letters on the tops o' flat rocks an' the sides o' mountains, the backs o' fences an' the roofs o' barns, in the winders o' drug-stores an' the flags o' back alleys, nowhere but you'd see: YUNZANO SWAMP ROOT, FOR COUGHS, COLDS, LUMBAGO, RUMMATIZ, GOUT, CHILBLAINS, COLD SORES, COLIC, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, AN' LIVER TROUBLE—all in high yoller letters agin black paint.

"Pints an' quarts in bottles, for sale at all reputable drug-stores, an' those bottles had to come all the way by sea an' fr'm the estate o' Don Hidalgo Rodreego Ca-zamma, who owned all the swamp-root



region in Yunzano. An' when it'd come on to blow an' the ship'd take to rollin', where there was no way o' tellin' till arter you'd get to port an' counted 'em how many bottles was left that wasn't busted. Sometimes more'n half or three-quarters of 'em 'd be busted.

"An' now we come to that noble benefactor o' the human race who at that time owned the string o' drug-stores painted blue 'n' green 'n' red, with cut-rate prices up 'n' down the side of every one of 'em. 'Twas him owned the Yunnited States rights to Yunzano Swamp Root, an' he used to sell millions 'n' millions o' bottles of Yunzano every year, an' he says: 'Why do we have to have so many o' these bottles o' Yunzano busted in comin'?' An' he says: 'I have it—by Plutie, I have it. I'll build a special ship for carryin' my wondrous tropic medicines!' An' he does. He builds a ship 'special, an' in her he sets a great tank—oh, mebbby four hundred foot long an' fifty foot wide an' deep—oh, deep as the ship was deep, and of all the ships ever I sailed in she was the deepest. 'There,' he says to my capt'n, 'spill the Yunzano in there 'stead of in bottles an' we'll make millions—millions, sir!' He meant he'd make millions. An' the *Tropic Zone* was that ship, an' so it was we come, me 'n' the capt'n, to be doin' business this lovely day with the owner o' the great Yunzano estate.

"What we want, don,' says the capt'n fr'm his chair that was made of inlaid precious woods an' the horns o' th' an-zello, a beeyootiful creachure like a nantelope, of which qn'y one was killed every hundred years—'what we want, don,' says my capt'n—an' four liveried servants keepin' the flies 'n' other insecks off him with wavin' pam-leaves while he's talkin'—'is to take our swamp root home in bulk.' An' the don, a man o' most majestic figger, smokin' a fourteen-inch che-root in another chair that was inlaid all in di'monds 'n' gold, he considers the case and finally agrees to sell us enough to fill our tank, which is two million two hundred 'n' sixty thousand gallons o' Yunzano at forty-two cents a gallon. An' we despatch a fleet messenger back to the ship, an' up comes the gold with forty men-at-arms o' the don guardin' it—a million dollars or so it was, an' all in the

coin o' the realm—shiny ten an' twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Well, that's settled, so we goes back to the ship, ridin' our sumpter-mules in the dewy morn, an' down the gleamin' silver 'n' gold 'n' copper river comes the Yunzano in the skins o' wild animals on bamboo rafts, an' while they're dumpin' it inter the tank the capt'n 'n' me, by special invitation, have a look at where the don manufactured the Yunzano.

"It was dark like the sassaparilla they served out to church picnics when it oozed first from nature's bosom, an' not till it was mixed with a native liquid called poolkey did it become th' inspirin' article o' commerce which the rocks an' fences an' druggists' winders an' the advertisin' an' sometimes the readin' columns of our American journals shouted to the public. This poolkey grew on trees, in little cups like, which all you had to do was to turn upside down an' into your mouth. It was the grandest proof to me o' the wise provisions of nature. It was a white-colored stuff, an' tasted like an equal mixture o' wood alcohol an' red flame. One part swamp root to one part poolkey made up the Yunzano o' commerce that many folks preferred to tea. The poolkey kep' it fr'm spilin'. Some o' the most inveterate bat-tlers agin the demon rum we ever had, some o' the most cel'brated politicians, platform speakers, an' drug dealers in the land, certified over their own signatures to the component parts o' Yunzano an' indorsed the same highly.

"Well, our tank was fin'lly filled to the hatches with the two million two hundred 'n' sixty thousand gallons o' prime Yunzano, an' when we considered the sellin'-price—pints fifty cents, quarts a dollar—quarts o' the five-to-the-gallon size—up home we felt happy to think what profits was goin' to be in this v'yage, for—but lemme see—did I say his name, the owner o' the *Tropic Zone* an' the fleet o' drug-stores?"

"No," says Wallie. "An' I was wonderin'."

"No? Well, Nathaniel Spiggs was his name. However, to continue our tale. There we was, our cargo all aboard an' waitin' on'y for the mornin' light to leave to sea. It was a windin', tortuss channel outer that harbor, not to be navvergated



at night by no ship of our sire, an' the skipper was readin' the Bible in his cabin. He liked to read a few chapters afore turnin' in of a night, an' to my joy he used to invite me to sit 'n' listen to him, an' many a time in after life I'd be minded of my old skipper o' the *Tropic Zone*, an' the memory of his monitions fr'm the Bible was surely a great bulwark to me agin terrible temptations.

"An' while he's sittin' there, balancin' his specks an' readin' to me, 'n' stoppin' to expound now 'n' again where mebbby my young intellergence couldn't assimilate it, the mate comes down 'n' salutes 'n' says: 'Sir, there's some people on the beach makin' signs o' distress—on horseback.' An' the skipper, arter a few cusses, which was on'y nacheral at bein' disturbed in his pious occupation, he sets the Bible back in his bunk an' goes up on deck. An' me with him.

"An' there they are. An' behold, as we look, we see—my eyes bein' young an' marvellous sharp in them days was the fust—afar up the mountainside—to descry a band o' people ridin' wildly down to the valley an' makin' what must 'a' been all manner o' loud noises, judgin' by the way they waved their arms an' guns, on'y they was too far away to be heard. An' the capt'n gets out his night glasses."

"Excuse me, Mr. Hickey," says Wallie, "but what is a night glass?"

"A glass you look through at night is a night glass, an' if you look through it by day it's a day glass. Don't all the grand sea stories speak o' night glasses?"

"That's why I ast. But, excuse me—please go on," says Wallie.

"An' who should they turn out to be on the beach, wavin' dolorous-like signals o' distress, but the don hidalgo an'—I forget mebbby to mention her afore—the don's lovely daughter! An' with them is four sumpter-mules, an' the sumpter-mules, when we goes 'n' gets 'em off in a boat, turns out to be loaded down with gold 'n' jewels. The million dollars in gold we'd brought for the Yunzano water 'n' all the jewels the noble don's fam'ly has been savin' up for hundreds o' years is on the mules.

"When we get 'em all aboard—mules 'n' all—the don explains how there's been a revverlootion in th' interior, an' how the General Feeleppo Balbeezo, the leader o'

the revverlootionists, 'd planned to capture the hashyender o' the don, includin' his beeyoocheous daughter 'n' the gold 'n' jewels. An', on'y for a cook in the employ o' the wicked general give it away, he would. The don had cured this cook's grandmother of a vi'lent attack o' tropic fever years afore this by frequent an' liberal applications o' Yunzano, an' this grandson, though he was a wild an' reckless an' dark-complected youth, who preferred to associate with evil companions, nevertheless was grateful for the don's curin' his grandmother 'n' never forgot it. An' when he overhears in the kitchen, where he's fryin' a few yoller podreeds for the general's breakfast, the general hisself tellin' of his dastardly plan to his velay, he ups on the fav'rite war-charger o' the general's, a noble steed eighteen hands high, an' don't stop ridin', without stirrup or bridle or saddle, till he comes gallopin' in a lather o' sweat—a hundred 'n' ten miles in one night over the mountain trails—to the don an' tells him all. O' course, when the wicked general discovers the cook's noble devotion to the don's fam'ly, he has him hung on the spot, but that's to be expected, an', the hero an' herrin' bein' saved, it don't matter.

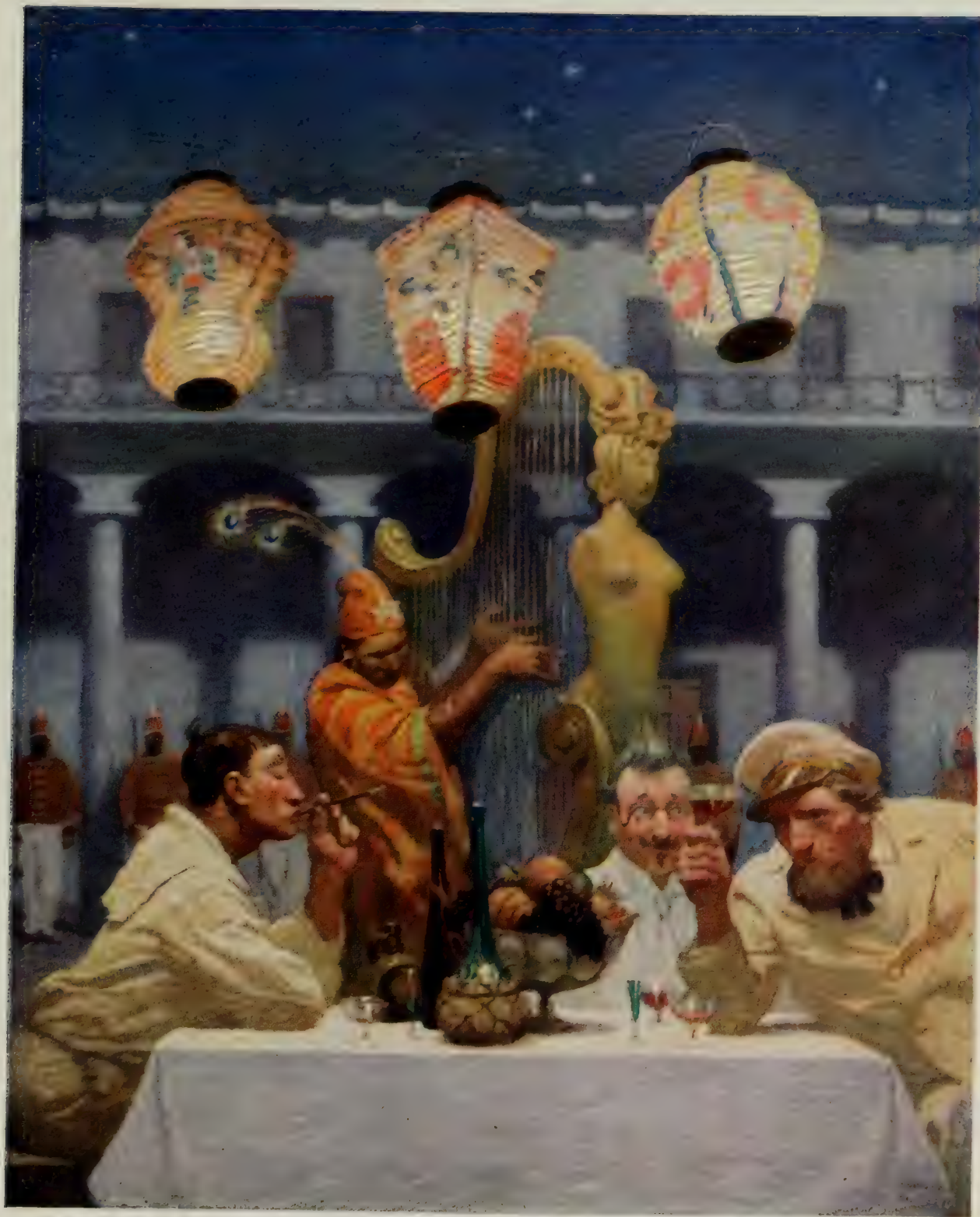
"'Cheer up, my brave don!' says our skipper, when the don tells him the story, an' refreshes him with a drink o' vold bourbon fr'm his private stock that he kep' under lock 'n' key in his cabin. An' he has one hisself. An' then he considers, an', while he's considerin', the General Balbeezo 'n' his army, who it was I'd seen ridin' down the high mountainside, they're arrived at the beach. An' they hollers acrost the harbor to us that if we didn't give up the don hidalgo an' the seenyohreeter, his daughter, an' the gold 'n' jewels, why, he, General Balbeezo, regardless of possible international complercations, will bring his artillery to the beach 'n' blow us all outer water.

"The don 'n' his daughter is tremblin' with fear, but 'Fear not, fear not!' says our skipper, an' sends for the owner's son."

"The owner's son—aboard all the time!" says Wallie.

"Sure. I'd 'a' told y'about him afore," says Bill, "but it wasn't time yet. He'd made the passage with us so's he could study the volkanous mountains o' Yun-





*Painted by N. C. Wyeth.*

"However, after six days o' restin' up, with salubrious fruits an' wines an' the most melojus concerts, my capt'n broaches the cause of why we're callin' on the Don Hidalgo Rodreego Cazamma."—Page 654.





zano, the like o' which mountains wasn't in all the world anywhere else. He was a wonderful stoddent, so abstracted in his studies that he hadn't heard a word of what we was sayin' in the cabin this night till the capt'n sent me to call him outer his room. He was sure a noble specimen o' fair young manhood to gaze upon—'twas on'y the other day I was readin' up to the Yastor Library of a hero in one o' the best-sellers just like him: seven foot tall 'n' three foot acrost the shoulders, an' nothin' but pale pink curls to below his shoulders, an' he no sooner steps inter the cabin now, his wonderful keen, blue-gray eyes still with the absent-minded look o' the stoddent o' science, than I could see the don's daughter, the seenyohreeter, was goin' to fall wild in love with him.

"The capt'n explains the situation to young Hennery. An' Hennery 'thinks awhile, an' by'n'by he speaks. 'Har, I have it!' he says. 'The volkaners!' an' orders h'isted up from the hold his balloon."

"A balloon, Hiker—whooh!" says Wallie, an' sits closer to Bill.

"A balloon, yes. Y' see, besides bein' brought up by his father to be a great chemist an' stoddent o' mountains, he was likewise professor of airology in one of our leadin' colleges. An' he fills up his balloon—the whole crew standin' by to help him pump the hot air inter it—an' then away he goes. 'In an hour, I promise you, you shall hear from me!' he says, an' we watch him soarin' 'n' soarin' 'n' soarin' till his balloon ain't no bigger than a sparrer an' higher than the large an' silvery moon.

"An' all this time the wicked General Balbeezo an' his bandit army is bringin' their guns down the mountainside 'n' preparin' to blow our ship outer the water. An' by'n'by they're all ready to begin, when 'Car-ra-bees-toe!' exclaims the don—'what is that sound I hear?' I forgot to say that the last thing young Hennery did afore leavin' the ship was to put in the balloon a handful o' bombs of a powerful explosive he'd invented hisself. An' the sound the don hears is the 'ruption produced when young Hennery drops the first of them bombs into the craters o' the nearest volkaner. An', while we look, the air gets dark an' the moon hides, an' fr'm outer the top of one volkaner

after another comes the most monstrous explosions, an' down the mountainside comes a nocean o' fiery, flamin' lavver, with billers 'n' billers o' black smoke floatin' up off it. An' soon we hears groans o' terror an' 'Save us! Oh, save us!' from the wicked general an' his army on the beach, an' inter the harbor they plunges with their war-horses 'n' the cannon 'n' their armer still on 'em.

"An' enter the deck of our ship begins to fall just then a great shower o' yashes. An' we're in danger o' burnin' up 'n' suffercatin' an' wonderin' what to do next, when outer the black heavens comes Hennery 'n' his balloon. An' we grabs his lines that's trailin' below him when he sails over our ship an' makes 'em fast to belayin'-pins, an' he climbs down to the deck 'n' takes charge. He's on'y eighteen year old, but wonderful beyond his years. He see what to do right away, an' runs down an' peels the yasbestos off the boilers 'n' steam-pipes in her injin-room."

"What!" says Wallie. "Was she a steamer?"

"Sail 'n' steam both. Sail for the hot days to make a draft 'n' keep us cool 'n' comfortable, an' steam when there was air 'n' it was cold 'n' rainy. An' young Hennery makes fireproof coats 'n' boots an' hats outer the yasbestos linin' for the capt'n an' me an' the mate an' hisself, 'cause we're goin' to guard the deck agin the wicked general 'n' his army. All the others we puts below, so no danger'll come to them. An' when the bandits comes swimmin' alongside an' up over the rail from the backs o' their war-horses, we captures 'em an' take their weapons from 'em, an' then the capt'n says: 'Now we got 'em, what'll we do with 'em?'

"'O' course,' says Hennery, 'it would be perfectly proper for the crool men o' the south to kill their prisoners, but as men of the north we must show a loftier example.' So spoke up our hero nobly.

"An', while we're ponderin' what to do, 'Har,' says Hennery agin, 'I have it! We will put them in the medicine-tank.'

"'But,' says our capt'n, 'they'll spile it—your father's two million two hundred 'n' odd thousand gallons o' Yunzano that we paid forty-two cents a gallon for.'

"'An'," says young Hennery Spinks to that——"

"Spiggs," says Wallie.



"Spiggs, I mean. 'Is this the time or the place,' says heroic young Hennery Spiggs then, 'to be considerin' of mere money—with the lives o' human bein's at stake? What though they be viler than dogs, they are still our fellow creatures. Cost what it may an' ruthless though the varlets be, save their lives I shall!' An' y'oughter seen him then, the fair scion of a noble sire, his pink hair flyin' in the southern wind, his pale eyes an' form in general expanded to twice their reglar dimensions by his righteous indignation, an' the beeyoocheous an' volupchous daughter o' the noble, wealthy don stickin' her head outta a hatchway to cast a nadorin' gaze upon him.

"An' into the tank o' Yunzano we flopped 'em, one by one as they come over the rail o' the *Tropic Zone*. I wouldn't want to state at this late date how many o' 'em we saved from the burnin' lavver by throwin' 'em inter the tanks, but mebby three or four or five hundred souls all told. An', to keep the burnin' yashes off 'em, we makes a few yasbestos tarpaulins an' claps 'em down over the hatches o' the tank.

"All night long we patrolled the decks shovellin' the yashes off where they fell. An' when mornin' comes an' the 'ruptions is over we take the tarpaulins off the tank, an' there was every blessed one o' 'em, fr'm the General Feeleppo Balbeezo down to the lowest private, 'spite of all we'd done for 'em, floatin' around drowned. Overcome with grief 'n' surprise we was o' course, but when we come to think it over—their endin' up that way, wif the noble don 'n' his beeyoocheous daughter saved an' the revverlootion busted up—it sure did look like the hand o' Providence was hoverin' over us.

"And then," says old Bill, borrowin' another chew from me, "arter we'd cleared out the tank of the dead revverlootionists an' the old Yunzano, the don filled her up again free of charge. An' o' course Hennery married the don's daughter, an' for seven days an' seven nights there was no place yuh could cast yer eyes but you'd see pillers o' smoke by day an' columns o' flame by night, an' wherever you see one o' them it meant a barbecuin' of a carload o' goats 'n' oxen 'n' pigs. 'Twas nothin' but feastin' an' the givin' o' presents, an' then the bridal party embarked on the

*Tropic Zone*, an' gentle tropic breezes wafted us no'therly an' westerly an' sometimes yeasterly past the shores o' Panama an' Peru an' Brazil an' Mexico an' Yucatan an' the Farrago Islands, an' the don's own band used to sit on their camp-stools under the shadder o' the great bellyin' mains'l an' plunk their guitars an' mandolins 'n' picolettes, not forgettin' the band leader who played the most amazin' solos on the hoolooooloo. An' strange ships used to sail a hundred miles out o' their course to find out who was it was sendin' them dulcet strains acrost the cam waters. An' the bridal couple 'd be holdin' hands an' gazin' over the spanker-boom at the full moon. 'Twas gorgeous an' elevatin', an' a fasset an' pipe led direct from the tank to the cutest little kegs with brass hoops placed at frequent intervals around deck, so that whoever o' the crew wanted to could help theirselves any hour o' the day or night to a free drink o' Yunzano.

"An' thole don sits up on the poop-deck, with his hands folded acrost his stomach, an' says: 'Quiscanto vascamo mirajjar,' which is Yunzano for 'I am satisfied, I can now die happy.' But he didn't die—he lived to be ninety year old, an' before we arrives at New York he makes me a gift o' this pipe. O' course he made me other gifts, the don did, but this I value most of all, bein' made from wood of a rare tree from the heart o' the swamps o' Yunzano. An' I'll never forget him. An' so there's the story o' my youth an' Yunzano.

'The days of our youth  
Are the days of our glory—  
The days of old age  
Is the time for the story—'

So I read in a book o' poetry one time."

"But young Henry and his bride," said Wallie—"what happened them later?"

"Them?" says old Bill. "Well, it was on'y the other day I met a nold friend o' mine who used to report prize-fights an' jail matters, but is now writin' about society matters for one of our great metropolitan journals, an' he shows me in the Sunday supplement a full-page picksher, in brown ink, of a solid granite buildin' that looked like a jail but wasn't. It was the Hennery Spiggs Home for Inebriates, an' built strong like that so no one could





*Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.*

“‘Quiscanto vascamo mirajjar,’ which is Yunzano for ‘I am satisfied, I can now die happy.’”—Page 660.

escape from it 'n' the good that was to be done. An' there was another two-page pickshie, in brown ink, of Hennerly Spiggs, our same young hero of other days, but now a noddish gentleman with whiskers under his ears an' children an' grandchildren gambolin' on the green lawn of his million-dollar Newport cottage. A great philanthropist he is now, an' a leader of society, with wealth beyond the dreams of a movin' picksher manufacturer—all made outer Yunnan. Before he dies he's hopin' to see erected a fittin' monument for that world-famous chemist, that great benefactor to the cause o' humanity an' medicine, the Honorable Nathaniel Spiggs, his father. Already his best-paid foremen an' employees was bein' invited to contribute. Sometimes I think o' goin' to see him."

"You should go, of course," says Wallie. "He will be glad to see you."

"Mebby so, mebbly so, lad, but why should I thrust my wuthless carcass onter him? Besides, the round-trip fare to Newport is four dollars an' more." An' Bill gazes mournful-like across East River to Brooklyn, an' Wallie's too polite to bust in on him, but I c'n see in his eyes where he's goin' to get four dollars some way for old Bill some day to pay a visit to Newport.

An' then it comes time for Wallie to hike off to school, an' he kisses his father good-by, an' says "So long, Hiker!" to me, an' thanks old Bill for his story.

"It always gives me pleasure to instruct an' edify growin' youth," says old Bill, lookin' after Wallie goin' up South Street, an' whilst he's lookin' a policeman an' a common ordinary citizen heaves into sight. An' the man looks to be excited, with a coat over one arm.

"You take some o' these young fuhlers," says Bill, "that's been drivin' a dray all his life an' invest him with a yunniform an' authority an' a club in his hand, an' two or three times more pay than ever he got before—you do that, an' I tell you there's nobody safe from 'em." An' old Bill slips the pipe back into the coat-tail pocket of the coat an' leaves it on the steps, an' scoots lightly to behind three high barrels o' flour in the back o' the store.

Mr. Whelan has a peek over his paper at Bill passin'; but he don't say any-

thing on'y to step to the door when the policeman an' the man come along.

"Look!" the man hollers, an' dives for the coat Bill 'd left behind him. "An' lookat—the pipe!" He'd hauled it out of the coat-tail pocket. "My pipe!"

An' then the policeman says: "This gentleman this morning, Mr. Whelan, dropped into Spiegel's after a little bat for a little nip and a——"

"If you please," interrupts the man, "I will tell it. A short while ago"—he faces Mr. Whelan—"I was yunnamously elected outer sentinel o' my lodge o' Fantail Pigeons. And last night a few friends, wishin' to commemorate the honor, presented me with this pipe—a fine pipe, as you can see—of ebony. And my initials, see—H R C—Henry R. Cotton—on the gold band. And a picture of a fantail—see—engraved on the bowl. You don't happen to be"—the man steps up to Mr. Whelan an' grabs an' squeezes his hand, all the while lookin' him hard in the eye—"a Fantail?" When Mr. Whelan don't say anything, the man gives him another grip, 'most jumpin' off his feet this time to make sure it was a good one.

"No," says Mr. Whelan, wrigglin' his fingers apart after the man let go of 'em—"I'm no Fantail."

"Oh, well, it's all right—there are some good men who are not. However, I leave the chaps this morning and step into a place down the street for a cup of coffee before I go to the office, and possibly I laid my head down on the table for a minute's nap. However, when I get up to take my coat off the hook where I'd left it, the coat is gone. And in place of it is this disreputable garment—see?" an' he throws down the old coat an' wipes his feet on it.

"Spiegel's bartender, Herman," puts in the policeman, "says there was an old bum came in an' hung his coat next to this gentleman's, an' when he went the coat went; and he must 'a' went pretty quiet, Herman says, for he didn't notice him goin'. An' his description fits an old loafer who hits the free-lunch trail pretty reg'lar 'round here, an' I think I seen him loafin' around here once or twice."

"He meant to steal that coat an' pipe," says the man.

"If he meant to steal it," says Mr.



Whelan, "why d' y' s'pose he left it here?"

"Why, I dunno," says the man.

"O' course he didn't," says Mr. Whelan. "An', look here"—he sticks the mornin' paper under the man's nose an' says: "What do you think o' Marquard holdin' the Phillies down to two hits yesterday?"

"No!" says the man; "two hits? Well, say, he's *some* boy, hah?"

"Is he? Listen to me," says the policeman, shovin' his club between them. "Listen. All I gotter say is, with Mattie an' Jeff an' the Rube goin' right, where'll them Red Sox fit with the Giants in the world's series next month? God help 'em—that's all I gotter say."

"The Giants look like a good bet to me, too," says the man, an' soon up the street toward Spiegel's the pair of 'em go, fannin' about the Giants with Mr. Whelan.

An' when Mr. Whelan is soon back alone, Bill comes out from behind his flour-barrels an' with his plug o' Comanche Chief in his hand. "I don't s'pose yuh could swap this for chewin' o' the same brand, could yuh, Mr. Whelan?" he says.

"Why—you given up smokin'?" says Mr. Whelan.

"How'm I goin' to smoke without a pipe?" says Bill.

"That's so," says Mr. Whelan, an' goes behind the counter an' pulls down a couple o' boxes of brier pipes.

"With a middlin' good hook to the stem, if you don't mind," says Bill.

Mr. Whelan passes over the best make of French brier. Bill held it up. "She looks all right." He put it between his teeth. "An' she feels all right." He sticks it into his shirt. "An' I guess she'll smoke all right." He steps to the door an' picks up the old coat. "What good it done him to wipe his feet on my coat, I dunno," he says. Then he turns back.

"About Wallie, Mr. Whelan?"

"Why, Bill," says Mr. Whelan, "when he gets back from school of course he'll get down the chart to look up all those countries you passed on the way back from Yunzano, and o' course we'll have to make a correction or two in your jography."

"O' course," says Bill. "I userder have a good mem'ry once, but"—he taps his head—"gettin' old, gettin' old, Mr. Whelan. That coat now—it sure did look like the cut o' the coat I used to wear on the *Tropic Zone*. And the pipe!" an' old Bill gazes mournful-like across East River to Brooklyn, an' turns again an' says: "A good boy, your boy, Mr. Whelan—no evil suspicions o' people in his heart. An', as my old capt'n o' the *Tropic Zone* userder quote fr'm the Bible to me: 'It's they shall inherit all there is that's wuth inheritin'.'"

An' then Bill heaved another sigh, and put on his old coat, an' went shufflin' up South Street, on the side away from Spiegel's.

## THE MOTHER

By Phoebe Hunter Gilkyson

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

OUT of my body was fashioned the whole of you,  
Flesh of me, blood of me, bone of my bone,  
Yet, with no part in the miracle soul of you,  
How can I dare to call you my own?

Out of the sea and the stars and the flowers,  
Out of the magic of life-giving spring,  
Out of the peace of the dim twilight hours,  
Blossomed your spirit, the God-given thing.

Pale is my gift in the light of that other.  
Mine was the infinitesimal part;  
God must forgive the vain pride of a mother  
Calling you hers, as you lie at her heart.



*Drawn by Howard Giles.*

"Nor did she ask my business, nor who I was, nor where I had come from."—Page 667.



# JEANNE, THE MAID

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES



NOTHING else that Richard Barclay ever did during his active, startling life surprised me so much as his joining the Roman Catholic Church. It is true that I would never have accused him of being a pagan or an atheist—he is too modern for the one and too imaginative for the other—but I had always marked him down as one of those non-practising Episcopalians who accept the religion of their fathers as unthinkingly as they accept their baptismal names. “Who gave you this name?” “My sponsors in baptism.” “And who gave you this religion?” “Why, I suppose they did, too.”

But it has always been impossible to put Richard Barclay into a pigeonhole and say: “There, that is where he belongs—that is his species, that is his variety.” He is a man whom you cannot catalogue, or, rather, whom you can catalogue only under a score of different headings. For example, it is difficult definitely to state even his profession: he is a war correspondent—yes, and he is a philologist; he is an explorer, undeniably; and he is a historian, having written a life of Charles VI, in I forget how many volumes; he is a soldier of fortune when he is unfortunate enough to have nothing better to occupy him; and he is a botanist no matter how pressing his other occupations may be. A man of many and varied talents, you perceive, who might to-day have been a very famous man had he chosen to exercise any one of them continuously and exclusively.

Although he is perhaps thirty-eight years old, he appears younger; and he is handsome in a dark, tanned, healthy way. Women look at him twice, and having looked, grow irritable with their husbands. And yet he has something of the ascetic about him—not that he is sallow or starved or soulful-eyed—but he conveys very forcibly an impression of supreme

cleanliness and health, both mental and physical.

I am probably the best friend that he has in New York, and during his brief visits to that city he makes a point of looking me up, either at my club or at my bachelor apartment. We dine together and he tells me of his latest exploits in whichever one of his professions he has been practising. I, for my part, having nothing in my life but humdrum routine, make, I imagine, an appreciative listener. Now that I think of it, ever since our days at boarding-school, I have been Barclay’s audience: he has never been mine.

Barclay had been in France when the war broke out: that much I knew; but where in France or why in France I knew not. One evening in the middle of last March he returned to New York and enlightened me.

My Jap served us dinner in my rooms, for Barclay insisted that he preferred to be alone with me that first evening. He said that his soul had been spaded up and turned under, just as you do with soil to make it more fertile, and that out of the hitherto barren ground had sprung up a most wonderful bloom—mystical, golden, awing. And then, with no further warning, he told me that he had become a Roman Catholic.

I stammered out my astonishment, while he sat unmoved, his chair pushed back from the table, sipping his coffee. Unmoved? Yes, except for a slight glow in his thin brown cheeks and a new, unfathomable light in his eyes.

“You are surprised?” he inquired.

“Yes—why, yes—naturally. It’s rather sudden, isn’t it?”

“Quite sudden,” he answered. “Most revelations of faith are. There was Peter, and Andrew, you remember, and Paul, and—yes, and Mary Magdalene.”

“That is true,” I agreed, “but they lived in the days when Christ walked



the earth. They saw miracles being wrought."

He nodded slowly, his eyes fixed on the table, his fingers playing with the coffee-spoon. Then he threw back his head abruptly and said: "I, too, have seen miracles being wrought."

He was so absolutely serious, so much in earnest, when he made this remarkable statement that I was at a loss how to reply. I did not want to hurt his feelings, but I might have reminded him that the church puts no faith in latter-day miracles, and that many advanced theologians refuse to accept even the New Testament miracles literally.

I think that he perceived my trouble, for he said: "Oh, no—I'm not mad. And I'm thoroughly sincere. I know, I know—here in hard, matter-of-fact New York it sounds preposterous, but wait until I've told you about it and then judge for yourself."

I felt that vague uneasiness you experience when some one starts to tell a ghost story, and mingled with that was a certain reluctance to sit by and witness a man lay bare the innermost sanctuary of his soul. However, it was clear that Barclay would not be content until he should have told me the story; so I lighted a cigar to keep my nerves in hand, and told him to begin.

"Last spring," said he, "I spent walking in the Vosges Mountains, just across the border from Alsace-Lorraine. I did a little botanizing and a little stone-tapping, but mostly I breathed in health and happiness with the air. I strayed about aimlessly enough—that was one of the refreshing things about it, that I had no definite aim. A definite aim, no matter how satisfactory it may be when attained, always involves a certain amount of labored plodding, and life is too short to plod in—or, perhaps better, to those that plod life seems often too long."

I acquiesced rather bitterly. I am afraid that I am a plodder.

"Well, at any rate," he continued, "toward the end of June I found myself not far from a village—a village so small that you can find it on few maps, and yet a village whose name once rang round the world. Perhaps the name, even now, will mean something to you—Domremy.

What does it bring to your mind, that name—Domremy? Do you see a girl kneeling in a garden beside the churchyard? Do you hear a rushing of white wings as St. Michael stands before her? Do you see her, clad in armor, a straight, slender figure astride a huge white horse? Do you hear the trampling of hoofs and the shouts of men as she leads an army into battle, ever triumphant under the lilies of France? Do you see her raise a siege at Orléans and crown a king at Reims? And, finally, do you see her kissing the cross as the flames reach up to her, where she stands a martyr at the stake?"

His eyes glowed feverishly, fanatically, and he rose from his chair and commenced to pace the room.

"Jeanne d'Arc," I murmured.

"Yes," he repeated, "Jeanne d'Arc—Jeanne, the Maid."

It was a full minute before he could control himself sufficiently to continue.

"I went to Domremy," he said at length, "and I saw the house in which she was born and the garden in which she heard the Voices. Even then I was interested in her only as you, yourself, are interested in her. I considered her the heroine of a charming legend—a legend based perhaps on a slim foundation of fact. Since then I have learned better. In my eyes she stands to-day second only to our Lord as a witness of God manifest on earth. She is an irrefutable argument for Christianity, and since none believed more devoutly than she in the Pope of Rome and the Pope *in* Rome—there were two popes then, you remember—it follows that if you believe her Christianity you believe also her Catholicism."

"She was martyred by her own church," I pointed out.

"And Christ was denied and betrayed by his own disciples," added Barclay. "Besides, her own church rehabilitated her and made her a saint. All the great prophets have been stoned during their lifetimes—it is only when they are dead that they receive their just rewards. It was that way always and it shall be that way always. It was that way—it was that way last August, when another name was added to the noble army of martyrs."

"Tell me about him," I urged.

"It wasn't a man," said Barclay—"it



was a girl—a young girl. I scarcely know how to begin, and it is hard to find words with which to tell about it. It is very sacred to me, you see. I feel that I need the words of a Matthew or a Mark, and I haven't them. I am, at best, only a war correspondent. . . .

"She was called Jeanne—there is a coincidence there—Jeanne Leblanc. I saw her first the night I arrived in Domremy—a wet, windy night in late June. I saw her last—well, never mind that yet.

"I told you that I had been walking, didn't I? I had done about fifty kilometres that day since breakfast—the last dozen of them through a gusty rain, shot with white lightning and laden with complaints of thunder. My road followed the course of the Meuse, usually a lazy, pleasant stream, but now flecked with foam and murmuring uneasily at its margins. Road and river wound through vineyards and pasture-land, sweet with the fragrance of moist soil and wet leaves—a cool fragrance that you never get when the sun is high.

"I suppose that it was about seven o'clock—it was deep twilight—when I saw ahead of me a handful of houses, clustered snugly about a church spire that pointed like a long, slim finger to heaven. Smoke, white against the sky, was rising from the chimneys, and yellow squares of light marked the windows. Domremy was peaceful even in the stormy night.

"A man in a blue blouse, driving a covered two-wheeled cart, replied to my inquiry regarding lodging by directing me to the house of Armand Leblanc.

"'Across the bridge, the last house on the left. It is not far, m'sieu', and he makes every one welcome—he and his poor girl.'

"'His poor girl?' I repeated, wondering at the adjective.

"'Yes,' he answered, nodding; 'm'sieu' will discover for himself, but m'sieu' need not be alarmed—she is a little mad, but quite gentle and would not harm a sparrow. She is well loved here, m'sieu', and I should not be surprised if she were nearer to *le bon Dieu* than most of us who can see only the ground we walk on. Yes, m'sieu', across the bridge, the last house on the left. Not at all, m'sieu'. *Pas de quoi*. Good night, m'sieu'.'

"I found the house with no difficulty, and Jeanne Leblanc, herself, opened the door at my knock. I wish I could describe her so that you could see her, or at least give you some hint of her. At the time I first saw her I think perhaps I could have done so, but now, for me she has come to be the symbol of so much that she transcends any power of word-painting I possess. A young Madonna? No, not quite: her feet seemed fixed too firmly upon the earth. Perhaps more of a Jeanne d'Arc—the Jeanne of Domremy, however, not the more confident Jeanne of Orléans and Reims; the Jeanne still seeing visions, not the Jeanne fulfilling them. That was to come later—the fulfilment.

"Her features are more easily described—the narrow, oval face with the closely coiffed golden hair drawn back smoothly from the high white brow; the ascetic mouth, thin and straight-lipped; the wide, far-seeing eyes, clear as a child's, wondering much and yet filled with all knowledge. That much of her I can describe, I say—the mere garment of her soul—and that much of her, were I a Raphael, I could put on canvas. That much and no more. . . .

"She opened the door—I heard her wooden sabots come clicking across the floor—and, a lamp in her hand, she immediately stood aside to let me in. Nor did she ask my business, nor who I was, nor where I had come from. It was apparent that, as my friend of the covered cart had told me, every one was welcome at the house of Armand Leblanc.

"'You are very wet,' she said, 'and doubtless very cold. If you will leave your cloak here in the hall and come into the kitchen you will find supper ready—and in the kitchen it is warm.'

"I bowed and said that she was very kind; but she seemed surprised that I should consider it kindness. She led me through a door at the back of the hall into the kitchen where, at the end of a pine table, sat a grizzled, bearded man in a peasant's smock, whom I rightly judged to be Leblanc. At my entrance he rose, bowed, and said: '*Soyez le bienvenu, m'sieu'*.' Then he returned to his interrupted meal.

"Jeanne indicated a chair for me at the



table, and, having served me in spite of my protestations, herself took a seat opposite her father. We ate in silence, although I made several half-hearted attempts to discuss the weather. At length, however, when Jeanne had cleared away the dishes and Leblanc had lit his pipe, they seemed disposed to enter into conversation. But never did they question me as to my name or my business—it was as if I had lived with them always, as if I were one of the family returned after a brief absence.

"This rain should help the crops," observed Père Leblanc, through the smoke of his pipe.

"And the garden," added Jeanne. "How the roses will welcome it! To-day they were so tired."

"I thought that her father regarded her a little suspiciously at this—suspiciously but not unkindly."

"Have you been long in the garden to-day?" he inquired.

"Until it rained," she answered.

"You are fond of flowers, mademoiselle?" I put in, trying to be pleasant. "So am I. I shall look forward to seeing your garden to-morrow morning, if the rain is over by then."

"She shook her head."

"The storm will be worse to-morrow," she said simply. "It will last for many days. God is very angry with the world."

"Hush, Jeanne," murmured Père Leblanc. "You must not talk that way before m'sieu'."

"She did not seem to understand; she looked up at him appealingly, like a child who has been reprimanded for no just reason."

"I am sorry," said she. "Must I then keep silent about that which is revealed to me? Surely it is not something to be ashamed of—something to conceal."

"Leblanc sighed, glanced at me meaningly, and shook his head."

"Pardon, m'sieu'," said he; "my little Jeannot has fancies: she imagines things—or else, indeed, she sees more than our eyes can ever see." And he tapped his forehead with the characteristic French gesture.

"I was embarrassed to reply; but I finally stammered out something to the effect that the vision of the young is often clearer and truer than that of us older,

wiser men. Leblanc nodded, sadly but acquiescently, and I turned to Jeanne.

"Do you believe," I asked, "that God sends a storm to show that he is angry with the world?"

"I don't know," she answered. "But this storm he sent to show that he is angry. And this storm is but the beginning. Before the year is over it will rain blood."

"Leblanc shivered and crossed himself. She had made the statement quietly, but with absolute conviction, as if she had said: 'To-morrow we shall have *croûte-au-pot* for supper.'"

"Whether it was from a certain morbid curiosity or whether even then I sensed that she was in touch with—well, never mind—at any rate, I could not refrain from questioning her."

"Why do you say that?" I ventured.

"She opened her eyes very wide in surprise, and then she smiled on me, as if forgiving my absurd question, and said: 'Because it's the truth, m'sieu'. My Voices told me.'"

"It was then that I recollected we were in Domremy; and I remembered Jeanne d'Arc and the Voices that spoke to her as she knelt in the garden. And just as you are doing now, no doubt, I reasoned that this other Jeanne had been brought up on the legend, had brooded over it, and had clasped it to her heart until she imagined that to her, also, there came angels from heaven to comfort her and to guide her. Yes, I admit that that seemed the natural solution. But wait!"

"The next morning I awoke to the sound of rain beating on my casement window. The storm had increased overnight, and, although there was neither lightning nor thunder, the wind had risen to an alarming velocity, and as I looked out I could see the trees bending low before it, their branches whipping and thrashing like ribbons of a split sail in a hurricane. That Jeanne had prophesied truly concerning the storm occupied my mind but little, for a sailor or a fisherman or a New England farmer could have done as much: what I had to consider was that it would be madness for me to attempt to leave four walls and a roof on such a day. So I determined to seek out Père Leblanc and arrange to stay with him as a paying





*Drawn by Howard Giles.*

“‘It is almost over,’ she said in a whisper.”—Page 671.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a list of names, is visible in the center of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher.



guest until the weather should render my departure possible. And that, briefly, is how it came about that I stayed in Domremy and learned to know Jeanne Leblanc—Jeanne, the Maid.”

Here Barclay paused and asked for a fresh cup of coffee. I could see that the recital had stirred him greatly, and his hand shook as he bore the cup to his lips. He smiled a little ruefully when he saw that I had noticed his agitation.

“You thought I was a man without nerves?” he inquired. “I don’t know—I don’t know. Lately I have changed. One can’t look at the sun and not go blind; and I have looked at a light that is far brighter than that of a thousand suns. . . .

“I remained at Domremy through July. The storm lasted all that week and half of the next, as if, truly, God were angry with the world. For the most part we stayed indoors around the kitchen fire, but Père Leblanc had chores to do about his farm and every day Jeanne would go out in the rain to see how the sheep were faring. Oh, yes—she tended sheep, like Jeanne d’Arc and like them to whom the angel of the Lord came to tell of the birth in Bethlehem.

“One evening, shortly before dinner, Jeanne came into the kitchen, where I sat alone working at an article that I was writing for an American geographical publication. Looking up, I perceived immediately that something very grave had occurred—something grave and yet, judging by the exaltation in her eyes, something very wonderful. Although she and I had become close friends by now, I hesitated to question her, for I felt—how can I describe it?—I felt that she had suddenly left me far behind and below her: she had stepped beyond the earthy boundaries that hemmed me in. Imagine two people imprisoned in the same cell, one of whom is able occasionally, through the barred windows, to obtain a glimpse of the blue sky with the sun riding across it, and the other of whom is so chained to the floor that he can never see the light except reflected in the eyes of his comrade. Do you understand what I mean? I saw the light reflected in the eyes of Jeanne Leblanc, and the sight of it awed me and held me silent.

“She crossed over beside me, sat down noiselessly, and passed a hand across her forehead. Without having looked at me she knew I was there, and, before long, she spoke.

“‘I have heard the Voices again,’ she said. ‘They came to me again in the garden—just now—St. Michael and St. Catherine—the one to warn and the other to comfort me.’

“She paused, breathing rapidly, and her hand strayed down to her breast, where she held it pressed against her heart.

“‘It is almost over,’ she said in a whisper. ‘There is but a short month left me—and yet it will be very glorious to die. Yes, I must remember that—it is very glorious to die in order that one may live forever.’

“‘Jeanne—my little Jeannot,’ I faltered—‘you must not think such things. You are not going to die!’

“I was really frightened, you see—I was frightened because I believed that she was speaking the truth. And she, knowing that she was speaking the truth, was frightened, too, I think, for a little while; but it was the last time that I or any one else ever saw fear in her eyes.

“‘I have thirty-four days to live,’ she said. ‘Within thirty-four days I shall encounter blood, iron, and fire—and at the end I shall wear a martyr’s crown. Sweet Lord, grant that I may wear it bravely and without flinching!’

“Then she fell silent; and I went over to her and knelt by her chair and took her hand.

“‘Jeanne,’ I said, ‘do you mean that there will be war?’—for, you see, even then, toward the end of July, there were but few that suspected what the first day of August would bring.

“She nodded without speaking, but I felt her fingers cold and trembling in mine. Suddenly she slipped to her knees, clasped her hands together, and closed her eyes. I knew that she was praying.

“When she had finished she kissed her crucifix and murmured: ‘*Ta volonté soit faite.*’ Then she got to her feet and turned to face me, her head thrown back, her lips steady, her eyes serene.

“‘Now,’ said she, ‘I have been given strength. God is good to his servant.’”



At this point Barclay paused and regarded me searchingly, as if striving to read my mental attitude in my face. To tell the truth, his story had carried me along with it, and I believed every word that he had said as implicitly as he, himself. Besides, Barclay is not prone to exaggeration—rather the contrary, in fact.

"Do you think you are listening to a lunatic?" he said sharply. "If you do, just say so and I'll quit talking immediately. Understand, I'm not trying to make a convert out of you; but if you don't believe that I am telling the truth I'd rather not go on."

"Don't be ridiculous," I answered—"I *do* believe that you're telling the truth. So please go on."

"You're not bored and cynical?"

"No," I said; "go on."

Apparently satisfied as to my willingness to listen in the proper frame of mind, he consented to proceed. I doubt very much if he would have told the tale to an incredulous scoffer.

"I don't intend," he said, "to give you in detail the rest of my conversation with Jeanne Leblanc. All that she prophesied to me that afternoon is now history; but, unfortunately, I am the only witness that can testify to the fact that all that came to pass she had foretold. For example, however, she said that her Voices had warned her of the first of August, the day on which the rain of blood was to begin—and of the last of August, the day on which she was to die.

"Well, you yourself know—we all know now—what happened on the first day of August; and I and a few others know what happened on the last day. I wonder if the histories will mention it—I'm afraid not.

"You remember the disastrous advance of the French into Alsace-Lorraine, at the very opening of the war? You remember that they overreached themselves?—that some one high in command blundered?—that a whole regiment broke in disorder and ran? Well, we in Domremy saw the advance, and we saw the retreat. You see, the war caught me at Domremy with no papers and no passports. In any case, it would have been difficult to leave, but, to tell the truth, I had no desire to leave: I wanted to stay

not only because I am a war correspondent at times, but also because I had become a disciple of Jeanne Leblanc and I was unwilling to desert her before—well, before the end of August. So I stayed.

"We saw the French pass through Domremy, eager, enthusiastic, confident of success. We cheered them loudly; we cried, '*Vive la France! Vive la République!*' and, in our madness, we cried also, '*À Berlin!*' At least, all of us did but Jeanne. She watched them march by with tears in her eyes, and occasionally she would stop some young boy, scarcely in his twenties, and kiss him on both cheeks and whisper, '*Soyez fort!*' Those were the boys that she knew would never return.

"There came the time when Domremy was deserted, save for the women, the children, and the old men. Père Leblanc remained, of course, being past the age of service. Each day we waited breathlessly for news of the great victory that we all felt certain would be achieved—all, that is, except Jeanne, who confided her doubts to no one but me. Her Voices had told her that the first assault on Alsace-Lorraine was destined to failure; and she added, quite simply: 'It is I who have been chosen to save it from complete disaster.'

"When I questioned her as to how this was to be brought about, she answered: 'I do not yet know: in due time it shall be revealed to me.' And she was completely confident and untroubled, except that she grieved a great deal for the boys who were to lay down their lives for their beautiful France. She gave not a second thought to her own life—that was to be disposed of and sacrificed as God willed.

"When the retreat began, it seemed at first unbelievable. It was impossible that the French army that had gone out so confidently should be so quickly and decisively repulsed. It must be a mistake. Well, of course it was a mistake—but the army retreated, nevertheless, and in some disorder. Although the news of it travelled fast, it was not believed until the ambulances began to pass through Domremy, bearing the wounded away from the lines. Even then we did not learn the worst, for naturally the men were not inclined to be very communicative—rather, they were furtive and sullen and a little ashamed.



Most of them had been perfectly willing to throw away their lives that a victory might be achieved, and they were dazed to discover that they had shed their blood to no purpose. But there were many who lay across the frontier, unburied and unhonored—and they, at least, were spared the sting of defeat.

“There is no need of my going deeply into the strategy of the retreat. For one reason, I am unable to judge of it, since I gained all of my information second-hand from the soldiers themselves; and soldiers never know why they advance or why they retreat. At any rate, the general in command, in order to save two entire army corps, left behind a small rear-guard to delay the pursuit as much as possible. Perhaps the rear-guard did not know it, but they were simply a sop thrown to the enemy. A few were left to be slain in order that a great many might live to slay. That is war.

“The rear-guard had some pieces of light artillery and some rapid-firers, and they worked them industriously; but, naturally enough, they were forced to give ground—slowly, village by village, hill by hill; and every village that they left became a black, bleak ruin, and on every hill that they left the grass grew red. That, too, is war.

“Long before they crossed the frontier we had been warned to leave Domremy. But we did not leave—that is, not until later. Jeanne would not hear of it, and I, of course, knew why. However, we did our utmost to induce Père Leblanc to join one of the neighbors who offered him a seat in his cart; but the old man, too, was obstinate and insisted on remaining with his daughter.

“‘I am old,’ he said—‘why put off the day? I will stay with Jeannot.’

“And so on the twentieth day of August there remained scarcely a dozen people in the village—among them an old man, a young girl, and an alien.

“All morning we sat and listened to the booming of the guns—heard it grow louder and more spiteful—but in the village there was no sound except that of the dogs barking and whining in the empty streets.

“At noon Jeanne went alone into the garden. When she had gone, Père Le-

blanc looked at me and shook his head sadly.

“‘Her Voices again,’ he said. ‘Always I know by the look of her eyes. Ah, m’sieu’, I am afraid for her—if anything should happen to me, who will be left to care for the little Jeannot?’

“I went to him and laid my hand on his shoulder.

“‘If anything should happen to you, Père Leblanc,’ I said, ‘I swear to you that I will be with Jeannot to the end.’

“The tears came into his dim eyes as he turned to thank me; but, God knows, I had promised little enough.

“When Jeanne returned to the house, I knew at once that the great moment had come. First she knelt at her father’s feet to ask for his blessing; then she kissed him on both cheeks and bade him good-by.

“‘The time has come,’ she said quietly. ‘They need me and I am going to them.’

“Now, it happened that there were two horses left on Père Leblanc’s farm—two horses that had not been commandeered for the army—a roan horse and a white one. Jeanne, of course, chose the white one—how could it have been otherwise?—and she buckled Père Leblanc’s sword about her waist. It was her only accoutrement of war, and I doubt if even it had seen service. At any rate, it was so rusty from years of idleness that I was amazed that Jeanne was able to draw it from its sheath.

“When I had helped her saddle the white horse, I turned to the roan. She watched me intently, saying nothing until I had mounted and moved up beside her. Then:

“‘I knew you would come with me,’ she said.

“‘Of course,’ I answered.

“‘I shall not keep you long, and no harm shall come to you—nor to my father. That much the Voices have promised me.’

“‘Where do we go?’ I asked.

“‘To Saint-Nicolas-du-Port. It is about thirty miles—not far from Nancy.’

“‘Very well,’ I said, ‘I am ready.’

“We rode all that afternoon—a strange couple, no doubt, and one that in times less strange would have attracted more attention; for while thousands of men, women, and children were travelling in



the opposite direction, we were the only people going to the east—into the teeth of the victorious German army. Many times we were warned to turn back, and as many times Jeanne smiled and shook her head. There were harrowing sights on that road, sights from which I averted my eyes, but which Jeanne bore unflinchingly.

"It but makes my own life seem of less account," she said once—"and my death the more necessary."

Toward evening a French officer challenged us, ordering us back. He informed us that women were not wanted on the firing lines, and he looked at me and my civilian clothes with suspicion.

Jeanne answered and said: 'Where men are suffering, women are always needed. I am going to take a little of their suffering onto myself. It is God's will.'

The officer stared—I saw him hesitate, waver, and acquiesce—and then he saluted her and said: 'Go—and God keep you.'

Later, in the night, men were too busy with their own affairs to notice us, or if they did they put us down for peasants returning in a mad attempt to save some of our belongings. And shortly before dawn we reached Saint-Nicolas-du-Port, where the ground was rocking under our feet, and our voices were drowned in the ominous thundering of the cannon.

"We slept in a field outside the village—that is, we lay on the ground and tried to sleep; but, tired as I was, I could not, and I think that Jeanne stayed awake to pray.

The sun came up, red behind the smoke, glowing like a devil's eye; and it looked upon a devil's day.

Jeanne and I arose, stretched our stiff limbs, and left the field for the village.

Now, it happened that the rear-guard of the French army were making a desperate stand about four miles east of Saint-Nicolas-du-Port, their idea being, of course, that the Meurthe, on which the village is situated, would prove a safeguard for their own retreat by providing an obstacle for the enemy's advance. Bridges can always be dynamited, and pontoons take time to construct.

"But early that morning the enemy,

pursuing their overnight advantage, drove the French from their trenches and hurled them back, exhausted and in disorder, into Saint-Nicolas. It was a dull-eyed, crumpled-up handful of men that we came upon, there in the village—five hundred that had once been five thousand, and half of them bleeding from undressed wounds, and all of them so exhausted that death must have seemed to them a blessed relief.

"When they saw Jeanne, cool and white and calm, on her white horse, they looked on her as on a vision. I am sure that some of them did not know whether she was flesh and blood, or whether she was a figure in some dream conjured up by their feverish, tired brains. They parted their ill-formed ranks in the street to let her ride through; but when she was in the middle of them, she halted, drew the rusty old sword, and swung it over her head.

"*Courage, mes enfants!*" she cried. 'Be strong for the glory of France and the glory of God!'

"They turned and tried to cheer; and some of them passed their hands across their eyes vaguely, as if to clear their sight.

"Then, briefly, Jeanne told them that she had been sent by *le bon Dieu* to rally them and to lead them—that they must not be afraid to die—that death in a just cause is sweet—that God cared for them and would remember.

"They listened in absolute silence until she had finished, and then—and then—well, they recognized her, or at least they recognized the spirit that animated her, for they cried out: 'Jeanne d'Arc! Jeanne, the Maid!' And a young lieutenant, the only officer left to them, swung around and put his horse beside hers and shouted: 'Let us all die, but let not the Germans cross the Meurthe!'

"So, while the *sapeurs* were sent to dynamite the bridges, Jeanne rode out at the head of five hundred men to hold the Germans back until the work should be accomplished, and every one of the five hundred knew that with the bridges went their only hope of retreat.

"They went out, the five hundred of them—and a few of them came back, fighting through the streets, from house





*Dracon by Howard Giles.*

"I saw her lips move as she whispered something to him."—Page 670.

When they were driven back to the square in front of the town hall they set up a Maxim gun and played it like a lusty on the close-massed enemy; and when they could no longer work the gun, they retreated into the town hall itself and fought from the doors and the windows and the balcony. And always Jeanne was with them, unscathed, but fighting now on foot, for the white horse had fallen under her. I could see the dying reaching out piteous, adoring hands to touch her skirt before they should die; and I could see the wounded, smiling at her as they fell. The young lieutenant stooped by the Maxim gun to the end, operating it with his left arm, for his right hung limp by his side. And then suddenly he was struck in the head and went down in her arms. I saw her make the sign of the cross on his breast, I saw her lips move as she whispered something to him, and I saw him try to smile as he died in her arms.

"Then I was hit and for a few minutes I remember no more. When I came to I was lying in a doorway, across the square from the town hall. Doubtless it was thought that I was dead, and no one had wasted the time to bayonet me in order to make certain.

"Crawling out painfully to the sidewalk I perceived that the enemy were still encountering some resistance; and just then, from the river, I heard two great booming crashes and I suspected that the bridges had been dynamited.

"In the square the bursting shells, or the Germans' torches, had set fire to the town hall, and it was now a roaring, billowing sheet of flame. But from the upper windows occasional shots spat out, and here and there a German soldier fell quickly and quietly to the ground. I wondered if Jeanne was still in there, or if, already, she had accomplished her destiny.

"And suddenly I wondered no longer, for she appeared on the balcony, in full view of the entire square. She stood there, in Madonna blue, a crucifix raised up before her eyes, the flames licking hungrily at her feet. Almost I saw a halo about her head—I think I did—I am not sure. Perhaps it was the yellow fire behind her; perhaps it was the gold of her hair.

"Ah, she was very beautiful as she

stood there with the light in her eyes as of one who sees God. She was very beautiful, and she was very brave—a woman among a thousand men, a saint among a thousand sinners. As I looked I found that the tears were on my cheeks, and then, presently, I staggered to my knees and began to pray as well as I could.

"There came a sudden silence over the square—a strange, awed silence. Men looked at one another, wonderingly, questioningly, ill at ease, and receiving no answer, their eyes returned to the lonely figure of Jeanne, standing high above them on the balcony, swathed in flames.

"She made no outcry; she scarcely moved, except once or twice when I saw her press her lips to the crucifix. At a word from an officer the men surged back a little from the heat. The officer himself was moving restlessly about the square, uncertain what to do, now that the worst was done. I don't think he relished the responsibility of burning a woman alive; or perhaps he too was not sure whether it was a woman or a saint. However, he evidently thought it best to stay and see the business out.

"It was now merely a question of minutes. The front wall of the town hall was shivering, tottering, and through the windows we could see that the interior was red with flame, shot through with black smoke. The crowd edged away yet a few steps farther; but they kept their faces turned to the balcony.

"Suddenly it was over. There came a leaping yellow spurt of fire, a swirling shroud of smoke, and with a crash of falling bricks the wall fell in. It was as if a child had swept down his building-blocks with a blow of his hand.

"I remember, then, that somehow or other I got to my feet and cried, 'Jeanne!' and I think that through all that mad confusion of sound I heard a voice—a voice that rang as clearly and confidently as a bugle—calling: '*Pour Dieu et la patrie!*'"

Barclay stopped and put his face in his hands.

"It was a glorious death," I ventured gently.

He did not answer at once. Then he said gravely: "Yes, it was a glorious death; but, for her, I believe that it was the beginning of a glorious life. She rests with the saints from her labors."





"It's good," she said. "I believe it will go."—Page 678.

## THE VERY LILAC ONE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

**I**T was Decoration Day morning; it was hot; she stood there. The fresh white blouse had cost \$1.93 at Owen's bargain-counter; the white duck skirt—patch-pockets, wide belt, and all—had stood for \$3.47 at the same sale. She saw his eyes lift to the white Panama hat.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she demanded. "But it didn't cost much. I watched the sales for this shape, because I'd seen one in Curran's window, and I got it at \$1.50; you know really good Panamas come awfully high. And I had this scarf last year, so I washed it and copied the way of putting it on from the one in Curran's. That one cost \$25.00."

"And I dare say yours is prettier," Sandy stated proudly.

Slim lines, sparkling eyes, youthful radiance of a face set in golden-brown waves under the Panama hat made the seven-dollar effect more successful than many

a *tout ensemble* of twenty times the expense. There was more also than the mere gift of dress—there was restraint, simplicity, a lack of silk sweater and cheap jewelry. One felt with approval, looking at this little stenographer on ten dollars a week, that she was not insisting that you take her for a rich woman of leisure with five thousand a year for clothes. One got two or three ideas out of a considering glance at the young face: brains, self-reliance, imagination, sense of humor; such things played cheerfully in and out of the hazel eyes. Sandy McAllister, staring at her, knew all of this, but, being a dumb Scotchman, what he said was: "You look very nice, Annie."

That contented Annie. A shining look came into the hazel eyes. Sitting up late to wash and iron the blouse and skirt, studying Curran's windows, and working over the twist of that scarf—it was all worth while. Sandy said she looked nice. It was a strong remark for Sandy.

"Let's go. We don't want to miss that valley. Don't it a perfect day?" she threw at him happily, and started down the steps.

But Sandy caught her wrist, and held her off a second while he stared again, and his silent heart bumped with joy. She was his girl. It was Decoration Day morning, a holiday. It was warm and bright; she stood there, looking like this, a picture of delight, she was his own girl. "Yes, let's go now," said Sandy.

They went and went and went. They got seats together in the trolley, but were pretty well jammed in the steamer, and laughed and did not care, and at last they came to the Land of Heart's Desire, known to the rich as a lovely spot spoiled by cheap excursions. There they could wander off without a care, very far away indeed from the crowd, till they came to the woods by the sea. They sat down under the pines with marvellous sweet smells of ocean and earth and hot pine-needles closing them into an enchanted valley. They held each other's hands, and sometimes spoke a word and mostly were silent. After an hour or so of such inchoate bliss they fell to talking about Sandy's business. He had just bought the little drug-store at the corner of Bath and River Streets. Sandy called it a "chemist's shop," but the American for that is "drug-store." By whatever name, not yet was he making enough for the two to get married.

"If I could afford to advertise well, it would bring things quite right," Sandy said. "The little shop has a fair list of patrons, and we've got the agency for Adams's Lorelei Hair Tonic, and that's a very good thing. But we need advertising. If only I could get a new way that wouldn't come too dear. I'm not clever at imagining things like you, Annie," stated Sandy humbly.

Annie, pondering, flashed a smile. "What's the good of me imagining things if I can't help you with it, Sandy?" she inquired, and fell to pondering again.

The white Panama lay on the pine-needles; the wind whipped small curls about her forehead; the girl had wonderful hair, long and very curly, an unusual combination. Sandy lifted a hand and touched it shyly; he could never get over

his astonishment that he might do these things.

"You don't need any hair tonic, Annie," he said, and smiled. "I could put you in the window for an advertisement, maybe, though."

Annie's hazel eyes lifted quickly, and her brows drew together with mental effort. She had a thought. "Wait a minute—don't speak," she commanded. "There's an idea coming."

And Sandy, to whom nothing was easier than silence, waited, gazing in respect at this girl whose brain worked in a way which his could not follow, this girl who was yet his own girl.

Then Annie laughed out. "It's good," she said. "I believe it will go. It's not fixed yet, but I can wiggle it out. Listen, Sandy."

And so, sitting in the woods by the sea, her hand in her lover's, laughing, happy, adding step to inspired step, Annie wiggled it out.

Sometimes, going along a city street late at night, one wonders how it would be if the fronts of the houses could be lifted off. There would be rows of people at odd angles asleep in beds; where a light glimmers there might be a girl in evening dress, home from a ball, dancing a reminiscent fox-trot down her room; or a woman happily writing a letter; or a man anxiously pacing a room, maybe; or perhaps nurses working over a sick-bed; all the tragedy and sentiment of life is likely shut behind those long walls which may not be lifted away. But of a morning about mail time, in broad daylight, the walls seem mere boxes holding commonplace or comedy. By the white magic of fiction a story reader may go about a town—why not?—and know whatever is necessary to the situation.

On a morning, then, soon after May 30, Decoration Day, the postmen of the rising city of Brightwater delivered the mail. The bell buzzed at Reginald Towner's house as Reginald himself was sitting down to breakfast. Mrs. Towner, having breakfasted in her room an hour before, was, nevertheless, present to pour coffee for her spoiled darling, who liked this ceremony. The children had been kissed and packed off to school. The butler brought



in the mail and laid it by the mistress of the house as she finished the sacred cup and set down glittering silver.

"Quite a lot," remarked Reginald, stirring his coffee luxuriously. Mrs. Towner was sliding envelopes through her fingers. "What's that very lilac one? Scented; I

Mrs. Towner looked to see if Jennings was safely departed. "If you say so." There was a thin edge to her voice. "You may not be astonished. I am."

"Read it."

Slowly and with distributed emphasis she read as follows:



"Never saw the writing in my life," he pronounced.—Page 680.

can smell it over here." Mrs. Towner dropped seven others and contemplated the lilac one. "It's to you." She looked up at him.

"Well?" Reginald Towner boasted that his wife opened all his letters.

"It's a woman's writing."

"Well?"

Mrs. Towner opened the lilac one. Reginald tasted his coffee, smiled benignantly, turned his attention light-heartedly to a muffin.

"For heaven's sake!" gasped Mrs. Towner into the middle of the muffin.

"What?" The muffin poised in mid-flight.

"Well!"

"Well what?"

"Oh!" and then: "This mail is no place for me, Reginald. I'd better——"

"You'd better read it aloud," finished Towner, the blameless, the frank.

"DEAR MR. TOWNER:

"You may not perhaps remember me, but I can never forget you. I have seen you on the street many times and admired you more than I can possibly say——"

"One s in possibly," interjected Mrs. Towner, *sotto voce*.

"Please don't think me a bold and forward girl——"

"Huh," threw in Mrs. Towner.

"—but it would make me so happy if you would talk to me for a few minutes, and surely there could be no harm in that."

One eyebrow of Mrs. Towner lifted.

"Would you, will you, give me a little

interview on the corner of Bath and River streets at nine o'clock Wednesday night? Please don't think me a foolish, bold girl—

"Oh, no! Certainly not!" remarked Mrs. Towner.

"—but do, do come, for this is no common feeling that makes me beg you to, and I am

"Yours (if you want me)

"(MISS) CURLY BROWN."

"Miss. Curly, Brown," staccatoed Mrs. Towner, and fixed her wedded husband with a glance like a ramrod.

The wedded one stared back. By slow degrees his mouth formed three words. "I'll be damned!"

"Quite likely," agreed Mrs. Towner with chilliness.

"Let's see that."

The very lilac one flew across the tulips and was prevented from landing in the butter-pats. Absorbedly the man read it, and the woman, exasperated, saw a slow smile broaden—a serene, altogether delighted smile, which permeated his face. "Foolish child," murmured Reginald Towner in gentle accents. And then, sharply: "Never saw the writing in my life," he pronounced. "Don't know a blessed thing about it." With that he was grinning widely again, and something in that well-known contagious smile suddenly set Mrs. Towner smiling, too.

"Reggie, you old devil! Don't you?" she shot at him.

"On my word, not a blessed thing."

Mrs. Towner was a handsome, big person with a face like a lovable boy; she liked to deserve her husband's statement that she was "the squarest woman on earth." Here was a chance. "All right. I believe you," she said heartily. "What are you going to do?"

"What would you?"

Mrs. Towner reflected. Then—"I'd go," she answered, and the admiring grin of a comrade across the table was reward for any effort to be broad-minded.

"You're a perfectly good sport, Nan," said Towner. "Dollars to doughnuts there isn't another woman in town who'd come up smiling like that. But of course

I won't go. Awfully—er-rer—undignified. Family man—son twenty years old—ridiculous. Some foolish child." He was grinning rather sheepishly now under the sweeping mustache. That Towner was good-looking was a fact not to be concealed even from himself. The sleepy gray eyes were full of expression, the architecture of his face was splendidly high-bred; one forgave him easily that he was slightly, oh, very slightly, bald.

"You old heart-smasher," Mrs. Towner went on abusively; "you Man-that-Mows-'em-Down-in-the-Streets—look at me!" Mrs. Towner threw back her head and tapped herself, and did a fair imitation of her lord's conscious grin. "Pretty chesty, eh! She's seen you—she admires you—more than she can possibly—with one s—tell you! Not so unpleasant, is it, Reggie? The lovely ladies adore you still, don't they? Oh, lots! Too bad you hate yourself so this morning, isn't it, Reggie?"

Mrs. Towner's language was commonplace, but her copy of the flattered masculine, her falsetto bass, and stroked-kitten manner were distinctly funny. The audience shook with laughter.

"You wouldn't be so rotten bad in vaudeville, Nan," he indorsed the performance, and turned to a fresh muffin. "But—yes, more coffee—I'm surprised at you a bit for advising me to pay attention to the thing."

"Reginald Towner—" (she brushed the lace back from her wrist) "Reginald Towner, if I were a man I'd die of curiosity till I got to Bath and River Streets Wednesday night."

"Would you?" inquired Reginald conversationally. Mrs. Towner went on.

"Tell you what, old boy. You go, with my blessing, on one condition: that you'll honestly tell me every syllable that happens."

"Of course I will—I mean I would. But of course I don't consider going." There was an uncertain note in the firm words. It continued on a rapid downgrade. "Do you—really wish me to go?"

Mrs. Towner exploded into laughter. "Do I wish! As a favor to me, don't you know! Well—you go—and Larrie and I will trot along on the side, and watch your step."



"Not much you won't! Larrie!" Larrie being the twenty-year-old. The real article in firmness this time, and a tone of horror in that "Larrie!"

Mrs. Towner chortled with glee. "Not a bad rise," she commented. "No, Reggie, dear; I wouldn't do a mean thing like that. But I give my full consent to your breaking loose and meeting Miss Curly Brown, if you'll promise to tell me about it. Mind, now, you're susceptible, old Reggie. A sweet young thing—admires you more than she can possibly—with one s—tell you. You'll have to be a strong, firm character. But run along and play, and then come home to mother. That's the scheme. Isn't it?"

Reginald Towner pulled at that long, fair mustache thoughtfully. He stopped pulling and imbibed a last drop of coffee. He set the cup down. "Jove, Nan—I can't let you be more of a sport than I am. That *is* the scheme. I'll do it."

Lilac was an agitating color to more than one Brightwater breakfast-table. The mayor and his new wife, a young woman fifteen years his junior, got their mail shortly before the Towners. Events began much the same: a very lilac envelope, manly innocence, feminine alertness. But this culminated differently; Mrs. Mayor was unhappily not of the square type, and was jealous about her lately acquired politician. So that in five minutes the loving bride and groom were arguing.

"I have to look into these things, deary," the leader of the Democrats urged. "I'm the mayor of this town. I have to know what's doing."

"You don't have to meet Miss Curly Browns on street corners nights," contested Mrs. Mayor. "That hasn't a thing to do with running the town."

"You don't know," the mayor reasoned darkly. "One can never tell. These Republican henchmen are a wicked lot—wily, corrupt, tricky; queer things happen."

"Well, one queer thing isn't going to happen—you're not going to meet any Miss——"

The mayor interrupted. "Deary," he stated with formality, "I wouldn't give orders—to me."

But Mrs. Mayor had thrown her compass overboard. "I *will* give orders about this. You shall not go."

The mayor rose and stood; a trifle pale he was. "Dorothy, I shall use my own judgment."

"Oh, don't go, Frederick," wailed Dorothy, and burst into tears.

The mayor began to show excitement. "Don't you see, you've forced my hand—I've got to go," he let off in flights. "I've *got* to go." The mayor was a short, bald man; he threw out his arms and bobbed his head. Dorothy lifted a tear-stained face from the breakfast napkin and swabbed one eye with a minor handkerchief. "If you go," she announced solemnly, "you need never darken these doors again." She spoke with authority; they were Dorothy's doors; among her charms one counted a grist of shekels.

The mayor was silent a long half-minute, then his arms flew out again in a gesture of abandoned recklessness. As Christopher Columbus, impelled by scientific desire for knowledge, so was the mayor. His head bobbed; his voice went falsetto. "I've got to know what's up. I've *got* to go," stated the mayor.

A magic wand might indeed melt away walls from all the breakfast-rooms in Brightwater, but one may not look at all of them. Time fails. A glimpse more and the rest must be taken for granted.

Colonel Bigelow, boyish, big, clean-cut of mind and body, looked over the mail while his wife—who was very much his wife, and you'd better know it at once—poured his coffee. The girls, her girls, not his, had gone to school; the maid had disappeared to the pantries. He flipped a pronouncedly lilac envelope across the table; he laughed cheerfully.

"That's amusing," he said. "Read that, Girlie."

Mrs. Bigelow did not strike one as a "girlie," but fond parents had so nicknamed her in early youth, and she had clung to the name like grim death. She was several over forty, four or five years older than the colonel, buxom, handsome in a Napoleonic way, with bright color and abundant hair, but high-shouldered and short-armed, of a good, compressed figure,



strenuously youthful. She was intelligent, direct, capable, one of the women who with all good qualities have not a ray of charm. The colonel, being a cousin, had rescued her from a beast whom she had carelessly married, and generously married her himself. One would know that the colonel was likely to do about that.

"Funny, isn't it?" inquired the colonel.

But Mrs. Bigelow, reading with set face, saw no joke. Humor was not her strong point. "I call it impertinent," she announced. "Of course you'll pay no attention?"

The colonel ruffled his hair—it was going a little thin on top. "Well—I don't know," he reflected. "Rather a lark to go and see what the little beggar has to say—eh?"

Mrs. Bigelow's face set further. "I ask you to do no such thing, Henry," she brought out. "I'm your wife. What right has any other woman to 'admire you,' as this"—tapping the letter—"bold creature says."

The colonel grinned. "I wouldn't prevent the sweet things from admiring me if they want to," he reasoned ingenuously. "I don't mind that. That doesn't hurt anybody. But I won't go if you object. I—just thought—it might be a manner of lark. But if you——"

"I do object, Henry," Mrs. Bigelow stated warmly. "Please promise that you won't do it."

"Promise! I said I wouldn't. That's enough, I hope."

The colonel got up impatiently. He had made her his wife; she had a right to every consideration, every gentleness, from him. But sometimes it did feel as if he would like to kick loose into freedom for a while. It is a mistake to let a man get that feeling.

"Thank you, Henry, dear," said Mrs. Bigelow impressively and with intense gentleness, and the ungrateful colonel choked back a one-syllabled remark.

"All right, Girlie. Nothing to thank me for. I don't give a damn." And so the one syllable got said.

"I wish I could have a proscenium box," Mrs. Towner ejaculated fervently.

Mr. Towner had come in from the hall, where Jennings had just put him into his

quietest overcoat—and he owned some noisy ones—and pressed a gentle-mannered soft hat into his hand. Even at that, Mildred Towner considered, he looked conspicuously handsome and well dressed; it was difficult to disguise the good looks of Reginald Towner. It was eight forty-five of "Wednesday night," and he was about to attempt the adventure of Miss Curly Brown; he looked rather sheepish; it is unusual to start to a rendezvous with an unknown maiden of alluring name with the cordial co-operation of one's wife; it is comfortable, but it also detracts from the joy of feeling oneself a perfect devil. His wife kissed him.

"Heaven's choicest blessings go with you, you old rake," she flung at him affectionately, and Jennings opened the door; and Towner, launched on an "affair" by his wife's own hands, trotted down the street.

"Funny," he murmured as he went along. "I feel a good deal like a fool."

Meanwhile, the mayor, after fiddling over the house, appeared at the same hour before a gloomy Mrs. Mayor—he also coated and hatted.

"I'm going to the city hall for an hour," he stated coldly. Relations had been strained since yesterday.

"Oh—the city hall!" repeated Dorothy with sarcasm. Then, rising to her five feet eight, and shooting an arm aloft with tragedy: "Frederick Kleiner," she intoned, "if you go and meet that brazen woman to-night, it is the end. You need never darken these doors again."

The mayor stared, petrified a second, and then his hands went out and his bald head bobbed in the combination gesture which seemed inevitable to the case. "I've got to go," bleated the mayor.

And went.

The colonel sat quietly smoking his cigar that night, and was deep in the papers, when Girlie, his wife, who had gone up-stairs with a toothache immediately after dinner, appeared in ample billows of a negligé of vicious cherry silk.

"Henry," she moaned, "I'm afraid you'll have to go and get me something to stop this agony. Can't you take the car——"

Henry was on his feet, all sympathy and readiness. "Why, surely," he said. "I'll go instantly. Let me see—the near-



est drug-store is"—he ruminated—"Bath and River, I think."

"Yes, that's it. Oh, do hurry. I'm suffering terribly, Henry, love."

address was associated? Suddenly it came to him, and, hand on gear-lever, he hesitated. Then he chuckled. He had said he would not go to Bath and River



"Frederick Kleiner, if you go and meet that brazen woman to-night, it is the end."—Page 682.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Henry, love. "Take a drink of whiskey. I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Bath and River." He said the names of the streets over again as he turned on the lights and opened the car door. What was it, recently, with which that

Streets to-night. No, he had not. He had said he would not meet Miss Curly Brown. Well? Was he going to meet her? He was going to get toothache medicine for his wife. Of course, there were other drug-stores! But this was the nearest; Mrs. Bigelow had begged him to hurry.

What nonsense to hesitate about a foot-  
 long bit of silliness! Then the colonel  
 grinned broadly in the darkness; it was a  
 matter of luck; the colonel had plenty of  
 liveliness in him still. The lever slid into  
 low gear; the car crawled out, complain-  
 ing in tones changed its note, and spun  
 down the street and around the corner.

It was about five minutes before nine  
 o'clock that night when the corner of  
 Bath and River Streets began to assume  
 an uncommon air of liveliness. The  
 policeman, strolling across the way, de-  
 cided that there was a meeting; shortly  
 he began to wonder why the men didn't go  
 in to their meeting. It was a well-be-  
 haved crowd; the policeman recognized  
 some Brightwater celebrities as he saun-  
 tered among them. There was the mayor  
 —the officer touched his helmet, but the  
 mayor seemed annoyed to be saluted,  
 which surprised the officer. There was  
 J. T. Hodson, president of the Second Na-  
 tional Bank; there was Reginald Towner,  
 the millionaire, the "swell" of the town;  
 there was Doctor Hugh Gray, head of the  
 college on the hill; there was Judge John-  
 son, and Thomas Hamilton, of Hamilton  
 Brothers, and Emmons, the leading tailor,  
 and perhaps two dozen more.

There was something in the manner  
 of these as they arrived which puzzled  
 the policeman: each seemed surprised to  
 see the others; some halted, hesitated,  
 and then walked on quickly, but walked  
 back again. The officer's observation ex-  
 tended over a very short period, three  
 minutes, five minutes; the crowd collect-  
 ed almost instantaneously. With that,  
 in the big window of the little drug-store  
 something was doing. A white curtain  
 veiled it from the eye of man, and behind  
 that curtain there were fireworks. Red  
 and green and violet lights played over the  
 white surface; harmless explosions ex-  
 ploded. The curtain appeared to be call-  
 ing attention to itself, and each one of the  
 thirty or forty or fifty men standing un-  
 easily about paid attention, stopped short  
 in his movement of just going on, and  
 watched. After three minutes of such  
 challenge up rolled the curtain before the  
 transfixed gaze of perhaps a hundred eyes,  
 disclosing the show-window set as a small  
 stage.

Moreover, it was well set. Rocks were  
 in the foreground — stage rocks, but  
 dimmed by expert lighting into a con-  
 vincing islet. Beyond a painted river the  
 background rambled swiftly into vine-  
 yards zigzagging steeply, with blue sky  
 above. It was good scenery; one felt the  
 Rhine flowing around those rocks—and  
 behold the Lorelei!

She arose from canvas depths, a slim  
 figure in clinging sea-green something, a  
 small gold harp in her hand, and about  
 her a loose glory of gold-brown rippling  
 hair. With that she was sitting on a  
 ledge, defined against pale-gray stone, and  
 the spotlight showed her shifting the fillet  
 which bound the waves of hair away  
 from her face. She shifted it swiftly, and  
 in a flash a placard swung out under the  
 spotlight which read in distinct lettering:  
 "Miss Curly Brown."

A manner of murmur ran through the  
 hypnotized crowd outside the drug-store  
 window, and Doctor Gray, head of the  
 university, was heard to mutter: "That  
 scenery is from the Empire Theatre."

But no man stirred from his place ex-  
 cept to push toward the window. Miss  
 Curly Brown engaged herself at once in  
 combing her wonderful hair with a bright  
 gilt comb, and one became aware that a  
 concealed Victor in the immediate neigh-  
 borhood was making music.

"With a comb of gold she combs it  
 And sings a song the while;  
 'Tis a strange and wondrous music,  
 For the heart it doth beguile"

sang Alma Glück in velvet tones from  
 the Victor. And the spotlight shifted,  
 and the little stage blurred, and when it  
 was clear again, behold the Lorelei still  
 manipulating the comb of gilt through  
 the cloud of hair! but the placard now  
 read: "Adams's Lorelei Hair Tonic makes  
 hair grow on rocks." The Lorelei dropped  
 the comb and twanged discreetly at her  
 harp, and Alma Glück coincided melo-  
 diously with rhythmical remarks about

"This with her wonderful singing  
 The Lorelei hath done."

Another blur of light and darkness,  
 and the changing placard bore a new leg-  
 end.



"Adams's Lorelei Hair Tonic," it read. "All such as are good sports will walk in and buy a bottle. Makes hair grow on rocks."

The Lorelei, with a twentieth-century skip,\* was gone from the window, and

handsome woman with the boyish face begged half an hour later in the Towners' great library. And Reggie told her, every item, and the two chuckled and shouted, like the comrades they were, over the tale till midnight.



"I think they quite enjoyed it, Sandy."—Page 686.

thirty or forty or fifty laughing men, in varying stages of sheepishness, were prodding each other into the little drug-store, where a tall young Scotchman behind the counter found much trouble in waiting on them fast enough.

"It was a very clever advertisement. And the man said the girl planned it all to help him get a start? We'll go there for *everything*, Reggie, from now on," said big-hearted Mrs. Towner.

"Tell me about it, Reggie, quick," the

"No; stay away—don't touch me—you've got to leave me to-morrow,"

added Mrs. Mayor, and was astounded as she saw Frederick go off into unfitting laughter.

"Listen, Dolly, darling," said Frederick.

"Dolly, darling!" She listened, she hesitated, and was lost. For the silver-tongued Frederick told the tale well. His Dolly, to speak the truth, was glad of a retreat from the strong position she had taken and grateful to the unknown girl who was not clutching after her hero. She laughed to the point of tears.

"I ought to be angry at you, Freddy," she said, with her arm around his neck. "For you went in spite of me. But I can't, because you were so well, so beautifully, said. The girl was a wonder to think up that stunt. Just to help her sweetheart. Say, Freddy, we'll go there for all our drugs after this, won't we, hey?"

And Freddy, well-contented, said yes, "we" would.

"Henry, what—was the mazzer? Did the car break d-down? I had to take whiskey, as you said. I—I think I took—good deal."

Colonel Bigelow, regarding his eminently proper Girlie, grinned sardonically. "I think you did. You're in a state of beastly intoxication," he pronounced. "Here's your stuff. I'm glad the tooth's better, only don't form the habit."

"Hennerly!" Girlie threw the name at him in waves, and then spoiled her indignation with a simper. "My Hennerly!"

With that her Hennerly told the tale of the Lorelei. Mrs. Bigelow, softened with that demon rum, who certainly takes the temporary edge off things, considered.

"Hennerly," she spoke, with careful enunciation. "I believe that it was a—a—an extremely good lesson for all those flip—flippant men. Not you, Hennerly, love. You aren't flip—flippant. You were at—attending to your own wife. Wasn't he?"

Henry grinned. "Well—mostly," he agreed.

"You were, Hennerly, love," Mrs. Bige-

low pronounced. "But it served all the others right. And that—and that young girl—I owe her an—an apology. She was simply at—attending to her own husband, or fiancé, anyhow. I think well of those young people, Hennerly. I'll go to that shug-drop—shup-drog, no, drup-shog hereafter for whatever we get in that line."

"All right, Girlie. Good for you," said the colonel amiably, and with one more reminiscent grin took up his half-read paper.

Meanwhile, as all over the town men told the story to or kept it from their wives, in the little room behind the drug-store Annie and Sandy gloated. The money-drawer was before them, and they swapped details of the evening's success.

"Such luck, me having a brother at the Empire, and him being chums with the scenery man and the light man, and them all being so friendly to me, Sandy."

Sandy murmured a word through the tinkle of silver.

"And then the house being dark this evening so they could come. And wasn't it a smart idea of Jimmie Peters about that Lorelei piece? Though you were doubtful, first off. But it got across, and it looked awfully pretty, Jimmie said. How much, Sandy? No—never! \$75.40! Well, they did all walk up like men and buy the tonic, now, didn't they? And they were that pleasant about it, laughing and joking each other. I think they quite enjoyed it, Sandy."

Sandy grinned.

"And four or five of them said to me after you called me out to help: 'This isn't the last time we'll be in, Miss Lorelei,' said they."

"It was good advertising, whatever," spoke Sandy; and then, manfully: "It's to you that I owe it, Annie, and I'm likely to owe you a lot more than I can ever pay, Annie, dear. And now—darling—if you'll give me a kiss, that will be another thing I'll owe you. But I see my way plain to paying that back, Annie."



# HER OWN SORT

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER



ALL of their friends knew that it was only a question of the time and the place when Alan Godfrey would propose to Natalie Eyre. That he was going to propose was just as certain in their minds as it was that the good-looking, whimsical, poverty-stricken Natalie would accept so eligible a young man as Godfrey. They had been playing golf all afternoon and when the game was over Natalie suggested that, instead of stopping at the clubhouse, they return at once to Mrs. Goddard's, where she was staying and where they could have a quiet, peaceful chat over a cup of tea. Had it been her wish to hasten Godfrey's declaration, she could not more wisely have chosen the setting for the sentimental event. It was a brilliant, golden afternoon in late August. The two young people sat across a wicker tea-table under a canopy at the far end of the terrace. Below them stretched the calm blue waters of the ocean, and on the other side a wonderful lawn studded with spreading oaks through whose branches the sunshine filtered and fell in orange splotches on the Nile-green turf. The stage was set, the hour was at hand, and therefore Godfrey, in a few brief sentences, but every word of which came straight from the heart, told Natalie of his great love for her. When he had finished, he started to rise and go to the girl's side so that she might whisper the answer he had waited so long to hear, but, looking him steadily in the eyes, Natalie shook her head, and, with a slight gesture of her hand, motioned him away.

For a moment the confused, un-understanding eyes of Godfrey held those of the girl, and then his big frame settled slowly back into the depths of the low chair in which he had been sitting.

"Alan, dear," she began, "it would be foolish of me to pretend that I didn't know that you cared or that I had not ex-

pected that some day you would tell me so—just as you have told me. To be quite honest, it is about all that I have thought of for, oh, such a very long time. Because, you see, I knew that my answer would be the most important thing I would probably ever have to say in all my life. I love you, Alan, I am quite sure, more than I shall ever love any one—except, perhaps, myself."

Hope flamed up in Godfrey's eyes and once more he started to rise, but again Natalie motioned him back. "I love you," she went on, "and I know that you would willingly grant me my every wish and every whim—that is, if you could."

Godfrey crossed his arms, pressed his lips into a straight line, and smiled grimly across the table.

"So far as material things go, Natalie," he said, "I can offer you a good deal. I know that there are other things that I cannot offer you. Do you mind telling me of which of these you were thinking?"

Natalie turned her eyes from Godfrey and, for a few moments, let them rest on the broad stretch of blue, dancing waters, and then once more turned them back to the man.

"Oh, so many things, Alan," she said—"such a lot of things. You see, in a way, I lead two lives and you lead but one. From one of my lives I get the great happiness that comes from hard work and hard thinking—all I get from the other is physical luxury and plenty of healthy exercise. I'm tired of being a little daughter of the rich. Since my people died I have been really nothing but a well-bred, well-mannered grafter. I'm tired of luxury and I'm tired of the crowd that makes luxury possible for me—I mean your crowd, Alan, and my crowd."

"Oh, I don't know that it's such a bad crowd," Godfrey protested.

"Of course, it isn't a bad crowd," the girl agreed cheerfully. "It's only the so-



cety journals and the Sunday supplements that try to make our sort vicious. But you and I know that they're not vicious—we know they're just amateurs—amateur farmers and amateur business men and amateur lovers. I want to try my luck against professionals. You mustn't forget, Alan, that I've had two novels published already."

"Yes, I know," Godfrey laughed, "but, to be quite fair, weren't they published through Ned Powell and isn't Powell the silent partner in the firm that published them?"

Natalie's delicate pink-and-white coloring suddenly turned scarlet.

"Yes," she threw at him, "that's true enough, and it's also true that with all Ned Powell's influence back of them the books didn't sell. But instead of reminding me of my failures, don't you think it would be a trifle more kindly of you if you tried to hold out a little encouragement for the future? I think you would if you knew how really and truly I was a little sister of the rich. No one knows what is vulgarly called a successful marriage would mean to me just now. Not even you know how little there is between me and starvation. Believe me, Alan, there are not many girls in my position who would throw you over just because they wanted to make good on their own. If you——"

"Oh, that's all right, Natalie," Godfrey interrupted. "It's not that I'm not appreciative, so much as it is that I'm selfish. You see, I want you all for myself in this world of amateurs. And as for you being near starvation, that's just plain morbid. There are a whole lot of things between you and starvation—there's me, for instance, and there's Mrs. Goddard, and— and lots of good friends who would consider it a very great privilege to help you over the hard places."

Natalie shrugged her shoulders and brought the talk to a blunt and almost brutal end by rising from her chair and holding out her hand.

"Thank you, Alan," she said, "but it's the hard places that make life worth the living—especially if one tries to get over them unaided. But don't ever talk to me again of marriage as you have just now. You know you're a good deal of a temptation, Alan. I'll be leaving Newport in a

few days, but of course I'll see you before I go?"

Godfrey was standing very close to the girl and holding her hand in both of his own. For the first time he seemed to realize that all of his hopes, all of the plans he had made for the future, had come to naught and that in his great ambition he had failed miserably.

"Why, yes, Natalie," he stammered, "of course I'll see you again—many times, I hope. But what are you going to do when you leave here, especially—I mean——"

"You mean especially when I'm broke," Natalie interrupted. "Why, Alan, I'm going back to town and try my luck against the real workers, and—loose myself from my old friends. The next time you see me, it may be behind a counter, or pounding the keys of a typewriter in the office of one of your broker friends, or singing and dancing in the chorus of a musical comedy. I don't know. But I do know that for the present, at least, I've got to break away from my old life and—and you, Alan. I'm too weak to try any half-way course."

"I'm sorry," said Godfrey gravely, and, raising the girl's hand, touched it with his lips. "Good-by, Natalie and good luck to you," he added, and then, suddenly turning his broad shoulders toward the girl he loved, swung off across the sunlit lawn.

During the six months that followed, Natalie Eyre did some of the things she had told Alan Godfrey that summer afternoon that she was going to do. And although during that period she was never starved, there were moments when she would have greatly relished better food and more of it. She did not try to be a stenographer, because she had not had the necessary training, but she did do some clerical work in a publishing house, as well as posing for several artists who made illustrations and covers for the magazines. Although with small practical success, she had continued her literary labors, and, on account of her fragile and flower-like beauty, had been given a very small part in the ballroom scene of a drama of modern society. It so happened that the play was a success, and therefore, night after night, in the front rows and in the



boxes, Natalie recognized many of her former friends. To their frequent invitations to join them at supper she always replied that her work prevented her from going anywhere.

But, work and study as she might, she soon discovered that without personal or financial backing advancement on the stage came very slowly, and in her search for a better position she continued to haunt the offices of the managers and the theatrical agencies. It was a hard, sordid road that she had chosen to follow, but the art of acting interested her exceedingly, and, above all, she wished to prove to Alan Godfrey and the friends of her more affluent days that she was capable of earning her own livelihood. This, at least, she did, but it was often at great privation to her physical well-being. After a short time, however, she became fairly callous to her material needs and her only annoyance was caused by the question that was constantly presenting itself to her mind as to whether or not her moral outlook on life had undergone any radical change. For a time after she had begun her career on the stage, she had maintained for her work and for the people who worked with her her former view-point, which was the larger one of the outsider. But of late she was conscious that there had been a subtle but ever constant change, and that more and more she now thought and talked in the terms of the theatre. Now she no longer read theatrical newspapers with the single purpose of finding opportunities of bettering her position, but because the news and even the gossip of her fellow actors interested and amused her. By degrees their narrow world had become her world. The key to the door that led to the big outside world she still clutched tightly in her hand, but of late there had been moments when she felt that even this was slipping from her grasp. The men of her profession with their pompous, unnatural manners, and the women with their petty jealousies and their ceaseless scandal, she gradually came to accept at their own inflated value. In considerably less than a year her transition to Broadway had become complete and its people had become her people.

It was at a supper-party of theatrical folk in the early spring that she met the

manager of one of the big moving-picture concerns. Attracted by Natalie's beauty and the look of aristocratic breeding that showed in every feature of her face and every line of her slight, lithe body, he offered her a position in his regular stock company, and she accepted the offer. For a few weeks, twice a day, Natalie made the long, tedious trip between town and the studios of the Globe Film Company at Sheepshead Bay, but at last the effort became too strenuous and she moved her few belongings to Sheepshead village. Here, in comparative comfort, she settled in a big, airy room in Mrs. Cragin's boarding-house, where all of the other guests were actors and actresses employed by the same company with which Natalie had cast her fortunes. Therefore, in her hours of ease as well as those of work she found herself constantly in the company of her fellow players. It was a small world complete in itself, and served to sever the last link that had connected her with her former life of luxurious ease. Now she worked from nine o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon and often far into the night. But if her hours of work were long and arduous, they were rewarded with a prompt success. Her lovely features and the supple grace of her movements seemed peculiarly adapted to motion pictures, and in a brief space of time she was playing fairly important parts and her position with the company was assured.

Among the actors who lived in Mrs. Cragin's boarding-house with Natalie was Hugh Kimball, the leading man of the Globe Film Company. He was a good-looking young man in the early thirties, but in spite of his youth had spent many years in stock companies and was not unknown to the audiences of Broadway. In the world of moving pictures he was already one of its best-known and most brilliant ornaments. His name had been persistently advertised throughout the broad land and his good-looking, clean-cut features were known to every girl and every woman in every town that boasted of a moving-picture theatre from Maine to Texas. By the small army employed by the Globe Company he was petted and spoiled and regarded as something a little better than other humans, and at the



boarding-house which he honored with his presence he was easily the star guest. He enjoyed the luxury of an entire suite of rooms, and in his spacious parlor he frequently gave parties to the other boarders and to the many moving-picture actors and actresses who lived in the neighborhood. Hugh Kimball was indeed a king among his fellows, and so often had he been assured of this fact that any early suspicion he may have had as to its truth had long since developed into a certainty. His pride and vanity showed in his eyes, in the way he carried his chin and shoulders, and whether he wore doublet and hose or evening clothes or a fur overcoat he always moved as if clad in the armor of a gallant knight. Until Natalie Eyre joined the forces of which he was the leading spirit, he had politely but firmly refused the more or less flagrant advances of most of the ladies and had treated them all with chilling civility. But from the moment that he first saw Natalie Eyre he seemed to find something about her not possessed by the others, and it was but natural that the attention of Kimball should cause Natalie no small amount of satisfaction and pleasure. During the long spaces of time when they were waiting for their "scenes" at the studios, it flattered her to be seen so constantly in the company of the great Kimball, the admired of all women. At the boarding-house he was equally attentive, and on warm spring evenings he frequently asked her to dine with him at one of the many restaurants or road-houses in the neighborhood. If on such occasions the good-looking actor talked a great deal of his successes on the stage and off it, if he spoke with confidence of the triumphs that awaited him, it was at least a language with which during the past year Natalie had become entirely familiar. When, with a certain ring of awe in his voice, Kimball referred to his exalted position, Natalie was pleased to regard him from his own view-point, and whenever he left a restaurant without being recognized by the other guests and complained in peevish tones at the oversight, she was quite sincere in her sympathy.

One Saturday afternoon, when Natalie happened to be free, she went to New York to do some shopping, and outside of a

Broadway theatre saw the advertisement of a moving picture in which she had appeared. From pure curiosity, she entered the theatre and took a seat at the back of the darkened, half-filled auditorium. The film which she had come to see was already being shown on the screen and for some moments she sat smiling at a love scene between herself and Hugh Kimball. And then, she suddenly became conscious of the fact that the two girls sitting directly in front of her were talking about herself and the popular leading man.

"They say he's crazy about her," one of the girls whispered. "It certainly looks like it when you see the way he grabs her in the picture, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," the friend giggled audibly. "I wish I had her job."

"No chance," sneered the first gossip. "I know a girl who has an aunt down at Sheepshead, and she says he never lets her out of his sight, day or night. They both live at the same boarding-house. Pretty soft for Hughie, eh?" And at this witicism, both girls giggled long and loudly.

Natalie felt that her face had suddenly turned scarlet, and she half rose, but, remembering that no one could see her in the darkness, she once more settled back in her seat. The resentment that she had at first felt toward the girl who had told the scandal vanished as quickly as it had come, and a few minutes later, the thought that Kimball's devotion to her was public property even brought a smile to her pretty lips. The sudden blush of shame was but an inheritance from her former self, and after all was but purely physical. She watched the film to the last picture, when Kimball and she were shown in a passionate embrace. Then, with the memory of the picture still filling her mind, she went out into the sunshine of Broadway.

"Marloe's Mummy" was the name of the play in which Natalie had, so far in her career, made her most ambitious effort. The plot of the comedy was the old one of the mummy who is bought in Egypt, shipped to America, and, by the transfusion of a magical elixir, eventually brought to life. Natalie played the mummy which in its former life had been a true princess royal of the Nile, and Hugh Kimball was the millionaire who had pur-



chased her in her mummy clothes, and eventually, having married her, installed her as the chatelaine of his Fifth Avenue home as well as his summer palace at Newport. Throughout the long hot days of August Natalie, dressed in the filmy, diaphanous robes of the princess, and Kimball and the others, clad in modern clothes, had played the scenes that were supposed to take place in and about New York. The heavier part of the work was over and one day at Newport would be all that was necessary to complete the remaining scenes. Abe Feldman, the business manager, had gone on in advance, and on the last day of August he wired that he had secured permission to use the grounds of one of Newport's finest estates and that the company and camera men should leave New York that same night by the Fall River boat.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, and when they had finished their dinner Natalie and Kimball sought a secluded spot on the upper deck where undisturbed they could whisper their confidences and enjoy the glories of the perfect night. For a long time they sat in silence, while Kimball smoked innumerable cigarettes and Natalie looked out on the placid waters and the distant rim of shore bathed in the soft white light of the silver moon. They were sitting very close together, shut off from the sight of prying eyes by a huge life-boat, and so, when Kimball put out his hand and laid it on Natalie's and gently pressed it, the girl made no sign of resentment. During the past few months Kimball had played many love scenes with Natalie in which he had embraced and kissed her with all the outward signs of a true lover's passion. But then they had been in the open sunlight, or in the studios under the blazing glare of hundreds of electric lights, with a camera clicking in their faces and a director shouting his orders to them through a megaphone. Now it was all quite different. The two young people were alone in the moonlight, and Hugh Kimball was just a man and Natalie Eyre a woman, and the touch of his hand thrilled her as no kiss of the stage had ever thrilled her. For a brief moment she turned her eyes to his, and in return he smiled a smile of happy, boyish content and once more pressed her soft, delicate hand.

When he spoke, it was quite evident from the very first sentence that he had much to say and that his opening remarks would be only as a preamble to the matter of real import to which he was to refer later on.

"In the first place," he began, "I want to tell you something of my people. We came not far from the very town where we are going now—Newport. But of course we had nothing to do with the gay life of that resort of fashion. We were just simple Rhode Island farmer folk—honest but plain. My people still live on the farm where I was born, and during my vacations I often go back to see the old folks and do my best to brighten up their declining years. You might think that I would prefer the gayer summer resorts where I would be well known and—and perhaps made much of and sought after."

From the depths of her low chair Natalie looked steadily at the cameo profile of the popular leading man, and her lips wavered into a whimsical little smile. What if he were vain, she argued, it was, after all, only the vanity of a spoiled child. There was so much to like and admire about Kimball, and she could never quite free her mind from the truly feminine thought that he was so greatly loved by so many women. The woman who married Hugh Kimball and who could hold his love would indeed be one to be envied. As far back as she could remember, Natalie had always rejoiced in doing the thing that was least expected of her. To refuse Alan Godfrey and his millions had caused her a certain satisfaction if only because it had astonished her friends, and to marry a moving-picture actor she knew would cause them even greater astonishment and she smiled pleasantly at the prospect. And then, she became conscious that Kimball was still telling her of his early struggles, and the thought occurred to her that when Hugh talked about himself it was always in the manner of a toast-master at a banquet enumerating the virtues of the distinguished guest of the evening. But Natalie had come to love the very naïveté of the man, and long since she had convinced herself that beneath his braggadocio there were concealed the heart and soul of a real man and a true lover.



"As to your family," she heard him saying—"as to your past, I know nothing and I ask to know nothing. I am satisfied to take you as you are. To me the day of your birth will always be the day I first saw you. All I ask of you, Natalie, is your love and your life."

She felt his strong arm about her drawing her slight body closely to him. Unresisting her lips met his, and, as he gently released her, she heard him whisper: "That is your promise, Natalie?"

"Why, yes, Hugh," she said; "of course, that is my promise."

Abe Feldman was waiting for the company at the Newport pier, and although it was extremely early in the morning his enthusiasm over the success of his own efforts was very great. When they were all crowded into a large 'bus and were on the way to the hotel, he told them that he had not only secured the use of the lawns and gardens of one of the very finest places on the Ocean Drive, but that the gracious lady owner, who happened to be giving a large luncheon party that afternoon, had promised to use her best efforts to induce her guests to appear as supers in the pictures.

"It's a great ad for the Globe Company," he said, beaming on the actors, "and a great chance for you all to break into swell society. We'll get a close slant at them, anyhow, and see what they're like on their own feeding-grounds."

Of all of this Natalie heard but little. Through the windows of the barge she was looking out on the narrow, sunlit streets and the landmarks which had once been so familiar to her. Of the hotel where Feldman had said they were to stay, she had never even heard the name. She was entering a village which a year before had been as her own home, but now she came by a new road and as a stranger, and, in the new order of things, she knew that after a brief glimpse of its glories as a stranger she would leave it. For the first time in many months, she realized how completely she had submerged herself in her new life and how thoroughly she had shut herself off from her old friends and the world in which they moved. Her world was now the studios of the film company that employed her and Miss Cragin's

boarding-house at Sheepshead Bay. Her friends were now the tired, travel-worn, perspiring men and women who crowded the omnibus and who with but a mild show of interest were listening to Abe Feldman tell of his experiences with what he was pleased to designate the "nobs of Newport."

To Natalie the words of the excited Feldman at last took form, and, but half understanding, she smiled at the fat, shining face of the manager and asked:

"Who is it that owns these wonderful grounds where we are to play?"

"Mrs. Alexander Goddard's her name," the manager said, "and believe me, she's some swell—one of the kind you read about in the papers. You know, the sort that has grand op'ry stars after dinner to sing swell ballads at a thousand a throw, and invites live monkeys in to lunch to entertain her guests."

Hugh Kimball majestically folded his arms and sniffed audibly.

"And being out of monkeys just now," he hurled at the well-meaning Feldman, "I suppose she's willing to let us act out on her lawn to amuse her friends. I wonder if they'll feed us peanuts."

Huddled in the corner of the rumbling omnibus, Natalie, her face flushed, her hands clasped tightly before her in her lap, with wide-open, unseeing eyes stared straight before her. For some reason it had never occurred to her that, so long as she purposely kept out of their way, that there was the most remote chance of being brought into immediate contact with, or even of seeing, any of her former friends. She had come to Newport as a moving-picture actress just as she had gone to many other towns where she knew no one and was herself unknown. But now it seemed that the stage chosen for her work was to be the home of a very old and a very dear friend, where, almost as a daughter of the house, she had lived for many months at a time. And if what Feldman had said was true, she would not only meet Mrs. Goddard again but Mrs. Goddard's friends, who would be sure to be her friends, too. Her unhappy, distressed mind was suddenly filled with a picture of herself in the bespangled, transparent robes of the Princess of the Nile wandering about and being made to perform foolish antics on the sun-



lit lawn. With a slight shudder, the girl instinctively raised her hands and pressed them against her eyes as if to shut out the miserable scene. During the long morning hours that followed, shut up in her room at the hotel, her confused brain conjured up many schemes whereby this impossible situation might be averted. If she refused to act, she would have to resign or be discharged from the company which had always treated her with consideration and with whom she had won an assured and profitable position. And, in addition to this, her promise to Kimball of the night previous made it almost imperative that she continue her present work. To falter now would be to turn her back on the road she had voluntarily chosen to follow. It would not be playing the game, and it had long been one of Natalie's boasts that she always played the game.

When Abe Feldman and his company arrived at their destination, Mrs. Goddard and her guests were still at luncheon, and therefore, while the manager and his camera men arranged the preliminaries, the actors and actresses gathered in groups on the broad porches of the house. Somewhat surprised but promptly acceding to Natalie's request, Kimball had left her to join the others, and when she was alone she dropped into a low wicker chair and, for some time, looked out on the velvety lawn, and now and again cast furtive glances at her fellow players. Their faces were made up, but they wore modern clothes, as the play demanded they should. Natalie had seen these same clothes many times before at the studios and there they had seemed appropriate enough, but now on Mrs. Goddard's porch they appeared wholly out of place and rather absurd. In the brilliant sunshine the dresses of the women looked cheap and tawdry and the men's clothes frayed, baggy at the knees and shiny at the elbows. Even the tweed morning suit that Hugh Kimball wore, with its padded shoulders and narrow waist, appealed to Natalie's now sceptical sight as looking rather like an advertisement for men's ready-made clothing. The heavily beaded eyelashes of the women and the rouge on their cheeks, and the smooth pink-and-white make-ups of the men, made them all look rather inhuman and almost un-

canny in the broad light of day. Of all the company Natalie was the only one who appeared in costume, and, with a slight shiver of dismay, she pulled the long coat she wore more tightly about her filmy draperies. And then, from the house she heard a confusion of sounds of talking and laughter, and she saw Mrs. Goddard, followed by her guests, come out on the porch. In a moment Natalie was on her feet and moving swiftly toward her former friend. With a little cry of surprise the elder woman held out her arms and fairly smothered Natalie in her embrace.

"My dear child," she cried, "what are you doing here with your pretty face all made up, and what have you got under that heavy coat this broiling day? What do you mean by not letting me know you were in town, and why didn't you come in to lunch?"

"I couldn't," Natalie laughed. "I'm a working-girl now—a queen of the movies." All she said after this was lost in a chorus of noisy exclamations, and she found herself in the centre of a circle of Mrs. Goddard's excited, eager guests and violently shaking hands with Alan Godfrey. After Godfrey had been induced by the others to give up Natalie's hands, she became the recipient of a greeting the warmth of which fell little short of an ovation. Old ladies embraced her tenderly, young girls of her own age kissed her enthusiastically on both of her rouged cheeks, and men, young and old, wrung her soft, pretty hands until they fairly ached. Perhaps it was on account of her aching hands or perhaps it was from some other cause, but when the excitement of the first greetings was over there were tears in Natalie's eyes, tears that could not be restrained; and therefore she put her arms about Mrs. Goddard and laid her head on the ample bosom of her old friend and in a low, husky voice whispered: "I never knew you all cared so much. Why didn't somebody tell me?"

Mrs. Goddard smoothed the soft hair of the head lying on her breast and said: "Because, you little fool, you *would* be a working-girl and you refused to give any of us the chance to tell you *anything*. Now that we've found you again, I hope you'll be good."



When Natalie raised her head and, looking about her, smiled, through her glistening eyes she caught sight of the moon face and the rotund figure of Abe Feldman, who by slow and easy stages had approached within a few feet of the charmed circle.

"Oh, Mrs. Goddard," Natalie said, "I want to present Mr. Feldman to you. Mr. Feldman is our manager."

The little man doubled up in a bow so low that his shining, perspiring, bald head almost touched his massive watch-chain. In turn he was presented by Mrs. Goddard to her guests, who with great enthusiasm accepted his invitation to join his company and, for a few brief hours, to perform the work of "extra" people in the moving-picture drama of "Marloe's Mummy."

Throughout the long, hot afternoon the cameras continued to click off thousands of feet of films that were destined to make Natalie Eyre and Hugh Kimball famous and Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Goddard's friends, if not famous, at least better known throughout the broad land. The embarrassment which Natalie had at first felt in the situation was quickly forgotten in her work, and in the enthusiasm with which her old friends entered into the execution of what appealed to them as a novel and amusing experience.

The day's work was nearly over and the oak-trees were casting giant shadows on the lawn, when the unhappy incident occurred. Natalie and Kimball had the green bit of lawn which served as the stage to themselves and were in the middle of a very serious and passionate love scene when something went wrong with the camera. The scene came to an abrupt end, and Natalie turned to speak to her friends who were standing in a group at the side of the sylvan stage. Caught unaware, she saw by their faces and their manner that, instead of being seriously interested, they were laughing at and quietly guying the heroic efforts of Kimball to make love as love is supposed to be made by an American gentleman and a Newport millionaire. Confused and blushing scarlet under her rouge, Natalie cast a hurried glance at Kimball, and seeing him still staring at the broken camera, found some consolation in the thought that he too had

not seen the smiles of ridicule on the faces of her old friend's guests.

A little later on, when the last scene had been taken and the film of "Marloe's Mummy" was an accomplished fact, Abe Feldman and his company of players gladly accepted Mrs. Goddard's invitation to stay for tea with her. While the tired but contented actors gathered about the pretty tables on the porches, Hugh Kimball saw a young man speak to Natalie and then from the corner of his eye watched them stroll slowly across the lawn in the direction of the terrace that overlooked the sea.

When Natalie and Alan Godfrey had reached the terrace, they sat down in the same two wicker chairs which they had occupied on a very momentous occasion just about one year before.

"Same two old chairs, same girl," Godfrey said, and laughed a rather mirthless sort of laugh.

Natalie drew her coat tightly over the spangled bloomers of the Princess of the Nile, and her rouged, scarlet lips wavered into a brilliant, dazzling smile. Whatever may have been in the girl's heart, it was her great wish to have this talk with Godfrey as cheerful as possible.

"Same chairs," she laughed, "but not quite the same girl."

"But you've succeeded, haven't you?" Godfrey asked.

Natalie nodded. "Yes, I suppose so. I make my own living and a pretty good living at that. But I'm sorry I came back here to-day."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know, except it was rather like the return of the prodigal daughter. The fatted calf sort of choked me and made me cry. And, then, of course, everything about the place reminds me of a lot of things I haven't got any more and, until to-day, that I hadn't really missed."

"True friends, perhaps?" Godfrey suggested.

But Natalie refused to be serious.

"No," she said, "the true-friends idea didn't appeal to me so much as a great longing I had for a plunge into the surf at Bailey's Beach. And then, all of the time I was acting out there on the lawn my mind was really on the golf-links. I was thinking what fun it would be to be stand-



ing on a nice flat tee with a little white ball at my feet and a good whippy driver in my hands and the fair green stretching out before me. And then a sweet stroke, a swish, and the ball flying straight and true and leaping in great bounds over the

With a sudden look of surprise Godfrey stared steadily at Natalie until the girl's eyes, tired after her long afternoon's work, faltered and turned toward the open sea.

"Why, you know, Natalie, dear," he



F. R. R. R. R. R.

It flattered her to be seen so constantly in the company of the great Kimball, the admired of all women.—Page 690.

smooth turf, missing the traps and skimming the bunkers and— Oh! I don't know, but it was a rather pleasant dream."

"You're not much in the open?"

Natalie shook her head. "No, not very much. Sometimes we work out-of-doors but most of our scenes are in the studios, and believe me, the heat of the lights is awful. What have you been doing, Alan, all this long year?"

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said. "Of course you must know that I have been doing just what I did the year before and the year before that, and ever since I have known you. There is only one real thing in my life—and I suppose always will be—my love for you. Even if you wouldn't let me see you all of this time and hid yourself from me, I knew that you knew that I was waiting. Surely you understood, Natalie?"

The girl glanced up at Godfrey and



then covered the set and then back to Godfrey's searching eyes.

"Why, yes, Alan," she said, "in a way I understood. But, you see, I have been working so hard, and in my work I found other interests and—and other friends."

Natalie's hand was lying on the arm of her chair and Godfrey suddenly put out his own hand and took that of the girl in a firm grasp.

"You mean that there is some one else?" he asked.

Through misty eyes Natalie looked into the frightened eyes of Godfrey.

"Yes, Alan," she whispered, "there is some one else."

She drew the lapels of her coat more closely over her breast, and then, after a few moments of silence, wearily pulled herself to her feet.

"It's getting rather cold," she said, "and I'm afraid the others will be going back to the hotel. You know we return to New York to-night by the boat. Be a good boy, Alan, and take me back to the house with you now, won't you?"

After Natalie had returned to the hotel she went to her room, so that she might be alone until supper-time, when it would be necessary for her to meet Kimball and the others. The events of the day had upset her greatly and she was tired and nervous and on the verge of breaking down and crying. Try as she might, she could not forget the look in Alan Godfrey's eyes, and she could not forget the scene when the camera had broken down and she had caught the crowd laughing at and silently guying Hugh Kimball, the king of the moving-picture world and the man she had promised to marry. For some time she lay on the bed in the little hotel room staring wide-eyed at the whitewashed walls; and then some one knocked and, going to the door, she found Kimball waiting to be admitted.

"Just a few words," he said, and, without waiting for Natalie's consent, came into the room and closed the door behind him.

Natalie offered him a chair, but Kimball refused, and, going over to the fireplace, took his stand before the empty grate and slowly clasped his hands behind his back.

"I have been taking a walk," he began,

"and—and thinking. It occurred to me that unless there should have to be some re-takes 'Marloe's Mummy' is finished—that is, so far as you and I are concerned. And then it struck me how much better it would be for you, and for me, too, if you did not return to New York to-night but remained on here with your friends."

Natalie was sitting on the edge of the bed, her elbows resting on her knees, her chin cupped in her palms, and her eyes fixed steadily on Kimball.

"I don't think I understand you, Hugh," she said. "Why shouldn't I go back with you? Have you forgotten that we were to have another long evening together on the boat in the same little hiding-place that we discovered last night?"

"No, Natalie," he said, "I hadn't forgotten that." For a few moments he hesitated, and during this brief interval of silence Natalie noticed the curious change that had taken place in the man's manner and in the way he carried himself. There was no longer the strut or the old air of braggadocio about him, and in all ways he seemed so much more simple and human.

"Last night," he went on, "I said that I wanted to marry you just because you were you and I said that I didn't care to know anything of your past. Of course, that was very foolish of me, but I didn't know how foolish it was until I learned something of your past to-day. I envy you such—such pleasant and prosperous friends."

"What difference does it make," Natalie asked, "who my friends happen to be, so long as we care for each other?"

Kimball shook his head and forced a mirthless smile to his parched lips.

"It will seem very strange," he said, "to go back to Sheepshead Bay and to Mrs. Cragin's without you. I don't think I ever told you that just before you came to live there that I was going to move away. Well, I was. I hated the place then. But after you came everything was quite different. In what to me before had been a God-forsaken, cast-off racing-town I found a quaint, deserted village. I forgot the forlorn cottages and the neglected gardens and saw only the flowers that still pushed their way through the weeds. Pleasant evenings those, Natalie, when





*Drawn by F. R. Gruger.*

During the past few months Kimball had played many love scenes with Natalie. — Page 691.

and sat down by the sea and had our little dinner together at the corner table at Kettler's. Do you—"

"Hugh, dear!" Natalie interrupted him. "I don't understand you at all. Why should you talk like this—as if everything was over between us?"

Staring at the wall before him, apparently unconscious of Natalie's presence, Kimball, in the same even voice, went on to say what he had so evidently come to say.

"There was a young man there to-day—the young man with whom you took a walk and with whom you remained some time on the terrace. From a remark I happened to overhear, the young man had evidently been an old flame of yours. Why, even I, a stranger, could see in his eyes how he loved you, and in your eyes how you loved him. But even if I were mistaken"—For a moment the actor stopped, and slowly moistened his dry lips with his tongue. "Even if you and this young man do not love each other as I'm sure you do," he went on, "there was something else that happened—something that pointed out to me the barrier that would always rise between us two and happiness."

Natalie started to rise and go to Kimball, but with a quick, nervous movement he motioned her back.

"It happened when the camera went wrong. I suddenly glanced about at your friends and I saw that they were laughing at me—I suppose at my pompous ways and my exaggerated clothes. It wasn't necessary for them to laugh to make me understand the difference. God knows, I'd seen it all through the afternoon."

"Don't you think, Hugh," Natalie said, "that perhaps you are wrong—just a little tired from overwork, and—and morbid?"

"Don't think that I blame them," Kimball went on. "I've often wondered why we actors are as we are. I've sometimes thought it must be the footlights. They flare up between us and the audience and to look like human beings we've got to paint our faces, and to act like real people we've got to exaggerate our manners and grimace and gesticulate like monkeys. And then in time we come to exaggerate off the stage and pose and assume a grand manner and wear

loud clothes. We're no worse nor better than your friends I met to-day—the only difference is that we always have our make-ups on." He crossed the room to where Natalie sat, and held out both his hands. "And now it's good-by, my dear. You'd better let me tell Feldman that



"As to your family," she heard him saying—"as to your past, I know nothing and I ask to know nothing."—Page 692.





*Dragon by F. R. Gruger.*

The embarrassment which Natalie had at first felt in the situation was quickly forgotten in her work.—Page 694.



you're not returning with us. I can fix it more easily than you."

For a few silent moments Natalie held the outstretched hands tightly in both her own.

"Thank you," she said at last, "and

"I'm afraid not," he said. "You see, I'll be leaving Sheephead very soon. The place will be so full of ghosts and—" Again he hesitated, and then went on in the same even voice. "But you'll be sure to be dropping in at the moving-picture



"What difference does it make," Natalie asked, "who my friends happen to be, so long as we care for each other?"—Page 696.

good luck to you, Hugh, and God bless you always. Tell them at Mrs. Cragin's that I'll be there pretty soon to see them all and to get my things. And I'll see you there too, won't I, Hugh?"

Kimball dropped the girl's hands and, as if afraid to meet her eyes, stared steadily at the blank wall beyond.

shows sometimes; won't you, whatever you happen to do?"

"Why, of course, Hugh," Natalie said, "lots of times. I'll never forget my love for the movies. Why do you ask that?"

The question seemed to embarrass Kimball, and, for the first time since she had known him, he had difficulty in find-



ing the words with which to express himself.

"I was thinking," he said at last, "that if you ever saw me on the screen, as you're pretty sure to do, give me a nod, and for old times' sake whisper what you said to me just now. 'Good luck to you, Hugh,

and God bless you always.' I'll be sure to hear you."

And then, with a brave attempt at his former princely manner, the hero of the moving-picture world made a grave and courteous bow and, squaring his broad, padded shoulders, strode from the room.

## THE LONELY LAND

By Madison Cawein

A RIVER binds that lonely land,  
A river like a silver band,  
To crags and shores of yellow sand.

It is a place where kildees cry,  
And endless marshes eastward lie,  
Whereon looks down a ghostly sky.

A house stands gray and all alone  
Upon a hill; as dim of tone  
And lonely as a lonely stone.

There are no signs of life about:  
No barnyard bustle, cry or shout  
Of children that run laughing out.

No crow of cocks, no low of cows;  
No sheep-bell tinkling under boughs  
Of beech, or song in garth or house.

Only the curlew's mournful call  
Circling the sky at evenfall,  
And loon, lamenting over all.

A garden, where the sunflower dies  
And lily on the pathway lies,  
Looks blindly at the blinder skies.

And round the place a lone wind blows,  
As when the Autumn grieving goes,  
Tattered and dripping, to its close.

And on decaying shrubs and vines  
The moon's thin crescent, dwindling, shines,  
Caught in the claws of sombre pines.

And then a pale girl, like a flower,  
Enters the garden; for an hour  
She waits beside a wild-rose bower.

There is no other one around;  
No sound, except the cricket's sound,  
And far-off baying of a hound.

There is no fire or candle-light  
To flash its message through the night  
Of welcome from some casement bright.

Only the moon, that thinly throws  
A shadow on the girl and rose  
As to its setting slow it goes.

And when 'tis gone, from shore and stream  
There steals a mist, that turns to dream  
That place where all things merely seem.

And through the mist there goes a cry,  
Not of the earth nor of the sky,  
But of the years that have passed by.

And with the cry there comes the rain,  
Whispering of all that was in vain—  
At every door and window-pane.

And she who waits beside the rose  
Hears, with her heart, a hoof that goes  
Galloping afar to where, none knows.

And then she bows her head and weeps—  
And suddenly the darkness sweeps  
O'er all, and in its starless deeps

The girl, the house, the cliffs and stream  
Are lost; and they, and all things, seem  
But merely shadows in a dream.

# COMING HOME

BY EDITH WHARTON

## I



THE young men of our American Relief Corps are beginning to come back from the front with stories. There was no time to pick them up during the first months—the whole business was too wild and grim. The horror has not decreased, but nerves and sight are beginning to be disciplined to it. In the earlier days, moreover, such fragments of experience as one got were torn from their setting like bits of flesh scattered by shrapnel. Now things that seemed disjointed are beginning to link themselves together, and the broken bones of history are rising from the battle-fields.

I can't say that, in this respect, all the members of the Relief Corps have made the most of their opportunity. Some are obtuse, or perhaps simply inarticulate; others, when going beyond the bald statistics of their job, tend at once to drop into sentiment and cinema scenes; and none but H. Macy Greer has the gift of making the thing told seem as true as if one had seen it. So it is on H. Macy Greer that I depend, and when his motor dashes him back to Paris for supplies I never fail to hunt him down and coax him to my rooms for dinner and a long cigar.

Greer is a small hard-muscled youth, with pleasant manners, a sallow face, straight hemp-coloured hair, and grey eyes of unexpected inwardness. He has a voice like thick soup, and speaks with the slovenly drawl of the new generation of Americans, dragging his words along like reluctant dogs on a string, and depriving his narrative of every shade of expression that intelligent intonation gives. But his eyes see so much that they make one see even what his foggy voice obscures.

Some of his tales are dark and dreadful, some are unutterably sad, and some end

in a huge laugh of irony. I am not sure how I ought to classify the one I have written down here.

## II

ON my first dash to the Northern fighting line—Greer told me the other night—I carried supplies to an ambulance where the surgeon asked me to have a talk with an officer who was badly wounded and fretting for news of his people in the east of France.

He was a young Frenchman, a cavalry lieutenant, trim and slim, with a pleasant smile and obstinate blue eyes that I liked. He looked as if he could hold on tight when it was worth his while. He had had a leg smashed, poor devil, in the first fighting in Flanders, and had been dragging on for weeks in the squalid camp-hospital where I found him. He didn't waste any words on himself, but began at once about his family. They were living, when the war broke out, at their country-place in the Vosges; his father and mother, his sister, just eighteen, and his brother Alain, two years younger. His father, the Comte de Réchamp, had married late in life, and was over seventy: his mother, a good deal younger, was crippled with rheumatism; and there was, besides—to round off the group—a helpless but intensely alive and domineering old grandmother about whom all the others revolved. You know how French families hang together, and throw out branches that make new roots but keep hold of the central trunk, like that tree—what's it called?—that they give pictures of in books about the East.

Jean de Réchamp—that was my lieutenant's name—told me his family was a typical case. "We're very *province*," he said. "My people live at Réchamp all the year. We have a house at Nancy—rather a fine old hôtel—but my parents



go there only once in two or three years, for a few weeks. That's our 'season.' . . . Imagine the point of view! Or rather don't, because you couldn't. . . ." (He had been about the world a good deal, and known something of other angles of vision.)

Well, of this helpless exposed little knot of people he had had no word—simply nothing—since the first of August. He was at home, staying with them at Réchamp, when war broke out. He was mobilized the first day, and had only time to throw his traps into a cart and dash to the station. His depot was on the other side of France, and communications with the East by mail and telegraph were completely interrupted during the first weeks. His regiment was sent at once to the fighting line, and the first news he got came to him in October, from a communiqué in a Paris paper a month old, saying: "The enemy yesterday retook Réchamp." After that, dead silence: and the poor devil left in the trenches to digest that "*retook*"!

There are thousands and thousands of just such cases; and men bearing them, and cracking jokes, and hitting out as hard as they can. Jean de Réchamp knew this, and tried to crack jokes too—but he got his leg smashed just afterward, and ever since he'd been lying on a straw pallet under a horse-blanket, saying to himself: "*Réchamp retaken.*"

"Of course," he explained with a weary smile, "as long as you can tot up your daily bag in the trenches it's a sort of satisfaction—though I don't quite know why; anyhow, you're so dead-beat at night that no dreams come. But lying here staring at the ceiling one goes through the whole business once an hour, at the least: the attack, the slaughter, the ruins . . . and worse. . . Haven't I seen and heard things enough on *this* side to know what's been happening on the other? Don't try to sugar the dose. I *like* it bitter."

I was three days in the neighbourhood, and I went back every day to see him. He liked to talk to me because he had a faint hope of my getting news of his family when I returned to Paris. I hadn't much myself, but there was no use telling him so. Besides, things change from day

to day, and when we parted I promised to get word to him as soon as I could find out anything. We both knew, of course, that that would not be till Réchamp was taken a third time—by his own troops; and perhaps, soon after that, I should be able to get there, or near there, and make enquiries myself. To make sure that I should forget nothing, he drew the family photographs from under his pillow, and handed them over: the little witch-grandmother, with a face like a withered walnut, the father, a fine broken-looking old boy with a Roman nose and a weak chin, the mother, in crape, simple, serious and provincial, the little sister ditto, and Alain, the young brother—just the age the brutes have been carrying off to German prisons—an over-grown thread-paper boy with too much forehead and eyes, and not a muscle in his body. A charming-looking family, distinguished and amiable; but all, except the grandmother, rather usual. The kind of people who come in sets.

As I pocketed the photographs I noticed that another lay face down by his pillow. "Is that for me too?" I asked.

He coloured and shook his head, and I felt I had blundered. But after a moment he turned the photograph over and held it out.

"It's the young girl I am engaged to. She was at Réchamp visiting my parents when war was declared; but she was to leave the day after I did. . . ." He hesitated. "There may have been some difficulty about her going. . . . I should like to be sure she got away. . . . Her name is Yvonne Malo."

He did not offer me the photograph, and I did not need it. That girl had a face of her own! Dark and keen and splendid: a type so different from the others that I found myself staring. If he had not said "*ma fiancée*" I should have understood better. After another pause he went on: "I will give you her address in Paris. She has no family: she lives alone—she is a musician. Perhaps you may find her there." His colour deepened again as he added: "But I know nothing—I have had no news of her either."

To ease the silence that followed I suggested: "But if she has no family, wouldn't she have been likely to stay with



your people, and wouldn't that be the reason of your not hearing from her?"

"Oh, no—I don't think she stayed." He seemed about to add: "If she could help it," but shut his lips and slid the picture out of sight.

As soon as I got back to Paris I made enquiries, but without result. The Germans had been pushed back from that particular spot after a fortnight's intermittent occupation; but their lines were close by, across the valley, and Réchamp was still in a net of trenches. No one could get to it, and apparently no news could come from it. For the moment, at any rate, I found it impossible to get in touch with the place.

My enquiries about Mlle. Malo were equally unfruitful. I went to the address Réchamp had given me, somewhere off in Passy, among gardens, in what they call a "Square," no doubt because it's oblong: a kind of long narrow court with rather æsthetic-looking studio buildings round it. Mlle. Malo lived in one of them, on the top floor, the concierge said, and I looked up and saw a big studio window, and a roof-terrace with dead gourds dangling from a pergola. But she wasn't there, she hadn't been there, and they had no news of her. I wrote to Réchamp of my double failure, he sent me back a line of thanks; and after that for a long while I heard no more of him.

By the beginning of November the enemy's hold had begun to loosen in the Argonne and along the Vosges, and one day we were sent off to the East with a couple of ambulances. Of course we had to have military chauffeurs, and the one attached to my ambulance happened to be a fellow I knew. The day before we started, in talking over our route with him, I said: "I suppose we can manage to get to Réchamp now?" He looked puzzled—it was such a little place that he'd forgotten the name. "Why do you want to get there?" he wondered. I told him, and he gave an exclamation. "Good God! Of course—but how extraordinary! Jean de Réchamp's here now, in Paris, too lame for the front, and driving a motor." We stared at each other, and he went on: "He must take my place—he must go with you. I don't know how it can be done; but done it shall be."

Done it was, and the next morning at daylight I found Jean de Réchamp at the wheel of my car. He looked another fellow from the wreck I had left in the Flemish hospital; all made over, and burning with activity, but older, and with lines about his eyes. He had had news from his people in the interval, and had learned that they were still at Réchamp, and well. What was more surprising was that Mlle. Malo was with them—had never left. Alain had been got away to England, where he remained; but none of the others had budged. They had fitted up an ambulance in the château, and Mlle. Malo and the little sister were nursing the wounded. There were not many details in the letters, and they had been a long time on the way; but their tone was so reassuring that Jean could give himself up to unclouded anticipation. You may fancy if he was grateful for the chance I was giving him; for of course he couldn't have seen his people in any other way.

Our permits, as you know, don't as a rule let us into the firing-line: we only take supplies to second-line ambulances, and carry back the badly wounded in need of delicate operations. So I wasn't in the least sure we should be allowed to go to Réchamp—though I had made up my mind to get there, anyhow.

We were about a fortnight on the way, coming and going in Champagne and the Argonne, and that gave us time to get to know each other. It was bitter cold, and after our long runs over the lonely frozen hills we used to crawl into the café of the inn—if there was one—and talk and talk. We put up in fairly rough places, generally in a farm house or a cottage packed with soldiers; for the villages have all remained empty since the autumn, except when troops are quartered in them. Usually, to keep warm, we had to go up after supper to the room we shared, and get under the blankets with our clothes on. Once some jolly Sisters of Charity took us in at their Hospice, and we slept two nights in an ice-cold whitewashed cell—but what tales we heard around their kitchen-fire! The Sisters had stayed alone to face the Germans, had seen the town burn, and had made the Teutons turn the hose on the singed roof of their Hospice and beat the fire back



from it. It's a pity those Sisters of Charity can't marry. . .

Réchamp told me a lot in those days. I don't believe he was talkative before the war, but his long weeks in hospital, starving for news, had unstrung him. And then he was mad with excitement at getting back to his own place. In the interval he'd heard how other people caught in their country-houses had fared—you know the stories we all refused to believe at first, and that we now prefer not to think about. . . Well, he'd been thinking about those stories pretty steadily for some months; and he kept repeating: "My people say they're all right—but they give no details."

"You see," he explained, "there never were such helpless beings. Even if there had been time to leave, they couldn't have done it. My mother had been having one of her worst attacks of rheumatism—she was in bed, helpless, when I left. And my grandmother, who is a demon of activity in the house, won't stir out of it. We haven't been able to coax her into the garden for years. She says it's draughty; and you know how we all feel about draughts! As for my father, he hasn't had to decide anything since the Comte de Chambord refused to adopt the tricolour. My father decided that he was right, and since then there has been nothing particular for him to take a stand about. But I know how he behaved just as well as if I'd been there—he kept saying: 'One must act—one must act!' and sitting in his chair and doing nothing. Oh, I'm not disrespectful: they were *like* that in his generation! Besides—it's better to laugh at things, isn't it?" And suddenly his face would darken. . .

On the whole, however, his spirits were good till we began to traverse the line of ruined towns between Sainte Menehould and Bar-le-Duc. "This is the way the devils came," he kept saying to me; and I saw he was hard at work picturing the work they must have done in his own neighbourhood.

"But since your sister writes that your people are safe!"

"They may have made her write that to reassure me. They'd heard I was badly wounded. And, mind you, there's never been a line from my mother."

"But you say your mother's hands are so lame that she can't hold a pen. And wouldn't Mlle. Malo have written you the truth?"

At that his frown would lift. "Oh, yes. She would despise any attempt at concealment."

"Well, then—what the deuce is the matter?"

"It's when I see these devils' traces—" he could only mutter.

One day, when we had passed through a particularly devastated little place, and had got from the curé some more than usually abominable details of things done there, Réchamp broke out to me over the kitchen-fire of our night's lodging. "When I hear things like that I don't believe anybody who tells me my people are all right!"

"But you know well enough," I insisted, "that the Germans are not all alike—that it all depends on the particular officer. . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," he assented, with a visible effort at impartiality. "Only, you see—as one gets nearer. . ." He went on to say that, when he had been sent from the ambulance at the front to a hospital at Moulins, he had been for a day or two in a ward next to some wounded German soldiers—bad cases, they were—and had heard them talking. They didn't know he knew German, and he had heard things. . . There was one name always coming back in their talk, von Scharlach, Oberst von Scharlach. One of them, a young fellow, said: "I wish now I'd cut my hand off rather than do what he told us to that night. . . Every time the fever comes I see it all again. I wish I'd been struck dead first." They all said "Scharlach" with a kind of terror in their voices, as if he might hear them even there, and come down on them horribly. Réchamp had asked where their regiment came from, and had been told: From the Vosges. That had set his brain working, and whenever he saw a ruined village, or heard a tale of savagery, the Scharlach nerve began to quiver. At such times it was no use reminding him that the Germans had had at least three hundred thousand men in the east in August. He simply didn't listen. . .



## III

The day before we started for Réchamp his spirits flew up again, and that night he became confidential. "You've been such a friend to me that there are certain things—seeing what's ahead of us—that I should like to explain"; and, noticing my surprise, he went on: "I mean about my people. The state of mind in my *milieu* must be so remote from anything you're used to in your happy country. . . But perhaps I can make you understand. . ."

I saw that what he wanted was to talk to me of the girl he was engaged to. Mlle. Malo, left an orphan at ten, had been the ward of a neighbour of the Réchamps', a chap with an old name and a starred château, who had lost almost everything else at baccarat before he was forty, and had repented, had the gout and studied agriculture for the rest of his life. The girl's father was a rather brilliant painter, who died young, and her mother, who followed him in a year or two, was a Pole: you may fancy that, with such antecedents, the girl was just the mixture to shake down quietly into French country life with a gouty and repentant guardian. The Marquis de Corvenaire—that was his name—brought her down to his place, got an old maid sister to come and stay, and really, as far as one knows, brought his ward up rather decently. Now and then she used to be driven over to play with the young Réchamps, and Jean remembered her as an ugly little girl in a plaid frock, who used to invent wonderful games and get tired of playing them just as the other children were beginning to learn how. But her domineering ways and searching questions did not meet with his mother's approval, and her visits were not encouraged. When she was seventeen her guardian died and left her a little money. The maiden sister had gone dotty, there was nobody to look after Yvonne, and she went to Paris, to an aunt, broke loose from the aunt when she came of age, set up her studio, travelled, painted, played the violin, knew lots of people; and never laid eyes on Jean de Réchamp till about a year before the war, when her guardian's place was sold, and she had to go down there to see about her interest in the property.

The old Réchamps heard she was coming, but didn't ask her to stay. Jean drove over to the shut-up château, however, and found Mlle. Malo lunching on a corner of the kitchen table. She exclaimed: "My little Jean!" flew to him with a kiss for each cheek, and made him sit down and share her omelet. . . The ugly little girl had shed her chrysalis—and you may fancy if he went back once or twice!

Mlle. Malo was staying at the château all alone, with the farmer's wife to come in and cook her dinner: not a soul in the house at night but herself and her brindled sheep dog. She had to be there a week, and Jean finally suggested to his people to ask her to Réchamp. But at Réchamp they hesitated, coughed, looked away, said the spare-rooms were all upside down, and the valet-de-chambre laid up with the mumps, and the cook short-handed—till finally the irrepressible grandmother broke out: "A young girl who chooses to live alone—probably prefers to live alone!"

There was a deadly silence, and Jean did not raise the question again; but I can imagine his blue eyes getting obstinate.

Soon after Mlle. Malo's return to Paris he followed her and began to frequent the Passy studio. The life there was unlike anything he had ever seen—or conceived as possible, short of the prairies. He had sampled the usual varieties of French womankind, and explored most of the social layers; but he had missed the newest, that of the artistic-emancipated. I don't know much about that set myself, but from his descriptions I should say they were a good deal like intelligent Americans, except that they don't seem to keep art and life in such water-tight compartments. But his great discovery was the new girl. Apparently he had never before known any but the traditional type, which predominates in the provinces, and still persists, he tells me, in the last fastnesses of the Faubourg St. Germain. The girl who comes and goes as she pleases, reads what she likes, has opinions about what she reads, who talks, looks, behaves with the independence of a married woman—and yet has kept the Diana-freshness—think how she must have shaken up such a man's inherited view of things! Mlle.



Malo did far more than make Réchamp fall in love with her: she turned his world topsy-turvy, and prevented his ever again squeezing himself into his little old pigeon-hole of prejudices.

Before long they confessed their love—just like any young couple of Anglo-Saxons—and Jean went down to Réchamp to ask permission to marry her. Neither you nor I can quite enter into the state of mind of a young man of twenty-seven who has knocked about all over the globe, and been in and out of the usual sentimental coils—and who has to ask his parents' leave to get married! Don't let us try: it's no use. We should only end by picturing him as an incorrigible ninny. But there isn't a man in France who wouldn't feel it his duty to take that step, as Jean de Réchamp did. All we can do is to accept the premise and pass on.

Well—Jean went down and asked his father and his mother and his old grandmother if they would permit him to marry Mlle. Malo; and they all with one voice said they wouldn't. There was an uproar, in fact; and the old grandmother contributed the most piercing note to the concert. Marry Mlle. Malo! A young girl who lived alone! Travelled! Spent her time with foreigners—with musicians and painters! *A young girl!* Of course, if she had been a married woman—that is, a widow—much as they would have preferred a young girl for Jean, or even, if widow it had to be, a widow of another type—still, it was conceivable that, out of affection for him, they might have resigned themselves to his choice. But a young girl—bring such a young girl to Réchamp! Ask them to receive her under the same roof with their little Simone, their innocent Alain. . .

He had a bad hour of it; but he held his own, keeping silent while they screamed, and stiffening as they began to wobble from exhaustion. Finally he took his mother apart, and tried to reason with her. His arguments were not much use, but his resolution impressed her, and he saw it. As for his father, nobody was afraid of Monsieur de Réchamp. When he said: "Never—never while I live, and there is a roof on Réchamp!" they all knew he had collapsed inside. But the grandmother was terrible. She was ter-

rible because she was so old, and so clever at taking advantage of it. She could bring on a valvular heart-attack by just sitting still and holding her breath, as Jean and his mother had long since found out; and she always treated them to one when things weren't going as she liked. Madame de Réchamp promised Jean that she would intercede with her mother-in-law; but she hadn't much faith in the result, and when she came out of the old lady's room she whispered: "She's just sitting there holding her breath."

The next day Jean himself advanced to the attack. His grandmother was the most intelligent member of the family, and she knew he knew it, and liked him for having found it out; so when he had her alone she listened to him without resorting to any valvular tricks. "Of course," he explained, "you're much too clever not to understand that the times have changed, and manners with them, and that what a woman was criticized for doing yesterday she is ridiculed for not doing today. Nearly all the old social thou-shalt-nots have gone: intelligent people nowadays don't give a fig for them, and that simple fact has abolished them. They only existed as long as there was some one left for them to scare." His grandmother listened with a sparkle of admiration in her ancient eyes. "And of course," Jean pursued, "that can't be the real reason for your opposing my marriage—a marriage with a young girl you've always known, who has been received here—"

"Ah, that's it—we've always known her!" the old lady snapped him up.

"What of that? I don't see—"

"Of course you don't. You're here so little: you don't hear things. . ."

"What things?"

"Things in the air . . . that blow about. . . You were doing your military service at the time. . ."

"At what time?"

She leaned forward and laid a warning hand on his arm. "Why did Corvenaire leave her all that money—*why?*"

"But why not—why shouldn't he?" Jean stammered, indignant. Then she unpacked her bag—a heap of vague insinuations, baseless conjectures, village tattle, all, at the last analysis, based, as he succeeded in proving, and making her



own, on a word launched at random by a discharged maid-servant who had related her grievance to the curé's housekeeper. "Oh, she does what she likes with Monsieur le Marquis, the young miss! *She* knows how. . ." On that single phrase the neighbourhood had raised a slander built of adamant.

Well, I'll give you an idea of what a determined fellow Réchamp is, when I tell you he pulled it down—or thought he did. He kept his temper, hunted up the servant's record, proved her a liar and dishonest, cast grave doubts on the discretion of the curé's housekeeper, and poured such a flood of ridicule over the whole flimsy fable, and those who had believed in it, that in sheer shame-facedness at having based her objection on such grounds, his grandmother gave way, and brought his parents toppling down with her.

All this happened a few weeks before the war, and soon afterward Mlle. Malo came down to Réchamp. Jean had insisted on her coming: he wanted her presence there, as his betrothed, to be known to the neighbourhood. As for her, she seemed delighted to come. I could see from Réchamp's tone, when he reached this part of his story, that he rather thought I should expect its heroine to have shown a becoming reluctance—to have stood on her dignity. He was distinctly relieved when he found that I expected no such thing.

"She's simplicity itself—it's her great quality. Vain complications don't exist for her, because she doesn't see them . . . that's what my people can't be made to understand. . ."

I gathered from the last phrase that the visit had not been a complete success, and this explained his having let out, when he first told me of his fears for his family, that he was sure Mlle. Malo would not have remained at Réchamp if she could help it. Oh, no, decidedly, the visit was not a success. . .

"You see," he explained with a half-embarrassed smile, "it was partly her fault. Other girls as clever, but less—how shall I say?—less proud, would have adapted themselves, arranged things, avoided startling allusions. She wouldn't stoop to that: she talked to my family as

naturally as she did to me. You can imagine for instance, the effect of her saying: 'One night, after a supper at Montmartre, I was walking home with two or three pals'—. It was her way of affirming her convictions, and I adored her for it—but I wished she wouldn't!"

And he depicted, to my joy, the neighbours rumbling over to call in heraldic barouches (the mothers alone—with embarrassed excuses for not bringing their daughters), and the agony of not knowing, till they were in the room, if Yvonne would receive them with lowered lids and folded hands, sitting by in a *pose de fiancée* while the elders talked; or if she would take the opportunity to air her views on the separation of Church and State, or the necessity of making divorce easier. "It's not," he explained, "that she really takes much interest in such questions: she's much more absorbed in her music and painting. But anything her eye lights on sets her mind dancing—as she said to me once: 'It's your mother's friends' bonnets that make me stand up for divorce!'" He broke off abruptly to add: "Good God, how far off all that nonsense seems!"

#### IV

THE next day we started for Réchamp, not sure if we could get through, but bound to, anyhow! It was the coldest day we'd had, the sky steel, the earth iron, and a snow-wind howling down on us from the north. The Vosges are splendid in winter. In summer they are just plump pudding hills; when the wind strips them they turn to mountains. And we seemed to have the whole country to ourselves—the black firs, the blue shadows, the beech-woods cracking and groaning like rigging, the bursts of snowy sunlight from cold clouds. Not a soul in sight except the sentinels guarding the railways, muffled to the eyes, or peering out of their huts of pine-boughs at the cross-roads. Every now and then we passed a long string of seventy-fives, or a train of supply waggons or army ambulances, and at intervals a cavalry patrol cantered by, his cloak bellied out by the gale; but of ordinary people about the common jobs of life, not a sign.

The sense of loneliness and remoteness



that the absence of the civil population produces everywhere in eastern France is increased by the fact that all the names and distances on the mile-stones have been scratched out and the sign-posts at the cross-roads thrown down. It was done, of course, to throw the enemy off the track in September: and the signs have never been put back. The result is that one is forever losing one's way, for the soldiers quartered in the district know only the names of their particular villages, and those on the march can tell you nothing about the places they are passing through. We had got badly off our road several times during the trip, but on the last day's run Réchamp was in his own country, and knew every yard of the way—or thought he did. We had turned off the main road, and were running along between rather featureless fields and woods, crossed by a good many wood-roads with nothing to distinguish them; but he continued to push ahead, saying: "We don't turn till we get to a manor-house on a stream, with a big paper-mill across the road." He went on to tell me that the mill-owners lived in the manor, and were old friends of his people: good old local stock, who had lived there for generations and done a lot for the neighbourhood.

"It's queer I don't see their village-steeple from this rise. The village is just beyond the house. How the devil could I have missed the turn?" We ran on a little farther, and suddenly he stopped the motor with a jerk. We were at a cross-road, with a stream running under the bank on our right. The place looked like an abandoned stoneyard. I never saw completer ruin. To the left, a fortified gate gaped on emptiness; to the right, a mill-wheel hung in the stream. Everything else was as flat as your dinner-table.

"Was this what you were trying to see from that rise?" I asked; and I saw a tear or two running down his face.

"They were the kindest people: their only son got himself shot the first month in Champagne——"

He had jumped out of the car and was standing staring at the level waste. "The house was there—there was a splendid lime in the court. I used to sit under it and have a glass of *vin gris de Lorraine*

with the old people... Over there, where that cinder-heap is, all their children are buried." He walked across to the grave-yard under a blackened wall—a bit of the apse of the vanished church—and sat down on a grave-stone. "If the devils have done this *here*—so close to us," he burst out, and covered his face.

An old woman walked toward us down the road. Réchamp jumped up and ran to meet her. "Why, Marie-Jeanne, what are you doing in these ruins?" The old woman looked at him with unastonished eyes. She seemed incapable of any surprise. "They left my house standing. I'm glad to see Monsieur," she simply said. We followed her to the one house left in the waste of stones. It was a two-roomed cottage, propped against a cow-stable, but fairly decent, with a curtain in the window and a cat on the sill. Réchamp caught me by the arm and pointed to the door-panel. "Oberst von Scharlach" was scrawled on it. He turned as white as your table-cloth, and hung on to me a minute; then he spoke to the old woman. "The officers were quartered here: that was the reason they spared your house?"

She nodded. "Yes: I was lucky. But the gentlemen must come in and have a mouthful."

Réchamp's finger was on the name. "And this one—this was their commanding officer?"

"I suppose so. Is it somebody's name?" She had evidently never speculated on the meaning of the scrawl that had saved her.

"You remember him—their captain? Was his name Scharlach?" Réchamp persisted.

Under its rich weathering the old woman's face grew as pale as his. "Yes, that was his name—I heard it often enough."

"Describe him, then. What was he like? Tall and fair? They're all that—but what else? What in particular?"

She hesitated, and then said: "This one wasn't fair. He was dark, and had a scar that drew up the left corner of his mouth."

Réchamp turned to me. "It's the same. I heard the men describing him at Moulins."

We followed the old woman into the



house, and while she gave us some bread and wine she told us about the wrecking of the village and the factory. It was one of the most damnable stories I've heard yet. Put together the worst of the typical horrors and you'll have a fair idea of it. Murder, outrage, torture: Scharlach's programme seemed to be fairly comprehensive. She ended off by saying: "His orderly showed me a silver-mounted flute he always travelled with, and a beautiful paint-box mounted in silver too. Before he left he sat down on my door-step and made a painting of the ruins. . ."

Soon after leaving this place of death we got to the second lines and our troubles began. We had to do a lot of talking to get through the lines, but what Réchamp had just seen had made him eloquent. Luckily, too, the ambulance doctor, a charming fellow, was short of tetanus-serum, and I had some left; and while I went over with him to the pine-branch hut where he hid his wounded I explained Réchamp's case, and implored him to get us through. Finally it was settled that we should leave the ambulance there—for in the lines the ban against motors is absolute—and drive the remaining twelve miles. A sergeant fished out of a farmhouse a toothless old woman with a furry horse harnessed to a two-wheeled trap, and we started off by round-about wood-tracks. The horse was in no hurry, nor the old lady either; for there were bits of road that were pretty steadily curried by shell, and it was to everybody's interest not to cross them before twilight. Jean de Réchamp's excitement seemed to have dropped: he sat beside me dumb as a fish, staring straight ahead of him. I didn't feel talkative either, for a word the doctor had let drop had left me thinking. "That poor old granny mind the shells? Not she!" he had said when our crazy chariot drove up. "She doesn't know them from snow-flakes any more. Nothing matters to her now, except trying to outwit a German. They're all like that where Scharlach's been—you've heard of him? She had only one boy—half-witted: he cocked a broom-handle at them, and they burnt him. Oh, she'll take you to Réchamp safe enough."

"Where Scharlach's been"—so he had been as close as this to Réchamp! I was

wondering if Jean knew it, and if that had sealed his lips and given him that flinty profile. The old horse's woolly flanks jogged on under the bare branches and the old woman's bent back jogged in time with it. She never once spoke or looked around at us. "It isn't the noise we make that'll give us away," I said at last; and just then the old woman turned her head and pointed silently with the osier-twig she used as a whip. Just ahead of us lay a heap of ruins: the wreck, apparently, of a great château and its dependencies. "Lermont!" Réchamp exclaimed, turning white. He made a motion to jump out and then dropped back into the seat. "What's the use?" he muttered. He leaned forward and touched the old woman's shoulder.

"I hadn't heard of this—when did it happen?"

"In September."

"*They* did it?"

"Yes. Our wounded were there. It's like this everywhere in our country."

I saw Jean stiffening himself for the next question. "At Réchamp, too?"

She relapsed into indifference. "I haven't been as far as Réchamp."

"But you must have seen people who'd been there—you must have heard."

"I've heard the masters were still there—so there must be something standing. Maybe though," she reflected, "they're in the cellars. . ."

We continued to jog on through the dusk.

## V

"THERE's the steeple!" Réchamp burst out.

Through the dimness I couldn't tell which way to look; but I suppose in the thickest midnight he would have known where he was. He jumped from the trap and took the old horse by the bridle. I made out that he was guiding us into a long village street edged by houses in which every light was extinguished. The snow on the ground sent up a pale reflection, and I began to see the gabled outline of the houses and the steeple at the head of the street. The place seemed as calm and unchanged as if the sound of war had never reached it. In the open



space at the end of the village Réchamp checked the horse.

"The elm—there's the old elm in front of the church!" he shouted in a voice like a boy's. He ran back and caught me by both hands. "It was true, then—nothing's touched!" The old woman asked: "Is this Réchamp?" and he went back to the horse's head and turned the trap toward a tall gate between park walls. The gate was barred and padlocked, and not a gleam showed through the shutters of the porter's lodge; but Réchamp, after listening a minute or two, gave a low call twice repeated, and presently the lodge door opened, and an old man peered out. Well—I leave you to brush in the rest. Old family servant, tears and hugs and so on. I know you affect to scorn the cinema, and this was it, tremolo and all. Hang it! This war's going to teach us not to be afraid of the obvious.

We piled into the trap and drove down a long avenue to the house. Black as the grave, of course; but in another minute the door opened, and there, in the hall, was another servant, screening a light—and then more doors opened on another cinema-scene: fine old drawing-room with family portraits, shaded lamp, domestic group about the fire. They evidently thought it was the servant coming to announce dinner, and not a head turned at our approach. I could see them all over Jean's shoulder: a grey-haired lady knitting with stiff fingers, an old gentleman with a high nose and a weak chin sitting in a big carved armchair and looking more like a portrait than the portraits; a pretty girl at his feet, with a dog's head in her lap, and another girl, who had a Red Cross on her sleeve, at the table with a book. She had been reading aloud in a rich veiled voice, and broke off her last phrase to say: "Dinner..." Then she looked up and saw Jean. Her dark face remained perfectly calm, but she lifted her hand in a just perceptible gesture of warning, and instantly understanding he drew back and pushed the servant forward in his place.

"Madame la Comtesse—it is some one outside asking for Mademoiselle."

The dark girl jumped up and ran out into the hall. I remember wondering: "Is it because she wants to have him to

herself first—or because she's afraid of their being startled?" I wished myself out of the way, but she took no notice of me, and going straight to Jean flung her arms about him. I was behind him and could see her hands about his neck, and her brown fingers tightly locked. There wasn't much doubt about those two...

The next minute she caught sight of me, and I was being rapidly tested by a pair of the finest eyes I ever saw—I don't apply the term to their setting, though that was fine too, but to the look itself, a look at once warm and resolute, all-promising and all-penetrating. I really can't do with fewer adjectives...

Réchamp explained me, and she was full of thanks and welcome; not excessive, but—well, I don't know—eloquent! She gave every intonation all it could carry, and without the least emphasis: that's the wonder.

She went back to "prepare" the parents, as they say in melodrama; and in a minute or two we followed. What struck me at first was that these insignificant and inadequate people had the command of the grand gesture—had *la ligne*. The mother had laid aside her knitting—not dropped it—and stood waiting with open arms. But even in clasping her son she seemed to include me in her welcome. I don't know how to describe it; but they never let me feel that I was in the way. I suppose that's part of what you call distinction; knowing instinctively how to deal with unusual moments.

All the while, I was looking about me at the fine secure old room, in which nothing seemed altered or disturbed, the portraits smiling from the walls, the servants beaming in the doorway—and wondering how such things could have survived in the trail of death and havoc we had been following.

The same thought had evidently struck Jean, for he dropped his sister's hand and turned to gaze about him too.

"Then nothing's touched—*nothing*? I don't understand," he stammered.

Monsieur de Réchamp raised himself majestically from his chair, crossed the room and lifted Yvonne Malo's hand to his lips. "Nothing is touched—thanks to this hand and this brain."



Madame de Réchamp was shining on her son through tears. "Ah, yes—we owe it all to Yvonne."

"All, all! Grandmamma will tell you!" Simone chimed in; and Yvonne, brushing aside their praise with a half-impatient laugh, said to her betrothed: "But your grandmother! You must go up to her at once."

A wonderful specimen, that grandmother: I was taken to see her after dinner. She sat by the fire in a bare panelled bedroom, bolt upright in an armchair with ears, a knitting-table at her elbow with a shaded candle on it. She was even more withered and ancient than she looked in her photograph, and I judge she'd never been pretty; but she somehow made me feel as if I'd got through with prettiness. I don't know exactly what she reminded me of: a dried bouquet, or something rich and clovy that had turned brittle through long keeping in a sandal-wood box. I suppose her sandal-wood box had been Good Society. Well, I had a rare evening with her. Jean and his parents were called down to see the curé, who had hurried over to the château when he heard of the young man's arrival; and the old lady asked me to stay on and chat with her. She related their experiences with uncanny detachment, seeming chiefly to resent the indignity of having been made to descend into the cellar—"to avoid French shells, if you'll believe it: the Germans had the decency not to bombard us," she observed impartially. I was so struck by the absence of rancour in her tone that finally, out of sheer curiosity, I made an allusion to the horror of having the enemy under one's roof. "Oh, I might almost say I didn't see them," she returned. "I never go downstairs any longer; and they didn't do me the honour of coming beyond my door. A glance sufficed them—*une vieille femme comme moi!*" she added with a phosphorescent gleam of coquetry.

"But they searched the château, surely?"

"Oh, a mere form; they were *très bien*—*très bien*," she almost snapped at me. "There was a first moment, of course, when we feared it might be hard to get Monsieur de Réchamp away with my young grandson; but Mlle. Malo man-

aged that very cleverly. They slipped off while the officers were dining." She looked at me with the smile of some arch old lady in a Louis XV pastel. "My grandson Jean's fiancée is a very clever young woman: in my time no young girl would have been so sure of herself, so cool and quick. After all, there is something to be said for the new way of bringing up girls. My poor daughter-in-law, at Yvonne's age, was a bleating baby: she is so still, at times. The convent doesn't develop character. I'm glad Yvonne was not brought up in a convent." And this champion of tradition smiled on me more intensely.

Little by little I got from her the story of the German approach: the distracted fugitives pouring in from the villages north of Réchamp, the sound of distant cannonading, and suddenly, the next afternoon, after a reassuring lull, the sight of a single spiked helmet at the end of the drive. In a few minutes a dozen followed: mostly officers; then all at once the place hummed with them. There were supply waggons and motors in the court, bundles of hay, stacks of rifles, artillery-men unharnessing and rubbing down their horses. The crowd was hot and thirsty, and in a moment the old lady, to her amazement, saw wine and cider being handed about by the Réchamp servants. "Or so at least I was told," she added, correcting herself, "for it's not my habit to look out of the window. I simply sat here and waited." Her seat, as she spoke, might have been a curule chair.

Downstairs, it appeared, Mlle. Malo had instantly taken her measures. She didn't sit and wait. Surprised in the garden with Simone, she had made the girl walk quietly back to the house and receive the officers with her on the doorstep. The officer in command—captain, or whatever he was—had arrived in a bad temper, cursing and swearing, and growling out menaces about spies. The day was intensely hot, and possibly he had had too much wine. At any rate Mlle. Malo had known how to "put him in his place"; and when he and the other officers entered they found the dining-table set out with refreshing drinks and cigars, melons, strawberries and iced coffee. "The clever creature! She even remembered



that they liked whipped cream with their coffee!"

The effect had been miraculous. The captain—what was his name? Yes, Charlot, Charlot—Captain Charlot had been specially complimentary on the subject of the whipped cream and the cigars. Then he asked to see the other members of the family, and Mlle. Malo told him there were only two—two old women! "He made a face at that, and said all the same he should like to meet them; and she answered: 'One is your hostess, the Comtesse de Réchamp, who is ill in bed'—for my poor daughter-in-law was lying in bed paralyzed with rheumatism—and the other her mother-in-law, a very old lady who never leaves her room.'"

"But aren't there any men in the family?" he had then asked; and she had said: "Oh yes—two. The Comte de Réchamp and his son."

"And where are they?"

"In England. Monsieur de Réchamp went a month ago to take his son on a trip."

The officer said: "I was told they were here today"; and Mlle. Malo replied: "You had better have the house searched and satisfy yourself."

He laughed and said: "The idea *had* occurred to me." She laughed also, and sitting down at the piano struck a few chords. Captain Charlot, who had his foot on the threshold, turned back—Simone had described the scene to her grandmother afterward. "Some of the brutes, it seems, are musical," the old lady explained; "and this was one of them. While he was listening, some soldiers appeared in the court carrying another who seemed to be wounded. It turned out afterward that he'd been climbing a garden wall after fruit, and cut himself on the broken glass at the top; but the blood was enough—they raised the usual dreadful outcry about an ambush, and a lieutenant clattered into the room where Mlle. Malo sat playing Stravinsky." The old lady paused for her effect, and I was conscious of giving her all she wanted.

"Well——?"

"Will you believe it? It seems she looked at her watch-bracelet and said: 'Do you gentlemen dress for dinner? I do—but we've still time for a little Mous-

sorsky'—or whatever wild names they call themselves—'if you'll make those people outside hold their tongues.' Our captain looked at her again, laughed, gave an order that sent the lieutenant right about, and sat down beside her at the piano. Imagine my stupour, dear sir: the drawing-room is directly under this room, and in a moment I heard two voices coming up to me. Well, I won't conceal from you that his was the finest. But then I always adored a barytone." She folded her shrivelled hands among their laces. "After that, the Germans were *très bien—très bien*. They stayed two days, and there was nothing to complain of. Indeed, when the second detachment came, a week later, they never even entered the gates. Orders had been left that they should be quartered elsewhere. Of course we were lucky in happening on a man of the world like Captain Charlot."

"Yes, very lucky. It's odd, though, his having a French name."

"Very odd. It probably accounts for his breeding," she answered placidly; and left me marvelling at the happy remoteness of old age.

## VI

THE next morning early Jean de Réchamp came to my room. I was struck at once by the change in him: he had lost his first glow, and seemed nervous and hesitating. I knew what he had come for: to ask me to postpone our departure for another twenty-four hours. By rights we should have been off that morning; but there had been a sharp brush a few kilometres away, and a couple of poor devils had been brought to the château whom it would have been death to carry farther that day and criminal not to hurry to a base hospital the next morning. "We've simply *got* to stay till tomorrow: you're in luck," I said laughing.

He laughed back, but with a frown that made me feel I had been a brute to speak in that way of a respite due to such a cause.

"The men will pull through, you know—trust Mlle. Malo for that!" I said.

His frown did not lift. He went to the window and drummed on the pane.

"Do you see that breach in the wall,



down there behind the trees? It's the only scratch the place has got. And think of Lermont! It's incredible—simply incredible!"

"But it's like that everywhere, isn't it? Everything depends on the officer in command."

"Yes: that's it, I suppose. I haven't had time to get a consecutive account of what happened: they're all too excited. Mlle. Malo is the only person who can tell me exactly how things went." He swung about on me. "Look here, it sounds absurd, what I'm asking; but try to get me an hour alone with her, will you?"

I stared at the request, and he went on, still half-laughing: "You see, they all hang on me: my father and mother, Simone, the curé, the servants. The whole village is coming up presently: they want to stuff their eyes full of me. It's natural enough, after living here all these long months cut off from everything. But the result is I haven't said two words to her yet."

"Well, you shall," I declared; and with an easier smile he turned to hurry down to a mass of thanksgiving which the curé was to celebrate in the private chapel. "My parents wanted it," he explained; "and after that the whole village will be upon us. But later——"

"Later I'll effect a diversion; I swear I will." I assured him.

By daylight, decidedly, Mlle. Malo was less handsome than in the evening. It was my first thought as she came toward me, that afternoon, under the limes. Jean was still indoors, with his people, receiving the village; I rather wondered she hadn't stayed there with him. Theoretically, her place was at his side; but I knew she was a young woman who didn't live by rule, and she had already struck me as having a distaste for superfluous expenditures of feeling.

Yes, she was less effective by day. She looked older, for one thing; her face was pinched, and a little sallow, and for the first time I noticed that her cheek-bones were too high. Her eyes, too, had lost their velvet depth: fine eyes still, but not unfathomable. But the smile with which she greeted me was charming: it ran over her tired face like a lamp-lighter kindling flames as he runs.

"I was looking for you," she said. "Shall we have a little talk? The reception is sure to last another hour: every one of the villagers is going to tell just what happened to him or her when the Germans came."

"And you've run away from the ceremony?"

"I'm a trifle tired of hearing the same adventures retold," she said, still smiling.

"But I thought there *were* no adventures—that that was the wonder of it?"

She shrugged. "It makes their stories a little dull, at any rate; we've not a hero or a martyr to show." She had strolled farther from the house as we talked, steering me in the direction of a bare horse-chestnut walk that led toward the park.

"Of course Jean's got to listen to it all, poor boy; but *I* needn't," she explained.

I didn't know exactly what to answer and we walked on a little way in silence; then she said: "If you'd carried him off this morning he would have escaped all this fuss." After a pause she added slowly: "On the whole, it might have been as well."

"To carry him off?"

"Well, yes." She stopped and looked at me. "I wish you *would*."

"Would?—Now?"

"Yes, now: as soon as you can. He's really not strong yet—he's drawn and nervous." ("So are you," I thought parenthetically.) "And the excitement is greater than you can perhaps imagine——"

I gave her back her look. "Why, I think I *can* imagine. . ."

She coloured up through her sallow skin and then laughed away her blush. "Oh, I don't mean the excitement of seeing *me*! But his parents, his grandmother, the curé, all the old associations——"

I considered for a moment; then I said: "As a matter of fact, you're about the only person he *hasn't* seen."

She checked a quick answer on her lips, and for a moment or two we faced each other silently. A sudden sense of intimacy, of complicity almost, came over me. What was it the girl's silence was crying out to me?

"If I take him away now he won't have seen you at all," I continued.

She stood under the bare trees, keeping her eyes on me. "Then take him away



now!" she retorted; and as she spoke I saw her face change, decompose into deadly apprehension and as quickly regain its usual calm. From where she stood she faced the courtyard, and glancing in the same direction I saw the throng of villagers coming out of the château. "Take him away—take him away at once!" she passionately commanded; and the next minute Jean de Réchamp detached himself from the group and began to limp down the walk in our direction.

What was I to do? I can't exaggerate the sense of urgency Mlle. Malo's appeal gave me, or my faith in her sincerity. No one who had seen her meeting with Réchamp the night before could have doubted her feeling for him: if she wanted him away it was not because she did not delight in his presence. Even now, as he approached, I saw her face veiled by a faint mist of emotion: it was like watching a fruit ripen under a midsummer sun. But she turned sharply from the house and began to walk on.

"Can't you give me a hint of your reason?" I suggested as I followed.

"My reason? I've given it!" I suppose I looked incredulous, for she added in a lower voice: "I don't want him to hear—yet—about all the horrors."

"The horrors? I thought there had been none here."

"All around us—" Her voice became a whisper. "Our friends . . . our neighbours . . . every one. . ."

"He can hardly avoid hearing of that, can he? And besides, since you're all safe and happy. . . Look here," I broke off, "he's coming after us. Don't we look as if we were running away?"

She turned around, suddenly paler; and in a stride or two Réchamp was at our side. He was pale too; and before I could find a pretext for slipping away he had begun to speak. But I saw at once that he didn't know or care if I was there.

"What was the name of the officer in command who was quartered here?" he asked, looking straight at the girl.

She raised her eye-brows slightly. "Do you mean to say that after listening for three hours to every inhabitant of Réchamp you haven't found that out?"

"They all call him something different. My grandmother says he had a French name: she calls him Charlot."

"Your grandmother was never taught German: his name was the Oberst von Scharlach." She did not remember my presence either: the two were still looking straight in each other's eyes.

Réchamp had grown white to the lips: he was rigid with the effort to control himself.

"Why didn't you tell me it was Scharlach who was here?" he brought out at last in a low voice.

She turned her eyes in my direction. "I was just explaining to Mr. Greer——"

"To Mr. Greer?" He looked at me too, half-angrily.

"I know the stories that are about," she continued quietly; "and I was saying to your friend that, since we had been so happy as to be spared, it seemed useless to dwell on what has happened elsewhere."

"Damn what happened elsewhere! I don't yet know what happened here."

I put a hand on his arm. Mlle. Malo was looking hard at me, but I wouldn't let her see I knew it. "I'm going to leave you to hear the whole story now," I said to Réchamp.

"But there isn't any story for him to hear!" she broke in. She pointed at the serene front of the château, looking out across its gardens to the unscarred fields. "We're safe; the place is untouched. Why brood on other horrors—horrors we were powerless to help?"

Réchamp held his ground doggedly. "But the man's name is a curse and an abomination. Wherever he went he spread ruin."

"So they say. Mayn't there be a mistake? Legends grow up so quickly in these dreadful times. Here—" she looked about her again at the peaceful scene—"here he behaved as you see. For heaven's sake be content with that!"

"Content?" He passed his hand across his forehead. "I'm blind with joy . . . or should be, if only . . ."

She looked at me entreatingly, almost desperately, and I took hold of Réchamp's arm with a warning pressure. "My dear fellow, don't you see that Mlle. Malo has been under a great strain? *La joie fait peur*—that's the trouble with both of you!"

He lowered his head. "Yes, I suppose it is." He took her hand and kissed it.



"I beg your pardon. Greer's right: we're both on edge."

"Yes. I'll leave you for a little while, if you and Mr. Greer will excuse me." She included us both in a quiet look that seemed to me extremely noble, and walked slowly away toward the château. Réchamp stood gazing after her for a moment, then he dropped down on one of the benches at the edge of the path. He covered his face with his hands. "Scharlach—Scharlach!" I heard him repeat.

We sat there side by side for ten minutes or more without speaking. Finally I said: "Look here, Réchamp—she's right and you're wrong. I shall be sorry I brought you here if you don't see it before it's too late."

His face was still hidden; but presently he dropped his hands and answered me. "I do see. She's saved everything for me—my people and my house, and the ground we're standing on. And I worship it because she walks on it!"

"And so do your people: the war's done that for you, anyhow," I reminded him.

## VII

THE morning after we were off before dawn. Our time allowance was up, and it was thought advisable, on account of our wounded, to slip across the exposed bit of road in the dark.

Mlle. Malo was downstairs when we started, pale in her white dress, but calm and active. We had borrowed a farmer's cart in which our two men could be laid on a mattress, and she had stocked our trap with food and remedies. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten. While I was settling the men I suppose Réchamp turned back into the hall to bid her good-bye; anyhow, when she followed him out a moment later he looked quieter and less strained. He had taken leave of his parents and his sister upstairs, and Yvonne Malo stood alone in the dark doorway, watching us as we drove away.

There was not much talk between us during our slow drive back to the lines. We had to go at a snail's pace, for the roads were rough; and there was time for meditation. I knew well enough what my companion was thinking about and my

own thoughts ran on the same lines. Though the story of the German occupation of Réchamp had been retold to us a dozen times the main facts did not vary. There were little discrepancies of detail, and gaps in the narrative here and there; but all the household, from the astute ancestress to the last bewildered pantry-boy, were at one in saying that Mlle. Malo's coolness and courage had saved the château and the village. The officer in command had arrived full of threats and insolence: Mlle. Malo had placated and disarmed him, turned his suspicions to ridicule, entertained him and his comrades at dinner, and contrived during that time—or rather while they were making music afterward (which they did for half the night, it seemed)—that Monsieur de Réchamp and Alain should slip out of the cellar in which they had been hidden, gain the end of the gardens through an old hidden passage, and get off in the darkness. Meanwhile Simone had been safe upstairs with her mother and grandmother, and none of the officers lodged in the château had—after a first hasty inspection—set foot in any part of the house but the wing assigned to them. On the third morning they had left, and Scharlach, before going, had put in Mlle. Malo's hands a letter requesting whatever officer should follow him to show every consideration to the family of the Comte de Réchamp, and if possible—owing to the grave illness of the Countess—avoid taking up quarters in the château: a request which had been scrupulously observed.

Such were the amazing but undisputed facts over which Réchamp and I, in our different ways, were now pondering. He hardly spoke, and when he did it was only to make some casual reference to the road or to our wounded soldiers; but all the while I sat at his side I kept hearing the echo of the question he was inwardly asking himself, and hoping to God he wouldn't put it to me. . .

It was nearly noon when we finally reached the lines, and the men had to have a rest before we could start again; but a couple of hours later we landed them safely at the base hospital. From there we had intended to go back to Paris; but as we were starting there came an unexpected summons to another point of the



front, where there had been a successful night-attack, and a lot of Germans taken in a blown-up trench. The place was fifty miles away, and off my beat, but the number of wounded on both sides was exceptionally heavy, and all the available ambulances had already started. An urgent call had come for more, and there was nothing for it but to go; so we went.

We found things in a bad mess at the second line shanty-hospital where they were dumping the wounded as fast as they could bring them in. At first we were told that none were fit to be carried farther that night; and after we had done what we could we went off to hunt up a shake-down in the village. But a few minutes later an orderly overtook us with a message from the surgeon. There was a German with an abdominal wound who was in a bad way, but might be saved by an operation if he could be got back to the base before midnight. Would we take him at once and then come back for others?

There is only one answer to such requests, and a few minutes later we were back at the hospital, and the wounded man was being carried out on a stretcher. In the shaky lantern gleam I caught a glimpse of a livid face and a torn uniform, and saw that he was an officer, and nearly done for. Réchamp had climbed to the box, and seemed not to be noticing what was going on at the back of the motor. I understood that he loathed the job, and wanted not to see the face of the man we were carrying; so when we had got him settled I jumped into the ambulance beside him and called out to Réchamp that we were ready. A second later an *infirmier* ran up with a little packet and pushed it into my hand. "His papers," he explained. I pocketed them and pulled the door shut, and we were off.

The man lay motionless on his back, conscious, but desperately weak. Once I turned my pocket-lamp on him, and saw that he was young—about thirty—with damp dark hair and a thin face. He had received a flesh-wound above the eyes, and his forehead was bandaged, but the rest of the face uncovered. As the light fell on him he lifted his eyelids and looked at me: his look was inscrutable.

For half an hour or so I sat there in the dark, the sense of that face pressing close

on me. It was a damnable face—meanly handsome, basely proud. In my one glimpse of it I had seen that the man was suffering atrociously, but as we slid along through the night he made no sound. At length the motor stopped with a violent jerk that drew a single moan from him. I turned the light on him, but he lay perfectly still, lips and lids shut, making no sign; and I jumped out and ran round to the front to see what had happened.

The motor had stopped for lack of gasoline and was stock still in the deep mud. Réchamp muttered something about a leak in his tank. As he bent over it, the lantern flame struck up into his face, which was set and business-like. It struck me vaguely that he showed no particular surprise.

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"I think I can tinker it up; but we've got to have more essence to go on with."

I stared at him in despair: it was a good hour's walk back to the lines, and we weren't so sure of getting any gasoline when we got there! But there was no help for it; and as Réchamp was dead lame, no alternative but for me to go.

I opened the ambulance door, gave another look at the motionless man inside and took out a remedy which I handed over to Réchamp with a word of explanation. "You know how to give a hypo? Keep a close eye on him and pop this in if you see a change—not otherwise."

He nodded. "Do you suppose he'll die?" he asked below his breath.

"No, I don't. If we get him to the hospital before morning I think he'll pull through."

"Oh, all right." He unhooked one of the motor lanterns and handed it over to me. "I'll do my best," he said as I turned away.

Getting back to the lines through that pitch-black forest, and finding somebody to bring the gasoline back for me was about the weariest job I ever tackled. I couldn't imagine why it wasn't daylight when we finally got to the place where I had left the motor. It seemed to me as if I had been gone twelve hours when I finally caught sight of the grey bulk of the car through the thinning darkness.

Réchamp came forward to meet us, and took hold of my arm as I was opening the



door of the car. "The man's dead," he said.

I had lifted up my pocket-lamp, and its light fell on his face, which was perfectly composed, and seemed less gaunt and shrunken than at any time since we had started for Réchamp.

"Dead? Why—how? What happened? Did you give him the hypodermic?" I stammered, taken aback.

"No time to. He died in a minute."

"How do you know he did? Were you with him?"

"Of course I was with him," Réchamp retorted, with a sudden harshness that made me realize I had grown harsh myself. But I had been almost sure the man wasn't anywhere near death when I left him. I opened the door of the ambulance and climbed in with my lantern. He didn't appear to have moved, but he was dead sure enough—had been for two or three hours, by the feel of him. It must have happened not long after I left. . . Well, I'm not a doctor, anyhow. . .

I don't know that Réchamp and I exchanged a word on the rest of that run. But it was my fault and not his if we didn't. By the mere rub of his sleeve against mine as we sat side by side on the motor I knew he was conscious of no bar between us: he had somehow got back, in the night's interval, to a state of wholesome stolidity, while I, on the contrary, was tingling all over with exposed nerves.

I was glad enough when we got back to the base at last, and the grim load we carried was lifted out and taken into the hospital. Réchamp waited in the courtyard beside his car, lighting a cigarette in the cold early sunlight; but I followed the bearers and the surgeon into the white-washed room where the dead man was laid out to be undressed. I had a burning spot at the pit of my stomach while his clothes were ripped off him and the bandages undone: I couldn't take my eyes from the surgeon's face. But the surgeon, with a big batch of wounded on his hands, was probably thinking more of the living than the dead; and besides, we were near the front, and the body before him was an enemy's.

He finished his examination and scribbled something in a note-book.

"Death must have taken place nearly five hours ago" he merely remarked: it was the conclusion I had already come to myself.

"And how about the papers?" the surgeon continued. "You have them, I suppose? This way, please."

We left the half-stripped body on the blood-stained oil-cloth and he led me into an office where a functionary sat behind a littered desk.

"The papers? Thank you. You haven't examined them? Let us see, then."

I handed over the leather note-case I had thrust into my pocket the evening before, and saw for the first time its silver-edged corners and the coronet in one of them. The official took out the papers and spread them on the desk between us. I watched him absently while he did so.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation. "Ah—that's a haul!" he said, and pushed a bit of paper toward me. On it was engraved the name: Oberst Graf Benno von Scharlach. . .

"A good riddance," said the surgeon over my shoulder. . .

I went back to the courtyard and saw Réchamp still smoking his cigarette in the cold sunlight. I don't suppose I'd been in the hospital ten minutes; but I felt as old as Methuselah.

My friend greeted me with a smile. "Ready for breakfast?" he said good-humouredly; and a little chill ran down my spine. . . But I said: "Oh, all right—come along. . ."

For, after all, I *knew* there wasn't a paper of any sort on that man when he was lifted into my ambulance the night before: the French officials attend to their business too carefully for me not to have been sure of that. And there wasn't the least shred of evidence to prove that he hadn't died of his wounds during the unlucky delay in the forest; or that Réchamp had known his tank was leaking when we started out from the lines.

"I could do with a *café complet*, couldn't you?" Réchamp suggested, looking straight at me with his good blue eyes; and arm in arm we started off to hunt for the nearest hotel. . .



# M. LE CURÉ'S LUNCH-PARTY

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THORNTON OAKLEY



Peasants in the neighborhood of Arles.

**M.** LE CURÉ'S lunch-party was the climax of my stay in the convent at Arles. The very memory of it, rejoicing as the Provençal sun, brings the glow of the spontaneous human kindness of the Midi into my heart. The day was one of those that have no obvious story to tell, and yet remain charged for all time with a sense of high festivity.

I remember that something in the very

tone of Mère Justinienne's voice warned me, when she first proposed our expedition, that it would be worth the sacrifice of an antiquity or two. We were sitting in her little office, with its door open to the convent garden, sipping a delicious tisane, when she expressed the hope that I could spare time from my other excursions to drive with her to lunch with "an old friend of the Sisters," the curé of a

certain country parish in the neighborhood of Arles.

"It would be an act of charity!" rejoined Sœur Colombe, who had brought the theme and was hovering solicitously about us. "M. le curé cares so much for good society. And he is so much alone, poor man, in that quiet village since his mother's death—only an old *bonne* in the house!"

"A *bonne* devoted, indeed," explained the Superior, "and trained by his mother to serve him well. He lives," she added with a blandly reminiscent air, "more formally than most country priests. You will see. He tells me that his good Marie has orders to put the compote-dishes on the table even when there is nothing to fill them, that she may never forget how things are done in the world."

M. le curé responded with the most amiable cordiality. A date was fixed—and then another, and another. At the last moment something always happened to upset our plans. But the more it rained, the more duties parochial or conventual thwarted our hopes, the brighter grew the glamour. No other village in the sun-browned plain about Arles could equal M. le curé's for flowery charm and verdant shadiness. Nowhere else, as the Sisters who had nursed in his parish could vouch, did

coffee have the flavor which distinguished the steaming bowls so benevolently offered at the *presbytère* after early mass,—the kind man, said the Mother, actually realized how the Sisters must feel after a long night's vigil and a long walk! And M. le curé, to cap the climax, had been born within sight of Mistral's garden wall. In a land where the blood of the troubadours still runs hot this privilege adds lustre even to the aureole of an ecclesiastic.

I could hardly believe that legend was turning to truth when the sun rose cloudless on my last morning. Promptly at

half past ten Joseph's carriage was reported at the door. Sœur Colombe, shining with sympathy, tucked us in, arranged the Mother's shawl, and put a plump black bag in her lap. "Red mullet—beauties!" she whispered. Mère Justinienne frowned a little at the indiscreet words. The fact was—well, as this was Friday, and as a country market was sure to be poor in anything but the grosser varieties of fish, she was taking M. le curé something *fin*, something delicately toothsome, which he would not feel humiliated to offer ladies.

When we had rattled down the steep, cobbled streets, past the ancient theatre, into the Promenade des Lices, and turned southward, the Mother settled herself expectantly for an hour of bucolic



Arles. Rue des Arènes.





Arles. The door of Saint Trophime.

delight. Nature has endowed this piece of level countryside, at the very edge of the barren Crau and the vines and tufted marshes of the Camargue, with a soft, smiling greenness more suggestive of Normandy than of Provence. It is a haying region, and on our late April morning the fields that bordered the road were warm with sunlight; daisies and buttercups made a bright glimmer across the tall grass; long, straight alleys, shaded thick with ancient horse-chestnut and plane trees led into comfortable farmhouses.

Mère Justinienne knew the history of every one: this was the "*campagne*" of which Mlle. Roquette had been cheated by her cruel nephews; that, of a doubtful reputation, belonged to a wine-merchant from Marseilles. There were plenty of stories, and we bowled along at a smart pace under a row of spotted plane-trees till at last houses began to edge the street, and an unpretending yellow stucco edifice with a tower came into sight—the church! We drew up beside it, in front of the *presbytère*, which had a garden full of roses,



*Drawn by Thornton Oakley.*

Arles. From the canal.



and a parrot on the window ledge; and out dashed M. le curé, rubbing his hands together and crying, in expansive welcoming tones: "Ah, *ma sainte Supérieure, ah, ma sainte demoiselle, enfin vous voilà!* What a happiness, what a pleasure!"

To be greeted as a saint might have been rather disconcerting to a heretic, if M. le curé's smile had not reinforced the cry of his heart. His great red countenance shone. All the world was "sainted" for him, I soon discovered; unction flowed from his lips, and everything about his person, from his full-blown cheeks to his swelling cassock, was smooth and rotund and generous. He was made on such a large scale that he quite dwarfed the humble *presbytère* as he stood there among the yellow rose-bushes. I caught myself wondering how he would ever get through his own front door. But he ducked in after us, still ejaculating, "Ah, my sainted friends, what a pleasure!" and waved us into the study on the left.

To our dismayed surprise another black cassock loomed from a chair at the back of the room to salute us. "My old friend, M. l'abbé ———," explained our host affectionately, "who came all the way from Maillane to help me with my First Communion yesterday. We help one another out, as friends must, whenever we can." Mère Justinienne did not look at me, but I knew by the set of her coiffe that she, too, was combating a feeling of disappointment—here was an intruder upon our wonderful, our sacred day.

The stiff solemnity of M. l'abbé's bow was far from reassuring. Tall, red-faced, and stoutly built like his friend—and like him, no doubt, descended from the fine old yeoman stock of the plain of St. Remy—his stern features seemed hewn of rough granite instead of moulded and smoothed, and his iron-gray hair gave him a look of elderly solemnity that was the very antithesis of M. le curé's exuberance.

"*Voyons un peu, voyons un peu,*" began our host, in a relaxed, rejoicing voice that shed balm on our disquieted reflections. "*Voyons un peu,*" and he glided monumentally about the room, establishing us in the most comfortable chairs, and producing a decanter and glasses. "Very mild," he urged, "and distilled by the

hands of a sainted friend." How could Mère Justinienne politely refuse? Things began to seem more cheerful. We settled down to conversation. The ceremony



M. l'abbé and Mère Justinienne.

of yesterday was first in everybody's thoughts. Weren't the gentlemen very tired?

"A little, a little," deprecated M. le curé. "I talked all day. I give myself freely. I give all I can, it's true."

"I should say so, indeed," said the Mother; "we all know your devotion."



"So one must," put in M. l'abbé with sudden emphasis, in a peculiarly raucous tone which cut like the mistral, after the sunny warmth of M. le curé's—"so one must spend one's self if the truth is to penetrate."

"Yes," went on M. le curé, his excellent face folding into serious lines, "and my dear children responded; their eyes were like stars to me as I talked—the *Sainte Vierge* was helping me. The ladies of the *pensionnat* had decorated the church with infinite grace and taste, and there were five hundred people at vespers in that tiny church meant for two hundred, and not a sound, believe me, but the rustle of the wings of the guardian angels . . ."

"Perhaps, mademoiselle," said the abbé, "you do not realize that in the Midi it is not always easy to exact silence in church if there is a crowd. There are women who, in their desire for seats, in their eagerness to see, push, shout—in short, forget themselves. What tongues, *mon Dieu*, what tongues!" His own southern accent twanged sharper as he spoke.

M. le curé settled with a chuckle into what he also would have called the *coing* of his easy chair. "The other day," he said, "I was in a tram-car at Marseilles, where an old fishwife was pouring out her life history at the top of her strident lungs. Such stories—the whole tram was silenced and listening. Suddenly, in a brief pause, out speaks a grim old tar next me—it's better in the Marseilles patois: 'If she were a parrot, she'd bring five hundred francs.'"

The story set things going, and the abbé, gradually unbending, turned out to be, after all, an addition to the party. He had tales to tell of the Camargue, where, because of his "infirmity," he had long had a tiny parish.

"*Mes amis de Dieu*," said M. le curé compassionately, "you must know that a great preacher was lost to the church by a bad larynx. For three years my poor friend couldn't speak above a whisper. He had to give up his large town parish finally and take an inconsiderable one in that salt desert, where the flock was small enough for a hoarse voice to carry from the pulpit. *Aïe*—more mosquitoes than parishioners there!"

The abbé nodded grimly. Yet though the mosquitoes were bad the hunting was fabulously good, he said—quail, partridge, snipe, duck, goose—every wild bird that ever haunted a marsh or a vineyard, and with a flavor! His eloquence grew as he enumerated them, till they fluttered out from the tamarisk hedges before our very eyes; his face reddened as to the slap of sea-winds, and we saw marshes stretching wide under a wide sky, and striding off with powerful step toward a flat horizon a giant black figure, gun on shoulder, dog at heel. . . .

M. le curé chimed in with Horatian descriptions of game-dishes of which he had partaken at his friend's table. He had a sister, it appeared, who knew arts in cookery such as no northerner could ever hope to rival.

M. l'abbé modestly agreed. "I have always had my Mary and my Martha. Believe me, Mme. la Supérieure,"—he was unbending, a little sententiously, in the Mother's approving smile,—"I had never to give a thought either to my house or my church. One took charge of the first, the other of the second. In that I have been much blessed by the *bon Dieu*. When my liver protested and the doctor forbade a game diet, I gave up my curacy—what use to hunt if you can't eat what you kill?—and we went back to the house of our fathers in Maillane. I cultivate our farm lands and make myself the apprentice of the furrow again. And there we are growing old together."

"Is he not a lucky man, after all, my friends?" M. le curé drew a sigh. "Two admirable sisters to care for him, and here am I alone. There, mademoiselle, is my dear and sainted mother." The faded photograph of a sweet-faced woman in Provençal dress hung over his desk. "Even the *sainte fille* to whom she confided me when she died, even my good Marie, is now getting too old to work. I give her a pension and she comes to help the new *bonne* on great occasions like this one. You'll be tolerant? My poor Beatrice is ailing, too, and this, you know, is a fast-day. But we are simple, in any case, simple by necessity, simple by preference!"

Lunch had indeed the perfect simplicity which comes, in France, of much



reasoned calculation. The cloth was threadbare, but the compotiers were lavishly filled, and the thoroughly Provençal meal was washed down with famous na-  
 chopped parsley, red radishes from the garden of the *presbytère*. Our host kept a solicitous eye on the kitchen door, and, when appetites were just sufficiently



M. le curé.

tive wines from the cellars of M. le curé's devoted friends. Even the *ordinaire* came from a slope that distilled an almost Burgundian richness. We drank it with the *hors-d'œuvre*, salty olives from le Paradou, thin slices of tomato garnished with  
 whetted, summoned the lobster, prepared with a sauce unknown a hundred miles from Marseilles. The spinach that followed was cunningly smoothed with the rich olive oil of the region; and with the red mullet came a salad for epicures. A

Battle of fragrant old Ventoux kept us lingering here, but there were still piping hot *patissons de Fontaine*, spicy little tarts as mellow as the departed days of the great fat, and a custard which drew out a word of praise even from the deprecatory curé. "Not bad, *ten flan*," he called out to the old servant whom we could see bending an anxious, wrinkled face over the kitchen hearth.

The crowning point of the feast was, however, reached with the dessert, when M. le curé rose himself to fetch his most precious treasure, a much-reputed Muscat from the region of Montpellier. He bore in the dusty bottle like a sacrificial offering. "Frontignan of '62," he murmured reverently, as he tilted it so that I might see the brownish purple veil clinging to the inside. We sipped our small glasses of the sweet, ineffable fluid in silence, drop by drop.

Conversation at lunch had had a marked culinary bias. The lobster had reminded M. l'abbé of a dish known as *homard à l'Américaine* in the fish restaurants of Marseilles, and I had been challenged for lobster recipes at the point of the fork. By the time coffee was served in the study, however, the talk took a more æsthetic turn. We strolled up and down, examining M. le curé's *objets d'art*. Besides the usual religious prints and mottoes which hung above the meagre bookshelves, there was the château of Chillon, painted by a friend. To think that I had seen the original—what travellers these Americans were! Those oddly shaped and elegant vases were, underneath the gilding, egg-shells! the highly esteemed fabrication of a widowed parishioner. But what most took my eye was an illuminated square, rather like a coat of arms, framed in gold and standing on an easel in the corner.

"That, mademoiselle, is M. le curé's epitaph, so to speak," said the Mother. "You'll explain it, will you not, to mademoiselle?"

M. le curé joined me before the easel. His "*voyons un peu*" was rapturously concurrent. "You know," he said, "that every Provençal farmer's daughter raises silkworms? Mireille herself, you'll remember, was picking the leaves of the mulberry-tree when she first fell in love

with Vincent; every *mas* has its mulberry-trees. Well, then, on the shield in the middle of the picture you will observe a silkworm on a branch of mulberry; above the worm, the cocoon; above that a butterfly, unfolding under the rays of the sun. Below you'll read on a scroll these words"—and he translated from the Provençal: "'Grace of God, by thy ray, the silkworm becomes a butterfly.' My name, my good young lady—this is the fine point—means silkworm in Provençal. So this motto, happily found for me by my great fellow townsman himself—see, the artist has put it in the corner, 'Mistral'! and artistically worked out by the same friend who painted the château of Chillon—has a symbolic meaning, and later will be carved on my tomb."

The curé crossed his hands over one of the round, vermicular folds of his soutane and beamed from head to foot. In no other land could such jovial charm radiate from so sepulchral a subject.

The afternoon was rounded off by a walk. The Mother had promised this, too, talked of a little brook beside a green lane, and an old park full of roses. The lane turns in between the *presbytère* and the church and passes the white-walled graveyard on its way to the haying fields beyond. At the cemetery gate our procession paused; the abbés bared their heads and stood for a moment in silence.

These sturdy country priests were very much at home in the fields. Their ancestry was written all over them; the two soutanes, black as they were, did not make a false note in the sweet spring landscape. M. le curé moved lightly along at the Mother's side; there was almost a skip in his tread. Now turning his huge, benevolent countenance about to call my attention to the state of the hay crop, now bending an agile vastness of back to pick buttercups for his companion, he welcomed us to Dame Nature's bounty as if it were his own. The abbé moved along more heavily at my side, the bottom of his cassock scattering the heads of the daisies, his strong, severe face turned relentingly toward the sun. His spirit did not soar on joyous wings like his friend's, for he was no natural optimist; victory for him must have been won out of battle with the hosts of doubt



and pain. But little by little, as we walked through the fragrant fields and past the white hawthorn hedges, the hard outer crust melted, and I was allowed to see the light of kindness and rectitude that burned deep below the surface.

M. le curé came to a halt at last at a gate in a high wall. He pointed out, in the distance, the new Communal school, spreading a resplendent façade along the village street. "There, my sainted young lady, is modern progress for you." His sigh was almost melancholy. "It represents an incredible number of thousands of francs, and the children don't know how to read and write."

M. l'abbé, stern again, and with almost the only approach to ecclesiasticism we had during the day, said that the high percentage of illiteracy in France—proved by recent statistics—might be called God's punishment of the faithless. "*Mais on reviendra, on reviendra*—they'll come back to the fold," he added with conviction.

The big park which we entered, when M. le curé had unlocked the gate, was not for the two priests a much more encouraging sign of the times. M. le curé still had his freedom of the place, but in the old days, when the great family lived in the house, he would have had his seat at the noble board—his *couvert*—twice a week, as regularly as the months sped by. Now the châtelaine was dead, the heir lived in Paris, the caretakers were letting everything go to seed; the alleys were unraked, the shrubs and flowers had grown into lovely neglected tangles. The roses had outrun all bounds; there were pale and deep pink ones under the hedges; pure white ones in the parterres; brilliant or sullen red ones climbing through the shrubs, twining in the very tree-tops.

The nightingales were whistling from secret places—it seemed an invitation to enjoy the bloom, and Mère Justinienne looked about her in ecstasy. May not a nun indulge a weakness for flowers, since she lays them all at the Virgin's feet? The abbés, on a simultaneous impulse, got out their jack-knives and began to vie with each other in despoiling the bushes. M. le curé flew from one bed to another, and piled the Mother's arms high. Even the full-blown roses seemed to him worth

picking. "They'll be gone to-morrow, but enjoy them to-night," he exclaimed. The abbé was more deliberate in his movements, searched conscientiously for buds, and reached up always toward the branches that grew high above his long reach. "The 'bird's branch,'" said he, quoting from *Mirèio*:

Yet on that ravaged tree thou savest oft  
Some little branch inviolate aloft,  
Tender and airy up against the blue  
Which the rude spoiler cannot win unto:  
Only the birds shall come and banquet there. . . .\*

Anecdotes of the divine fellow townsman beguiled our walk back to the *presbytère*. An occasional white-veiled little girl or boy with white-beribboned arm gave a vaguely festival air to the village street; a breath of yesterday's incense still hung in the air. M. le curé's affectionate encounters with the aunts and uncles and grandmothers who had come in from the country to celebrate the *fêtes de famille* which attend a First Communion showed the place he held in the hearts and lives of the region. Catholicism never wore a gentler, simpler, or more comforting face. One young peasant, just driving off in a two-wheeled cart with his wife and baby, jumped down from his high seat to be kissed on both cheeks and tell the latest news of the farm. "I baptized this fellow"—M. le curé fondly introduced him—"and now see where he's got to—and never a moment's anxiety has he given me." A promise was made to visit the old mother next day. "I always visit the sick and the old, mademoiselle, as Mme. la Supérieure will tell you. My parishioners have the habit of sending for me if they have so much as a cold. It gives us all pleasure, and they are prepared. . . ."

The copper pans that had cooked our rare lunch were set in the sunny kitchen window when we turned into the garden. The parrot squawked a greeting; the good old servants were watching at the door. Another smooth cordial, made by the hands of another *sainte dame*, had to be tasted before we were allowed to climb into Joseph's carriage with our roses. Even then the abbés continued to tower

\*Translated by Harriet Waters Preston.



monumentally beside us. Their ruddy faces, all turned toward kindness and good cheer, showed a gratifying reluctance to let us go.

"You won't forget, *ma sainte demoiselle*," urged M. le curé, folding his plump hands on his well-cushioned chest—"you won't forget to include in your next Provençal journey a lunch with the poor little country curé?"

"And one at Maillane with the old abbé and his old sisters?" asked M. l'abbé

after his stiffer manner. "The Provençal sun will draw you back, willy-nilly," he added, his grim smile softening as he laid a hand on the curé's shoulder:

*Grand soulèu de la Prouvènço,  
Gai coumpaire d'ou mistrau . . .*

Under cover of this last appropriate quotation from Mistral Joseph gave his horses a discreet flick. But, as we rolled away, M. le curé's jocund voice followed us: "Great sun of Provence. . ."

## THE JADE

By Abbie Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA



It was just like her to do it and it was doubtless fate that willed that young Mr. Stephen Instone (arrived only that morning in Louisville from New York by way of Pittsburgh and the Ohio River packet *Rio Vista*, Captain Barstow) should see her do it. His subjection, which might otherwise have taken her all of a week to complete, was thus satisfactorily accomplished at first sight and in a couple of exciting moments.

"Perhaps Angelica will settle down now and give some of the others a chance," said Drusilla Imrie reflectively to her husband when she heard of Stephen's infatuation.

"I don't believe she'll settle down even in her grave. One thing's sure—there won't be any graveyards yawning while Angelica's around!" chuckled Lex Imrie, mightily pleased with his own wit.

Drusilla smiled dutifully. "Well, if she and Stephen do get married I hope they won't ever have the occasion to blame *me*. It's a great responsibility."

"What's the matter with you, Drue?" scoffed her husband. "If you hadn't introduced them some one else would. Stephen would have introduced himself if he'd had to wait another minute! He was done for from the moment he saw her ride that bay mare up the Galt House steps!

By Jupiter, it was a great sight, Drue! Those old dandies loafing in the lobby got a sensation—their eyes fairly popped! I thought old Morton would have an apoplectic fit!"

Nowadays well-brought-up young females do almost anything that occurs to them as diverting or profitable or original to do. In the early forties young women were doubtless similarly wilfully inclined, but more rigorously restrained. As a matter of fact and not of speculation, therefore, it was nothing short of scandalous for Miss Angelica l'Hommedieu to ride her bay mare up the stone steps of the elegant new Galt House, induce her well-trained animal, by a firm pressure on her arched neck, to bow to an audience of admiring, applauding gentlemen, and then joyously and triumphantly to ride her down the steps again, into the main street filled with gaping, delighted onlookers.

But Louisville, in the early forties, had to put up with the daring escapades of Miss Angelica l'Hommedieu just as we to-day have to put up with—say Miss Sylvia Pankhurst or Lady Constance Richardson. Angelica was as revolutionary as the one and as entrancing as the other. At nineteen she was tall and slender, of an exuberant vivacity, with flashing dark eyes and black hair that betrayed her French ancestry as plainly as her name. At an epoch in the history of



Louisville when simplicity was the keynote in both public and private life, when females dressed unostentatiously and artificial aids to beauty were almost unknown and entirely disapproved of, Angelica audaciously darkened her already dark lashes and eyebrows, reddened her already pink lips and cheeks, and rubbed in alluring shadows under her brilliant eyes. It was painting the lily, of course, but Angelica didn't care a brass farthing then or afterward. (At sixty she went to France in one of her husband's ships and had her still beautiful face enamelled by Berthot in the rue Pommier.)

Always ready, or, to speak more truthfully, eager, to fly in the face of convention, Angelica, by many arts and exploits—openly deplored and secretly admired by the astounded young females of her acquaintance—quickly got herself to be the most talked-of young woman in Louisville. She was the one topic upon which the two rival editors, Mr. Shadrach Penn and Mr. George D. Prentice, found themselves in harmony, and it was thought that the affecting verses of the celebrated poetess, "Amelia," beginning

"She was a witching creature, o'er whose head  
Scarce eighteen summers on bright wings had  
flown,"

referred to her. She was so handsome and alluring that when she swept in and out of the shops on Market Street the infatuated clerks hung over their counters in their efforts to please her, the while condemning elderly, unattractive females to wait in impatient desuetude. When she and her dearest friend, Mrs. Lex Imrie—she that was Drusilla Gwathmey—billowed up and down Main Street, the whole town turned out to watch the two young beauties, tobacco-buyers suspended operations on the "brakes," and dignified scholars, like Mr. Mann Butler, stopped and lifted their beavers with an ingratiating flourish.

Of course it was easy enough to get oneself talked about in a small place like Louisville in the forties, but Angelica had the sort of personality that would have made her talked about anywhere—in London or Petersburg or the Solomon Islands or Terra del Fuego. Hers was the charm that made people stop looking at and thinking about other people and look at

and think about her. And with all her entrancing beauty and high spirits and foolishnesses and vanities, she had the supreme attraction of a golden heart. If she wore her religion—she was a scandalously high-church Episcopalian—like her ornaments, to be put off and on, there was always her golden heart to be counted on.

It goes without saying that she was criticised. An original, daring, unwise, provocative young beauty may always safely count on criticism. Not from the men, however! But the old ladies, especially the ones who had to wait while the entranced young counter-jumpers pandered to the capricious desires of Angelica, and the unattractive old maids who couldn't get a man to be decently polite to them as long as there was the off-chance of a glance from Angelica's dark eyes, shook their heads ominously when they spoke of her—which they did almost continuously. She was always furnishing delightfully shocking bits of gossip for them to mouth. But nothing she had ever done occasioned more acrimonious comment than her horseback ride up the hotel steps. There were all sorts of rumors afloat about that outrageous performance. Some said she had been dared to do it by Lex Imrie, her dearest friend's husband, and that Drusilla Imrie had stood in the middle of Main Street and wept tears of mortification to see Angelica take her husband's banter in earnest and disgrace herself. Some said—but why repeat ill-natured rumors? Only a few stood up for Angelica, and the most they could say for her was that she was motherless and that it was the fault of her French education.

Angelica's grandfather, old Michael l'Hommedieu (they pronounced it "Lummydue" in little old Louisville!), came over from France with his friends the Tarasons and Lacassaignes, settled at Louisville, and made the beginnings of a fortune in hemp. When "old Lummydue" died he left his money to his son, young Michael, who enlarged the business and realized handsomely on it. His famous rope walks were out on the Preston Street road. He did for hemp what Mr. Darius Gwathmey did for tobacco—made it such a colossal industry that in later years Louisville became the largest market for



it in the world. He could therefore well afford his handsome house of stone trimmed with elegant wrought-iron work, brought all the way from Pittsburgh in railroads. It was one of the show places of the town in those days. The interior was finished in old Santo Domingo mahogany—the kind that is priceless now—and there was a tessellated marble floor in the front hall, and a pedestal supporting a bust of Seneca, and silver knobs on the drawing-room doors.

Mr. l'Hommedieu could well afford his fine house, and he could afford to send Angelica to France to learn the French he had forgotten and she had never known, and to get her manners, which had already occasioned him a good deal of anxiety, toned down and polished up. She was despatched by the passenger packet *The Countess of Donegal*, Captain Pym, to her relatives in Marseilles, the Gontauts and she stayed with them two years. She came home a charming creature, speaking the excellent French of the Midi, with some extraordinary ideas on the subject of personal adornment, and a half-dozen boxes filled with Paris finery. Her manners, Mr. l'Hommedieu noted with regret, had remained unchanged. She was the same high-spirited, flamboyant young enchantress that she had been at sixteen.

She had all the beaux at her feet in less time than it takes to tell. But it was not until the young New Yorker, Mr. Stephen Instone, arrived and instantly and completely fell a victim to her "endearing young charms" (she could sing that and other of Tom Moore's songs for you in a voice like a lark's!) that she found her match.

"It's an ideal arrangement. They're exactly suited to each other," declared Lex Imrie to Drusilla when he heard of the engagement. They were in the library, whiling away half an hour after dinner—people had dinner in the middle of the day then—before Lex had to go back to the tobacco warehouse. "Angelica's a beautiful young female, amusing and high-spirited. Besides she'll have money—not until old Lummydue's dead, though. He's tighter'n a drum. I often wonder how Angelica comes to be so generous and free-handed. Must have been her mother. Instone will be rich, too. His father's got a big Mediterranean and China trade,

Drue. He wants to ship tobacco now. If he does there's no telling how much money the old fellow 'll make. Stephen's here to learn the tobacco trade—he'd pick it up fast, too, if he could put his mind on anything but Angelica." Lex looked out of his father-in-law's library window. "There they go, now!"

Drusilla came quickly to her husband's side. Angelica, looking more lovely even than usual, was tripping down the broad stone steps that curled elegantly away on either side of the front door of her father's house, followed by Mr. Stephen Instone. She looked across the street and waved a white hand to her two friends. Then she and Stephen went on down Walnut Street and turned the corner into Fourth.

"They are going to walk in Broadway, I expect," said Drusilla. Broadway was the elegant new residence street.

"Yes, and Instone ought to be at the warehouse this minute instead of galivanting around with Angelica. By the way, he says you two are coming down to the store to-morrow morning." Lex grinned.

A visit to the big tobacco warehouse was a favorite excursion with the two dashing young beauties. It allowed them to navigate up Fourth Street and down Main under full sail, as it were, and with immense success. Their arrival at Imrie & Dumesnoy's warehouse was the signal for an ovation. Clerks slid off their high stools and stood at respectful and delighted attention. Lex and Instone would hurry forward from the dim, cool recesses of the vast place to convoy the ladies safely over the rough flooring, worn into deep ruts by the rolling of innumerable hogsheads of tobacco, to the privacy of the counting-room at the far end, from which one could look out over the broad, turbid Ohio and watch the river craft come and go, and the roustabouts, in dusky gangs, handle the freight.

Those huge warehouses along Main Street were unexcelled even in New York. They stretched to a magnificent depth of two hundred feet or more by fifty or sixty wide. On a hot, sunshiny day it was like going into a pleasant, drafty cavern to turn off the scorching, blinding street into the cool obscurity of one of them. There was always a breeze blowing up from the river through the wide-open back doors;



and a blended odor—pungent, aromatic, indescribable—of tobacco, corn whiskey and liquorice, of New Orleans sugar, and hemp and spices and Java coffee—was perpetually wafted to one's delighted olfactories.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits to the warehouse, about three weeks after Stephen's first view of Angelica, that he proposed to her. Lex and Drusilla had considerably immured themselves in the counting-room at first, and later had gone next door, to Mr. Meadd's big grocery warehouse, to taste of a new importation of muscavado sugar and figs in frails. Stephen and Angelica had found a dusky recess where they could talk comfortably and uninterruptedly. It had required all Stephen's self-control not to propose to Angelica within twenty-four hours of his introduction to her. When he found himself in a dim corner of the vast warehouse, seated beside her on a hogshead of tobacco and shielded from observation by numberless other hogsheads, piled high, the temptation became irresistible.

"Angelica," he said masterfully, although his voice trembled a little, "I love you. You've got to marry me. I haven't a home to take you to. I haven't any money of my own—yet. But my father is a rich man and I'm his only son. Besides, I'll soon be making money myself. In the meantime I'm going to take you to my father's house, and I know that he and my sisters—my mother is dead, as you know—will be proud and glad to have you with them." A sudden misgiving seized him, but he shook it off and leaning forward took her two white hands in his. "If I give you the deepest devotion, if I try in every way that a man can try to cherish and protect you, don't you think you could begin and learn to love me a little, Angelica?"

Slowly Angelica withdrew her hands from his clasp and shook her charming head.

"I—I couldn't do what you ask," she said in a low voice. "I—didn't know that you—cared!" She smiled a sudden, provoking smile at Stephen.

"Didn't know that I cared!" Stephen turned white. "Didn't know that I cared! It's been plain enough to every one else that you've made a fool of me! What other folly can I commit to con-

vince you that I care?" He laughed bitterly.

Angelica looked down at her little square-toed slippers of black *panel de soie* that she had brought with her from France.

"You never *said* anything before. How could I guess?" she retorted, tossing her ringleted head.

"Do you pretend that you didn't know that I loved you, Angelica?" demanded the young man hotly. "Are you just the common flirt, ready to ensnare any man that comes near you? You know well enough that I've worshipped you ever since I set eyes on you, and now—now you try to make me believe you've known nothing, felt nothing! Are *all* women deceivers?" groaned Stephen, looking very miserable.

Angelica touched the plaited hair bracelet on her wrist and smoothed down the flounces of her Peking striped-silk dress. She tilted her charming head at a provoking angle. Suddenly she leaned toward Stephen and laid a small hand on his arm. She was a little pale in spite of the dash of rouge on her round young cheek, and the dazzling smile with which she regarded the irate young gentleman before her was a trifle tremulous.

"If—if you are quite through scolding me, Stephen, I would like to say—that is, I mean—you—you did not understand! How can I love you 'a little' when I care so much? And why should you be angry with me for saying that I cannot 'begin to learn to love you' when I've known for—for so long!" Her charming audacity suddenly broke down and she covered her face with her hands.

For an instant Stephen gazed at her in bewilderment.

"Good God, Angelica! What a fright you gave me!" he whispered, and folded her in his arms.

At the end of ten ecstatic days Stephen came out of his dream long enough to realize that he ought to write to his father about Angelica. It was harder to do than he had thought. He told his father of his first enchanting vision of Angelica and of her beauty and gayety and daring ways. In his infatuation it did not seem possible to him that his father could be uninterested in such details.



"She is the most captivating, lovely creature imaginable and different from any one you ever saw, sir—as different as possible from my sisters." His pen faltered. Angelica certainly was as different as possible from his sisters. He suddenly found himself wishing not that Angelica resembled them more, but that they were more like Angelica. After an uncomfortable pause he wrote bravely on: "We are hoping to get married soon. I am sure, sir, that you will not withhold your sanction and aid when you know how deeply my happiness is involved."

The morning after mailing this ingratiating document he received a letter from his father dated two weeks previously. It was short and to the point. Mr. Instone was much worried. His supercargo for the *Huntress*, in the Canton trade, had died suddenly, and Stephen was to return to New York immediately to take his place and sail with the vessel for Whampoa. The tobacco project would have to wait. He read the letter to Angelica and they looked at each other in dismay.

"Stephen—what shall we do?" demanded Angelica.

"There's only one thing to do, dear girl, and that is to marry me at once—today!" said Stephen firmly. "I shall go immediately to your father's office and speak to him about the matter. I shall also stop at Christ Church on my way and ask Doctor Craik if he will marry us at—shall we say at five this afternoon, Angelica?"

"But," protested Angelica, with flaming cheeks, "it's—it's impossible, Stephen!"

"Impossible? Nonsense! The only thing that's impossible is my leaving you here, Angelica," declared Stephen masterfully. "I shall stop at the coffee-house and secure two places for us on the Maysville coach for to-morrow morning," and putting on his silk beaver Stephen walked quickly down the street to Mr. l'Homme-dieu's bank.

That gentleman was as indignant as surprised at Stephen's demand and news of immediate departure. He was astounded, so he said, that any young man, after having stolen his daughter's affections from him almost before he was aware of their acquaintanceship, should seek to make his infamy blacker by planning to carry her off in such a high-handed fashion.

He could not, he continued, prevent Angelica from receiving the four thousand dollars left her by her mother to be given her on her marriage, though he strongly doubted the wisdom of placing in her hands, under the circumstances (here he eyed Stephen coldly), such a considerable sum of money. As for expecting him to supplement that amount at a time of so great business depression, it was out of the question—

"Pardon me," interrupted Stephen, rising, "I do not expect it nor do I desire it, sir! I shall take Angelica to my father's house. She will be well provided for." At the door he hesitated. "We shall be married this afternoon. I have taken two places on the Maysville coach for to-morrow. Barring accidents, we shall be in New York in ten or eleven days. I have the honor to bid you good morning, sir!"

## II

"DAMN it! The boy's made a fool of himself!" Mr. Gamaliel Instone looked up from the letter he held in one hand, and hastily set the coffee-cup he held in the other in the saucer with a bang. "And a fool of me, too!" he added bitterly.

The Misses Maria and Dorcas Instone looked up, startled. Their father rarely allowed himself the luxury of swearing. His New England conscience forbade this much-prized masculine outlet to his emotions. He had come to New York from Salem, that godly but slow place, some forty years before, but he had remained in principle and practise as good a Salemite as the day he had left his native town. He had made money hand over fist, had risen quickly from office boy in the famous commercial house of Aymer & Co. to clerk, and then to supercargo. In a few years he was owning ships and sending out cargoes to China and the West Indies in his own bottoms. But with all his money he never caught the New York fever for ostentation and luxury. His house in St. John's Park, next door to Mr. Elias Willetts's handsome mansion, was characterized by a sober, chilly prosperity that seemed to shrink from contact with the surrounding cosmopolitan elegance.



The Misses Instone fitted admirably into this transported New England interior. They were old maids—women were hopeless old maids at twenty-five in those days—some six and eight years older than Stephen. They delighted in churchly works, and dressed with the utmost simplicity and ugliness. They spent much time in the drawing-room before wooden frames doing crewel-work. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the Misses Instone rose from their places at the breakfast-table, startled by their father's emphatic exclamation.

"Your brother Stephen is married," said Mr. Instone biting his words off. "He has married"—he referred frowningly to the letter in his hand—"a young, giddy beauty, a creature who rides a horse up the steps of a public hostelry, who has half the men of the town at her heels, who is part French and a high-church Episcopalian! Angelica l'Hommedieu! It sounds positively popish! I dare say she crosses herself in meeting. She may walk a tight rope or dance a ballet for all I know! They will be here to-morrow evening"—he referred again to the letter in his hand. "I sha'n't turn them out, but damme, bride or no bride, Stephen'll have to sail on the *Huntress* next week!" and having hammered the table with his doubled-up fist he rose and stormed from the room. The two ladies looked at each other in dismay.

"What will become of Rebecca?" demanded Maria breathlessly. Dorcas shook her smooth head.

Rebecca Sawyer was Stephen's second cousin and lived in Salem. She was as plain, as churchly, as uninterestingly dressed as Maria or Dorcas. It had been the openly expressed intention of Mr. Gamaliel Instone to marry his son to Rebecca Sawyer, who would make Stephen a good and faithful wife. Stephen had never so much as thought once of Rebecca after he saw Angelica.

They arrived late the next afternoon. Angelica looked radiant in a redingote of dark-blue silk, and a rice-straw bonnet with a blond lace veil gathered in a ribbon about the crown and thrown backward in a dashing way. She wore apricot-colored gloves, and carried an apricot-colored parasol. She swept into the

drawing-room, her handsome head up, followed by Stephen, who introduced her proudly to his father and sisters.

In the ten-day journey from Louisville to New York Stephen had imparted the family history to Angelica and his consuming fear that she might find her reception cool. She found it icy. Although it was a warm July day, she felt physically chilled by her surroundings. She tried bravely to dispel the gloom. At dinner she was so bewitching and gay that Stephen fell more desperately in love with her than ever. He simply couldn't see how his father and sisters could withstand her. They did, however, and apparently froze over even more solidly than at first.

When Stephen and Angelica went to their room after the gloomy evening, Angelica burst into tears. It was the first time Stephen had seen her cry.

"How shall I be able to bear it, Stephen, when you are gone?" she demanded stormily.

"Don't cry, Angelica!" pleaded Stephen, aghast at her tears. "Make them love you for my sake. They won't be able to resist you, dear girl! I never saw you more charming than this evening."

But Angelica only shook her head and pressed her handkerchief to her tear-stained eyes. She passed a bad night, and was so pale the next morning that she brushed her cheeks with a little rouge. It made her look charming, but Stephen had misgivings as he followed her to the breakfast-room.

She was her gay self during the trying meal, but her gayety met with a chilling silence, and her blooming cheeks with disapproving glances from the Misses Instone. While at morning prayers Angelica caught sight of a silhouette of Stephen's roached baby head, and forgetful of what was going forward laughed out loud. Mr. Instone looked up stonily from the book of Job, and immediately at the conclusion of prayers left the room. Angelica felt disgraced. She felt disgraced nearly all the time, and each night before Stephen sailed she had a good cry. He reassured her to the best of his ability.

"Remember it will be only for a year, dear girl! Try and stand it for my sake." And Angelica would promise.

"But I'm not sure—I don't see how I



can bear it, Stephen," she would add doubtfully.

Three weeks after Stephen had sailed she ceased to see entirely. Her life had become unendurable. Her lively wit was discouraged, her clothes and manners criticised, her very laughter seemed to disturb the austere quiet of the house. If the expression had been coined, the Misses Instone would have said that Angelica "got on their nerves." Even her singing was disapproved of.

"It sounds so—so *operatic*, Angelica," faltered Maria Instone in a shamed undertone. Angelica tossed her curls and laughed, but she felt the cut. For consolation she went next door to see Penelope Willetts. The Misses Instone did not care for Penelope—she was too worldly, too fashionable for them, but Angelica and she had become great friends. Angelica liked Penelope and Tony Willetts, Pen's brother, and old Mr. Hannibal Gedney, their guardian. As for Mr. Gedney, he thought Angelica next to Pen Willetts—his godchild—the most charming young creature in the world.

Angelica gave them a brilliantly amusing version of her difficulties, and Tony Willetts was so deeply impressed with the cruelty of her position and the necessity for cheering her up, that he put on his hat and walked home with her. She invited him into the austere drawing-room—so rarely invaded by young gentlemen—and they laughed and talked with such gayety and utter forgetfulness of time that Tony was astounded to see Mr. Gamaliel Instone's disturbed countenance at the door and to discover that it was past six o'clock and time for dinner. His apologies were received with undisguised disfavor by Mr. Instone and the Misses Instone, who had fluttered silently into the room in their father's wake.

"Is it the custom in Louisville, for young, married females to receive gentlemen in their husbands' absence?" demanded Mr. Instone coldly when the door had closed upon Tony.

Angelica threw up her handsome head, and fixed Mr. Gamaliel Instone's hard-lipped, puritanical countenance with blazing eyes.

"I will tell you what is *not* the custom in Louisville—and that is for a gentleman to speak to his son's wife as you do!"

"Zounds, girl! do you dare try to teach me manners?" Mr. Gamaliel Instone's face grew purple with passion and he shook an impotent, clinched fist in air. "Confound it! I wish you were *not* my son's wife! I had chosen a suitable helpmeet for Stephen—not an inlander, a southerner, a—a flighty creature of whims and vanities, who rouges and sings like an opera singer and laughs and gabbles French and ogles young men! Hark ye—jade——!"

"I shall *not*!" said Angelica rising, very tall and beautiful, her cheeks aflame. "The 'jade' will not remain—not even for Stephen's sake—another minute under your roof!" And sweeping a courtesy to her two trembling sisters-in-law, she marched straight from the room and the house without so much as a bonnet or mantle.

Mr. Instone seated himself by the centre-table, and leaned his head on a shaking hand. He looked at his daughters.

"The *Sultana* has gone down with captain and cargo—foundered off the Azores," he said heavily.

It was the first of a long series of calamities that pursued him for five years.

### III

PENELOPE WILLETTTS received Angelica with open arms. She wanted her to stay indefinitely, but Angelica's pride forbade. The next morning she sent for her clothing and in company with Mr. Hannibal Gedney, to whom she had appealed for advice, set out to find a place in which to live until Stephen should get back to her. She had declined to return either to her husband's family or to Louisville, in reply to Mr. Gedney's suggestion to that effect.

"No, I can't go back to my father, and I won't go back to that old wretch, Mr. Gamaliel Instone! I honestly tried to stand it for Stephen's sake, but I won't be called a 'jade' by any man for any man! I'm going to find a little place near the water and wait for Stephen. It must be of the simplest—I've only a few hundreds that Stephen left me. I don't want to touch the four thousand dollars of my mother's. Perhaps I can make some money—who knows?"

They settled on a little house in South Street by Peck Slip, where Angelica





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna.*

Angelica, looking more lovely even than usual, was tripping down the broad stone steps followed by Mr. Stephen Instone.—Page 730.

could watch the shipping and dream of Stephen. She took to walking along the wharfs and looking into the big commission houses where the wealth of the incoming packet-ships was stored—bales of Carthagena cotton, cargoes of indigo and cochineal, China teas and coffees, rum and Antigua sugar from the West Indies and fustic and lignum vitae from overseas. Riches were all about her. Wealth seemed to be in every one's grasp. She began to dream of foreign ports, of argosies winging homeward with fortunes in the holds for the lucky owners. Not only by night but by day the thought of money was with her. The small sum with which she had left her father-in-law's house was rapidly diminishing. She must do something.

One day Angelica got a letter from her French cousin in Marseilles, Léon Gontaut. He told her all the family news and congratulated her on her marriage, of which he had just heard. At the end of his letter he wrote a postscript. "Shipping is good except in the way of cotton, and your western tobacco. Very little has been received at this port for some time."

That afternoon Angelica took her accustomed walk along the water-front and watched the *Cleopatra*, just in from Canton, being unloaded of her aromatic cargo of teas, ivory fans, fireworks, and Oriental spices. The sight made her long unutterably for Stephen. At the corner of Marketfield Street she passed the big commission house of Goodhue & Co. In the doorway was an advertisement written in chalk on a square blackboard.

"Invoice of 200 bales upland  
cotton and 10 hogsheads prime  
Kentucky tobacco.  
To be disposed of at private sale!  
To-morrow, August 3!"

Angelica stood looking at it for a long while. Then she went home and, too absorbed to remove her bonnet, took her seat at the window to think. She thought all the rest of the afternoon and far into the night. The next morning by nine o'clock she was in Mr. Hannibal Gedney's law office in Maiden Lane.

"Mr. Hannibal," said Angelica a little breathlessly, "I've thought of a way to

make some money. I want you to help me, will you?"

Mr. Gedney took one of Angelica's hands, kissed her fingers; and set a chair for her near his private desk.

"My dear Miss Angelica, can you doubt it?" he demanded gallantly.

"Mr. Hannibal, I've got four thousand dollars from my mother—the papers are here," she tapped a bag that swung from her arm. "I want to borrow sixteen thousand dollars and a ship," she added coolly.

Mr. Gedney elevated astounded eyebrows. "My dear young lady!" he murmured.

Angelica tilted her head toward him at her favorite provoking angle.

"I've thought it all out," she went on rapidly. "I've just had news that they are short on tobacco and cotton in Marseilles. I can buy an invoice of both at ten o'clock to-day at Goodhue's. I saw them about it on my way here. I can have it at a big bargain—twenty thousand dollars. Prices must be high in Marseilles and I ought to make twenty or twenty-five per cent profit on the venture."

Mr. Gedney leaned back in his chair, softly whistling his amazement.

"Maybe that ain't such a wild idea, Angelica——"

"There must be a merchant in New York, Mr. Hannibal, with connections in Marseilles, who'll advance me the invoice cost, or near it, provided I ship to his French house and throw the commission in his hands!"

"And you want me to go security for that advance. I shall be delighted——"

"Not at all!" said Angelica, turning pink. "I shall insure the cargo for cost and a profit—say twenty-two thousand dollars in all, and transfer the policy to the agent as security. The agent can draw on his Marseilles house for the sum advanced me and, after deducting commission and freight, can pay over to me the surplus of the sales price. All I want *you* to do, Mr. Hannibal, is to find me an agent!"

Mr. Gedney gazed at Angelica in silence. Suddenly he leaned forward and slapped his thigh.

"Ye're a wonder for a woman, Angelica!" he cried admiringly. "How'd ye





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna.*

She swept into the drawing-room, her handsome head up, followed by Stephen, who introduced her proudly to his father and sisters.—Page 733.

ever think it all out?—Ye've got more brains than beauty—if that's possible! And I know just the man for ye! He's a Frenchman—just come over—agent for Rossire & Cie of Marseilles. He's here to establish a New York branch of his foreign house. He's sharp after trade—he'll be glad enough to take a risk or I'm much mistaken!" and picking up his hat he led Angelica down the stairs and around the corner into Pearl Street to Minlow & Derby's, where they found the young Frenchman, M. Manette, at his desk in the counting-room.

The young man listened attentively to Mr. Gedney's explanation of Angelica's plan.

"It's a magnificent opportunity," he said in excellent English when he had heard Mr. Gedney through. He looked at Angelica. "Has madame a ship?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Gedney, speaking up. "I'm the executor for the estate of the late Mr. Elias Willetts. One of his shipping packets—the *Nomad*—clears day after to-morrow for Oporto and Barcelona. Her bottom isn't full—she can take good care of the tobacco and cotton and proceed to Marseilles. Captain Peters shall be notified at once. Fortunately for Mrs. Instone, freights are low."

"Good. How much does madame want advanced?"

Angelica fixed the Frenchman with her bright eyes. "I've got \$4,000. The invoice is worth \$20,000. Candidly I can't ship unless you advance me pretty near cost."

The young man considered a moment. "I will tell you what I will do, madame. I will advance you four-fifths of the invoice cost, or \$16,000, as soon as you hand to me bills of lading and insurance policy made out in favor of Rossire & Cie for cost and profit—say \$22,000, as madame has suggested. I shall draw for the sum advanced and sell my bills on our Paris banker."

"Then that is settled," said Mr. Gedney, and rising alacritously he bade the young Frenchman good day.

In ten minutes he and Angelica were at Goodhue & Co.'s, and in ten more Angelica had contracted to pay \$20,000 for two hundred bales of upland cotton and ten hogsheads of Kentucky leaf tobacco, to be shipped the following day to H.

Rossire & Cie, Marseilles, by packet *Nomad* of the Willetts Line.

For a month Angelica, woman-like, tortured herself with forebodings as to the outcome of her venture. Then she aroused herself. All the pluck and firmness and daring in her character came to the surface. She studied the *Mercantile Courier* and haunted the commission houses. She watched shipping closely and informed herself of prices at home and abroad.

"If this venture is a success, I shall be ready for others!" she told herself.

One day, three months after the *Nomad* had sailed, Angelica received a communication from the agent of H. Rossire & Cie, asking her to call. She went for Mr. Hannibal Gedney, and together they proceeded to Minlow & Derby's.

Monsieur Manette bowed low to Angelica. "You have much good chance, madame," he said pleasantly. "The *Nomad* arrived safely after a quick voyage. Prices were still up in Marseilles. Your shipment was sold at a profit of 27 per cent. Deducting our commission of 2 per cent, I have instructions, madame, to pay over to you \$9,000—\$5,000 profit and \$4,000 difference between cost and advance. Madame will arrange with Monsieur Gedney for cost of freight."

Angelica looked at the notes the young man handed her. She didn't know whether she wanted to laugh or cry. It was all astounding.

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Mr. Gedney, smiling.

"Is a woman ever satisfied?" retorted Angelica, on fire with success. "This is only a beginning!"

Mr. Hannibal Gedney looked at her thoughtfully. "Have you heard the morning's news?" he asked. "Mr. Gamaliel Instone's schooner, the *Minerva*, from Archangel, Captain Ezekiel Packer, with a big cargo of Russian sail-cloth, cordage, tallow, and bar iron, has gone to the bottom!"

Angelica shook her charming head. "It serves him right," she said, and a hard look came into her eyes. "Some way I feel sure that I am lucky, Mr. Hannibal—none of *my* ships will go to the bottom, you will see!" she declared triumphantly.

And they didn't. She ventured again



and again and always with success. By frequenting the commission houses she bought at low prices, found empty bottoms where she could, and astutely chose the right destinations for her consignments. At the end of a year she had made something over \$20,000 in net earnings.

Stephen, returning in the *Huntress*, was astounded at the whole thing. He was equally incensed at the way Angelica had been treated, and after settling up the affairs of his ship severed all business connection with his father. Then he and Angelica set about making money in earnest. In those days people liked money as much as they do now and it was just about as hard to get hold of. Stephen and Angelica, however, seemed to have little difficulty. Their luck became proverbial. Angelica helped her husband by her astuteness and audacity. She had inherited "old Lummydue's" business acumen. Their cargoes went everywhere. They shipped immense quantities of American goods to the West Indies and the emptied hulls brought back pimento and Jamaica spirits and puncheons of Granada rum. They sent out cotton and rice to Madeira, and their vessels returned with butts and pipes and quarter-casks of Red Catalonia and Malvoisin. They even sent their argosies to the Pacific—ships to Valparaiso and Lima and Mazatlan. The brigs, *Hero*, Captain Sunday, and *Leander*, Captain Hallett, in the Liverpool trade, carried over enormous cargoes of Kentucky tobacco for Imrie & Dumesnoy, and made big profits for both Stephen and the shippers.

Those two seemed to have the Midas touch. Everything prospered with them. In five years they were rich people, according to the standards of those days.

They left the little house in South Street and moved up-town to fashionable Broome Street, where the ton lived. Angelica ordered her hats and gowns from Paris, and in her costly raiment looked handsomer than ever. They became the fashion and people spoke of them as the best-looking, the best-dressed, and the most devoted young married couple in town.

And while Stephen and Angelica prospered and grew rich, Mr. Gamaliel Instone met Ill Luck on the highway of life, and walked with her. The loss of the

*Sultana* was but the beginning of a series of disasters that brought his pride and fortunes to the lowest ebb. His armed brig, the *Mary Ann*, in the New Orleans trade (they armed vessels in those days for fear of gulf pirates), foundered off Hatteras. His Canton agent proved dishonest and mulcted him of thousands of dollars. He lost heavily in the tea trade, brought to ruin by that too adventurous Philadelphia merchant, Thompson.

The crowning disaster was the break in cotton, in which Mr. Instone had become a heavy dealer. Drafts for cotton poured in from the South. They were bravely accepted by Gamaliel Instone & Co., and paid at maturity. Then, just when Mr. Instone thought he had weathered the storm, news came that the great Liverpool house of Manslick & Willoughby had gone under. If so, Mr. Instone knew that he could expect nearly two hundred thousand dollars of bills to be returned, on which ten per cent of damages would have to be paid. He was a ruined man.

It all came out in the *Commercial Gazetteer*, and there was an editorial expressing sincere regret at the misfortunes of the house of G. Instone & Co., so long and so honorably known. Stephen, white and distressed, brought the paper home and showed it to Angelica. She read the account through carefully. Then she walked to the window and looked out. She stood there for a long while without speaking; then she turned and came back to the fireplace, where Stephen stood, silently gazing down into the up-leaping flame, and laid a hand on his arm.

"Stephen," she said, "I think you ought to go and see your father." It was the first time in four years that she had spoken of her father-in-law. Without a word Stephen got into his greatcoat, took his hat, and left the house.

It was snowing hard. The icy wind swept him across St. John's Park and up the well-remembered steps of his old home. He found his father, worn and ill-looking, alone in the library back of the long drawing-room. At the open door Stephen hesitated. Mr. Instone lifted his haggard eyes, then rose unsteadily. Stephen held out a hand and suddenly, the old man taking a step forward, grasped the outstretched hand and, with a strangled sob tearing at his throat, laid

his tired white head on the strong, young shoulder.

It was nearly midnight when Stephen got back to Angelica. He found her still in the drawing-room, and he could see that she had been crying. In spite of her

"He's a ruined man and a—a broken man, Angelica!"

Angelica got up and stood restlessly by the fireplace, nervously touching the crystal prisms of a candlestick. Suddenly she faced about and tilted her charming



"Where's the Jade?" he asked suddenly.—Page 741.

tear-stained eyes—or perhaps because of them—she had never looked so beautiful to Stephen. She listened gravely while he told her of his long, sad conversation with his father and while he talked she cried again.

"He's done everything that a brave man and a wise, resourceful merchant can do to keep his head above water, Angelica. But this failure of Manslick & Willoughby has done for him. He needs two hundred thousand dollars to pull out with. And not a merchant or banker—men he has helped to enrich, Angelica!—would lend him a cent! They know his business is tumbling about his head like a house of cards," said Stephen bitterly.

head at Stephen, smiling, though there were still tears in her eyes.

"We've—we've got something over two hundred thousand dollars in the bank, Stephen! Have *I* helped earn it?"

"*You've* earned it, Angelica! If it hadn't been for you I expect I'd still be supercargo of the *Huntress*!"

"Then take it all—take it to your father, Stephen, and tell him 'the Jade' sends it to him with—with her love, Stephen!"

Stephen and Angelica sold their handsome house in Broome Street, and went up to St. John's Park to live. Some of



Angelica's friends told her she had no business to sacrifice herself needlessly for a stern, embittered old man who had treated her abominably. But Angelica stoutly maintained that she had forgotten if Mr. Instone had ever treated her badly, and that if he thought he needed her she intended to humor his whim.

He did need her. He became so fond and proud of her, and so dependent on her gay, strong youth that he could hardly bear for her to be out of his sight. He got

to love her better than his own two well-conducted daughters.

"They're good girls, but they're chilly," he would say. "Angelica's sunshine."

On his death-bed it wasn't Maria and Dorcas he called for.

"Where's the Jade?" he asked suddenly, sitting up straight against the pillows. Angelica leaned down and slipped her warm, steady young hand into his shaking old one, and so, holding fast to it, he fell back quietly to his last sleep.

## À LA TERRE SAINTE

By John Finley

As some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age  
 (And I am of the middle age myself,  
 That age when all is mystical,—or else  
 All practical—when truth of spirit seems  
 More real than all the buoyant world of youth,  
 When ever on the known's dim edge one dwells,  
 Ever in conscious awe of what's beyond.  
 That age when seen things are but counterpart  
 Of things unseen, or else the memory  
 Of something that has been—the happiest age  
 Of man and life, unwithered yet of time  
 Yet free of all youth's blinding loves and hates),—  
 As some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age  
 I face each risen day, or bright or dull,  
 Tempestuous or calm, and pray my soul  
 Long leagues upon the way that souls must take  
 Before they reach the far and fair Terre Sainte  
 Whose shadow-bounded stretches we divine  
 But in our longing for immortal life.

• • • • •  
 'Mid dust of earth, in heat and cold and rain,  
 O'er far-horizoned heights, through narrow vales,  
 Accompanied of glowing sun, or cloud,  
 Of one clear star or of the 'circling host,  
 My body journeys on through aging time,  
 But not to find an empty, open tomb  
 As one who sought the Asian sepulchre,—  
 I seek the Kingdom of the Risen One,  
 Within.—Long, long and toilsome is the way,  
 Unceasing must the struggle onward be,  
 But there's no other way à la Terre Sainte,  
 À la Terre Sainte!

# WHEN PAYNE WROTE "HOME! SWEET HOME!"

LETTERS FROM PARIS, 1822-1823 \*

Edited by his Grandnephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer



It is more than ninety years since "Home! Sweet Home!" was written, but its popularity is still world-wide, and wherever the English language is spoken it is known and loved because it appeals to that deep-lying instinct in humanity which is the basis of family life.

Many stories have been written of its origin, most of them more or less inaccurate and tending to distort reality by a mass of pleasing fiction.

Moving word-pictures have been drawn of the starving author in his garret, and illustrations have been published of the original "lowly thatched cottage" for which he was supposedly pining, both affecting and interesting, but not in accordance with the facts. Although he had periods of failure and hardship, as well as possibly briefer periods of success and prosperity, it was not while suffering from poverty that he wrote "Home! Sweet Home!" but during a time when he was living comfortably in Paris in the Palais Royal, and having considerable success in his dramatic work.

There is also no evidence to indicate that the "lowly thatched cottage" had any existence outside of the author's brain, in spite of the tradition which has been built up about the Easthampton cottage.

Throughout his life Payne had a deep affection for his native land, his friends, and his family, from whom he was for many years widely separated. His letters frequently allude to his longing for the society of those he loved and his appreciation of the home and domestic life.

He was only fifteen years of age when necessity forced him to begin his battle with the world, a precocious, high-spirited, impulsive, sensitive, ambitious boy, conscious of an intellect above the normal, restive under restraint, quick to take offence at seeming slights, and unfortunately lacking in the common-sense and steadfastness of purpose which could have saved him from many of the disasters that overtook him in after life and which

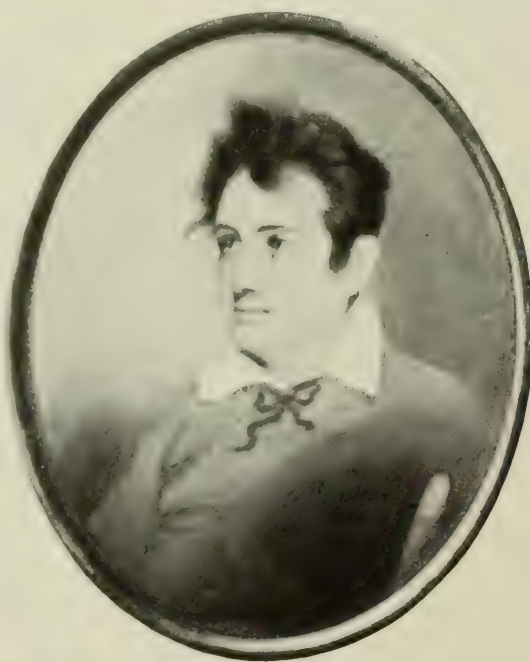
might have won him a much higher degree of success.

Born for success he seemed,  
With grace to win, with heart to hold  
With shining gifts that took all eyes.

Unfitted by nature for the drudgery of a New York counting-house, he surreptitiously published a little sheet called the *Thespian Mirror* as a relaxation and as an outlet for the literary and dramatic instincts he found so hard to suppress.

This led to his introduction to Mr. Wil-

\* See "Correspondence of Washington Irving and John Howard Payne," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October and November, 1910.



*From a miniature by Wood.*

John Howard Payne.

Who wrote "Home! Sweet Home!"



liam Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, who was greatly attracted by the intellectual capacity and conversational powers of the boy and presented him to Mr. John E. Seaman, a wealthy New York gentleman interested in literary and artistic matters. Mr. Seaman, with great generosity, proposed to bear the expense of giving young Payne a college education in order to develop to the utmost an intellect which gave such promise.

Obtaining the consent of Payne's father, then principal of the Berry Street Academy, in Boston, whose circumstances, burdened as he was with a large family, did not permit of giving his son such educational advantages, it was arranged to send him to Union College to study under the great educator, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, and Payne entered upon his college career in June, 1806. While a student at Union College he was active in literary pursuits, writing for the college societies, editing a little paper called the *Pastime*, and also contributing poems and essays to the neighboring newspapers.

His letters to his father during this period evidence his deep love for his family and his home, a love sincere and abiding even though, impatient of restraint, he frequently disobeyed his father's injunctions and broke the college rules.

It is only lately that a poem has come to light, written during this period, which is particularly interesting as the immature expression of those sentiments which years after culminated in "Home! Sweet Home!" It was found among the papers of Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, a friend and patron of Payne during his college days, and was presented in the summer of 1911 to Union College by General Amasa J. Parker, of Albany. Through the courtesy of President Richmond, of Union College, I am permitted to publish it here for the first time.

#### HOME

Where burns the lov'd hearth brightest  
Cheering the social breast?  
Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
Its humble hopes possess'd?  
Where is the smile of sadness,  
Of meek-eyed Patience born,  
Worth more than those of gladness  
Which Mirth's bright cheek adorn,—  
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,

To those whoever roam;  
While grief itself has sweetness  
At Home—dear Home.

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief:  
There eyes in all their splendour  
Are vocal to the heart,  
And glances gay or tender  
Fresh eloquence impart:  
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
O, do not widely roam,  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At Home, dear Home.

Does pure religion charm thee  
Far more than aught below?  
Wouldst thou that she would arm thee  
Against the hour of woe?  
Think not she dwelleth only  
In temples built for prayer;  
For Home itself is lonely  
Unless her smiles be there:  
The devotee may falter,  
The bigot blindly roam;  
If worshipless her altar  
At Home, dear Home.

Love over it presideth,  
With meek and watchful awe,  
Its daily service guideth,  
And shews its perfect law;  
If there thy faith shall fail thee  
If there no shrine be found,  
What can thy prayers avail thee  
With kneeling crowds around?  
Go—leave thy gift unoffered,  
Beneath religion's dome,  
And be thy first fruits proffered  
At Home, dear Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

It seems probable that these verses were written in the fall of 1806, for in a letter to his father, dated October 14, 1806, Payne writes: "Eloise's letter caught me in one of my fits of hypo, during the height of my illness. It afforded me much satisfaction, for I was just at that moment reducing the pleasures of Home to dog-grel."<sup>1</sup>

Payne's college life was short, for in 1808 his father's failing health and broken fortunes made it necessary for him as the oldest living son to actively assist in the support of the family. Obtaining a reluctant consent from his father, he decided to put his dramatic talents to use, and leaving college spent a few months in preparation and at last fulfilled his boyish

<sup>1</sup> This letter is in one of Payne's letter-books in the possession of Willis T. Hanson, Jr., Esq., of Schenectady, who kindly called my attention to the paragraph and told me of the existence of the verses to which it evidently alludes.



ambition by making his debut as an actor at the Park Theatre, in New York, on February 14, 1800.

I will not enlarge upon Payne's stage career in America and England, nor recount the successes and vicissitudes of his life during the years when, having abandoned the life of an actor, he tried to support himself by his pen, as these events do not bear directly on the facts I seek to present, although his life of exile during that period, voluntary though it was, tended to develop and strengthen his love for the home he had left so early and which he remembered with such deep affection.

The letters which follow are, with one exception, published for the first time, and relate in considerable detail Payne's negotiations with Henry R. Bishop for the purchase of "Clari," the musical drama for which "Home! Sweet Home!" was written, and reveal the mental attitude of Payne as well as the condition of his finances and his style of living during that period.

Payne was quartered in Paris, at "No. 150 Galerie des Bons Enfants, au dessus de Salon Littéraire, Palais Royal," and early in the year 1822 had been sending over plays for Drury Lane Theatre, then under Elliston's management, but finding it difficult to secure payment from Elliston for the plays he had furnished, he transferred his allegiance, by the advice of Washington Irving, to Covent Garden Theatre, which had just passed into new hands and been put under the management of Charles Kemble. Payne was seldom under an exclusive contract with any theatre, and

usually sent his adaptations to the houses where his experience told him they would be most likely to be received with favor. It therefore happened that he had sold a play with the name of "Angioletta" to the Surrey Theatre, then under the management of Watkyns Burroughs. After corresponding with the management of

Covent Garden Theatre through the medium of the musical director, Henry R. Bishop, he found he could dispose of "Angioletta" very advantageously to Covent Garden as a musical drama in combination with two other plays. As Burroughs had not yet produced "Angioletta," Payne opened negotiations with him to recall it, whereupon Burroughs promptly staged it and it was acted several times before an agreement was reached to have it withdrawn and transferred to Covent Garden.

The opera was re-

named "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and Payne undertook rewriting it and furnishing it with appropriate songs while Bishop busied himself with the musical setting.

The letters begin at the point when Payne has secured Burroughs's consent to the transfer and urges Bishop to complete the negotiations.

THATCHER T. PAYNE LUQUER.

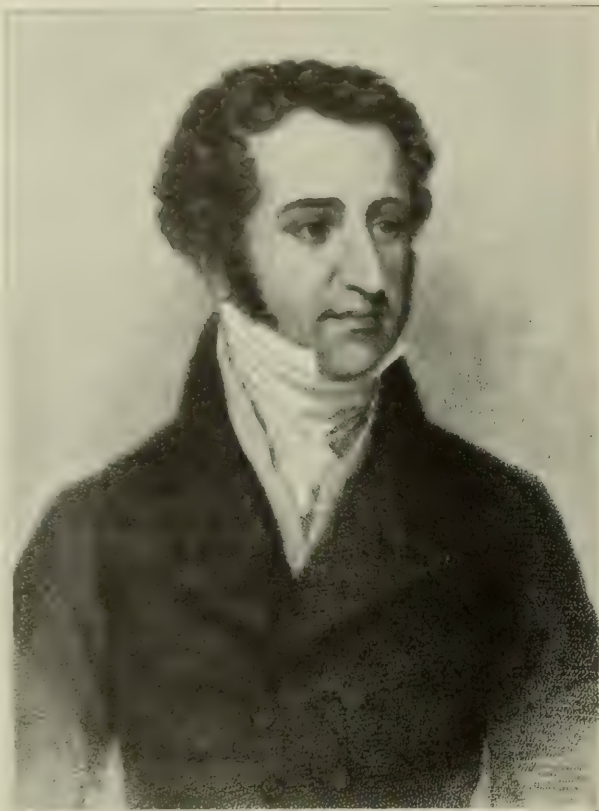
Henry R. Bishop, Esqr.<sup>1</sup>  
31 Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square,  
London.

PARIS, Oct. 1, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have at last secured a long letter from

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786-1855), composer. Musical director of Covent Garden Theatre, 1810-1825. Went over to Drury Lane Theatre in 1825 and was appointed to Vauxhall in 1830. He returned to Covent Garden Theatre in 1840-1841 under the management of Mde. Vestris. He was professor of music at Edinburgh 1841-1843, and Oxford 1848. He was knighted in 1842.



From a print published in London in 1826.

Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.

Composer. Musical director of Covent Garden Theatre from 1810 to 1825.



Mr. Burroughs,<sup>1</sup> in which it appears we have been at cross purposes about *Clari*, which has been produced by him with great success as "*Angioletta*."

Mr. Burroughs seems desirous of retaining it, but is willing to give it up if the relinquishment on his part can be of any real advantage to me; and it would be inconsiderate in me to disoblige him without obliging others or myself.

I have desired Mr. Burroughs to confer with you upon the subject; or, if you should be in that quarter, perhaps it would not be amiss to give him a call. It seems to have made a hit at the Surrey, but I do not think a night or two there can possibly injure it for any other audience.

You will admit that it would be folly for me to make any other arrangement upon the subject, than the one I now hint at. You will see what the drama is, & if I can gain any thing by the transfer let it be made. If not, it would be absurd to remove it from the course of actual success, to be sent back after slumbering for three or four weeks in a Manager's desk with an assurance that "no time has been lost in reading the piece, but the Managers regret to return it as not calculated to succeed in representation."

Is it still your wish that any thing should be done with *Emma* in the way I mentioned?

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

J. H. P.

Bishop evidently made a favorable re-

<sup>1</sup>Watkins Burroughs, manager of the Surrey Theatre. He succeeded Dibdin in March, 1822.

ply and relieved Payne's apprehensions as to the possible declination of "*Clari*."

Henry R. Bishop Esqr  
31 Upper Gower Street,  
Bedford Square, London.

PARIS, Saturday, Oct 5, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I cannot express to you how deeply I feel your kindness relative to my interests at Covent Garden Theatre. The only way I can ever acknowledge it, will be to endeavour to frame such a piece as may furnish your talent with fitting opportunities. That is not an easy matter, but *eventually* I feel certain of doing it. All that has yet occurred to me seems rather below the mark; but, to borrow a word from Shakespeare, "we'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see," and at last something will occur to atone



From a print published in 1820.

Miss A. M. Tree.

Who sang "Home! Sweet Home!" in the production called "*Clari*," in Covent Garden Theatre in 1823.

for all previous loss of labour.

You have my opinion of the *Pacha*<sup>1</sup> already. I fear, in commonplace hands, it will either not succeed, or, what is quite as bad, only—*not fail*. There is a wide difference between plays of dialogue and plays of situation. Farley<sup>2</sup> and T. P. Cooke<sup>3</sup> would beat the best actors in the

<sup>1</sup>"*Ali Pacha, or the Signet Ring*," a melodrama in two acts, by John Howard Payne, produced at Covent Garden Theatre, October 19, 1822, with the following cast:

Ali Pacha . . . . .	W. Farren
Selim . . . . .	Abbott
Zenocles . . . . .	T. P. Cooke
Hassan . . . . .	Farley
Talathon . . . . .	Chapman
Helena . . . . .	Miss Foote

Genest says "it might please in representation but it has not much to recommend it for perusal."

<sup>2</sup>Charles Farley (1771-1850), actor at Covent Garden Theatre, 1806-1834.

<sup>3</sup>Thomas Potter Cooke (1786-1864), tragedian.



would in the latter, but lose themselves and their cause in the former.

I shall send you immediately, however, (and believe me, I rejoice heartily at the opportunity of thus meeting your own kind promptitude) a melodrama<sup>1</sup> admirably suited to the melodramatic company. It was acted for the second time last night, when I saw it. It is pronounced the most interesting since the *Maid & Magpie*.<sup>2</sup> If published by Monday you will receive it ready for representation by the Ambassador's bag which leaves on Thursday. I have ordered the music & parts & shall mark in all the stage business, so that it can be acted in a week after you get it, by hard driving. The scenery can be made up, without painting one scrap. No new dresses will be wanted. Nothing will be wanted but dispatch. Where there is so

much competition, there must be no dilly-dallying about opinions. Before some Managers can make up their minds whether a piece has any chance of suc-

ceeding, others have it out and most successful. The rough notion of the plot is:—Two Brothers by the name of Delisle are employed in a Banking house. The elder, who has a large family, loses at the gaming table, money entrusted to him by the house,—is desperate & attempts his own life. The younger wrests the pistol

from him, takes the charge upon himself, and is condemned. But he escapes with another convict & finds refuge, under the name of François, in the house of a miller, in a secluded spot, where he gains the confidence & affection of all around him.

The Miller's Daughter, a young widow, consents to become the Bride of François. At the moment of celebrating the marriage, there comes in a man of baleful aspect, whose unexpected appearance strikes the Bridegroom with consterna-

tion. This is the Convict with whom he fled; who had been retaken, & has now a second time escaped. François is forced to buy his silence dearly; but, not satisfied with the sum received, the villain robs the house. He is arrested. Furious, he reveals the secret of François. All are horror struck. A Traveller, who has recently stopped at the Miller's, starts when Delisle is named.—who is this Traveller? The Uncle of François, a General, who has sought him every where for six months to tell him that his elder Brother is dead, and in dying, had avowed the innocence of François, which the Tribunals had recognized & publicly proclaimed his acquittal.

There are some admirable incidents,



From a print.

Charles Kemble.

Actor and manager. Manager of Covent Garden Theatre in 1822.

<sup>1</sup> Evidently "The Two Galley Slaves." An adaptation of the French play, "Les deux Forçats," acted in Paris for the second time, September 30, 1822. It was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, November 6, 1822, with the following cast:

An Unknown Fugitive . . . . .	Farley
Henry . . . . .	T. P. Cooke
Bonhomme . . . . .	Fawcett
Isaac . . . . .	Keeley
La Route . . . . .	Meadows
Major de Lisle . . . . .	Egerton
Felix . . . . .	Master H. Boden
Louise . . . . .	Mrs. Chatterly

It was acted eleven times.

Poole's translation of "Les deux Forçats" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre the same night.

<sup>2</sup> Payne's first adaptation from the French, sold to Covent Garden Theatre under the management of Mr. Harris for £100, and produced there September 15, 1815. It is erroneously ascribed to Pocock by Genest. Two other versions were produced at the Lyceum and at Drury Lane on August 21, the first by Dibdin, the latter by Arnold.



and all the details are wrought up in a masterly manner. How it will read, I can't say—nothing can *act* better.

The parts of the two Galley Slaves are highly effective. The Innocent one is better done than you can have it done. The other has so much acting that Farley would bustle through it well enough. It would have done as much as Tyke for poor Emery!<sup>1</sup> The woman's is an excellent part.

It is necessary I should desire the Treasury will send me a ten pound note to meet the expense of the music, so that it may come in time. If the piece is acted, of course these expenses will fall upon the house. If not, the ten pounds will be refunded by me; but just at this moment I am a little pushed & cannot pay it out of pocket without straitening myself.

I will send whatever I have to send through you. I shall have one or two musical pieces out in the rough in about a fortnight. I am now finishing a five act drama.

I need not hint to you that I trust you will look a little to my interest, in whatever may be discussed about terms, though on that head I shall leave all to your sense of justice, only (*entre nous*) remember how close I was shaved by Mr. Stephen Kemble<sup>2</sup> about Brutus.<sup>3</sup>

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully your truly obliged  
J. H. P.

Henry R. Bishop Esqr  
31 Upper Gower Street,  
Bedford Square,  
London.

Monday, Oct. 14, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have not been able to get the piece

<sup>1</sup> John Emery (1777-1822), an actor whose specialty was countrymen and whose great part was Tyke in Morton's "School of Reform." He painted well and was a keen sportsman.

<sup>2</sup> Stephen Kemble (1758-1822), actor, manager, and writer, stage manager of Drury Lane, 1818. A brother of Mrs. Siddons and uncle of Charles Kemble.

<sup>3</sup> "Brutus," Payne's tragedy, produced at Drury Lane Theatre, December 3, 1818, with the following cast:

Lucius Junius . . . . .	Mr. Kean
Titus . . . . .	Mr. D. Fisher
Sextus Tarquin . . . . .	Mr. H. Kemble
Aruns . . . . .	Mr. Penley
Claudius . . . . .	Mr. Coveney
Collatinus . . . . .	Mr. Bengough
Valerius . . . . .	Mr. Holland
Lucrotius . . . . .	Mr. Powell
Horatius . . . . .	Mr. Yarnold
Tullia . . . . .	Mrs. Glover
Tarquinius . . . . .	Mrs. W. West
Lucretia . . . . .	Mrs. Robinson
Priestess of Rhea's Temple . . . . .	Mrs. Brereton

ready before today, and send it with the violin Repetiteur. I also send a letter of introduction of Mr. Hunter, who has the goodness to forward the parcel, as he desired it, and as he may be of use to you. He is a King's Messenger & the first in his line; and his son is at the head of the Consul's Letter office here; *only remember he is very intimate with Elliston.*<sup>1</sup>

I have only time to say about Terms that I will take Two Hundred & Fifty Pounds down for the Three Pieces you have named—Ali Pacha, The Two Galley Slaves and Clari; or £120 for the Two Galley Slaves, separate,—£100 for Ali Pacha,—and £100 for Clari,—engaging to complete Clari in any way you like.—I will attach myself to the Theatre for £5 a week the season, and agree to let every £5 paid be considered as £10 and counted as so much advanced upon the regular remuneration of the Theatre upon such pieces as I may produce after the first weekly payment: that is, if in four weeks after the beginning I should produce a piece which should entitle me to money from the House, I would consider forty pounds as already advanced upon whatever that piece might yield, & so on up to the full term limited on such occasions. On these conditions I will engage to produce a Tragedy and an Opera, and such smaller pieces as may fall in my way, before the end of the season, and immediately to finish a drama and an operatic piece I now have on the stocks. If any of my pieces should be decidedly rejected, they should revert to my own disposal. Copyrights are understood not to be included in these Terms, & I should be entitled to live on the continent, if I like, as that will materially lessen my expenses & leave me more undisturbed to work. I don't know, in case of these terms being accepted, whether I would not take a turn of a few weeks to look at the German Theatres, which I understand afford rich material.

It will be impossible for me to do anything like justice either to the House or to myself, if I have not terms which will enable me to put "my soul & body on the action, both!—" This feeling you can certainly enter into. As I hate bargain-

<sup>1</sup> Robert William Elliston (1774-1831), a most versatile and popular actor. Manager of Drury Lane Theatre, 1810-1826, and of the Surrey Theatre from 1827 until his death. He was notorious for his eccentricities on and off the stage.



ing, I mention the lowest terms at once.— You may assure Mr. Charles Kemble<sup>1</sup> I heartily reciprocate any kindness he may feel for me, & that I have built my proposal upon a most sincere desire to aid his interests without entirely forgetting my own,—and a conviction of the value of the stock I have on hand and in contemplation, and that, in accepting these terms, I shall actually resign others from which I might derive equal profit,—but I am anxious to do something at Covent Garden & for him, as I look to the permanent benefit of so respectable a connection.—I had meant the Tragedy for Kean<sup>2</sup> & Young;<sup>3</sup> but, not being commenced, I can easily model it for Mr. C. Kemble & Macready.<sup>4</sup> The subject is from English History.

I did not get your letter till Saturday night, and have been so busy ever since, I can only answer it in the greatest haste. I shall send an order on Wednesday to which you may give up the Galley Slaves if the Terms are refused, as it must be used without delay. T. P. Cooke ought to play the Unknown, Mr. C. Kemble Henry, & Fawcett<sup>5</sup> Bonhomme, but I fear you have no woman capable of the other. In the french piece it was one of the most affecting pieces of acting I ever saw. The piece was only published on Friday.

I will write again on Wednesday. Thanks for the Ten Pounds. The rest of the music will go by the Diligence tomorrow night, being too bulky for any other conveyance.

Believe me, whatever may be the result, I shall consider myself in honor bound not to forget your kindness, but to return it on the first opportunity in the only way I can.

In great haste,

Yours very faithfully

J. H. P.

"Ali Pacha" was produced at Covent

<sup>1</sup> Charles Kemble (1775-1854), the famous actor and manager, and father of Fanny Kemble. He became manager of Covent Garden Theatre in 1822, and after many vicissitudes was rescued from his financial difficulties by his daughter's successes, subsequent to her debut in 1829.

<sup>2</sup> Edmund Kean (1787-1833), the eminent tragedian who was almost continuously at Drury Lane Theatre from his first appearance there in 1814 until his death.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Mayne Young (1777-1856), comedian and tragedian, a rival of Kean and Kemble. His debut at Covent Garden Theatre was about 1814, and he first appeared at Drury Lane, October 17, 1822, with Kean.

<sup>4</sup> William Charles Macready (1793-1873), actor and manager. At Drury Lane Theatre, 1823-1836.

<sup>5</sup> John Fawcett (1768-1837), actor at Covent Garden Theatre.

Garden on October 19 with alterations evidently unsatisfactory to Payne and apparently without due credit to him as the author, whereupon Payne relieves his mind in a letter to Charles Lamb,<sup>1</sup> with whom he was on very good terms.

*Payne to Lamb (from a written copy by Payne)*

PARIS, October 28, 1822.

*Charles Lamb, Esq.*

20 Russel Street, Covent Garden,  
London.

Many thanks for your letters. I was sorry I had troubled you with the one to which you reply and would fain have recalled it. It relieves me infinitely to find it gave no annoyance. The former letter arrived a few days before. I think the better of you for your books and the better of myself for your attention. In the year 1806, when I edited a little paper at a Grammar School in the interior of America, I quoted some of the poetry in the first volume, never, till now, having been aware who was the author. My extracts were from a manuscript collection. I then praised the scrap entitled "Childhood" most earnestly. Then I was sixteen years nearer to the feelings it describes than I now am. They were anxious for the books at Kenney's.<sup>2</sup> Louisa<sup>3</sup> instantly put them under shelter from the young Barbarians in a nice white paper cover. Both volumes disappeared presently. Ellen was missing at the same time. That night she repeated all John Woodvill to her mother; and next morning half of Rosamund Gray in French was found under her mattress. The interest of Rosamund Gray appears to me the most inobtrusive and intense I know of. Some of Mackenzie's Stories try for the same effect, but this has a deeper character. . . .

Is it not teasing that I should not have heard a syllable from the Theatre? They wrote to know what I would take *down* for Ali Pacha and other pieces. I named my price. They give me no reply, but act

<sup>1</sup> Charles Lamb (1775-1834), essayist and humorist.

<sup>2</sup> James Kenney (1780-1849), dramatist. In 1817 he collaborated with Payne in writing "The Portfolio, or the Family of Anglade," produced at Covent Garden Theatre on February 1 of that year. He married the widow of Thomas Holcroft, the actor, whose daughter Fanny was an actress and dramatist.

<sup>3</sup> Louisa Mercier Kenney (—1853), wife of James Kenney.



Ali, alter it and put another person's name to it. They wait for the prize before they buy the Lottery Ticket, and will no doubt insist that they *would* have paid just the same, if it had drawn a blank. "Would" is "if's" twin brother in peace making. . . . I am innocent of Hassan's broken threat to be funny. So I am of the fine effect for which you praise Farren.<sup>1</sup> I think *that* must be his own. It smacks of the stage. It would be better anywhere than in Ali. Ali was remarkable for utter want of natural affection. I had made him say on hearing of his son's death, "Go, tell it to their mother that she may weep for them." The actors, by falsifying this *trait*, and perhaps others, have made the critics blame me for having humanised a brute. Richard might as well have fainted at the children's murder in the tower. . . .

Poole<sup>2</sup> is, as usual, laughing at others & lamenting for himself. Kenney stays at Versailles, writing love songs & acting the enraged musician to his noisy children. He locks himself in, three doors deep. Mrs. Kenney is jealous of your having written to me and not to them. She says she should hate her cat if she thought it purred louder for another. Her jealousy is worth having. The Blue Girl has never been seen since. She disappeared in despair at not discovering your name. . . .

With best remembrance to Miss Lamb, believe me,

Yours ever faithfully,

J. H. P.

H. R. Bishop Esqr  
31 Upper Gower Street,  
Bedford Square,  
London.

PARIS, Saturday, Nov. 9, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for your obliging letter. Pray pardon the impatience of my last. Yours found me very ill with fidgetting and a severe cold. . . .

I will do Clari in any way Mr. Kemble & yourself like to point out. You had better make marginal notes where you want songs & choruses, and give some hints as to what sort you would like to have.—I write to Burroughs on Monday.

<sup>1</sup> William Farren (1786–1861), actor at Covent Garden Theatre, 1818–1828.

<sup>2</sup> John Poole (1786–1872), dramatist. Friend and competitor of Payne in adapting French plays for the English stage.

—In closing for the two hundred and fifty pounds, be it expressly understood I accept that sum in consideration of receiving the money down, having an immediate use for the amount, which induces me to make the difference. As for the engagement to write for the Theatre, that is a matter of minor consequence. If I am under a stipulation, my advantages will of course be greater, and I shall be at liberty to make my market where I like. I only proposed upon the principle that to keep ammunition from the foe is sometimes more than equivalent to opposing arms against him.

I will attend to your request about the opera for the two Ladies & three Gentlemen. I trust to good luck and industry to enable me to find something. I have sometimes thought a very good thing might be made of Doctor Faustus<sup>1</sup>—by referring to Marlow's play, and the German play, on the subject. There is a field there for any thing. If you think so, pray send me Marlow's play, the outline sketches of the German Faustus, which are published in London, with the English Translations, of which there are one or two, one of them, I believe, by Soane. What a field for supernatural agency and a Macbeth sort of music!—Faustus can be made for Macready.

Then there is *Sappho*. That's a good subject. There is an English Translation of a German Sappho published in London which I should like to see. An opera is announced here upon the subject, at the Academie Royale, which as Elliston says, "I shrewdly suspect" to be from the German Play. All the poetry of Sappho which remains to us might be brought in well. Her "blest as the immortal Gods is he" would be beautiful in music. Phaon

<sup>1</sup> "Faustus," a "romantic drama in three acts, and with songs by an unknown author" (Payne?), was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, April 16, 1825, with the following cast:

Faustus . . . . .	Terry and O. Smith
Wagner . . . . .	Harley
Count di Casanova . . . . .	Browne
Motolio . . . . .	Archer
Enrico . . . . .	S. Penley
Orsini . . . . .	Mercer
Grogioso . . . . .	Bedford
Brevillo . . . . .	Knight
Rololia . . . . .	Miss I. Paton
Adine . . . . .	Miss Stephens
Lucetta . . . . .	Miss Povey

Genest says "it is an indifferent piece. The scenes in which Mephistopheles is concerned are good. Wagner is far from a bad character—the rest of the piece is insipid." It was acted twenty-four times.



would do well for a good male singer, and Sappho for Miss M. Tree.<sup>1</sup>

You saw "Alfred the Great" here—I mean the pantomime. I think *that* might be extended & made a good opera of.—La Partie de Chasse de Henry IV would make a charming opera, and I don't think the subject being partly anticipated in the "King & Miller" of Mansfield would at all hurt it. Have you ever thought of "Carmille ou Le Souterrain?"—by Marsollier & Daleyrac?—All these schemes are *entre nous*. Be explicit about them, and if you like me to try any or all at leisure, I will do so; and you may make a bargain for me if you find any you think worth trying.

A new melodrama appears this evening. Great expectations have been raised about it. I will let you know the result on Monday.

A satisfactory adjustment of his differences with the theatre having been effected, and the price for the two plays and "Clari" having been agreed upon, Payne writes to Kemble in regard to a method of payment and gives the outline of a new melodrama which, being of no interest, has been omitted.

From this time until early in February Payne was working on "Clari," and it was probably some time in January that he wrote "Home! Sweet Home!"

The following letter is introduced to show Payne's trend of thought at this period which found complete expression in the song.

Mr. Thatcher T. Payne,<sup>2</sup>

New York

U. S. A.

Packet *Strophania*

Capt. Smith

Via Havre.

Jan. 1813. Paris.

PARIS, December 31, 1822.

MY DEAR BROTHER

I received a letter from you about three

<sup>1</sup> Ann Maria Tree (1801-1862), popular singer. After having been trained in the chorus at Drury Lane she made her debut as *Rosina* in the "Barber of Seville" at Covent Garden Theatre in 1818. She was the original *Clari* and afterwards *Mary Clegg* in "Charles II," adapted jointly by Payne and Washington Irving. She married James Bradshaw about 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Thatcher Taylor Payne (1796-1863), the youngest brother of John Howard Payne. After teaching in his father's academy, Madame Chegaray's and other schools he was admitted to the bar and practised law in New York City until his death. He married Anna Elizabeth Cottrell, the widow of Benjamin Bailey, of New York, in 1833, by whom he had one daughter, Eloise Elizabeth (1834-1894), who married in 1860 the Rev. Lea Luquer, of Brooklyn, since 1866 rector of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, N. Y.

months ago, which had been detained a long time in London, and of which I only heard by chance. I wrote for it and got it safe after much anxiety and trouble.

My old folly about waiting for time to write a very long letter has prevented me from writing any. But the usual epoch for making good resolutions is returned, so I try to make peace with my conscience as the old year is expiring, that I may not justly accuse myself of letting a whole twelve month pass without some assurance (being all I can give) of my remembering you and all the wreck of our Home with affection increased by absence.

My history since my last is soon told. After I got back to France, matters went on so hopelessly as to leave me in a state next to starvation, for I must have perished for want but for accidents. This lasted from within a few months of my last till this time last year. Then my fortunes took a sudden turn. Since last January my connection with the London Theatres has extended. I am on terms with more than one; I have earned about five hundred pounds by pieces uniformly successful. I have ceased to be vain of these trifles and they generally go forth anonymously, or are ascribed to some of the old London Authors. I shall begin the New Year richer than I have been for a very great while. I have about one hundred and twenty pounds before me, and am out of the way of being gnawed at by creditors. This gives me a momentary independence, through which, I trust, I shall be able to complete various productions which are now by me in the rough. Hence I hope, improved by the severe lessons taught by past suffering, to add to my little stock by industry till competency may give me a rank in the world, before time shall take me out of it; and if death comes before wealth, it will answer the same purpose, as I shall then, of course, be provided for.

My yearnings towards home become stronger as the term of my exile lengthens. I long to see all your faces and hear all your voices. 'Twould do me good to be scolded by Lucy,<sup>1</sup> and see Anna<sup>2</sup> look pretty and simple and sentimental.

<sup>1</sup> Lucy Taylor Payne (1781-1865), oldest sister of John Howard Payne. She married Dr. John Cheever Osborn, and had two children, boys, who died young.

<sup>2</sup> Anna Beven Zeagers Payne (1789-1849), another sister of Payne's who never married.



I dare say you are greatly altered. I suppose you have whiskers and find it very difficult to get razors to shave you without hurting your face. I suppose, too, you are very tall. No doubt you would look with infinite dignity over my head which is not even so high as it was!—and think me your "little brother!"

I feel the want of some of you—parts of myself—in this strange world, for though I am naturalized to vagabondism, still it is *but* vagabondism. I long for a Home about me. When they told me in days of yore I had a double crown to my head and should cross seas, I thought it a fine thing to get away from Home to old countries. Not on account of the twin coronals, though *One* crown is more than I hope will ever be at home in our country. Living among Kings gives one a great respect for countries when a man governs only because a whole Nation deems him worthy. It is a prodigy to see a sensible man on the throne of supreme power, which seldom falls in the chances of succession. The highest numbers on the dice *will* sometimes come up, though, for nations as well as individuals.

I am delighted to find you have had offers of professorships in learned establishments.<sup>1</sup> It does you great honor. At your age it is an uncommon distinction. I am glad, also, to know you talk about marrying. I was quite thunderstruck the other day on being called an old Bachelor. It turned me quite sick. I went home and counted my years. I don't do that often now. When that crooked 3 gets the wrong side of one's age, it begins to lose its grace.

I saw the notice of the Yellow Fever in New York with unspeakable concern. So I did of the Fire. I hope neither have touched our domestic circle. And yet I do not know, even as I write to you now, but I am addressing one who is gone to his airy Home, and whose spirit may be looking over me as I write and pitying my uneasiness.

But, if you *are* still one of the living, pray write and tell me so. . . . Draw their Portraits and your own. What are their gowns made of? What coloured

coat do you wear? Send me the sounds of all your voices, if you can. These I have entirely forgotten. The other day a person brought me a little book called a picture of New York. It has a Map in the beginning. I have been amusing myself in going through the streets with a pin, and fancying I meet people and stop and speak to them. But I hear french and that wakes me. You say, of course I know Fay<sup>1</sup> is married again. I did not, till you told me. I have not heard from him for a very, very long time. What sort of a girl is it you have chosen? But if the choice comes to nothing, don't tell me. You will be glad enough not to renew grief by repetition if you are disappointed in so serious a business.

I have taken this lodging where I am, for three months certain. I shall probably stay much longer. Therefore if you answer me immediately, your letter will be sure to find me. Pray send me a great budget. Pay the ship postage and put it in some letter bag for any french port. When you write to me in England send care of Mr. John Miller, Bookseller, 69 Fleet Street, London, and it will be transmitted. My French address is "A Monsieur Monsieur Howard Payne, No. 156 Galerie des Bons Enfants, au dessus du Salon Littéraire, Palais Royal: Paris,"—but for safety you may as well add—Ou, sil n' y est pas, aux soins de messr A & W Galignani, No. 18, Rue Vivienne.

Never write by private hands. Letters always linger in private hands. Trust the post in preference, as it is their business and interest to be punctual. People think they will mind commissions when they set out to go abroad, but so many new objects press upon them when they get away, that these little responsibilities begin to grow irksome and are then neglected.

I want to say you will hear from me often now. I have a long catalogue of broken promises to answer for. I only hope I shall be more attentive. My feelings *are* attentive, however negligent my pen. But pray let me hear from *you* and your punctuality may shame me into better conduct for the future.

Ever, my dear Brother, Most Affectionately,

J. H. PAYNE.

<sup>1</sup>Thatcher T. Payne was offered the chair of belles-lettres and languages at Carlisle in 1822, and in after years the chair of belles-lettres at Columbia College, but declined both offers.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph D. Fay, an old friend of the Payne family.



Early in February "Clari" was completed and sent to Bishop with a hint of a melody which he probably used in composing the music of "Home! Sweet Home!"

H. R. Bishop Esq.  
London.

PARIS, Feb 12, 1823.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR SIR:

I sent off Clari by the Diligence on Sunday Morning. You will find I have done what I could to improve by your suggestions. The hint about the Swiss melody was so vague that I could only give you something approaching the measure of the *Ranz des vaches*, without any reference to the air, which, of course, you prefer to make original. I have given the Prince three songs. I do not see where more music could have been got in any where without overloading the piece. In the Songs I have endeavoured to give as much variety as possible. There was not time enough to have polished them as highly as I could have wished. For the base song I have tried to contrive as many strong words as would afford the best opportunities for the sort of air I presume you propose. In the Duet between Rose & Nimpedo, pray direct them to make some playful business, which the little laugh I have inserted evidently requires; and in Rose's retreating from Nimpedo, he should turn round upon her suddenly so as to bring their faces in a position to steal the kiss. Both Duets require a good deal of business to be made to them. I would have written very largely about the acting of Clari but I fear Miss M. Tree would have deemed it impertinent. I wish her safely through. Pray tell her, if she likes, she may sit *not on an elevated seat* during the play scene, but have her chair on a level with the rest of the stage, & the servant maid sitting by her. This may not be exactly according to etiquette, but it may possibly give more effect to the starting up of the maid in alarm for the exposure after her mistress has started up, in the exclamation "no, no, no." In the last scene, where Clari appears to her father, considerable effect may be produced by dragging after him on her knees in his retreat from her, and, in order to fill up the time dur-

ing his & the mother's speeches by rising & standing in an attitude of utter despondency, from which she almost insensibly staggers to the side wing, which she touches as the shouts are heard announcing the Duke. . . .

I hope you make memoranda of the expenses you have been at in postage &c on account of what I have sent to the Theatre through you. If the Treasury has not paid it, I shall think you do me great injustice if you deny me the opportunity of preventing my correspondence from becoming a tax upon any thing but your patience.

In great haste

Yours truly obliged

J. H. P.

"Clari" was produced at Covent Garden on May 8, 1823, with the following cast:

Duke Vivaldi . . . . .	Abbott
Rolamo . . . . .	Fawcett
Jocoso . . . . .	Pearman
Nimpedo . . . . .	Meadows
Nicolo . . . . .	J. Isaacs
Geronio . . . . .	Keeley
Clari . . . . .	Miss M. Tree
Vespina . . . . .	Miss Love
Fidalma . . . . .	Mrs. Vining
Ninetta . . . . .	Miss Hallande
Nobleman . . . . .	Baker
Pelgrino . . . . .	Chapman
Leoda . . . . .	Miss Beaumont

Genest calls it "an interesting piece," but the London *Times* the next day had little to say in its favor, condemning the plot, the music, and the acting.

The critic writes: "On such a drama Mr. Bishop has judiciously refrained from expending any of his happiest compositions, for with the exception of Miss Tree's first song ["Home! Sweet Home!"] there is not one piece which will linger on the ear or be recalled to the memory. The overture is loud and startling; but we can say little else in its favor. The songs are commonplace, and there is no concerted piece making any pretensions to novelty. . . . Miss Tree, who personated *Clari*, sang with taste and feeling, and acted with delicacy and without offence; but she is unequal in melodramatic power to the situations she has to fill. Miss Love, as the waiting maid, sang a little song in a sprightly manner and was rewarded with

<sup>1</sup> Part of this letter has been published in Harrison's life of Payne.



an encore. The other performers do not require particular mention, except Fawcett, who threw much sturdy pathos into the inane language of the last scene and came forward to give out the piece with tears in his eyes. It was occasionally applauded in its progress, and announced for repetition amidst loud clapping of hands; but we do not think it will add to the reputation of the composer, or bring much money to the treasury."

Little did the critic think that the song he so casually passed over was destined to make the names of Payne and Bishop immortal.

Kenney, who was at the opening, was more encouraging and succeeded in disposing of the copyright.

*James Kenney to John Howard Payne*

DEAR PAYNE,

You will probably know before opening this that *Clari* has had perfect success. There was no opposition, and it stands fair for a run. As early as the first act I saw handkerchiefs employed upon the bright eyes in the Dress boxes, and Tom Mill who supped with us at Lambs says Mrs. Chas. Kemble<sup>1</sup> wept torrents. Mrs. Lamb<sup>2</sup> was with me in a party with Fanny Kelly,<sup>3</sup> Dick Peake,<sup>4</sup> &c. It would have been better in two acts, the drawback being length and monotony—but its importance is perhaps increased as it is, and may enable us to get a better price for the copyright. Charles says he has paid for the alterations, and it is wholly at your disposal. I desired Mill the copyist to inquire for a Purchaser and promised him a guinea if he succeeded, and I am now going to Simpkin and Marshals. Miller<sup>5</sup> was near me and seemed disposed to buy, but wished to hear what was offered by others.

Mrs. Smith I find is with Liston,<sup>6</sup> and I

<sup>1</sup> Maria Theresa de Camp (1774–1838). Her father's real name is said to have been De Fleury. She first appeared as cupid in the ballet of "Noverre" at the Opera House. She married Charles Kemble, July 2, 1806, and made her début at Covent Garden Theatre, October 1, 1806.

<sup>2</sup> Caroline Rosalie Adelaide St. Jules, the wife of George Lamb, the politician, writer, amateur actor, and member of Parliament.

<sup>3</sup> Frances Maria Kelly (1790–1882), a remarkable actress. At Drury Lane Theatre, 1800–1835.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Brinsley Peake (1792–1847), a dramatist and for forty years treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.

<sup>5</sup> John Miller, the publisher, at 39 Fleet Street.

<sup>6</sup> John Liston (1776–1846), actor. At Covent Garden, 1806–1822, and the Haymarket, 1822–1830.

must get it from him. I cannot see Rutherford and know nothing of the 2 sergents. — has been at Covent Garden as your agent about *Clari*: he would sell it I suppose and get drunk with the money. If Elliston has the melodrama, I will get it from him.

Tell Mrs. Kenney I am getting better but have no letters.—

Yrs very sincerely

J. KENNEY.

10 Store St. Bedford Sq.—  
9th May 1823.

I have been to Longman's, Simpkin's, and Whittakers. The two former declined—the latter would make no offer, but would hear mine. I asked 70 which they refuse. I then offered it to Miller for 50 and twenty five more in case of a run 20 nights. He has taken it. We all think you are well off (*times* considered)

I will remit next post.

The packet by Baldwin is arrived.

"*Clari*," however, was not a great success. It was apparently given the following night and one night three weeks later at the end of the season, and had one performance at the beginning of the next season. At all these performances Miss Tree took the part of *Clari*.

There were two performances in 1825 with Miss Foote and Miss Paton in the title rôle.

Three performances in 1826 and one in 1829 are also noticed by Genest whose record ends with that year.

"*Clari*" was produced also at Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1826, the City of London Theatre, 1838, and Marylebone Theatre, 1854.

In this country it was first produced in New York in November, 1823, with Miss Johnson as *Clari*, and was later given with Mrs. Duff in the title rôle.

The song, "Home! Sweet Home!" however, quickly attained great popularity, and it is reported that three hundred thousand copies of it were sold the first year, bringing great profits to the publishers but none to the author, who nevertheless cheerfully expresses his satisfaction with the success of "*Clari*" in the following letter with which the series closes:

To Miss Anna B. Z. Payne

PARIS, May, 28th. 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Your letter came last month. It was just a month coming. This is the first direct answer I have got from America since I left. It seems so social. I could scarcely believe my pleasure. It was like stretching out our arms and shaking hands over the Atlantick.

I am going on pretty much as I was, am still in the same lodging where you may continue to address to me with certainty, and have within the last fortnight been favoured with another theatrical success in an opera entitled Clari, the Maid of Milan, of which I have desired Miller, who has bought the copyright, to send six copies to Thatcher, one for each of my own family and the others for wherever you may think they will be most valued. I would have ordered the music to be sent also, but the expense would have been very great and it will probably appear im-

mediately for less money in America. I have another little one act piece coming out this summer at the Haymarket. So I am sure of bread and cheese for the rest of the year.

I have several works on the stocks, and to complete them undisturbed, have taken a country house at Versailles, for which and its large garden, I pay fifty dollars till January next. You have no house rent in York so cheap. I shall have room to lodge you all, if you like to come. I am looking out for a cat, rabbits, a large dog, pigeons, and a cock and hens *pour faire mon menage*. I am threatened by some friends, who live at Versailles to be ser-enaded with:

Once there was a batchelor who lived all by  
himself  
And all the bread and cheese he got he put upon  
a shelf

For purposes of business I retain my place here, which is so very cheap, that I can do it without violating your injunctions of economy.

## DUMB WITNESS

By William Hervey Woods

As they set out to Calvary,  
A snow-white thorn-bush clinging  
Over the road, saw there  
Her own thorns crown the hair  
O'er one wan face; and flinging  
Her new bloom down, ceased from her scented breath,  
And stood a withered parable of death,  
When they went out to Calvary.

As they passed by to Calvary,  
A lamb that had been bleating,  
Left in the dealer's stall  
Hard by the temple wall—  
From that wild mob retreating,  
In a dark corner dumb and trembling lay,  
Long ere the earthquake, all that long, long day,  
When they went on to Calvary.

And when they came to Calvary,  
A floating eagle dreaming  
High over hill and town,  
One startled glance shot down  
At the nail-strokes; and screaming  
Fled away south; and folk far down the red  
Arabian twilight heard him shriek o'erhead—  
When they were come to Calvary.



# The RIDE of *TENCH TILGHMAN*

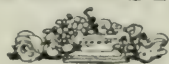
Oct. 20-23

1781  
by

CLINTON SCOLLARD

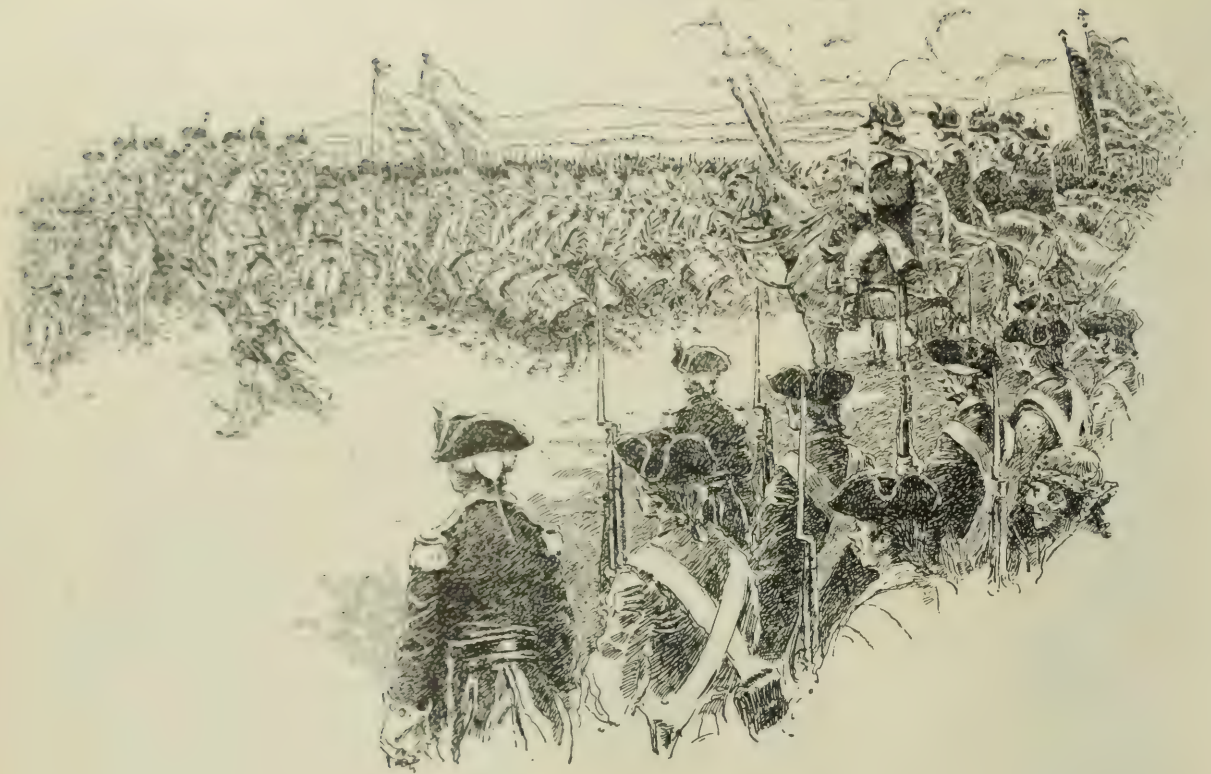
with drawings by

*JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS*



**T**HEY'VE marched them out of old Yorktown, the vanquished red-coat host,—

The grenadiers and fusiliers, Great Britain's pride and boast;  
They've left my Lord Cornwallis sitting gnawing at his nails,  
With pale chagrin from brow to chin that grim defeat prevails.  
Their banners cased, in sullen haste their pathway they pursue  
Between the lilied lines of France, the boys in Buff and Blue;  
At last their arms away are cast, with muttering and frown,  
The while the drums roll out the tune—*The World Turned Upside Down!*



It's up, Tench Tilghman, you must ride,  
Yea, you must ride straightway,  
And bear to all the countryside  
The glory of this day,  
Crying amain the glad refrain,  
This word by field and town,—  
"Cornwallis' ta'en! Cornwallis' ta'en!  
*The World Turned Upside Down!*"





Roused Williamsburgh to hear the hoofs  
 That loud a tattoo played,  
 While back from doorways, windows, roofs,  
 Rang cheers from man and maid.  
 His voice, a twilight clarion, spoke  
 By slow Pamunkey's ford;  
 In Fredericksburg to all the folk  
 'Twas like a singing sword.



It thrilled while Alexandria slept  
 By brown Potomac's shore,  
 And, like a forest fire, it swept  
 The streets of Baltimore.  
 With it Elk Tavern's rafters shook  
 As though the thunder rolled;  
 It stirred the brigs off Marcus Hook  
 From lookout to the hold.





When midnight held the autumn sky,  
Again and yet again  
It echoed through the way called High  
Within the burg of Penn.  
The city watch adjured in vain,—  
“Cease, cease! you tipsy clown!”  
Flung Tilghman out—“Cornwallis’ ta’en!  
*The World Turned Upside Down!*”





Where wrapt in virtuous repose  
 The head of Congress lay,  
 A clamor welled as though there rose  
 The Trump of Judgment Day.  
 "What madness' this?" fierce called McKean,  
 In white nightcap and gown;  
 The answer came,—"Cornwallis' ta'en!  
*The World Turned Upside Down!"*



Then forth into the highways poured  
 A wild, exultant rout,  
 And till the dawn there swelled and soared  
 Tench Tilghman's victory shout;  
 Then bells took up the joyous strain,  
 And cannon roared to drown  
 The triumph cry—"Cornwallis' ta'en!  
*The World Turned Upside Down!"*





In dreams, Tench Tilghman, still you ride,  
As in the days of old,  
And with your horse's swinging stride  
Your patriot tale is told;  
It rings by river, hill, and plain,  
Your memory to crown;—  
"Cornwallis' ta'en! Cornwallis' ta'en!  
*The World Turned Upside Down!*"



# THE FIRST-BORN

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. JOHN



MARY Lou's wedding-day began early. By half past six the big old-fashioned house was all in an eager flurry; excited, gay haste beat through it, a rushing tide. John Landon, wakened by a crash from the kitchen, lay for a minute, taking his bearings. June sunshine flooded his wide, clean, shabby room, sketched morning-glory shadows on the white curtains, glowed on the lovely picture of Barbara, the twin babies clinging to her knee, as she smiled down on him from her deep carved frame. Barbara, his wife, dead ten years ago; yet to-day as radiant and alive to Landon's heart as the sunshine that lit her beauty with immortal fire.

He went to the window and looked down into the straggling old garden. Charlotte and Sally, his two younger daughters, were picking the sweet peas. Sally's clear ten-year-old pipe floated up to him. There was always a lilt of Barbara's own bell-voice in Sally's tones, although the child had not one feature of her mother's.

"Mary Lou says they'll keep fresh if we put 'em in the cellar. But when *I* get married, I sha'n't have anything as common as sweet peas at *my* wedding. I'll have American Beauties. Or else orchids. You'll see!"

Charlotte tossed her black head.

"Yes, you'll have orchids, I reckon. Bushels of 'em!" Again she gave her head that teasing fling. That gesture had been Barbara's own. Yet it was the only sparkle of Barbara that he had ever found in Charlotte. Landon's eyes clouded. His big frame sagged a little. Every one of his brood of five had some golden gleam of Barbara. Not one was Barbara, her golden self. Even Mary Lou had hardly a trace of her. Although by divine right of the first-born, she should be her mother's very essence.

A pink figure dashed across the porch

and ran down the garden—Mary Lou. At least, she was lovely in her own way, the father thought. He looked down proudly at her slim, straight little figure, her delicate, small face with its wide gray eyes and broad winged brows of a young madonna, her wreathed ashen-fair braids. What a little slim thing she was, for all her twenty-two years! Landon's strong lips tightened. Why, Mary Lou was only a little girl. Yet to-day she would go out of his house forever. Mary Lou, his comrade, his heart's beloved!

His heart contracted with a grim wrench. Yet, curiously, he knew that this day's real pang would not lie in giving up Mary Lou.

Ten years it was, since Barbara went away. All those years, Mary Lou had stood by him, shoulder to shoulder. She had spent her young strength in mothering the younger children. She had toiled with all her might to keep up the home for him. She had healed many wounds. But his one deepest wound she had never even tried to heal.

In all those years, she had never spoken to him of Barbara. She had never once reminded him of her mother. She had never given his lonely heart the message it so longed for: the certainty that Barbara was still alive to her child, that she would live in her child's love forever.

True, those first dreadful years, he could not endure to hear his wife's name. He had put away her pictures; he had forbidden her own family to speak of her. But afterward, he had longed with all his soul to bring her dear gay presence back to his home. Month by month the pitiful human yearning grew stronger, deeper, to hold fast the beloved humanity. He treasured every glint of her—not only her loftier qualities, but the sweet, wilful girl herself; her delicious fun, her mischief, her whimsy prejudices; her amazing streaks of docility, her equally amazing streaks of tyranny, her whole brave, merry na-



*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"Oh, daddy, look! It's a quarter to eight, and you not even ready! Mercy me! Here, I'll fix your tie."—Page 771.



ture—a nature so buoyant that it rode the roughest seas, held high above strain and rack by its own glad, resolute will.

Always he had waited, sure that the time would come when Barbara herself would speak to him through Mary Lou's lips, when Barbara, in all her loveliness, would come back to him in their first child's dear flesh. And he had waited in vain.

These months since Mary Lou's betrothal, he had felt certain that his daughter's own happiness would teach her to speak out. Surely, before she went from his house, she would give him one word from Barbara—one sign that, in her memory, too, that precious image reigned, beloved and unforgotten. But not one word had she spoken. Not one glance of understanding had her soft, dreaming eyes vouchsafed him. And now his hunger was almost more than he could bear.

"After to-day, she'll have her own home and her own life. But surely to-day, on her own wedding-day, she'll be thinking of her mother. And she'll think what this day must mean to me. She'll say something, if it's only a word, to let me know that she loves Barbara yet, that she'll love her always. If she doesn't, I—I can't stand it." For it could not be that Mary Lou had forgotten. Surely she would give him one word to feed his starved heart, to make him sure that that vivid, loyal, splendid creature was not driven dust!

Down-stairs a door slammed. A fresh young voice rang out.

"Daddy! 'Most ready? Waffles! Splendiferous!"

"All right, Mary Lou." Landon steadied his voice. He dressed quickly and hurried down. As he reached the dining-room, Aunt Dilsey's voice pealed from the kitchen, a stormy orotund.

"You, Richie, drap dem raisins! Steve, take you's paws outen my cake-batter! Ain't you twins got no manners 'tall? An' this you' own sister's weddin'-day!"

There was a clatter of tinware, two derisive whoops. Past him like two colts shot the twins, and landed in their chairs at table with a simultaneous unerring leap. Charlotte and Sally were already demurely seated. Mary Lou sprang up from behind the coffee-urn. He stood passive under her vigorous onslaught.

"Daddy, you lamb! To stay home from the office all day and help!" Mary Lou's voice shook with tense little quavers. Under her ash-gold braids her small face shone very white, with a strange luminous whiteness. She stood on tip-toe to clutch both hands on her father's broad shoulders, she showered him with pecky little kisses, but her wide gray eyes would not meet his own. Even when he tilted her face to kiss it, her glance eluded his in swift flight. "Is that bacon right sizzlin' hot, Dilsey? And his toast too? Richie, pull your shoulders up, honey, you're slumped like a meal sack. Stephen! You forgot to wash! Yes, sirree, I know it. Trot right up-stairs and scrub, that's a love. Go behind your ears, mind. Hard. Nonsense, you've got stacks of time. No, I will *not* let Rich swipe your waffles. Well, if he does, Dilsey shall bake you some more. Yes, Sally, you can have jam if you'd rather, but don't shovel so. The telephone? I'll come in a jiffy. The expressman? My gracious, daddy, more presents! Regular avalanche! Look, quick!"

Excited crimson flamed into her white cheeks. She heaped her packages on the sofa, and opened them with cries of delight. Landon watched her, tenderly amused. Then his glance swung to the other four.

The twins were stoking waffles, their round faces shining with beatitude. Landon's eyes kindled. They were a husky team, all right, for twelve-year-olds. A bit out of hand, though. Mary Lou was too soft with them. They needed a curb rein. Next them, Charlotte minced at her toast with finicking grace. Charlotte was sixteen, an olive-and-pomegranate girl, with a dusk glowing cheek like velvet, and lips almost too full and sulky rose-red, and black lashes curling over great, soft, smouldering black eyes. Even the twins had been known to admit that Charlotte was easy to look at. Yet Landon felt an anxious twinge. Charlotte was not easy to manage. Mary Lou had handled her fairly well, although she'd been almost too strict. None the less, he wondered whether he himself would handle her as well. Charlotte flew the track rather often. She was a problem, no doubt about that. But Sally, his youngest, never flew



the truck, thanks be. He looked down at Sally, square, low-headed, apple-checked, tossing down waffles with the precision of a small rapid-fire gun. No, Sally didn't present any problem, bless her, save that of keeping her comfortably filled up. Anyhow, he was a fool to worry over the kids. They were superb children. He knew he wasn't overstating it. Superb was the word. That was the Barbara in them, her young vitality, her fire. But again he looked at Mary Lou, bent tapt above her gifts, and that dull beseeching question deepened in his eyes.

Breakfast over, everybody scurried to work. Mary Lou was to be married at eight o'clock that evening. They themselves must make all the preparations, for fat Aunt Dilsey was their only servant, and she was already too jubilantly wrought up to be of much use. It would be a large wedding; everybody in Salerno, their placid Southern town, had known Mary Lou and loved her since the day she was born, and everybody was invited. There would be out-of-town guests, too. Jim Tunstall, Mary Lou's betrothed, would bring his imposing array of kinsfolk on the Memphis packet, arriving, in case the steamboat was within four hours of her schedule, by three that afternoon. Landon owned a sneaking hope that a kind sand-bar might hold those serried ranks from descending on him before six. He was ashamed of the rancor which he felt toward the whole race of Tunstalls. They were an estimable family; fine old Albemarle County stock; running a trifle to side-whiskers and sanctimony, but staid, conservative, solidly prosperous. Young Jim himself, at twenty-four, was already as staid and conservative and solidly prosperous as his side-whiskered forebears. That thought rasped Landon to the quick. For Landon, for all his steady industry, had never forged ahead. He had worked and saved for years, to clear away the mountain of debt which his charming ne'er-do-weel father had left behind. Since then, it had taken all he could earn to provide for the children and keep up his heavy insurance. He winced as he remembered by what desperate twists he had managed to screw out Mary Lou's few music lessons. And he had not even bought her wedding-dress. Great-

aunt Georgianna, her godmother, had insisted that the entire trousseau should be her gift. Well, she could have music lessons galore, now, and a grand piano, instead of Barbara's jingling old box. And she could have all the pretty fripperies that her heart desired. And a sound, clean, devoted young husband. . . . Landon checked a surging desire to clench his fists. He ought to thank heaven, fasting, that his child would know a good man's love. "Though I'd give my month's salary to punch Jim Tunstall's bull head. Great, stodgy, arrogant young oaf!"

"More presents!" Charlotte skimmed in like an excited bronze butterfly, her arms heaped. Mary Lou dashed from the parlor, the twins deserted their porch-cleaning, Sally dropped the cake-pan to run and see. "Oh, table-linen! And two centrepieces, all real Cluny! When I get married, I'm going to have real lace on everything. So there!"

"Real lace nothin'!" giped Richie. "When I get married, I'll bet I have some real eats. No chicken-salad dabs, and no squinchin' pink ice-cream, neither. Peach cobbler, an' turkey, an' strawberry shortcake. Just you wait!"

"You shall have real lace on everything, down to your dish-towels!" Mary Lou snatched Charlotte and hugged her tight. "And I'll roast your wedding turkeys, Rich, and bake the cobbler myself—Richard Parke Landon! You've taken the clamp off your front teeth *again*! When you'd promised me solemnly——"

"Well, dassent I leave that gag off the day you're married, even?" Richie's voice rose in a howl of injury.

"Oh, if you put it that way, poor dear! Though I really— There's the door-bell, Stephen. Run. More presents? My sakes, Jim will have to hire a dray. Oh!" Mary Lou's eyes flared wide. "Oh, it's a wooden box, a big one! I do believe it's Jim's folkses gift, at last. Rich, ask Dilsey for the hammer. Fly!"

Aunt Dilsey steamed in, the hammer in one hand, a denuded chicken in the other. The beaming expressman ripped off the crate. There appeared a glittering mahogany chest, adorned with massive brass initials intertwined. Dazed, Mary Lou fitted in the key. A gasp of wonder arose.

Side by side in their white-plush grooves



glistened row on row of silver: heavy, ornate, engraved each with Jim's large florid *T* as well as Mary Lou's *L*.

"Whoopee!" breathed the twins in reverent unison.

"Awfully swell." Charlotte's red lips puckered. "But I like their nerve.

Only—you wait, daddy dear. There's something I wanted to tell you. I—I——"

Mary Lou's crisp voice halted, stammered, failed. Her hands gripped hard on his arm. Her wide gray eyes, so deep and soft under the winged brows, lifted to



Barbara, forever lovely and forever young.—Page 771.

Sticking their own smarty initial alongside of yours!"

"I don't mind. It's magnificent." Mary Lou lifted tray after laden tray. "But the design is almost too gorgeous. I like the teaspoons daddy gave me lots better. If only they'd ordered this set to match his——"

"Nonsense, Mary Lou." But a warm glow crept round Landon's chilled heart.

"Well, we've no time to sit here and gloat." Mary Lou sprang up, snapped down the lid. "Run along and finish your porches, boys. Charlotte, will you dust the parlors? Sally, peep in the oven, there's a duck, and see if the cheese-cakes are browning. Run along, all of you.

his in swift pleading, then faltered, dropped away. "I—well—it isn't anything particular. Never mind, now. But—would you mind answering the telephone for me, awhile? And the door-bell?"

"Of course I won't mind." Landon's voice was a little flat. Leaden disappointment weighed in his breast. Mary Lou was half-way up the stairs now. She had not met his eyes again.

Landon tramped patiently from front door to telephone, from telephone to side door, from side door to telephone again. With all the small town's friendly intrusiveness, Salerno was making the most of Mary Lou's great day.

"Hello, Mr. Landon!" It was their

groceryman, over the wire. "Ain't it one grand morning for Miss Mary Lou's wedding, though! Say, give her many happy returns for me, and tell her that her order is on the way, and I'm sendin' her the lettuce an' cucumbers for her salad out of my own garden, with Mrs. Peters's an' my compliments. Say, she's one fine girl, ain't she? You'll miss her, all right. Good-by."

"Oh, Mr. Landon!" It was the new Methodist minister's pretty, dragged-out young wife, with one baby in the go-cart and two more clinging to her limp skirts. "I stopped in to bring Miss Mary Lou some of my almond torten. An old Swiss lady in Butte, where we preached last year, taught me to make them, and I thought they'd be something new. Every girl likes something new for her wedding supper." Her wan face grew pink at Landon's courtly thanks. "Why, it's kind of you to appreciate them so. I wanted to bring her roses. You always want to bring roses to a bride like Mary Lou. But we haven't had time to plant anything yet. My love to her, please. But to let her go—it'll be so hard for you!" Her gentle hand went out to him with a quick compassion. Then she drew her small tribe shyly away, for Great-aunt Georgianna Landon's battered old victoria was trundling up the drive.

"Good morning, John." Aunt Georgianna leaned in puffy majesty at the frayed old door. She put out a fat wavery hand in a purple silk mitt. Her old puffy, sagging face, framed in the primeval purple silk bonnet, with its nodding hearse-plumes, would have been sardonic if it had not been so very tired, so very old. "Well, this will be a right bad day for you, John. You don't realize how you have depended on Mary Lou. That child has been a mother to the younger children. How you'll manage without her——"

"Yes, I'll miss Mary Lou. But Cousin Lillie Burford comes this noon. She will stay and take Mary Lou's place."

"Take Mary Lou's place!" Aunt Georgianna snorted. "Cousin Lillie is a slack-twisted Burford, every inch! She manage! You'll be lucky if you get hot bread once a week. As for the children, I warn you, she and that pepperpot Charlotte will quarrel from the first hour.

What's more, Dilsey plain despises her. Says she won't stay the week out if Miss Lillie dares try to boss her——"

"Well, we'll do the best we can, aunt. Cousin Lillie asks a very moderate salary. But it's all that I——"

"Oh, you know your own affairs. Put out that big box, John. That is Mary Lou's wedding dress. Veil and all. That Memphis dressmaker has kept me on tenterhooks all week, and Mary Lou has been frantic. Though she never said one word. She's a true-blue Landon. Well, good-by, John, till to-night." Under her nodding purples, her glum, pouchy old face suddenly flushed and thrilled. A strange and gentle light awoke in her dull old eyes. "It's a hard day for you, John. Good-by."

"My dress!" Mary Lou flung herself down the stairs headlong. Again the household gathered to gaze devoutly at the great white-and-gilt box with its folded treasure of silver and pearl.

"Oh, Aunt Georgianna was very generous. And it'll be the grandest wedding dress that Salerno ever laid eyes on." At last Mary Lou laid back that armful of white magic. "But I wish I hadn't let her buy it. I'd rather be married in cheese-cloth, and have you give it to me, daddy!" Her round throat quivered. She threw herself on Landon, and hugged him fiercely. Her arms seemed to lock him to her, flesh to flesh, bone to bone, but she kept her face turned stubbornly away; not for one instant would her wet flashing eyes meet his own. "Now, boys, you shine up the parlor windows. Dilsey, look at your egg-beater! You're dripping icing all over the place. Charlotte, you tidy the dining-room. Sally, come help me up-stairs." Again she darted away, with the speed of light.

The front door-bell now. Old Captain Ashley, spruce in white duck, carrying a great sheaf of roses, white and pink. "The bride's own colors, sir. Tut, tut, what if I stripped my garden? The garden is honored, sir, to come to the wedding. A happy day to her! Although to you, sir"—the curt, martial old voice slackened—"ah, well, it is the way of the world, sir, the way of the world.

"To see our bright ones disappear,  
Almost as morning dew."



You recall your Ingelow? But we old fellows have had our own diamond mornings. Good day to you, sir, good day."

The side door now. Miss Sarah Arnold, Mary Lou's Sunday-school teacher, her broad face beaming under her kittenish mull hat.

"I just dropped in to bring you-all a deep-dish cherry pie for dinner. You'll be too busy to cook a real meal. And tell Mary Lou her class will come this afternoon and help decorate. My, how this town will miss her!" Her large bosom heaved, her homely, innocent face worked. "But I reckon you'll miss her more'n her class, even. Yes, to be sure, I'm coming early to-night. Yes, I want to see her presents, every one. Good-by."

At noon the depot 'bus brought Cousin Lillie Burford, three trunks, two suitcases, one hold-all, a shoe-box tied with red baby ribbon, a large cage containing a small limp canary, and an outraged torty-shell cat in a basket. Landon went dutifully down the walk to greet her. Cousin Lillie, her candid blond front considerably awry, kissed everybody languidly and demanded tea and toast and a darkened room at once, as three hours on the train had brought on one of her nervous headaches. Landon clumped up and down stairs, serving her with what skill he could. Dilsey, growling ominously, slapped the dishes on her tray, then hustled their own dinner on the table—weird odds and ends of the festival baked meats, topped off royally by Miss Sarah's pie. Somehow Landon was not hungry. Across from him sat Mary Lou, erect as a little queen, her cheeks fiery scarlet now, her eyes dark stars. She talked and laughed at top speed. She did not swallow a morsel. She did not stop chattering one moment. It was almost as if she dared not stop. Over and over, her starry eyes darted to Landon's face, clung there a moment, leaped away.

By two o'clock the tension had risen to concert pitch. Mary Lou's Sunday-school class, loaded with vines and wild flowers, had swarmed in and taken the house by storm. Down the garden, Richie and Steve were letting off steam with a wrestling match; on the side porch Charlotte, ostensibly arranging flower-bowls, was teaching the fox-trot to an admiring group

of high-school boys. Out in the kitchen Aunt Dilsey rattled the windows with her full-throated ecstasy:

"Keep a'inchin' along,  
Keep a'inchin' along,  
An' we'll all git to hebbin by um by!"

Landon tried to laugh at the turmoil. Instead, he owned a sick longing to creep away and hide. Presently he slipped up to his own room.

Mary Lou stood at his big, old-fashioned bureau. At his step she whirled and faced him. She started, with a quick impulse of flight. Then she came straight to him.

"I've just finished prinkin' up your room, daddy. I—I'm glad you came up. It's so rackety down-stairs, I can't think straight. And there's something I want to tell you—I must tell you—" she stopped, quivered.

"Yes, daughter." Landon put a steady-ing arm round her shoulders. His heart pounded with eager hope.

"To tell you something I—I've been wanting to say, so long. Only—only—"

"Yes, dear?" He bent to her. She flinched away, then looked up bravely. "To tell you—"

"Mary Lou—oh, Mary Lou!" Sally's clarion pierced high. "Here comes Jim Tunstall, and the major, and Mrs. Tunstall, and all! Hurry! Run!"

"Oh, Jimmy and his kin—already!" Mary Lou's dust-cap went one way, her apron another. She rushed away. Landon followed, smiling and alert. But it was to him as if he bled inwardly.

Ponderous, impressive, inexorably on time, three touring-cars packed with Tunstalls came up the drive. In all, there were only eighteen of Jim's kin; but they seemed an army. Landon did the honors with admirable warmth. Lord, what an appalling horde there was of them! With what bland condescension they looked on Mary Lou's poor little preparations, her linens, and her gifts! His gorge rose at the whole majestic crew. But smiling, cordial, he played his part.

Even the heaven-born Tunstalls could sense the calamity of their too prompt arrival. With rare tact they set off on a round of calls, adding that they would dine and dress at the hotel. Even Jim



himself must go with them, so Major Tunstall proclaimed.

"Oh, very well. Funny I can't stick around when it's my own wedding." Jim stood in the library door. He was a great, brawny fellow, a good inch over Landon's own six feet. Against Mary Lou's Dresden slenderness he loomed gigantic. His shoulders filled the narrow door; his thatched black head all but brushed the lintel. His dark, heavily featured face was almost saturnine in its complacency, its look of inbred ownership and command. Again Landon's fists tightened. Great, sullen, iron-jawed young brute! Why Mary Lou should have chosen him——

"Well, Mary Lou's pretty busy. But let your crowd wait a minute, Jim." He glanced toward the group around the motor-cars. For this moment they two were alone. He could speak out. "I have something to say to you, Jim. I don't know just how to put it. But I want you to know that I'm banking on you as I have never banked on any man. Now, if you fail me—if you don't make Mary Lou happy——"

He halted. The room was very still.

Jim looked back at him. His hard, clean young face did not flinch. His level eyes stared past Landon, out at the blue-and-gold June. At length he turned to Landon and spoke slowly, picking his words.

"I understand. Very well. Now, you mind this. If I don't do the right thing by Mary Lou, if I don't make her happy—then it will be up to you to flail the hide off me. You hear that, sir?"

His face was imperturbable, a mask of youth. His cool voice was insolent in its unconcern. But that minute Mary Lou dashed past the door, in search of a missing Tunstall veil; and Landon caught the look in Jim's eyes as she sped by.

Landon turned away sharply. He had a queer, humbled feeling, as if he had looked in on some young shrine.

The rest of the day spun by, a blinding whirl. The hands on the big old clock fairly leaped from hour to hour. Belated gifts streamed in. Belated well-wishers called Mary Lou to the telephone for long affectionate visits; belated armfuls of flowers, last-minute borrowings of plates and

silver, dribbled into the kitchen. By five o'clock the house hummed like a hive of frantic bees. By six it was a maelstrom. At seven, miraculously, the tumult stopped, stilled: a wave of silence, awed, expectant, flooded the wide, dim, fragrant rooms. Every space was swept and garnished now; not a fern-leaf nodded awry. Mary Lou had disappeared. Charlotte and Sally tiptoed and whispered about the dining-room; the twins, scoured and polished to a piano finish, sat dumb and moveless on the porch. Even Aunt Dilsey's chant was hushed.

Landon took a careful survey of the parlors. Then he went up to his own room and shut the door.

"I'll dress right off. Then I'll be on hand if the Tunstalls swoop down ahead of time," he told himself. He was slow about it, though. He was so wretchedly tired that he could not hurry. His limbs were stiff, his hands bungled, the blood crept lifeless through his veins. Dully he looked at himself in the glass. He was not yet fifty, in the prime of his toiling, honorable life. But to-night he looked gaunt and burnt-out and old. And his whole heart was sick within him. The long, hoping, dreading day lay like ashes on his mouth.

"She might have given me one word. She might have known. But she didn't once think of Barbara. I can't blame her, poor child. She was so little. Of course she has forgotten her. But if she'd just said Barbara's name! If she'd only——"

There came a tap at his door. A low, uncertain tap.

Brushes in hand, Landon turned. But the door flew open. On the threshold stood Mary Lou.

Landon did not speak. Only he stared and stared, as if he could not look his fill. Mary Lou— Could this white vision be his little, little girl? Her bridal gown flowed round her, spindrift of frost. Her great veil wrapped her in gossamer. Under the rosebud coronet, her little white face was whiter than the snow-mists that enfolded her. Not a trace of Barbara. Yet how her loveliness brought back Barbara's loveliness on their own marriage night!

His voice sounded in his ears, loud and harsh and strange.



"Well, honey! You're ready away ahead of time."

Mary Lou did not seem to hear. She stumbled toward him. She put out two groping hands. Suddenly her white little face blazed with wild, heart-rending terror.

Landon gasped out. He sprang to her and caught her up and showered kisses on the little drawn, agonized face, the little icy, clinging hands.

"Mary Lou, my baby, my darling!" He had her in his arms in the big chair now, her hands gripped round his neck, her shuddering little body clasped tight. "Don't, my girl! Father can't stand it. I know just what has frightened you, dear. You—you—but Jim Tunstall loves you with his whole heart, my child. He'll be tender with you. He'll do his level best to make you happy. If he doesn't, I—" his breath came short, then—"I'll make him pay! But he will be good to you. You needn't be afraid—"

"Oh, it's not that, daddy." She clutched him with shaking hands. She was sobbing through her kisses, now. "I'm not afraid, one bit. I couldn't be afraid, with Jim. But, oh, daddy, it's you, dear, it's you! I *can't* go off and get married and leave you like this. You'll never get along. Never in this world. Cousin Lillie means well, but she's whining this minute because she wants Dilsey to come up and curl her false front, and Dilsey vows she wouldn't curl the President's false front for him. And nobody but me can make Richie hold his shoulders straight. And I must scold him every minute, to keep that clamp on his teeth. As for Stephen, I stand over him like a slave-driver. I send him back up-stairs to wash, every day of his life. His guardian angel couldn't teach him to keep his ears clean. And Charlotte makes eyes at everybody. From the new minister down. And Sally will cram herself with sweet stuff from morning till night, the little pig. Daddy, I can't leave you. I won't!"

"Now, you hear me, Mary Lou." Landon held her close. His even voice was stern now. "All these years, you have given yourself to daddy and the children. You've been the best little partner—" he halted. "But now you must take up your own partnership. Jim is the only man in

all the world for you. You have told me that. You believe that. Certain sure?"

Mary Lou's trembling clutch relaxed. Her wet cheek burrowed into his shoulder.

"So that's settled. Now, daughter, do your part. Go to your new home, and never once look back. Go and make Jimmy as happy—as happy as your mother once made me. For that is all your life, my child. That's all there is to life. Now and always."

His voice broke. But Mary Lou drew a long, quieting breath. After a while she spoke, very low.

"I reckon you're right, daddy. Jimmy certainly is the one man for me. And to love him is all there is to life. That's exactly what mamma said to me. About you."

"What mamma said? About me? When—what—"

Landon's arms fell away. The words clacked dry on his mouth. The room swam and darkened round him; a gray mist thickened before his eyes. But he knew that he was listening: listening with his soul.

"What did mamma say, daughter? What did she tell you—about me?"

Mary Lou sat up. She pushed the long veil back from her face.

"Why, I don't believe I've ever told you, dad. It was when mamma—it was just a few days before—she went away. The nurse had sent me up-stairs with her broth. I can see her this minute, as clear as clear! She was sitting up, in her red dressing-jacket, the one with the lace ruffles, and her hair was wound up in two big, shiny braids, and her white hands with all her rings on—you know how fresh and sweet she always made herself look. No matter how sick she was."

"Yes. I remember."

"Well. I put the broth on the table, and spread out her napkin, and she looked at me and sparkled her eyes, the way she always did, and said: 'Give me a kiss, precious, to season it.' You know she was always saying that."

"Yes. I remember."

"So I reached up to kiss her. But she leaned out and pulled me up on the bed, and held me tight. Then she said, very grave and slow: 'Mary Lou, listen. Mother must tell you something, right



now. And you must always, always remember. After a while, you'll be a grown-up young lady. Then a man will come who loves you, and he will tell you that he loves you. Then—hark. Look at your father then, Mary Lou, and say to yourself: "Will this man make me as happy as my own father made my mother?" And let that answer decide for you. Promise me you'll do this, Mary Lou! Promise you'll never forget!" So I promised. Then she went on: "Because, Mary Lou, your father has made me the happiest woman that ever breathed. Sometimes I've been ashamed, almost. Greedy thing I was, to snatch him and keep him all for myself!" Then she laughed out, but her eyes were all wet. You know that funny trick she had of laughing even when her eyes were full of tears, so her lashes had regular rainbow streaks on them?"

"Yes. I remember."

Mary Lou's head drooped on his shoulder. There was a long silence. The girl's strained little body was yielding to calm. But every inch of Landon had flamed awake. He breathed deep. All his leaden years had slipped from his shoulders. The blood leaped through his veins like some celestial fire.

Mary Lou's small hand caught his sinewy one, drew it against her young breast, cradled it close.

"Oh, wasn't mamma the *peachiest* thing!" she whispered. "Do you remember how she used to come peacocking down-stairs whenever she had a new hat, and how spunky she'd get when the puppy dug up her geranium-beds, and the way she laughed at everything?"

Again that pulse of exquisite joy beat high through Landon's veins.

"And the times when the babies were little. How ridiculously proud she was of them, and how she used to brag! I remember how she crowed over Charlotte's long eyelashes, and how she strutted about the twins, just because they were twins. As if nobody had ever had twins before! And how perfectly crazy she was over Sally because her toes curled up, 'just like an infant anthropoid ape,' you told her. Then mother jumped up and told you you were no better than a cave-man yourself, and tickled the back of your neck to make you sneeze, for punish-

ment. And what fun she was, Christmas and birthdays! She always had such dozens of secrets up her sleeve, and we were all in 'em. The Christmas she gave you the big photograph of herself and the twins, I knew all about it a week beforehand. I wonder I didn't burst. And how we loved Sunday afternoons, because she'd play Bible stories with us! Sally would be baby Moses in the clothes-basket, and the Jap screen was the bulrushes, and the twins were Pharaoh's soldiers, and I was Pharaoh's daughter, all diked out in mother's blue-silk kimono. Goodness, what fun! And you'd be the crocodile."

Landon chuckled suddenly. He saw himself, a green-felt table-cover pinned to his shoulders, a brass jardinière on his head, crawling across the floor, emitting growls and roars like Leviathan unchained. He could see the twins, pop-eyed with fearful joy; he could hear Charlotte's yelps of ecstasy. He saw Barbara, breathless, crimson-cheeked, dump the rescued Moses on the lounge, then lean against the wall, to laugh till she could laugh no more.

"And times we went picnicking, and mother made us such luscious things to eat! And times you and she would go to parties together. My, how proud she was of you, because you always looked so stunning in evening clothes! How she did dote on that shiny old swallow-tail of yours! She just used to purr over it. And she was always pinching Stephen's nose to make it like yours, and finally she got Stephen so cross that he'd yip if she even held up her finger. And do you remember her streaks of 'rearing us by rule'? She'd send us up to bed right on the tick of eight, all in our long-legged nighties; the twins used to look like two polar-bear cubs. But by half past eight we'd be taking the roof off with a pillow-fight, and she'd be right in the thick of it. My, she was a corking good shot!"

Again Landon laughed out; that laugh of utter content. He saw Barbara dash down the hall like a frenzied manad, flourishing a pillow after the two small polar bears, who galloped squeaking into his own room, and took refuge under the bed. And he saw her as she sat by Sally's crib, with both little bears cuddled drowsily in her lap; he watched her face, aglow in the dim lamplight; he heard



her shamed laughing whisper: "Yes, I know I ought to tuck them in, but they're so cunning! I can't go and leave them quite yet."

Ah, she had gone and left them so long, so long ago. Yet her darling life still lived. Her brave, gay heart still beat in her own child's loyal breast. Curiously, he knew now that all these years he had wandered like a man half dead of cruel thirst, who stumbles alone across an empty world. Now his parched soul drank deep. All his days he would walk alone. But never again could he suffer as he had suffered. For his own child, his first-born, had given him to drink of that life-giving spring.

"And—listen, daddy."

A moment Mary Lou hesitated. Then, with the grave frankness of her young, clean-minded generation, she spoke out.

"If ever I have any children, daddy, I want my little sons to be just like you. *Pre-cisely!* Every smidgeon. But if I have a little daughter, I want her to be like mamma. That's why I always try so hard to remember her. Nights when I lie awake, I tell over to myself the way she used to look, and the things she used to say, and the funny little jokes she was always playing on us, and the way she petted us—she'd just eat us up, you know. I've got her all written down in me. And—I want to pass her along."

"All right, honey."

A moment more they clung, silent. Then Mary Lou slipped to her feet.

"I ought to go down now. There'll be some last thing— Oh, daddy, look! It's a quarter to eight, and you not even ready! Mercy me! Here, I'll fix your tie. Yes, yes, Cousin Lillie, don't wail so. We'll be in time."

Four hours later Landon shut the last window, turned out the last gas-jet, plodded up-stairs to his room. Those four hours spun before his eyes, a whirligig blur. However, from that blur certain pictures stood out sharp and clear. The spacious old rooms, crowded with waiting faces; the august cohorts of the Tunstall clan; Aunt Georgianna, in antebellum puce velvet, her gaunt face set in sardonic grooves, but her dull eyes staring at the young faces round her with the eternal peering wistfulness of the old, old woman

who has never borne a child. Then, far clearer, far more vivid, so clear that it ached on his sight, the face of Mary Lou, so white, so shining, so serene; and beside her Jim, big, stolid, unswerving, yet his hard young lips chalk-white, his hard young suavity shaken and moved. After, the long vague torment of the reception, when all Salerno meandered by, with the same fond, inane speeches, to a constant obligato of Cousin Lillie's snuffle—then the gay rush of departure. Showers of confetti, roses flying like hail; and in the thick of that romping storm Mary Lou's arms around him, her passionate whisper in his ear: "Oh, daddy, how can I go away! Oh, daddy, don't let Rich leave the clamp off his teeth one single second. And do, do make Stephen wash behind his ears!" And then, through the last flurry of roses and laughter and pelting good wishes, her last wave from the motor to him, her last tender, reassuring cry: "Remember what I've told you, daddy! Remember *everything* I've told you, dear! Good-by!"

Cousin Lillie's dove-plaint wafted down the hall. Cousin Lillie was one of the women who must always have a dear friend to spend the night and talk it all over.

"But John Landon's behavior is beyond me! He has always adored Mary Lou. Yet he was utterly unmoved. He never shed one tear. You'd think he was positively glad to see her go. It seemed so callous of him! When you think what his own married life used to mean! How pitifully young he and Barbara were, and how hard they had to work, and then having such a dreadful raft of children, and all! You'd think he couldn't *stand* it! To see Mary Lou start away, on the very same road!"

Landon stretched his big, tired body on the bed. The shutters were swung wide; through tossing vine-shadows, June moonlight streamed in and shone on Barbara—Barbara, her babies in her arms, leaning to him from her great carved frame; Barbara, forever lovely and forever young.

He looked up longingly into her sweet, gay eyes.

"You bet I'm glad to let Mary Lou go. If only she and Jim can find the very same road we went, together!" he whispered. And so he fell asleep.



## · THE POINT OF VIEW ·

NOW and again men of letters and other persons more or less in the public eye are invited to participate in what the newspapers (with unconscious humor) are wont to term a "symposium"—although frequently it is only a Barmecide feast. They are requested to put themselves to the question and to write out a list of their Favorite Characters in Fiction. Sometimes they are bidden to stand and deliver the names of stalwart Heroes and sometimes they are desired to list lovingly a list of lovely Heroines. And as these men of letters and other persons more or less in the public eye are human, after all, and therefore hypocrites, they are likely to go on the stand with no intention of telling the whole truth. Their secret delight may be in the mysterious vengeance of Nick of the Woods; yet this is what they would never dare confess, so they get out a mnemonic search-warrant, and they take up a collection of their thoughts in order to produce as their first choice Achilles or Ulysses, Gargantua or Marius the Epicurean. They are equally lacking in frankness where they volunteer to name a bevy of Heroines. They may make a bluff of indifference to beauty by putting in Jane Eyre; but no one of them would be bold enough to acknowledge his sneaking fondness for Becky Sharp, that most fascinating villainess. Thackeray tried to make us dislike Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, thereby incurring the reproach of Taine—to the effect that her creator did not love Becky as Balzac loved Madame Marneffe. Yet try as hard as he could, Thackeray failed to arouse in the average sensual man any detestation for the impersonator of Clytemnestra at the Gaunt House theatricals. In fact, if the average sensual man had his choice he would rather take in to dinner Becky than the blameless Amelia, beloved by the long-suffering Major Dobbin.

In the new volume of essays, which Mr. James Huneker has quaintly entitled "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," there is a characteristically clever paper called "Three Disagreeable Girls"—*i. e.*, Hedda Gabler, Mil-

dred Lawson (in Mr. George Moore's "Celibates"), and Undine Spragg (in Mrs. Wharton's "The Custom of the Country"). These three graces Mr. Huneker disgraces by dissection; and in so doing he suggests another series of symposiums to be participated in by men of letters and other persons more or less in the public eye. Let them now come forward with lists of Characters in Fiction who are not Favorites, or Heroes whom I hate and Heroines whom I abhor. For these delectable lists no villain or villainess would be eligible, and all bald bad men would be debarred and all intriguing sirens. In fact, the piquancy of the quest would lie in the picking out of characters obviously beloved of their creators and yet unlovely to the readers of the records of their careers.

I want to volunteer for the first of these symposiums, so that I can cast my ballot for the very advanced lady whose life and adventures are narrated—and narrated with perfect understanding and with sympathetic comprehension—in Judge Grant's novel, "The High Priestess." I am inclined to think that the author himself likes his creature, although I question if he really loves her as Balzac loved Madame Marneffe; but he is certainly perfectly fair to her and he looks at her character and her career from her own point of view. She is the Heroine I Hate—of course, there are others, but for the moment there are none that I hate so heartily. Mrs. Mary Arnold, as she chooses to call herself, is a good woman, in the worst sense of the word. She is an advanced feminist, never doubting that the world will be a better place, when it ceases to be man-made. She is self-possessed, self-absorbed, self-centred, and supremely self-satisfied. She is also self-supporting—although the author does not quite succeed in making me believe in her business acumen, and he leaves me doubting her artistic endowment. She is able to support herself only by dint of hiring another woman to mother her children for her, and to look after the home life of her husband. She condescends kindly to this husband—a very fine



fellow; and she has no doubt as to her own superior wisdom. In fact, she is one of those who "know it all," and to say this is to say that she is supremely ignorant of life and of the forces which direct human conduct. She is the consummate pretender and pedant and prig—in spite of which she is perfectly sincere and transparently blameless. Perhaps it is because she is representative that she is reprehensible. Perhaps it is because she stands forward as a type of the wife and the mother and the woman certain to be more completely attained in the next generation that she looms up portentous. Between Mary Arnold and Becky Sharp the average sensual man would not hesitate a moment—and neither would any man of average intelligence.

**I**F we were thoroughly honest, we should find that much of the affection we hold for our canine friends is stimulated solely by flattery. The loyalty and devotion of my dog is an immense satisfaction to my vanity. I am loath to admit this; in fact, I never do. My dog and I—are we not friends on some fine, lofty plane of sympathy and understanding where the eyes leap to comprehension, where conversation is futile, and words of no avail? I like to think this; I do think it—but the truth is not complete. My dog follows to heel, rushes madly off on some tour of inspection, comes to heel again, and though perhaps felt unconsciously, his return is a subtle compliment and warms me around the heart.

All this hour I have heard the scratchy patter of a dog in the college corridor hunting his master. His faith and love are bound with patience; he will spend the eternity of an empty, waiting hour until his man comes from the classroom.

And is there any satisfaction more genuine than that you experience when your dog recognizes you among a group of people and comes to greet you? Oh, then you see—all this talk of your plane of higher understanding is gone! You are the master and he comes, a fief. Affection is not appealed to; it is vanity. He stands beside you in the very vassalage of loyalty.

There is a trick of independence in the attitude of some dogs toward another than their masters. Say I speak to such a dog,

call him "Puppy," as I call all dogs, invite him to a caress—if he responds, it is the greeting of equality between two friendly creatures; if he scorns even the notice of me, I chuckle at his stiff-tailed disdain and enjoy vicariously the loyalty to his master which it becomes him best to show by ignoring me.

In this way did Dana, the stately St. Bernard, respond to the praises of those chance people who were not in his formal acquaintance. Never could any one express more bored indifference than he, his massive head resting motionless on his paws, his eyes upturned for a second against the red haws, then dropped after a glance almost unseeing. He was a dog to appreciate the use of a monocle. I have no doubt he either has used one, or will in some other incarnation. He was a king among dogs—and he believed in the divine right. It could not be said of him that he ever unbent. There was no bending in him. Sometimes he let go. In his puppy days—those days when, though big as a calf, he had not yet "grown up to his feet"—he found it difficult to learn the technic which usually binds size and dignity. But even in his cumbersome ludicrousness he gambolled with a somewhat stately air.

Dana adored and lived on praise, although he affected an overwhelming contempt for the admirer. Indeed, he was jealously avid of attention—but once he had that which he craved he became a red-eyed contemplator of the infinite. This is not entirely a dog's trick. Although he had a native sense of humor, vanity fell upon him at an early day, whereupon his sense of proportion departed, and he stalked abroad in majesty and splendor—beautiful, aloof, content in the gratification of his animal pride.

I should have spoken of Romeo first, for he was the dog I grew up with. But when I speak of dogs, Dana's name springs to the lips, a pertinent proof that I almost believed in Dana's unimpeachable idea of himself. But Romeo should, I say, have been mentioned before. He was ever present in all the marvellous and daring nothings of my childhood. Through the seasons with his dog—what more could any child want!

Romeo was a dog of gentle sadness; he looked out on the fret of this world with the drooping eyes of one who has been much at



man, who looks through vast mistiness to some far-off reality. He was a genial dog; his tail wagged as rhythmically as a pendulum. It was as though he had once thought to wag his friendship to the unknown world, and then had straightway dropped the matter from his mind. Behind the brown eyes, so beautiful with love and kindness, there lurked a vague yet understanding realization of many things. A mystic and a dreamer, he lived amidst his unexplained background, forever pondered and forever strange.

Romeo lacked a certain poise; he was woefully deficient in self-confidence. A Gordon setter, his nose should have been somewhat long and pointed; instead, it was broad and short. He should have been a hunter, but for the most part he was content to sit under trees, and while apparently watching the squirrels leap about, was really deep in some private meditation of his own. But he was not a lazy dog—and in the matter of hunting had one tremendous affair to be laid to his account, debit or credit it as you like—an affair which cannot be concealed in any true representation of his character. He had an unutterable love for hunting skunks! This genial, meditative dog, lover of quiet and contemplation, thrilled to this chase with all the ardor of a fiercely repressed nature. Who knows what pent-up desires or spirit of his grandsires surged within him in the twilight darkness of his hunting woods! Good old Romeo—the luck of luck for you, old puppy, in your happy hunting-grounds.

I know a dog, but I can scarcely call him friend. I feel too sorry for him. He has the potentialities of a dog, but he is only a tame cat. Poor Sport, ironically named, fed on treacle, disciplined by a caress, and cabined in a place where the wind of freedom blows but passes over his head.

Like none of these was Rab, a rollicking,

well-born spirit of fun. Dana and Romeo were my own dogs, Rab but an acquaintance. Rab had an Irish sense of humor and a bewitching eye, and though he never recognized me publicly as his friend, I believe I was one. It might be said—if masculinity had not long since cast off the inference—that Rab was a witch. He was thoroughly grounded in the gentle art of teasing, and he applied the principles in all the activities of his daily life. He adored to differ with one on the choice of a trail, or on the subject of whether or not he should enter a house. He could stand debating for an hour—if perfect obstinacy can be called debate—until one's patience had to be bolstered up by a sense of enjoyment in the idiocy of the whole situation. From under his shaggy eyebrows he cocked a twinkling eye of inquiry; his stiffened legs and quiet body were all Scotch, and nothing was dubious about him but his tail. It alone betrayed the surety of mind was not so sure. In some cryptic chamber of his soul lurked this atom that belied his whole nature.

I have no dog now, but I sometimes pretend I have. It is an easy thing to pretend. I imagine him lying before the fire, close beside me so that I can put out my foot to nudge his hairy back. He understands that I am telling him I love him. I think of him as waiting—a gentle, pensive squire—how patiently he endures that fearful creation of time, an interval. I see him on a tramp—a joyous series of important explorations of the trivial. There is a frenzy of joy on his long, galloping dashes in open country, his perpetual “skinning under” fences, his sudden pursuits of a slow-rising bird. He reveals an ecstatic vigor even in the biting of a burr from his tail. But most of all, I love him when from the midst of these alarms and excursions, in red-tongued happiness, he comes racing back—to me.





## · THE FIELD OF ART ·

### THE WONDER OF WORK

WORK to-day is the greatest thing in the world, and the artist who best records it will be best remembered.

Work has always been an inspiration to artists, from the time when we were told to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, till now, when most of us are trying to forget the command, and act like "ladies and gentlemen."

Under the Church, work—the building of the Tower of Babel and the Temple—was the subject of endless imaginings by painters, sculptors, and gravers who never assisted at the functions they illustrated. Painters, who sat in their studios hundreds of years after the towers and temples were designed and destroyed, have showed what they imagined the towers and the temples looked like. This—this sort of creation or invention—we art students in America called "genius work" because it was "done out of our heads." In Europe it is called "scholarly," and is concocted from a classical dictionary; a trip for a few weeks to Greece or Italy is useful but not necessary and adds to the expense, and illustrated post-cards may be used instead.

Now educated people, cultured people, take such painters seriously—and pay to sit in darkened chambers and brood. These are carefully but sadly illuminated, and the spectators pursue with diligence, scarce looking at the exhibits, the remarks of critics who prove conclusively that these painters show exactly what the world was like, what buildings were like and how they were built, and how the builders worked according to the bookman and archæologist and the critic.

As to these popular forms of art—the backbone of academies—I know, for I am a multi-academician—I have nothing to say. The results, in a few instances, have been works of art because of excellence of technic. But the man with the greatest imagination is the man with the greatest information about his own surroundings, which he uses so skilfully that we call the result imagination, and this is the way

the greatest art of the world has been created.

I am not disputing the power, in their day, nor the charm they still have—for the very few who understand—of Cimabue, of Giotto, of the painters of the Campo Santo at Pisa, when they painted the subjects I have mentioned, nor of Pinturicchio—he put work in the background of his paintings, as Dürer did in his prints. And there is a wonderful building of a cathedral by Van Eyck in Antwerp. There are compositions by Bellini and Carpaccio which show they studied work. It is strange, so far as I know, that Leonardo ignored work—in his pictures—he who was such a great workman, yet vowed he could paint with any one, amongst his other accomplishments. But, with all these artists, either work was a detail or imaginative; it was never the dominant motive, never a study of work for work's sake. There are a few records in sculpture, most notable amongst them being the Assyrian Reliefs at the British Museum. Curiously, I am unable to find, though they must exist, any sculptures, reliefs, or paintings of the great architectural work of the Egyptians—or those of the Greeks either. In the Bayeux tapestries there is the work of the ship-builder and porter.

The first artist I know of—though I am not an art historian—to see the pictorial possibility of work, the Wonder of Work for Work's Sake, was Rembrandt.

Rembrandt saw that his father's mill was beautiful, and by his renderings of the windmills and the dikes of Holland proved them the great works of his little country, and showed they were pictorial. And he drew, etched, and painted them because he loved their big, powerful forms, their splendid sails, the way they lorded the land and kept out the sea. They were for him the Wonder of Work, the wondrous works of his time, the works that were all about him. So strong and so powerful were these Dutch works that they have lasted till to-day, and so well were they designed that all windmills and water-mills have kept their form



all more. The working parts have possibly been improved, but the design has not been changed, and Rembrandt's etchings—so accurately drawn they would serve as working models—prove it. And yet Rembrandt has made a perfect artistic composition as well as a true mechanical rendering of these mills and dikes. And as Whistler said in the "Ten O'Clock," the Bible of Art, Rembrandt regretted not that the Jews of the Ghetto were not Greeks, nor—may I add—did he regret the windmills were not temples.

Then came Claude and found the Wonder of Work in commercial harbors, dominated by necessary lighthouses, and in the bustling cities of Civita Vecchia and Genoa—for it is amid the work, the life of one's own time, that the Wonder of Work is to be found.

Canaletto followed, and saw in the building of Venice the same inspiration that Tintoretto found in her history, Titian in her great men. And Piranesi discovered the prisons, the Carceri, to be as enthralling as the ruins of Rome.

Turner imitated Claude. Claude saw his subjects about him; Turner used Claude's motives and tried to rival his predecessor. Claude painted what he saw in his own time; Turner tried to reconstruct his unconscious rival's facts out of his head, and failed even in his rendering of work about him, signally in *Steam, Rain, Speed*, where an impossible engine conducts itself in an incredible fashion in a magnificent landscape. Turner was not here trying to carry on tradition—the only thing worth doing in art—but to *embêter les bourgeois*—and Ruskin!

Turner's Carthage would not stand up, if built—Claude's palaces do. Turner, too, defying Ruskin—Ruskin anathematizing workaday England—was a spectacle. But Turner was sometimes in the right, with Constable and Crome, and they, and not Ruskin, have triumphed. Turner had magnificent ideas, wonderful color sense, grand composition. But when he came to fact he was often ridiculous or pitiful, simply because he had not observed work, noted facts—and to paint work one must study work.

It is far easier to paint a heavenly host or a dream city in one's studio than to make a decoration out of a group of miners, or to draw a rolling-mill in full blast. Yet one

of these subjects can be as noble as the other, as Whistler proved, when he showed for the first time how in London "the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanile, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairy-land is before us." That is the Gospel of the Wonder of Work.

Though I never studied under Whistler—never was his pupil—he is and always will be my master—the master of the modern world, the master who will endure.

But there was a man—all the great have gone from us in the last few years, which accounts for the momentary popularity of the little—there was a man who gave his later life to the Wonder of Work—Constantin Meunier.

*"Meunier a conquis à l'art la beauté spéciale de la nouvelle industrie: la formidable fabrique, pleine de lumière sombre et de tonnerre, les fêtes flamboyantes des fonderies, la puissance grondante des machines. Et toujours cette tendance est au monumental."*

*"L'hymne au Travail chante avec plus de force lyrique encore dans ses bronzes."*

This was his life-work, and the life of his world, the world, as with Whistler, around him, for "that is the best which nearest lieth." Courbet in work had influenced Legros and Brett and Millet and Segantini, and I have no doubt Ford Madox Brown, the man too big to be a pre-Raphaelite, whose biggest picture is work—"Work in London"—the man who will one day make Manchester a place of pilgrimage because of his pictures of work and of war in the Town Hall.

Millet has, I believe, honestly done the life around his home, the life of the fields, but, though he has endless imitators, there are scarcely any painters to-day who see through their own eyes the real life of the fields and farms and the fisherman—they are blinded by the Frenchman and debauched by sentiment.

It was incredible, but at the Panama-Pacific Exposition there was not one single official "mural" devoted to the glorification of the greatest work of modern times—the Panama Canal—the reason for the Exposition; in fact, there was only one in which there was any attempt at making a decoration out of the things the artist might have known or seen—Mr. Trumbull's "Iron



Workers" in the Pennsylvania Building—and a few rather unimportant things in the Dutch and Argentine Pavilions.

Meunier showed without sentiment the workman at work, not with any idea of preaching about his wrongs, his trials, his struggles, his misery, but to show the Wonder of Work for its own sake, and the pictorial possibilities of workmen and workwomen in Belgium. Meunier showed that the workman was worthy of the artist's chisel, chalk, needle, and paint. In France, Germany, and Italy the Wonder of Work around us has been made the subject of endless commissions from the state to artists mostly realistic. But records of facts, facts of one's own time, in England and America, are scarcely ever recorded. Go to the Royal Exchange, in London, and you will find Wat Tyler, Phœnicians, Britons painted blue, and everything in the history of London that can be made into a painting of the past, and not a single record of the present. Where is the building of the Tower Bridge, the power-houses, the docks, the Blackwall tunnel, the trams, the tube, or any of the other works by which this age, this workaday age, has distinguished itself, all of which are worth painting? In America we have imaginings of Holy Grails, Pied Pipers, Religious Liberties, when one fact in "murals" about steel works, sky-scrappers, or the Brooklyn Bridge would be worth the lot in the future, when these factless fancies are whitewashed out or made a good ground to paint on. One man in America, W. B. Van Ingen, has glorified work by his Panama decorations in the Administration Building at Balboa. These were not wanted at the Panama Exhibition. In France, men like Henri Martin have painted decoratively, yet realistically, the harvest of last summer; Besnard and Anquetin have done wonders; and the biggest French artists have decorated the Mairies. In Chicago they turn students out to make "murals" in school-houses, a system of artistic debauchery worthy of Chicago's originality. And Puvis de Chavannes, first of all, magnificently showed the way to combine the old decoration with the new realism. His life-work at Amiens is pure convention, so are his designs in the Boston Library and in the Sorbonne, but they are the most perfect examples of decorative, imaginative, conventional work in the modern world.

At Rouen and Marseilles he has treated decoratively modern subjects, or rather he has used modern motives. At Rouen, the city with its spires and chimneys, its old bridges and new transporters, as seen from Bon Secours, prove the Wonder of Work; in the foreground are modern figures, greeting the Spirit of old France. At Marseilles there are two subjects in which symbolism and realism, modernity and mediævalism are harmonized—the most difficult problem to solve; but Puvis has solved it, and proved himself the greatest if not the only decorator since Pierro della Francesca, the supreme master of decoration. Raphael, in the Stanzi of the Vatican, was a decorator of his own time, and so was Pinturicchio in the Library at Siena, and Mantegna at Padua, for they made decoration out of the life about them.

And John Lavery has made, in Glasgow, a decoration out of ship-building which is worth the whole wall coverings of the Royal Exchange and the Library of Congress and the Carnegie Institute put together. But decoration is a difficult matter, and Lavery has done much for Glasgow.

From the very beginning I have cared for the Wonder of Work; from the time I built cities of blocks and sailed models of ships of them across the floor in my father's office, till I went to the Panama Canal, I have cared for the Wonder of Work. There are others who care—Brangwyn has cared, and so have Sauter, Muirhead Bone, Strang, and Short. Crane and Anning Bell, Way, Cameron, Bone, and Brangwyn have cared for the building up and the breaking down, and Brangwyn for life—the life of the workman, possibly because of his Belgian and seafaring education or his knowledge of Meunier, his countryman. And Seymour Haden's "Breaking-up the Agamemnon" is notable. And there are Belgians like Baertsoen, De Bruycke, and Pierre Paulus; and Frenchmen like Lepère, Gillot, and Adler; and Italians like Pieretto Bianco; and there was the great German Menzel.

But it is to America we must turn, to White's etching of Brooklyn Bridge, Cooper's sky-scrappers, Alden Weir's New York at night, Bellow's docks, Childe Hassam's high buildings, Thornton Oakley's coal-breakers—to these one must look for the modern rendering of work. There are others, too, who have seen the opportunity to



prig and steal—but this is evident, just as it is evident that they will give up painting, or drawing work, for the next new thing. And there is another artist who really cares for the Wonder of Work. I do not know what else Van Ingen has done, but he has made a huge decoration of Culebra Cut—and Paul Bartlett has put American work on the pediment of the Capitol. I have tried to do what I could in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, the coal-mines of my native State—Niagara—and in Europe and at Panama; and, whatever their worth, I can only tell of the Wonder of Work as I see it.

New York, as the incoming foreigner, full of prejudice, or doubt, or hope, and the returning American, crammed with guide-book and catalogue culture, see it, or might see it, rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay, the color by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves, to reveal themselves in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their flanks; when evening fades, they are mighty cliffs glimmering with glistening lights in the magic and mystery of the night. As the steamer moves up the bay on the left the Great Goddess greets you, a composition in color and form, with the city beyond, finer than any in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined, or Turner ever dreamed. Why did not Whistler see it? Piling up higher and higher right before you is New York; and what does it remind you of? San Gimignano of the Beautiful Towers away off in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low mean brick piles, but noble palaces crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. To the right, filmy and lace-like by day, are the great bridges; by night a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew. You land in streets that are Florence glorified. You emerge in squares more noble than Seville. Golden statues are about you, triumphal arches

make splendid frames for endless vistas; and it is all new and all untouched, all to be done, and save for the work of a few of us, and we are Americans, all undone. The Unbelievable City, the city that has been built since I grew up, the city beautiful, built by men I know, built for people I know. The city that inspires me, that I love. And all America is like this and—all—or nearly all unseen, unknown, untouched.

I went to Panama because I believed that, in the making of the greatest work of modern time, I should find my greatest inspiration.

Almost before I left the Canal, artists, architects, and decorators were on their way there. I hope it may interest them half as much as it interested me. One man has succeeded, I repeat, in doing something for himself down there—W. B. Van Ingen—and this has been acknowledged by the government, which has purchased his great decoration. This is the finest, in fact, the only complete, decorative work from him done in the United States—and done because Van Ingen, the pupil of La Farge—who alone counts—was trained in the right way and had something to say for himself.

We have recently been told that art will disappear in fifty years (by a person who says he will call his last book—with possible appropriateness—*Vale*). But, though he will disappear, and Post Impressionism will be swallowed up in shopkeeping, and war has engulfed that, and work is stopped—save for war—and though the mustard-pot has gone with the soulful doggie, and the tearful baby rival of the Dresden Madonna, the artist who has something to say in his own way about his own time, and can say it, will live, and his work will live, with Rembrandt, Velasquez, Franz Hals, Meunier, and Whistler—artists who painted and drew the work and life about them, who carried on tradition, and never regretted the past. And art which shows life and work will never die, for such art is everlasting, undying, "The Science of the Beautiful."

JOSEPH PENNELL.











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